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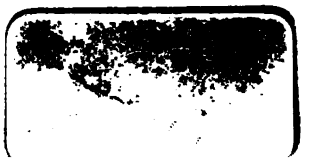

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A VICTIM TO SCIENCE.

ON the very first morning, this autumn, that I essayed to leave Sandstone for London at 8.50, I missed the train by exactly two minutes and a half. It was more than a mile from my new residence to the station (without adding in the 'miss,' which is said to be 'as good as a mile'), so I did not think it worth while to retrace my steps, but determined to remain where I was for the 10.5 express. No railway waiting-room with which I am acquainted is a pleasant spot for the passing of spare time; but the apartment devoted to that purpose at Sandstone is peculiarly cheerless. One of its windows looks out on a blank wall about a foot distant from it, and the other on the straight, white, treeless road that leads to the town. The walls are decorated with the usual advertisements: that enormous Bed, with Sent Free by Post printed under it, with which the public is so terribly familiar; Mr Bass's inverted pyramid; and the sixteen-shilling Sydenham trousers. There is a missionary-box on the mantel-piece, with a half-penny in it; but that dropped out at the slit so easily, that it did not afford me the least satisfaction in attempting to get at it. There is also a time-table in a neat black frame.

I felt as though I had entered one of those hair-dressing establishments kept by a female, where the proprietress inveigles you into that awful back-room of hers, with the remark, that 'the young man will be with you in a minute,' which you both know will be half an hour at least. The book-stall was closed, and the man who kept it had fled away immediately after the train had gone. The clerk had shut himself into his mysterious den, and nothing but fire would induce him to open the same again for fifty minutes, I knew. The two porters were playing some game, with which I was totally unacquainted, with a luggage-truck and a turn-table. There were no less than seven severe, uncompromising chairs in the apartment, but I was ignorant both of Low and Lofty Tumbling, and could make nothing of *them*.

My wife had been urging me to make haste all the time I was at breakfast, for fear I should miss the train. I now regretted that I had hurried myself. My memory hovered sorrowfully over the marmalade, with which I had not concluded my repast, as usual; my regretful fancy fluttered muffinward. I drew my cigar-case from my pocket, and was about to strike a light, when my eye lit upon a dreadful writing on the wall, which I had not before observed: 'Caution.—Before a full bench of magistrates at Sandstone, on July 9th, Thomas Jones was fined L.2 and costs for smoking in a railway-carriage. No smoking is permitted either in the carriages, or in any part of the company's stations.' This was a sad blow, indeed, for it was drizzling enough to make the going out of doors unpleasant. I sat down and stared at the sixteen-shilling trousers until I felt all legs. Then I stared out of the window that looked towards the town. Upon the horizon appeared a black speck, which, after a great length of time, developed itself into a man with an umbrella. He moved with all the slowness and deliberation of a geometrical body; the motion of the point produced the line, the motion of the line produced the plane, the motion of the plane produced a very solid old gentleman carrying a carpet-bag.

I was not displeased to find that there was another victim to unpunctuality as well as myself; but being a person of conciliatory disposition, I observed: 'I am afraid, sir, that you have arrived a little late for the train.'

The stout passenger's pale face became florid for an instant, and his eye dilated with terror; but immediately afterwards he replied, with deliberate calmness: 'You are mistaken, sir; I go by the 10.5. There are still five-and-forty minutes to spare, which is sufficient time, though by no means too much. You should be careful, however, in making such alarming observations: you might cause *angina pectoris*.'

'I was afraid, sir, that you had missed the 8.50,' replied I; 'I failed to catch that train myself by but a minute or two.'

'Are you, then, one of those imprudent persons who endeavour *to catch the train?*' observed the stranger with unaffected pity. 'Permit me to present you with a little work, the perusal of which may tend to prolong a life which you are doing your best to shorten.' He selected a small yellow pamphlet from about a dozen others which he carried in a capacious inside-pocket, and placed it in my hand; its title was, *The Influence of Railway Travelling on Health*.* 'I give you that,' pursued he, 'upon condition that you do not read it in the railway-carriage. "Under the most favourable circumstances," says Mr White

* Reprinted from the *Lancet*.

Cooper, "there is on railways a vibration requiring incessant efforts on the part of the muscles and adjusting apparatus of the eyes to follow the shaking words, and in proportion as the carriages are ill-hung or the line rough, are these efforts great. There can be no doubt that the practice is fraught with danger." You will discover in that volume to what conclusion the most eminent men of science have come upon the subject of catching the train. "I have, like many others," observes Dr Forbes Winslow, "removed my family during the summer season to a watering-place some fifty miles from London, and travelled to and fro night and morning by express train. I have been convinced that the advantage of sleeping by the sea-side, and of an occasional day of rest there, was fully counterbalanced by the fatigue and wear and tear of mind and body incidental to daily journeys over this considerable distance. I went to bed at night conscious that I must rise at a given and somewhat early hour, or miss my train. I am sure that this does not render sleep more sound and refreshing; and every one sleeps best on the Saturday night, when this disturbing element does not exist—since the next is the day of rest. In the same way, breakfast is eaten with this necessity of being in time still on one's mind. Then, like every one else, I had to get the cab or carriage, and go down to the station; to scramble for the morning paper, and get a seat."'

It is impossible to render in words the gravity and earnestness with which the stout gentleman delivered this quotation. When he had concluded it, I was about to reply, but he held up a plump finger, to entreat my silence, got his breath again, after a short struggle, and continued his discourse.

'"Some of the worst cases of dyspepsia I meet with," writes a gentleman, with large opportunities of observation, "are amongst persons who habitually hurry over their breakfasts to catch the train, and who have to work their very hardest in the day, that they may be at the station in time to get down to a late heavy dinner in the evening. Such people are dissatisfied because the change into the country does not set them up, forgetting that even the healthiest person could not long bear the lives of regularly renewed excitement they lead—their meals, railway journeys, and their business all being done under a condition of excitement and a sense of racing against time."'

'I have never suffered any of these things myself,' said I, 'and I have travelled much.'

'That is because you are fat,' returned the stout gentleman calmly. 'You will probably die of apoplexy, without any previous warning whatsoever. Dilatation and fatty degeneration of the heart are probably already going on within you.'

'Really, sir,' said I, 'these observations are most offensive; and permit me to add, that if I *am* inclined to be stout, you are corpulent to rather an extraordinary degree.'

'Now, for goodness' sake, do not excite yourself,' returned my companion; 'motion and flurry are the very worst things for a man of your habit of body. I am quite aware that I am not thin, but I am by no means so stout as you think. I wear an abdominal bandage, as recommended by Dr Brown-Séquard, to preclude any danger from locomotion. It is not quite so safe as taking chloroform into the interior, but it is less inconvenient. I wish I had a spare belt to offer you, but I have only one with me. In my carpet-bag, however—— But I perceive there is only twenty minutes to spare. I always secure a carriage for myself, by payment of a crown a week to the guard; if you are willing to accompany me, however, you shall do so. Two persons may occupy the same compartment with safety; but beyond that, the experiment becomes most hazardous. Dr Angus Smith observes respecting the number of cubic inches of air in a full railway-carriage, capable of decomposing the permanganate solution'——

'The ticket-office is open, my dear sir,' interrupted I—a remark which had the desired effect of immediately diverting the stout gentleman from his atmospheric statistics.

'You go first-class,' said he, 'of course. A good deal of the impurity of the air is retained by the woollen coverings, and is not given off, but oxidised in its place. In the second and third classes, also, there are often only boards to sit upon, and the vibrations are communicated directly to the system. An eminent chemist once counted no less than ninety thousand vertical movements in a railway-carriage between Manchester and London. The tendency of each of these movements is to produce more or less motion in the twenty-four pieces of which the human spine is made up. Subject to concussions due to vertical movement and lateral oscillation, communicated through the trunk, and actually transmitted by the bony walls of the head, when it rests against the back of the carriage, the brain is indeed apt to suffer. Epilepsy ensues; or—— Now, *there's* a man I wouldn't travel with, on any account,' said the stout gentleman, interrupting himself hastily, and dragging me after him into the carriage. 'Look at his wild eye! He has evidently a predisposition to cerebral disease. It is ten to one that he will go mad some day, and very likely destroy some of his fellow-travellers. He is mad already, to be buying one of those cheap papers, the print of which is always dim and imperfect. That tall shambling-looking person, on the other hand, will probably have paralysis; and even that would be disagreeable to a lady, or a passenger of weak nerves.'

'You draw a very frightful picture, sir,' said I, 'of the dangers of Railway Travelling.'

'I do not, however, *over*draw them,' returned my companion. 'You will find them all, and more, in that little book. But observe for yourself the people on that platform. Do you not see how gray and worn they are. They are habitual travellers, and the habit has aged them, as you see.'

'I have only just taken my house at Sandstone,' said I, 'and therefore I have never seen any of them before. They seem, however, to be for the most part elderly people.'

'They *seem* so, sir, but in reality they are nothing of the kind. "Travelling a few years since very frequently on the Brighton line," observes one of the leading physicians of the metropolis, "I became familiar with the faces of a number of the regular passengers on that line. Recently, I had again occasion to travel several times on the same line. I have had a large experience in the changes which the ordinary course of time makes on men busy in the world, and I know well how to allow for their gradual deterioration by age and care; but I have never seen any set of men so rapidly aged as these seem to me to have been in the course of those few years."'

'I am myself a pretty constant traveller,' replied I, 'and you really alarm me. I feel getting old while you speak.'

'I assure you, you *look* so,' observed my companion with disagreeable frankness. 'Only conceive a man of your size travelling without an abdominal bandage. Why, sir, I never move without all these things.' The stout gentleman opened his carpet-bag, and displayed a complicated apparatus such as I have seen put on by a professional diver before entering the bell. '"A small horse-shoe air-cushion" (like this), says Dr C. J. B. Williams, "around the neck of the traveller, and another of larger size around the loins, wonderfully intercept the noise and jarring motion of the carriages. All the motion and the worst of the noise are communicated through the solid walls of the carriages, and the head and back leaning on them, feel the din and movement in proportion as they are imperfectly cushioned. Now, the air-cushion muffles

the vibrations more completely than any stuffing; and provided it be not too tightly distended, it isolates from much of the surrounding jar the part resting on it. An invalid thus *air-collared* and *air-girt*, with the legs on an easy foot-rest, and a pillow or cushion or two, if needed, to prop up against the rolling or lateral motion, may generally travel in a first-class carriage with ease. The noise might be further excluded by stuffing the ears with cotton-wool, but this causes a sensation disagreeable to some persons." I do not stuff my ears with cotton-wool at present,' explained my companion, bowing as courteously as his defensive armour would permit him to do, 'in order that I may enjoy the pleasure of your conversation.'

I expressed my sense of this compliment as seriously as I could, although the appearance of my *vis-a-vis* was more ludicrous than anything I had ever beheld out of a pantomime; I could not, however, altogether suppress a smile.

'You will find these precautions are not a laughing matter one day, as you grow fatter,' observed my new acquaintance severely. 'An eminent hospital surgeon gives the following evidence of what came within his personal experience on a journey from Leipsic to Berlin; it occurs in page one hundred and eleven of the volume I have given you. "I was travelling in a first-class carriage with a very corpulent man for my companion, upwards of sixty years of age, formerly an officer of rank in the Prussian army. The train was lightly laden, and the carriages loosely coupled, and we had not proceeded far before we found the motion of the carriage most inconvenient, and, indeed, to my fellow-traveller, most distressing, in consequence of the shaking of his enormous abdomen. I placed him in the centre compartment of the carriage, persuaded him to press his feet firmly against the opposite seat, packed him in his seat with greatcoats, &c.; but in vain. His cries were piteous, and his aspect, as we approached the end of our journey, really alarming. For the last four or five hours, I sat opposite to him, at his request, endeavouring to prevent his pendulous stomach swaying from side to side with the motion of the carriage. As I was myself subject to the same motion, of course the efforts were not very effectual, although my companion said it was the only ease he obtained. On arriving at Berlin, I took my fellow-traveller to his lodgings in a carriage, at a foot-pace, and placed him under medical treatment." I think this is a warning to you at least to wear a bandage. Here is an elastic piece of cork large enough to place your feet upon as well as mine; I am only sorry that I have no duplicate of this sheet of india-rubber which I place under my cushion with a horse-hair seat atop of it, in order to deaden the vibrations. The royal carriages, and those of the post-office officials, have already been provided with them. As for ventilation, nothing has been done to promote that most important end.'

'We can, however, keep a window down,' observed I.

'Not if I know it,' remarked the stout gentleman somewhat abruptly; 'and when you have read that little book, you will know why. It is bad to breathe bad air, but it is worse to fall a prey to pleurisy, pneumonia, and sciatica. Half the pulmonary diseases in Great Britain, sir, are caught through travelling on the railway with an open window; see pages thirty-four, thirty-five, and thirty-six. If this imprudence be committed on those northern and eastern lines which pass through marshy districts, the results are almost certain to be fatal.—Bless my heart and body, here is a cracked glass—there is a crack in this window-pane, upon my sacred word of honour. Guard! guard!—The man pays no attention whatsoever, you observe. Deafness is one of the affections set down by Ducheme and others as frequently following the labours of guards and engine-drivers; and a very serious disqualification indeed. "Hence," says Mr White Cooper, "the men rather conceal this defect from their employers; and it is probable that a considerable amount of disease of the ears exists among them." This guard, you see, is perfectly deaf. My cries are unavailing; the train is actually in motion. O goodness gracious me!'

'If you are afraid of that little crack,' said I, 'why do you not change places, and remove yourself from its fatal neighbourhood?'

The stout gentleman frowned and shook his head. 'Do not speak to me, sir; I am about to stuff my ears with cotton-wool, as recommended at page ninety-six. You should never converse while the train is in motion—no, sir, nor read;' and with a gentle violence, he took from my hand the pamphlet of which he had made me a present, and thrust it back again into my coat-pocket.

The intentions of this victim to science were so obviously humane and considerate, that I did not like to insist upon having my own way. But his silent companionship was certainly not agreeable. After watching him and his wonderful attire for a considerable time, and admiring the movements by which he endeavoured to adapt himself to any oscillation of the train, I turned for variety to the window, on the other side of which trees, hedges, and hay-ricks were racing past with their usual distracting agility. The stout gentleman laid his hand upon my arm, appealingly. 'Giddiness—nausea—blindness,' exclaimed he with emotion.

When we stopped at the next station, he put the window down (as permitted, he said, at page thirty-seven), and explained himself at greater length. 'There is nothing so pernicious as looking out upon objects near at hand, and especially at those white telegraph posts, from which the wires seem to fall and rise in fancied undulations. See Dr Budd, F.R.S., page—when you get home, sir, when you get home—page forty-four.'

All the conversation that passed between us was compressed into the stoppages (when my friend unplugged his ears), and exclusively confined itself to the precautions and improvements that should be adopted by railway companies or their passengers. At one station, the name of which I inquired of my companion, he took occasion to remark that all the porters should have its title on the bands of their caps, as their ship's name is borne by sailors. 'Numbers of persons naturally deaf, or rendered so by railway travelling, would thus be greatly convenienced. And it would conduce much, sir, to the comfort of everybody—see page one hundred and forty-eight—if, on some prominent part of the station, there were roughly frescoed a plan of the neighbouring town or country.'

'And do you not think,' said I, 'that if wet-nurses were provided by the railway companies, at all their termini at least, it would afford much convenience to parties travelling with very young families?'

'That is not in the book, sir,' observed the stout gentleman gravely; 'but I quite agree with you that it should be done. The government is criminally sluggish in all matters relating to our locomotion; while the juries in cases of compensation are viciously lenient.'

'And yet they make the companies pay large damages, do they not?'

'They give a little money, sir, but a great deal of insult and inconvenience with it. If my nervous system sustains such a shock in a collision that my pulse rises from 40 to 140 on the least excitement, the medical people retained by the company "consider the character of the pulse to be constitutional." If I am unfitted for business—see page one hundred and seventeen—and the countenances of my fellow-travellers with terrified eyes (as at the time of the catastrophe) come before me whenever I attempt to do any reading

or writing, these same medical persons pronounce me to be "enjoying fair average health." If my brain has been so disturbed as to cause an affection of the optic nerve, and *all objects to appear yellow to me*, they simply don't believe it; they remark incredulously that "they cannot account for the fact of the yellow vision."'

It would have been idle for me to have reasoned with this unfortunate Victim to Science, and besides we were just arriving at the terminus; but I could not help remarking, as my companion divested himself of his armour, that if a collision, or anything else, should cause such an affection of the optic nerve as to make some objects appear more *couleur de rose* to him than they did at present, I thought it would be a great advantage.

But as my companion had not yet taken the cotton-wool out of his ears, I am afraid that my delicate sarcasm was thrown away.

THE SHEFFIELD GRINDERS.

A GOOD name is said to be better than riches, though having the disadvantage of requiring effort for its maintenance; and it may be in consequence of this needful effort that some people prefer a bad name, which generally supports itself.

It frequently happens, however, that classes of men obtain reputation or notoriety without special endeavour, and when their characteristic is once established, it takes a long time to wear away the impression. Recent occurrences have done much to give an unenviable prominence to some of the operatives in the neighbourhood of Sheffield.

The common idea of a grinder is, that he is some brute of a fellow who crawls at the lowest stratum of civilisation—that he is a reckless being who neither fears God nor regards man—that he has no respect for the law, and his highest authority is physical force. He is generally supposed to be ignorant, vulgar, and rude; as 'full of strange oaths' as an old soldier; altogether incapable of the finer feelings of manhood, and insensible to the ameliorations of our advancing civilisation. Such ideas of grinders are common. It may be worth while to inquire how they originated, and how far they are correct.

In the earlier history of manufactures in Sheffield, long before Chaucer wrote of the Sheffield whittle, it was the custom for the makers of knives to do everything for themselves. The minute division of labour which now a days turns men into little better than machines, was then unknown, and continued to be so for a long period after Chaucer's time. But as the town and its manufactures increased, the advantages of divided labour began to be recognised. Instead of the maker of whittles forging the several parts of his knives himself, he employed men to do the forging only, confining himself to fitting and putting the several parts together; and instead of grinding his blades and polishing them himself, he employed other men to do so. In those times, the method of grinding was for one man to turn a wheel by hand, while another worked. But this was a costly mode of labour, and also very hard work for the man who officiated as the motive-power. The necessity of the case drove men to seek forces in nature, and the most ready means appeared to be found in the neighbouring streams, where water-wheels were erected, and suitable machinery fixed for carrying on the grinding processes. These were very rude in the first instance, but yet an improvement on the hand-grinding system which had previously been used. The buildings in which the grinding trades were carried on were called 'wheels,' in reference to the origin of the water-power; and at the present day the same term is applied, locally, to all buildings where grinding is done. They are called 'wheels,' while in other parts of the country they would be termed 'mills.'* With the water-power thus applied, wheels became erected on all the streams within a few miles of the town, and they still exist, not the least picturesque objects of the lovely scenery by which Sheffield is surrounded.

No one has more thoroughly studied the character of the Sheffield grinders, and the scenes of their labours, than the poet, Ebenezer Elliott. His sympathies were entirely with this class of men, in consequence of their love of freedom. He has described the localities of these grinding-wheels; but while the description of them is still correct, the character given to the men does not continue so strictly applicable. Many of the streams of the neighbourhood of Sheffield have their rise in the northern part of the Peak of Derbyshire, being, in fact, the drainage of the moorland. These scenes are thus apostrophised by the Corn-law Rhymer:

> Beautiful rivers of the desert! ye
> Bring food for labour from the foodless waste.
> Pleased stops the wanderer on his way to see
> The frequent weir oppose your heedless haste.
> Where toils the mill, by ancient woods embraced,
> Hark, how the cold steel screams in hissing fire!
> But Enoch sees the grinder's wheel no more,
> Couched beneath rocks and forests that admire
> Their beauty in the waters, ere they roar
> Dashed in white foam the swift circumference o'er,
> There draws the grinder his laborious breath;
> There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends.
> Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death;
> Scorning the future, what he earns he spends;
> Debauch and Riot are his bosom-friends.
> He plays the Tory sultan-like and well:
> Woe to the traitor that dares disobey
> The Dey of Straps! as rattened tools shall tell.
> Full many a lordly freak by night and day
> Illustrates gloriously his lawless sway.
> Behold his failings! hath he virtues too?
> He is no pauper, blackguard though he be.
> Full well he knows what minds combined can do,
> Full well maintains his birthright—he is free!
> And frown for frown, outstares monopoly!
> Yet Abraham and Elliot both in vain
> Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom;
> He will not live! he seems in haste to gain
> The undisturbed asylum of the tomb,
> And old at two-and-thirty meets his doom.'

The above extract, from the *Village Patriarch*, will give an idea of this singular class of men, and the feelings which the poet entertained towards them. In his hatred of monopoly, he even admires, or seems to admire, the vices of a class of men whose practices were not always consistent with the poet's ideas of free-trade. While Elliott's description gives some notion of the characteristics of the grinders, it does nothing towards explaining the philosophy of their character. Strange as it seems that these men are described as being old at the early age of thirty-two, this was not at the time an exaggeration. The grinders were subject to a complaint of the nature of consumption, locally known as the grinder's asthma—a disease that has engaged the attention of some of our noted physicians, several of whom have published the result of their investigations. The average lives of the grinders did not exceed the number of years above stated. This great mortality was considered the cause of their recklessness. Perhaps these terms might be reversed with some degree of truth. It was a common opinion amongst them, however, that their lives were necessarily short, that their trade was a 'deadly' one, and hence no regard was paid to such sanitary regulations as might have

* This term is only applied to such buildings as are used for grinding steel or metal articles; a corn-mill would not be called a 'wheel,' but a mill.

diminished the prevalent mortality. The Abraham and Elliot mentioned above were men who invented machines to prevent the grinders inhaling the particles of dust and steel from the grinding-stones, and which were considered to be the cause of the grinder's complaint—an affection of the lungs. But the poet somewhat unjustly censures the grinders for refusing to avail themselves of the inventions of Abraham and Elliot; for the fact was, that they were both very inefficient. Mr Abraham's invention was a series of magnets placed in front of the revolving stones; and though they attracted the metallic particles, they left the dust and grit as free as ever; and it required great attention to be always cleaning the magnets. An efficient remedy has now been applied in creating a strong draught by a revolving fan, which draws away all the particles, and carries them out of the building.

It has already been stated that the grinding process became a distinct branch of trade. The old hand-wheel was superseded by water-power; and this latter, though a cheaper and more efficient motive-force, was necessarily precarious in its supply. These wheels are mostly erected on small rapid streams, and wherever there is sufficient 'fall,' there stands a wheel. In connection with all these, there is a dam to store water, in which the 'rocks and forests admire their beauty.' But these are mostly small, holding only sufficient water for a few days' working of the wheel. The consequence was that, in dry seasons, there would be no water to work with, and the men not having learned any other branch of manufacture, were of necessity idle. When the men assembled at the wheels, and found there was no water, they began to consider what they should do. Being unable to work, they resolved to play. They formed clubs for all kinds of sports in season, and many famous matches were played at the games in which that class of people indulge. The love of sport grew upon them; and they were not always satisfied to play when there was no water, but would have their regular days of play as well as work; and from legitimate sports they would get to such as neither law nor morality would sanction.

All will not have the same apparent relish for these 'lordly freaks,' as the poet terms them—lordly after the Lord Waterford style of twenty years ago. The extent to which the love of sport was carried by the grinders, may be gathered from the fact, that they kept several packs of hounds. These were for their amusement in winter, when it rarely happened that they could not work for want of water. The reader may perhaps wonder that workmen could afford such expensive amusements; but there was a general reluctance amongst parents to put their sons apprentice to such a 'deadly trade,' and the result was a limited number of hands, and consequent high wages. Many modifications have taken place, and though there are some men who retain the somewhat wild characteristics of their class, there are many who are highly intelligent and respectable. There are still kept in the neighbourhood several packs of hounds, and the chase is followed as keenly, but probably not so extensively as ever.

There is a species of crime locally known as 'rattening,' which would at one time have been considered as one of the grinder's lordly freaks; elsewhere, it would be called destroying machinery. If any man, by declining to join them, or otherwise, rendered himself obnoxious to these satraps of mischief, they would quickly visit him with a species of lynch-law. If he escaped some rough personal usage, no such immunity would be granted to his tools; they would probably be broken to pieces, and his driving-straps cut into little bits during the night. The man could obtain no knowledge of the perpetrators of the act, but would probably be informed that the 'rats' had done it. This would be considered a good joke in its way; and 'rattening' has become a sort of 'institution' amongst this class of people. This kind of proceeding in connection with trades-unions has resulted in several outrages against life and property, which have given to Sheffield a most unenviable notoriety. It is alleged that these outrages are connected with trades-disputes, and though this is denied by the partisans of trades-unions, there are some grounds for entertaining ugly suspicions. Free-trade has not yet become acknowledged in labour, and until its principles are more generally understood, these outrages will probably break out at intervals.

It may be worth while to notice briefly some of the things which have tended to modify the characteristics of this body of men. Probably one of the most influential causes has been the introduction of steam. So long as the men were dependent upon water for their motive-power, their hours and times of labour were necessarily to some extent precarious; they had leisure for mischief, and in accordance with the spirit of the age, they availed themselves of the opportunity. This grew upon them until sport of some kind seemed a necessity of their being; but when steam became the motive-power, it gradually tended to make the hours of labour more regular and reliable; and the erection of steam-mills in the town drew some of the men from the water-wheels, and they gradually conformed to the habits and practices of other classes of workmen.

Another cause of the altered character of these men may be found in the introduction of sanitary measures. The fearful death-rate amongst the grinders drew the attention of men of science, and several means were suggested by gentlemen of high scientific attainments. None of these, however, found favour; the best remedy yet discovered is the revolving fan already mentioned, which was suggested by a working-man, and is now in general use, though not so universal as it ought to be. The effect of improved sanitary measures has been a considerable increase in the average length of life amongst the grinders; as it lost the character of being such a 'deadly trade,' people became more willing to have their sons put apprentice to it; and the men are neither so wild nor so reckless as they were formerly.

The grinders, too, have improved by the general spread of education during the last twenty years. Though some of them are still rude and ignorant enough, they stand, as a class, on a much higher level than they did a generation ago. They then obtained a character which it appears they will not easily lose. Some of their angles have been rubbed off, but they are not yet a highly polished race; they are still amongst some of the rudest of her Majesty's subjects. But with all their roughness, they are notable for generosity and kindness of heart. They are not celebrated for their retiring modesty; on the contrary, when there is any unusual occurrence in the neighbourhood, their presence may always be looked for. They are at no pains to change their working-dress—which is sometimes picturesque enough—nor even to wash their hands and faces; and in this guise they would present themselves before the Queen as readily as they did a while ago before Lord Palmerston—on the occasion of whose visit to Sheffield they waited in perfect order and patience at the station until his lordship arrived. As soon as he appeared, the extreme order maintained by the police was completely overthrown. The people rushed to the carriage, and began to shake his lordship by the hand with a hearty familiarity which for the moment, but only for a moment, seemed to disconcert even the experienced premier of England. Rough and hard hands were held out to him, and free words were freely exchanged. It is reported that his lordship expressed himself as highly pleased and amused at the thorough heartiness with which he was greeted,

and felt assured that the 'God bless thee, oud lad,' was uttered none the less sincerely for its homeliness.

It is an old saying, 'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him,' and this appears to be the case with the grinders. But while recording their former errors and extravagance, we would give them credit for their improvement, and encourage them to follow an upward course.

FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE GALLEYS.

With the exception of the very few Englishmen who have obtained the favour of admission to inspect the criminal establishments of France, and the still smaller number who, like myself, have been condemned to a compulsory residence therein, I cannot hope that any who read this will be capable of sympathising with me in the sufferings I have undergone, since they cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive the horrors of a confinement in those pandemoniums.

I am of English birth and parentage, but my father dying when I was only eleven years of age, my mother was induced to accept the offer made to her by a French gentleman who had married a near relative, and had frequently stayed at our house during his visits to England, to take entire charge of me while I was completing my education. This gentleman, whose name was Evrart, had been on the stage, though he was known by another name there, and by his talents had realised what in Havre was considered a handsome independence. His first wife had been dead about four years when I went to live with him, but he had married again with a woman a little older than himself, who, I believe, had also been on the stage, and, I imagine, failed, for she never spoke of it herself; and the only reason I had for supposing this had been the case, was from something said by her husband when they were holding a discussion on some circumstance of the past. Her principal occupation was writing plays, which, so far as I know, were never acted, but which she used to read to me, as soon as I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the French language to understand them, at every opportunity. Having no children of her own, she adopted the poor little English boy enthusiastically, and was even fonder of me, and more kind to me, than mothers usually are to their children. As soon as I left the academy, I hastened home; and when we had dined we used, if it were the summer, to take a walk a little way into the country, sit down until I had learned my lessons for the next day, and then stroll along on the sea-shore, madame quoting from her own plays, or those of others, apropos of everything we saw. It would have been difficult to have found a happier family than we were. M. Evrart was happy, because he was no longer called to account for staying out with his friends late at night, and the kindness and attention of his wife to his little requirements when he was at home at first seemed to surprise, and then to delight him. When I first went to reside with them, he rarely went out with his wife, except when we were going to parties, but after a time he regularly accompanied us in our walks, and the information I derived from him was as useful as the intimate knowledge of their language imparted to me by his wife's incessant quotations, and rather more interesting. I mention these things, because it will enable the reader to judge how much my sufferings were aggravated by what subsequently happened.

My visits to England were not frequent, but this was not from any want of affection on my part for my family, but because having no means beyond those I derived from my benefactors, I did not like to employ them in making journeys which always appeared distasteful to them. The climate and mode of living at Havre agreed with my constitution so well that I grew with great rapidity, and by the time I was sixteen years old, I was tall and as strong and muscular as most men. My principal amusement was boating, and very frequently in the summer and autumn have I seen the sun rising after my fishing-line had been dropped in the sea. The man who looked after my boat usually accompanied me, though it sometimes happened that I was unable to get any answer when I knocked at the window of the cottage where he lived; but, supposing that he did not wish to get up, I did not give myself the trouble to wait for him, but went down to the shore, unlocked the padlock which attached my boat to the mooring-chain, and went to sea alone. I have since had reason to suppose that he was not always indoors when I knocked. It is necessary that I should here say something of this man, though the knowledge came to me too late to be of any service in averting a tragedy the recollection of which even now, notwithstanding the length of time that has since elapsed, compels me to lay down my pen for a time until my hand is steadier.

This man's name was Philippe Loret, and he had been landed at Havre from an American vessel in a sad state of health, arising, so some said, from a severe beating he had received from his shipmates, but, as he himself said, from having fallen from the yard to the deck one dark, windy night. After he had recovered his health, he used to get his living on the beach in various ways; and a very precarious living it must have been in those days, for Havre was not then the busy port it is now, nor was it frequented by visitors to anything like the same extent. However, he lived somehow or other until he became the tenant of one of the prettiest cottages near the shore. He had no wife, but a woman kept his house, and to her, I suspect, was due the credit of surrounding it with abundance of flowers, and the neat and clean appearance of everything both within and without. For taking charge of my boat, and going out with me fishing when he had nothing better to do, I gave him seven francs a week, which M. Evrart thought quite enough; but Loret must sometimes have increased this sum considerably by the sale of the fish we caught, all of which I abandoned to him, except such as were required for our consumption at home, and an occasional present to friends or a harbour-official. He performed the duties I required of him well enough, and I was much too happy to feel annoyed at, or even hardly to notice, his usually sulky manner, and his excessive greediness.

When I was sixteen years old, I wrote to my mother to learn whether she had set her mind on my following any particular career; but she declined to interfere, and left the matter to be arranged between myself and the Evrarts. The habit I had acquired of spending several hours a day on the sea had given me a love for that element; and although the idea of a sea-faring life for me was not welcome to my kind friends, they offered no opposition beyond affectionately advising me to weigh well the dangers I should have to encounter. It is possible they may have thought that one voyage would be sufficient to cure my passion for the sea, if they did not awaken my self-love in support of my desire by opposing it. They only insisted on my going as agent or supercargo the first voyage, during which I might learn navigation, and anything else necessary to qualify me to command a vessel, without going through the inferior grades; for it seemed to them perfectly ridiculous that a man such as I was in appearance, if not in age, should be forced to associate with boys and share their occupations.

It was not long before an opportunity offered itself of making a short voyage to Madeira, in company of the son of a shipowner, whom I knew pretty intimately, and it was arranged that I should go, and that we should spend a few weeks in the island. The time passed happily enough. We made numerous

pedestrian excursions, and visited every place which strangers usually visit, and a good many beside.

On arriving off the port of Havre, the wind, of which there was very little, was rather unfavourable to us, and we made but slow way; still we were advancing, when a large French vessel, which was coming out, ran into us, the top of her bowsprit striking our aftermast just in the middle, and breaking it short off. Luckily for us, the rate at which she was sailing was so slow, that, notwithstanding her much superior size, the shock caused her to recoil, and drove us out of her course, so that we escaped without any further damage, and in a little while we were continuing to move towards the harbour. I suppose the collision had been seen from the quay, for several boats put off to us, and among them my own, in which were Loret and another man, whom I had never seen before. The sea being rather rough, and not supposing that it would make much difference in point of time if I landed from the vessel, I did not attempt to enter the boat, but directed Philippe to go ashore and inform M. Evrart that I had returned, and would be at home in the course of a short time. I was, however, mistaken as to the time required for working up to the quay, in consequence of our disabled condition, and it was near midnight when I knocked at our door.

To my surprise there was no light visible at any of the windows; and when I had repeated my knock several times without receiving any answer, I became seriously uneasy, though I could not conceive that anything was the matter, because I had been told by Philippe that he had seen M. and Madame Evrart that day, and they were both quite well. At last I determined on trying to enter the house by another door. One side of the garden was protected from the street by a wall about seven feet high, the top of which was covered with pieces of glass. I took off my coat, folded it, and laid it on the top to keep the glass from cutting me. In another instant I was in the garden, forgetting, in my anxiety, to remove my coat. I had no difficulty in finding the door, but it was fastened, and I knew the careful manner in which this was done too well not to know that any attempt to burst it open would be useless. I then looked about for a ladder to get up to the balcony which ran along madame's sitting-room, but could not find one; I, however, found a rake, and by hooking this into the rails, I drew myself up until I could reach it with my hands. The rest was easy enough. The window was open, and though the room was in darkness, I was too familiar with the arrangement of everything in it not to be able to walk straight to the table. Always nervous and excitable in matters where those I loved were concerned, those similarly constituted will be able to form some idea of the horror which seized me when my hands, which I held stretched out before me to protect me from coming in contact with any misplaced article of furniture, rested one on the face, the other on the back of the head of a corpse. I did not doubt for an instant that this was the body of my benefactress; in fact, I never thought of it at all, the conviction struck me like a flash of lightning, and I fell to the ground as instantaneously as if I had been shot. How long I remained so, of course I cannot know of my own knowledge, but it would seem to have been between two and three hours. As soon as I became a little conscious, I crawled towards the door, got on my feet, and staggered down stairs to the street-door, which I quickly opened and ran to the next house and alarmed the inmates, who were a widower named Talbot, his son, and two daughters, young women. All these came rushing down to the street, supposing the house to be on fire, and heard the dreadful news. M. Talbot got a light and returned with me, and the first object which we saw on entering the house was the body of M. Evrart, lying with the head in a pool of blood. Under any circumstances, the sight of a dead body is a painful spectacle, but how much more painful when it is the body of one we love, and from which life has been driven forth by violence. There was by this time no lack of assistance, and the body was carefully raised and carried into the dining-room, and laid on the table. Inquiry was now made for Madame Evrart, and I told them that she too was murdered, and that we should find her body in her sitting-room.

It is not necessary that I should describe the details of what followed, nor attempt to describe my own feelings. I sent a message to the authorities, informing them of what had happened, and then threw myself on my bed, and gave free vent to my grief. Will it be believed that, in spite of my suffering, I fell sound asleep?

When I awoke I found it was broad daylight, and the commissary of police and three of his agents in the room. He asked me to give an account of the matter, which I did as I have described it above. He then left me to indulge my grief alone, and I remained undisturbed during the entire day. It was not until evening that it struck me as strange that nobody had called to express their sympathy with me in my affliction, but then a circumstance occurred which explained it. The door was opened, and the commissary and a party of gens d'armes entered. The former desired me to dress myself and go with them, for that he had been ordered to take me into custody. I doubted at first whether I could have understood rightly what he said, but I was soon made to comprehend. Of course, I felt very acutely the humiliation of being the subject of such a charge, but my grief for the loss of those I had loved so dearly prevented me from feeling it so much as I should otherwise have done. Even when in prison, I felt scarcely any uneasiness as to the result of my trial; it appeared to me so absurd to imagine that anybody could for an instant believe me guilty. Many friends visited me in prison, and these all encouraged the view I took of my situation. Among them was a lawyer named Langenis, in whose office it had been proposed that I should study the law, in the event of my not persisting in going to sea. He undertook the management of my case, and I thought, from the questions he put to me in preparing the brief for my defence, that he doubted my innocence. I tried to induce him to acknowledge this, but he would not. Had he done so, I would have declined his services, and have preferred to take my trial undefended, which, after all, might have turned out the wiser course.

When the day arrived for my trial, the court was crowded with my friends, those near enough stretching out their hands to shake mine. I felt comforted by this public manifestation of their belief in my innocence to a degree which only those who have lain for weeks under an accusation, however false, can fully appreciate; and I prepared with calmness, and something like curiosity, to hear how the authorities could have made a case out against me sufficient to justify them in arresting me.

I knew the president of the court well, as indeed I did all the principal officials, and I felt a vague apprehension of something I hardly knew what, when I saw the grave expression of their countenances as they looked at me. The jury having taken their seats, and the usual formalities having been gone through, the prosecutor proceeded to read the *acte d'accusation*, which contained a full statement of the case against me; and I was utterly astounded at finding with what infernal art the most trivial circumstances were woven together into a web, which I felt that I could only hope to escape from by the jury refusing to convict me of such a monstrous crime. The following is substantially the case against me as stated for the crown, and it will shew how

circumstances may be combined to prove an innocent man guilty on apparently the clearest evidence:

It set forth that, on the night of the murders, I had left the ship *Austerlitz* from Madeira, between eleven and twelve o'clock; that I had been accompanied to within a few yards of my domicile by Louis d'Egville, who there left me, and went to his own home, where he was proved to have arrived before midnight; that from that time until three o'clock the following morning nothing was seen or heard of me; but at that hour I woke the Talbot family to tell them of what had happened; that the commissary of police had found me asleep when he arrived at the scene of the crime, as if nothing had happened; and that he had found my clothes, saturated with blood in several places, lying on a chair beside the bed; that I had effected an entrance into the house in a surreptitious manner, was proved by my coat having been found on the top of the wall; that I had then silently drawn myself up to the balcony, which none but a man possessing great muscular strength, such as I was known to possess, could have accomplished; and that I had then with a mallet, which was proved, by the evidence of the servants, to have always been kept in a tool-house in the garden, struck Madame Evrart on the back of the head, as she sat at her writing-table, and beaten in her skull, and all this so suddenly that she had not had time to cry out, and had even retained her position in her chair, where she was found seated, with her face resting on her hands, which lay on the table before her. Then I had descended to the lower rooms with the bloody instrument in my hand, and had killed M. Evrart as he was endeavouring to make his escape by the street-door, in the same way as I had already killed his wife, by striking him on the head with the mallet and fracturing the skull, leaving the weapon with which I had committed the murders lying on the floor beside him. As regarded the interval which had elapsed between my entering the house and giving the alarm, God and myself alone could tell how I had employed it; but it was to be presumed that I had spent it in furtherance of the objects which had induced me to commit the crimes with which I stood charged. There was no evidence on that point, because the servants, who were two sisters, had obtained leave from their mistress on the morning of the murder to go to a village a few miles distant to attend their mother's funeral, and did not return until the following day.

Such in substance was the statement of the crown-prosecutor, made without invective, and without any appearance of bias against me. At its close, I noticed several of my friends glanced at me doubtfully, as if their faith in my innocence had been shaken, and I began then to realise the dangers of my position.

As soon as the few witnesses had been examined to prove the facts stated, my counsel rose to address the court on my behalf. He gave my version of the affair, dwelt on the absurdity of even supposing that I, their adopted son, with whom they had never had a dispute, could have been guilty of the horrible crime of murdering them. He insisted strongly on the utter absence of any motive I could have had, and concluded by denouncing in severe terms the harsh conduct of the authorities in seizing and imprisoning me upon no other evidence than appearances, which I had so satisfactorily explained.

The sympathy of those present in my behalf was plainly shewn by the attention with which every word uttered by him was listened to. There was not a sound to be heard beside his voice, and if he had stopped when he had finished stating my case instead of attacking the authorities, it is possible that the jury might have been called upon for their decision at once, and have given a verdict in my favour; but, unfortunately, political feeling was strong in France in those days, and Langenis was too ardent a partisan of the opposition, and too weak-minded to forego the opportunity of displaying his talent in oratorical invective. Whether this was really the cause, I know not; but while he was yet speaking, I noticed the official whose duty it was to conduct the prosecution, give a slip of paper to one of the officers of the court, who, upon my counsel resuming his seat, proceeded to read from it a list of names. Most of the persons named were in court, and when interrogated by the president as to whether they had ever heard M. Evrart express dissatisfaction with my conduct, they admitted that they had not, until recently; but that on several occasions during my absence, he had expressed himself very strongly on the subject of my desire for a sea-faring life, and his determination to oppose my wishes with all his power, for that his wife had done nothing but cry ever since I had gone away, and had made his home miserable. Two other witnesses proved that I was aware that both the murdered man and his wife had made a will bequeathing me the whole of the property of each on their deaths; and one or two others were called to prove that I had admitted that the street-door was fastened; and the police-agents to shew that there was no trace either in the shape of broken glass or feet-marks of any persons having escaped by the back-door; though, in answer to a question from my counsel, they acknowledged that persons might have passed along the gravel-path to a little door in the wall, and have let themselves out that way, but they had found this door locked, and the key lying on the floor in Madame Evrart's sitting-room.

The effect of Langenis's attack on the authorities was only too apparent in the summing-up of the judge. Justice was not done me on the score of my irreproachable antecedents, and my youth was urged rather as an aggravation of my crime.

When the jury had retired, I buried my face in my handkerchief, and nearly choked myself in my efforts to prevent my sobs from being heard, for I was wounded to the heart by hearing myself spoken of as an assassin. How long the jury seemed absent! At last there was a hush, for an officer of the court appeared conducting the jury. Can anybody conceive the intense dread with which I waited for their verdict? It was *guilty*, with extenuating circumstances based on my youth.

I believe the presiding judge stretched a point in my favour, when he only sentenced me to twenty years of *Travaux forcés;* but for any difference it made to me at the time he might have sentenced me, as the jailer tried to comfort me by telling me he might have done, *à perpétuité.*

My first place of confinement was the jail-infirmary, where I had plenty of time to grieve over the injustice that had been done me, and to mourn the loss of my kind friends and the suffering of my poor mother.

The appeal against the decision made on my behalf by my counsel was rejected; and my next move was to the galleys.

Now began my experience of what was implied in the sentence of *travaux forcés.* I had thought of hard labour with indifference, if not with a certain degree of satisfaction, for muscular exertion was a necessity for me, and a relief from incessant thought; but I was not prepared for association with the awful companions which that sentence involved, nor for the ruffianly and brutal treatment which I received from the officials. The convicts were divided into gangs of ten, and when the labours of the day were over, we were driven into a cell, where our rations of coarse rye-bread—a great portion of which might have been saw-dust, as it was commonly said to be, for aught that appeared to the contrary—had been placed ready for us. The guard of soldiers, with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, were drawn up just inside the door while the jailer poured out the soup into the tin mug allotted to each prisoner; and when he had finished this, the door was locked

and secured, and the felons in the cell were left to their own devices until a certain hour the following morning, varying according to the time of year. Great God! what horrors were perpetrated during those hours of darkness. Their conversation was of the crimes they had committed, and so far from trying to soften them in the telling, they heightened them, as I believe, for the purpose of producing a greater sensation. Their language chilled my very blood at first; but, after a time, it affected me no more than a tale fifty times told. The gang in which I was first placed consisted of a man who had murdered his father; another, who had stabbed a friend in a wine-shop; a Corsican, who had assassinated a girl through jealousy; three noted bad characters, convicted of robberies with violence; a vile old ruffian, who boasted that on the very day he had been liberated from prison, he had cut the throat of a young girl; the younger of two brothers, who had been convicted of drowning their blind sister to save the expense of her maintenance; a man who was said to have murdered nine persons, including a jailer, but who never spoke a single word in my hearing during the three years that he remained in the same cell; and myself.

I escaped personal molestation for the first two or three nights by feigning illness. The fetters which bound every two or three of us together during the day were unlocked as we entered our cell, and each was left detached until the following morning, so that I was able to lie down on the bench which served as a bed, turn my head to the wall, and pretend to be asleep. It was summer at this time, and a certain amount of light was admitted into the cell through two small grated openings in the wall for about two hours after we were turned into the den. As soon as my associates had finished their soup, they began to gamble in a way peculiar to themselves for portions of the bread they had reserved for this purpose. When it became too dark to continue this, they drew together, and began to talk. Much of their language being *argot*, I did not understand all that was said, but I was too intimately acquainted with the French spoken by all classes not to be able to follow the different speakers; and but for the horrible blasphemies they uttered at almost every instant, I believe I should have felt interested in some of the tales they told of their past life. As it was, I shuddered, and dreaded the arrival of the moment when it might please one of the more sensitive of the ruffians to regard my keeping aloof from them as an evidence of pride. The time was not long in coming; but I had had time to learn from their conversation so much of their antecedents as enabled me to form some idea of their individual characters, and to decide on the course of action I should take when the occasion came.

From the first day I entered the *bagne*, either by accident, or more likely from wanton brutality on the part of the jailers, I had been fastened to the old ruffian who had murdered the girl. Though talking was forbidden while at work, it was impossible to prevent those chained together from speaking to each other in a low voice, and my chain-mate, as he was called, had frequently spoken to me, while I had steadily abstained from replying.

One night, after supper had been finished, this fellow stood forward and made a kind of oration, stating his griefs against me. He charged me with being too proud to associate with my brethren in captivity, and so forth, and finished by calling upon me for explanations and apologies. I made no answer, but waited as resolutely as I could for what would follow. They formed themselves into a mock court, the president of which called upon me for my defence; and desired me to state the circumstance to which they were indebted for the honour of my presence among them. At first, I thought of remaining silent, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be better once for all to take up a position and adhere to it. I therefore, in as few words as possible, replied that I was in there because I had been convicted of having killed my father and mother; that as we had all an equal right to do what we pleased while we were in the cell, I claimed the right for myself of remaining silent, or of speaking, whichever I pleased.

After some conversation amongst themselves, the pretended judge pronounced sentence.

It does not matter what this sentence was, but I was determined to resist its infliction to the last gasp. Already there was a movement towards me on the part of five or six of the band, the fellow who had acted as president keeping his seat on the bench. He was the man who had murdered his father, and exercised a good deal of influence over the rest on the ground of his being the senior occupant of the cell, and by far the most powerful among them in physical strength. I made a rush at him before the others were aware of my intention, and he had just time to rise to his feet and put up his hands before falling to the ground, his head striking it with such force as to be distinctly heard, although the floor was nothing but an earthen one. I thought this would intimidate the others, but it did not, for making a rush at me altogether, I was so wedged in, that I had not room to use my arms. I felt that my time had come, and that further resistance would be of no use; still this did not prevent me from continuing to resist with all my might; at last, one of the brutes got hold of the upper part of my right arm with his teeth, and held it so firmly that I could not get it away from him. Three or four hands were pressing on my throat, when there was a report of a gun in the cell, something liquid spirted into my face, which caused me to close my eyes, and when I opened them again, my assailants had dispersed to their respective benches, all except one man, who lay at my feet, with the blood pouring from his broken forehead, and *Le Muet*, who had not joined in the attack upon me, and was now standing by the cell-door.

It was evident that the gun had been fired by one of the guard at random, to put an end to the disturbance; but nobody entered the cell to see if any of us had been hurt, so that I could make no appeal to the jailer to be removed to another place. All that night I sat on my bench with my back against the wall, prepared to defend myself in the event of another attack being made upon me. I dared not go to sleep, and yet I more than once found myself growing so drowsy that it required my utmost efforts to prevent my doing so. I tried to distinguish the figure of the dead man, thinking that the horror inspired would keep me wakeful; but it is astonishing how little of that feeling is awakened by the contemplation of the corpse of one who has been killed in an attack on our own proper person. However, the weary night came to an end at last. At the usual hour every one rolled from his bench, except the individual who had officiated as judge the night before, and the corpse of him who had been shot, which lay just as it had fallen. I watched their movements narrowly, but they seemed to take very little notice of me. When the turnkey threw open the door, I stood back until the last, for fear of what might happen to me if I were mixed up with the rest. Just before me was Le Muet, but the jailer put his hand on his shoulder as he was passing out, and pushed him roughly back, pointing at the corpse, and telling him to pick it up, and ordered me to go on with the rest.

Once in the course of the day I had an opportunity of speaking to an official of some importance, and tried to explain what had taken place, and my fears that the attack upon me would be renewed; but he ordered me, in a brutal tone, to be silent; that I had

nothing more to fear, and that I was too worthy of the company I was in to be removed elsewhere. My blood boiled at this treatment, for I had not yet realised that, however innocent I might know myself to be, to others I must appear as the murderer of two persons who had shewn me nothing but kindness. I replied in a way which so enraged this functionary that, after heaping upon me a volley of curses, he ordered me to be taken where I certainly should not have cause to complain of being molested. The idea which suggested itself to his mind as he gave this order seemed to mollify him, for he laughed and walked away. That night, instead of being marched back to the same cell with the rest of the gang, I was shut up alone in a dungeon where there was no light whatever, so that I passed at once from daylight to total darkness. Everything I touched was wet, and the stench was so strong that I gasped for breath for some time after the door was shut. Tired with the hard day's work I had undergone, I groped my way round the dungeon in search of a place to lie upon, like that to which I had been accustomed for the last few nights, but could feel nothing but the slimy stones going straight to the ground. There being no choice in the matter except standing, I lay down on the filthy floor, and had fallen sound asleep, when I was disturbed by a light shining full on my face. I heard a voice ejaculate: 'Pauvre jeune homme!' I looked at the man who held the lantern without speaking, and he was equally silent, but pointed to the ground beside me. I turned over, and found that he had brought me the usual piece of bread, but no soup, only water, which I liked just as well. He did not wait while I ate it, but having called my attention to it, he took the light away, and left me to do that in the dark. The next day I was restored to the cell in which I had been first placed, my chain-companion being now Le Muet. So far this was an absolute improvement in my condition, for under the circumstances, there was nothing I desired more than to be spared the conversation of a brutal companion. Not the slightest inquiry was ever made, so far as I know, as to the disturbance of the previous night; whether, which is very probable, we were regarded as such a set of brutal ruffians that it mattered little how one of us finished his career, and that the jailers had means of overhearing what passed in the cells without entering them, which I think they must have had, for I could never discover the opening through which the gun had been fired; or whether, as I have sometimes thought since, the *mute* earned a mitigation of his sentence by acting as a spy, I cannot say, but no allusion was ever made to the death of the one who was shot, or the ultimate fate of the fellow who had officiated as president, who disappeared from the cell the same day with the corpse.

I fully expected that I should be the object of another and more systematic attack, but this was not to be; and as to any single-handed onset, I had nothing to fear on that score, seeing that they had no weapons. Jeers and insults I of course had to encounter, but these I never noticed so long as they were confined to words, and when they went beyond this I had recourse to remedies which were the only effectual ones in dealing with wretches of their species.

For three years I worked on in silence almost as profound as that of the man who was chained to me, the only speech I held being at rare intervals with the directors of the works on which we were employed. At the end of that time my companion disappeared, but whether he was liberated or sent abroad, I never heard. Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding the crimes of which he had been guilty, I had become so accustomed to his presence, that I felt sorry when he was sent away. Perhaps, too, the fear that the individual who would take his place would be less easy to control, might have some share in inspiring this feeling. For some days I was left alone, and I began to hope that this might be continued as some compensation for my irreproachable conduct, for my reflections while in that horrible hole I have described had led me to perceive how useless would be any attempt at resistance, and that I ought to bear in mind the point of view from which the official mind must regard me. This, though it enabled me to control my temper and not lay myself open to punishment for insubordination, did not prevent me from suffering terribly when I was subjected to the brutal insolence of the officials; and this was not unfrequently the case, for they were so accustomed to treat those under their authority with such peremptory savageness, that they made no distinction between those who did their work cheerfully, and those who did it with dogged reluctance. My hope that I might be left alone was soon upset. One morning, a man but little older than myself, but more heavily ironed, was linked to me. We examined each other's faces attentively. He had a hard and equivocal, though not absolutely bad expression of countenance, and I could not help feeling a kind of interest in learning his antecedents. The predominant expression of his countenance, however, as he looked at me, was perplexity. He did not attempt that day to disobey the rule which forbade talking, but he made up for his silence when we were shut up in our cell for the night. He answered all questions readily, and it was soon known that he had got on extra fetters, because he had once succeeded in making his escape from the prison in which he had been confined before being sent here. The particular offence for which he had been sent here was that of nearly killing a gamekeeper; but, according to his own shewing, that was not worse than some other offences of which he had been guilty: on the whole, however, he might have been worse.

I hate croaking, and feel a certain contempt for a man who utters fruitless complaints; so I will say very little more of my sufferings, and come as rapidly as I can to the period when I became once more a free man.

My length of service did not bring with it any alleviation of my condition. My health did not suffer much, however, in consequence, I suppose, of my being almost always in the open air, and engaged in hard manual labour; but, in spite of my utmost efforts, I could not prevent my mind from frequently dwelling on the different career I might have been pursuing had I followed my friends' wishes, and never undertaken that fatal voyage.

I had been a prisoner for fifteen years, when one Saturday afternoon, as we were sweeping up the yards previous to leaving off work for the day, I was a little startled by the hasty way in which the turnkey came up to me and unlocked the fetter on my wrist. When he had done this, a man who had accompanied him, and whom I had scarcely noticed, came close to me and offered me his hand. I looked intently at him, but though my memory of faces is remarkably good, it was some time before I could trace in the changed face before me the likeness of my friend and counsel, Langenis. We shook hands, with feelings on my side which I did not attempt to analyse. I saw in his changed appearance my youth already gone. The recollection of the dreams of happiness I had once formed, which his presence revived only to prove how hopeless now was their fulfilment, gave me such acute anguish, that for the moment I should have felt grateful if death had smitten me where I stood. My philosophy (by which I mean something that appears to me too sacred to be mentioned in speaking of matters of common life) restored my self-command. It had never occurred to me that his visit could have any other motive than a desire to take advantage of his presence in the town to inquire whether I were alive or dead; but when the turnkey presented the governor's compliments,

and requested that I would step up to his apartments, it struck me instantly that my innocence had been at last discovered; for though my good-conduct might have procured for me a remission of part of my sentence, that remission would not have procured for me a message from the governor couched in such terms. Try all I could, I found it difficult to walk firmly. The feelings of anger at the injustice of which I had been the victim, the thought of the happiness I had been so unjustly deprived of, and the humiliations and moral tortures to which for fifteen years I had been subjected, all of which I had laboured so resolutely to crush out of my memory, overwhelmed me like a flood. A deadly faintness came over me, and had I not caught hold of Langenis's arm, I should have fallen to the ground. There were several gangs of convicts assembled in front of the governor's house, and among them that of which I formed part. The governor himself stood there with several of the higher officials, and came forward to meet me, and shook me heartily by the hand, congratulated me on my innocence being at last discovered, and regretted that I had been made to suffer so much undeservedly. He then called the locksmith to remove the fetters from my legs. The latter was about to unlock them, but the other exclaimed passionately: 'Break them! break them! The irons of an innocent man should be broken, and not opened like those of a pardoned thief!'

When this had been done, the governor took me by the arm and led me into his house, followed by several other persons. I was very warmly congratulated by the ladies present, and, indeed, by everybody whom I came near; but we soon retired into the governor's private office that I might receive an account of the manner in which my innocence had been discovered, and which will not take long to relate. I copy it from the statement given me by Langenis.

'The Père Phillippart having prepared the mind of Agnes Desnoyers for the announcement that her illness must inevitably end fatally, exhorted her to make full confession of her sins, that she might receive absolution before departing from the world. For some time she steadily refused, and obstacles were thrown in the way of the good father having access to her by Philippe Loret, who scarcely ever left her. Very early one morning Père Phillippart was returning from the death-bed of one of his congregation, and in doing so he passed Loret's cottage. There was a light in the sick woman's room, and it occurred to him that she might be in her last agonies; he therefore tried the door, and found that it was not fastened, and entering, he walked upstairs. She was quite sensible, and knew him directly, and asked him eagerly if he thought she could live many hours longer. There was a great change for the worse in her appearance since he last saw her, so he told her he thought not. She then begged him very earnestly to receive her confession at once, before Loret's return. This he did; but there was one portion of it having reference to the murder of M. and Madame Evrart, which he told her ought to be put in writing and signed by her, inasmuch as the proof of the innocence of an individual wrongly convicted depended upon it. To this, after much persuasion, she consented. The following is the statement written by the priest at her dictation, and signed by her:

"On the morning of the day on which M. and Madame Evrart were murdered, Madame Evrart called here [at the cottage], and told me that she had given both her servants leave to go home to attend their mother's funeral, and asked me if I would come up to her house and dress the dinner. I promised I would, and as soon as Philippe Loret came in I told him where I was going. He made no objection, and I went. Madame let me in, and I found everything in the house required for the dinner, so that I had no occasion to go out during the day. They dined at five o'clock, and afterwards madame went upstairs to her room. Monsieur was not well, and did not go out; and when I took up coffee, which was at about eight o'clock, he was playing at chess with madame in her room. It was soon after this I heard Philippe calling me, and I went to the window to see what he wanted. He told me he had a message for M. Evrart, but that he wanted to speak to me first, and that I must open the door quietly and let him in. Madame, who seemed very nervous, had ordered me to fasten the street-door very carefully; so after I had let him in, and a young man who was with him, I put up all the fastenings again, and they followed me into the kitchen. Philippe asked me several questions about where M. and Madame Evrart were, and, not thinking any harm, I told him. In a little while, I heard monsieur come down stairs, and we saw him go towards the bottom of the garden. It was getting dark then, but we could see that he was smoking. In a minute or two he came indoors. Philippe took a hammer out of his pocket, but the other man said something to him, and he put it back, and picked up a mallet which lay on the floor. Then they both took off their shoes, and I got frightened; but I did not know what they were going to do. There was a short passage between the kitchen and the hall, and I followed them to see what would happen. M. Evrart was standing with his back to the passage, looking at the street-door. Philippe crept close to him, and struck him on the back of the head with the mallet, and he fell on his face on the floor; then he struck him again several times on the head, and left the mallet beside him, and went upstairs. I followed him, for I was afraid to remain alone near the dead body. When we went into madame's room, she was sitting in her chair, her hands on the table, and her face resting on her hands as if she were asleep; only I could see she was dead, because the blood was running from her hair in little streams on to the floor. It was not Philippe who killed her, for she was dead before he went into the room, but the man who came with him, and whom we found searching in a desk which stood on the table. I begged Philippe to let me out of the house, but he refused, and forced me to help them to search the drawers and other places, where it was likely that valuable things might be kept. They opened these places if they happened to be locked with the bunch of keys I had often seen hanging from madame's waist, and when they had finished, I was made to put the things they had thrown on the floor back carefully, as if they had not been disturbed. I daresay it was a little after ten o'clock when we went into the garden to leave the place. Philippe pulled the house-door to, which fastened itself, then opened the little door in the wall, and he and the other man stood behind it, while I looked out to see if anybody was in the street. There was nobody to be seen, and Philippe told the other man to go on before to his house; then he shut the door and locked it, and threw the key towards the open window of Madame Evrart's room.

"We went straight along the road until we came to the footpath leading across the fields to our cottage, so that we got home without meeting anybody. I fell down two or three times going along, for I was crying, so that I could not see. When we got home, we found the man who had murdered madame waiting for us. Philippe told me to make haste and get the supper ready, while he and André went to see if the boat was lying-off. He came back in about an hour alone, and said that André was watching, and would most likely go on board after he had helped to land the cargo in the cave. I saw there was blood on his blouse and on his hands, and splashes of it on his face. I began to cry again, and he took off his blouse and put it in the fire, and washed his hands and face.

He was very kind to me, and kissed me very much. I went to bed, but he did not, as he said the *Volage's* boat would come in with the tide. I never saw André afterwards, but if you search the ground under the dung-heap, behind the arbour, you will find his body.

"For more than three months from this night I never went outside our garden, for fear somebody might speak to me about the murder; and it was nearly two years afterwards before I heard that young M. Charles had been sent to the galleys for murdering his father and mother. I told Philippe when I got home what I had heard, and it was then he told me that he and André had quarrelled about the money and had fought; that André had tried to stab him, and he had killed him in the scuffle, and buried him behind the arbour.

"I liked M. Charles very much—he was so young and gay, and used to speak to me so kindly, and often brought me pastry and fruit when he came to give orders about his boat; but I loved Philippe like my own soul, and I could not betray him to death, and he knew it, and has always been as kind to me as any man could be; but now that I am about to appear before the great God I must speak, and I have told the whole truth.

(Signed) "AGNES DESNOYERS."

'The Père Phillippart was still praying beside the dying woman when Loret entered the room. The ink was still on the table, and he seemed to comprehend at a glance what had occurred. He came to the bedside and looked steadily at the woman. The poor creature put her hand towards him and murmured in a low tone: "I am dying, my Philippe." After a moment's hesitation, he knelt down by the bedside, and took the hand in his which she offered him, kissed it, and held it for some minutes. Then he laid it on the bed, rose and kissed her repeatedly on the face, and quietly left the room. All this time the priest continued to pray, and when at last he spoke to the woman and receiving no answer, laid his hand on her forehead, he found that only the earthly shell remained—the immortal part had entered upon a new phase of existence. He gently drew down the eyelids, and was about to leave the room, when he found that the door was fastened, and all his strength was insufficient to force it open. He went to the window, but this was too narrow for him to get through, even if it had not been too high for a man of his age to drop from; and here he remained waiting for somebody to pass to whom he might appeal for assistance. The cottage being beside the sea, and removed a considerable distance from any other, it was not much a matter of surprise to him that hour after hour passed by without his seeing anybody. The opportunity came at last, however; but it was near sunset before he was able to lay the confession before the authorities, so that very little could be done in searching for Loret that night. At the first glimpse of daylight the following morning, the principal authority of the town, myself [Langenis], and a body of gens d'armes entered Loret's cottage. We found a woman there whom the priest had sent up the preceding night, but she had seen nothing of the man of whom we were in search. The whole day was spent in looking for him without success, and hitherto he has escaped apprehension. The heap of refuse behind the arbour was removed, and the ground dug up, and about a mètre below the surface we found the skeleton of a man, to which still adhered fragments of clothes. In the course of the search we discovered a passage running down into the ground for some distance. It was very steep, and brought us out at last to a small platform, the front of which was planted with shrubs. This platform was on a kind of promontory, up to which the tide flowed to a considerable depth at high-water. One of the gens d'armes suggested the use to which this passage was put, and a further search was made with the object of discovering whether there was or not a storehouse for smuggled goods, which was successful. Behind some growing shrubs an opening was discovered which admitted us into a cave of no great size, and almost filled with contraband articles, chiefly tobacco. We expected to find Loret here, but were disappointed; and we are now pretty certain that he took advantage of the priest's imprisonment to get on board the smuggler, the crew of which he in all probability persuaded that their hiding-place had been discovered, and he has thus made his escape.

'A statement of the whole case was drawn up,' added Langenis, 'and sent with the confession of Agnes Desnoyers to the home minister, and in the shortest possible time an order was transmitted for your release in the manner which should most clearly prove the recognition by the government of your innocence; and also that as much of the property which had been left by M. and Madame Evrart as could be recovered, should be restored to you with the least possible delay.'

The governor invited me to dine with him, and to stay in his house a few days; but I had such an intense desire to find myself free, in the open fields, that I refused to remain an instant longer than was necessary to get decent clothes to cover me, from a shop in the town. When I had put on the clothes which the tailor brought me, I went to the glass, and I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that I trembled and hesitated before regarding myself therein. At last I had the courage to do it, and what did I see? Instead of the clear, brilliant complexion, and rosy cheeks I had seen when I last saw myself in a glass, I was looking at a gray-haired man, with a pale face, covered with innumerable little wrinkles. My heart swelled, but I turned for consolation where in my long imprisonment I have been accustomed to seek it, and found it.

I accepted from Langenis a sum of money on account of what was due to me, shook hands with him and the governor, and amidst audible expressions of sympathy from all present, with brimming eyes and a sad heart, I stepped into the street, free to go where I pleased. I walked straight along till I reached the open country, where I sat down under a tree growing beside a brook, and with a piece of bread I broke from a loaf I had bought coming along, and the water flowing below me, I made a meal which tasted sweeter than any I had eaten in my life before. I spent the night in thought beneath that tree, looking with wonder and admiration at the stars which had been hidden from my view for so many weary years.

WALKING-STICKS.

THE use of a staff as a support whilst walking appears as if it did not require any illustration, because it looks so natural and fitting; but still, there is a considerable amount of historical interest in connection with this subject.

The staff as employed for the support of old age is of great antiquity. It was well known during the heroic period, since it was referred to in the enigma put forth by the Sphinx, and solved by Œdipus. 'There is a being,' said the questioner, 'which has four feet, and it has also three feet, with only one voice; but its feet vary; and when it has the most, it is the weakest.' 'This is man,' was the hero's answer, 'who, when he is an infant, crawls upon his hands and knees; when he is a man, he walks uprightly; and when he is old, he totters with a stick.'

The *Bourdon*, or pilgrim's staff of the middle ages,

was a strong and stout stick, about five feet in length, armed at the lower end with an iron spike, and evidently intended as a balance and support to the body when climbing up steep acclivities. About twelve inches from the top of the staff was generally a large protuberance, on which the hand of the pilgrim rested, without danger of sliding downwards. The upper part of the staff was hollow, and capable of holding small articles; but the lower portion was entirely solid. It is very probable that in the cavity of the upper part they originally kept reliques of saints, or, as those emblematical figures were then called, *signa*, which were sold at the tombs to which the pilgrims travelled, and were considered as satisfactory proofs that the pilgrims had been to the spots indicated. In the later ages of pilgrimage, however, this part of the staff was converted into a kind of pipe or musical instrument, such as sticks have frequently contained in more modern times. Above the tube, the staff was surmounted by a small hollow globe; and it was also furnished near the top with a kind of crook, for the purpose of sustaining a gourd-bottle of water. When the traveller had completed his journey, and returned from the Holy Land, he generally brought with him a branch of palm, fastened into the top of his staff, as a proof of his travel into Palestine or Egypt. It is, however, unquestionable that the receptacle at the top of a pilgrim's staff was frequently used for secular purposes. It is recorded by Holinshed in his *Chronicles of England*, that in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff, the first head of saffron was secretly brought from Greece, at a period when it was a capital crime to take the living plant out of the country. The plant was taken to Waldenburg, in Essex, where it was extensively and successfully cultivated; and ever afterwards, the town was called Saffron-Walden.

The silkworm was also introduced into Europe in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff. Two monks who resided in China as missionaries imagined that in the eggs a numerous progeny might be preserved and propagated. Having acquainted the Roman emperor at Constantinople with their design, they, according to Professor Partington, 'travelled back to China, and by concealing the eggs of the silkworm in a *hollow cane*, deceived a people ever jealous of its commerce, and returned in triumph to Constantinople with the spoils of the East, having made a greater conquest than either Justinian or his celebrated general, Belisarius, had ever achieved.' So late also as the time of Cervantes, some Spanish pilgrims existed, who, having collected about one hundred crowns in alms, changed them into gold, and then concealed the money in the upper part of their staves. That ancient contrivance of making a repository in the hollow of a walking-stick is not yet obsolete; in the Great Exhibition of 1851, Dr Gray of Perth displayed a medical walking-stick which contained an assortment of instruments and medicines; and the same principle has been employed for the portable conveyance of telescopes, instantaneous-light apparatus, and many other important articles. There were also exhibited in the Exhibition of 1851 several varieties of sticks enclosing in them swords, dirks, and spring-spears, the principle of their construction being, that they required a heavy blow to be given with the armed end before the strong spring could be overcome which held back the spear-head. Sword-sticks and dagger or tuck sticks are of a more recent period than the spring-spears; but this last kind of walking-staves is not of later invention than the last century, although that which contained firearms is known to have existed during the early part of the reign of King Henry VIII.

The *Alpenstock* is of modern use, although of great antiquity. It is a stout pole about six feet in length, provided with an iron spike at the lower end, and surmounted with a chamois-horn as an ornament. This is a staff almost indispensable to tourists when journeying in a mountainous district. It is used by travellers in ascending the Alps, and can be purchased throughout Switzerland for about two francs.

There is another description of walking-sticks which comprises those light wands to which the name is now almost exclusively attributed, and these are descended from a period of considerable antiquity. The stem of the giant-fennel, the *Ferula* of Pliny, is the chief progenitor of this order, and he derives the name from *fero*, to bear or carry, because of the stalk being used in walking; or from *ferio*, to strike or hit, as schoolmasters used it for striking boys on the hand. The latter interpretation appears to have been acknowledged, in preference to the former, at a very early period, as that distinguished poet, Martial, termed the ferula *sceptrum pedagogorum;* and even to the present day that is the popular meaning conveyed by the word. As a support to aged persons, the tough-lightness of the fennel-wood rendered it especially fitted for them; whilst the imposing length of the staff gave an air of importance and authority to those who carried it; hence it became the prototype of those lighter canes which have continued as the sign of seniority or gentility to the present time.

In oriental countries where the ferula could not be obtained, they found a substitute in some kind of native reed; and the employment of such a plant as a support, and also as an emblem of Egypt, is noticed, most probably in a proverbial form, by the Assyrian general Rabshakeh, in a speech to the servants of Hezekiah, in the eighth century B. C. 'Now, behold,' says he, 'thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, *even* upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it' 2 Kings, xviii. 21). The supposition that in various regions local plants supplied the absence of the ferula is undoubtedly true, especially in those districts where the bamboo-cane is indigenous. In all probability, this was the first kind of cane introduced into Europe, as the very word, in its original form, was intended to express a hollow tube or channel, for which purpose the bamboo is now frequently used.

In the Egyptian sculptures, persons of official rank are represented walking with tall and slender staves, having the lotus-flower on the top. Baxter, in his *Illustration of the Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman Costume*, says of an Egyptian sculpture, from Denon: 'The figure holding a staff, terminated by the flower of the lotus, is a priest in an embroidered garment, a cap, and linen shoes.' Several very ancient specimens of these sticks have been discovered in Egypt, which have been from three to four feet in length, some surmounted with a lotus-flower, and others by a carved projection standing out on one side, like a boar's tusk, as if it had been intended for the hand to rest upon.

If we refer to sacred history, we shall there find, at an early period, the distinctive character of the staff clearly indicated by the immediate recognition of an individual simply by the production of it, with his signet and bracelets (Genesis, xxxviii. 18—25). In Esther, iv. 11, we read as follows: 'All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, *there is one law* of his to put *him* to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the *golden sceptre*, that he may live.' Thus we see that the 'golden sceptre' was the emblem of forgiveness. Homer, also, has commemorated the 'sceptre-bearing

princes' of the classic Greeks, and especially the sceptre-staff of Achilles, adorned with golden studs. 'I will swear a great oath,' said the hero, 'even by this sceptre, which shall never again bear leaves or shoots, nor will bud again from the time it left its trunk upon the mountains, where the axe stripped it of all its leaves and bark.' These sceptres, although they were indisputably the insignia of rank and authority, were also evidently the usual walking-sticks of persons of the highest class. Xenophon, in his *Cyropædia*, stated that the kings of Persia generally carried golden sceptres. It is also reported of Agamemnon that he never went forth without bearing with him the paternal staff of royalty.

Returning to our own country, however, we perceive in the portraits of many of the eminent personages of English history, painted in the sixteenth century, numerous instances of the richness of the walking-sticks carried at that time, which appear to have been tall, stout, and mounted and adorned with gold. In 1531, a cane-staff and a stone-bow were presented by a fletcher, or arrow-maker, to Henry VIII., and the sovereign rewarded him with forty shillings. Fairholt, in his *Costume in England*, mentions some curious instances of canes belonging to the same king, which are described in the manuscript inventory of the contents of the royal palace at Greenwich, in the following entries: 'A cane garnished with sylver and gilte, with astronomie upon it. A cane garnished with golde, having a perfume in the toppe; under that a diall, with a pair of twitchers, and a pair of compasses of golde; and a foot-rule of golde, a knife and a file of golde, with a whetstone tipped with golde.'

From the middle of the seventeenth century, walking-staves appear to have increased in luxury, both in respect to the mountings and the *matériel* of which they were made, the improvements being principally derived from France. In the early portion of the following century, the most fashionable kinds were made of fine marbles and agates, exhibiting either a fine variety of colour, or a rich semi-opaque tint, which was most expressively described by the English word 'clouded.' These sticks were of slender proportions, but often richly mounted with gold, silver, amber, or precious stones. Such were the 'clouded canes' of the time of Pope, which were so greatly valued as often to be preserved in cases of shagreen, or sheaths of leather. Pope in his poem, *The Rape of the Lock*, mentions this kind.

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

There is an interesting account of the walking-sticks of this period in the *Tatler*, No. 103, written by Addison and Steele, and published on Tuesday, 6th December 1709. In that paper, Isaac Bickerstaff represents himself as issuing licences for the beaux of the time. He says: 'It is some time since I set apart that day [Saturday] for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beauford Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words: "You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button, in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.—Isaac Bickerstaff."'

He received numerous petitions from the *élite* of the city, requesting permission to use canes, nearly all giving different reasons, each of which were severely criticised, and those whose pretensions were found to be good, received their licences upon paying the usual fees. Many of the petitions were exceedingly grotesque and ludicrous. The following is a copy of one taken from the *Tatler*:

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain,

The Humble Petition of Simon Trippit;

Sheweth—That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs: That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it: That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it: That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him. Your petitioner therefore hopes that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support. And your petitioner will ever, &c.'

Upon hearing this case, Bickerstaff was touched with compassion, and desired him to bring his cane into court. He did so, and it was 'very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wrist.' Bickerstaff then ordered his clerk 'to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut.' These clouded canes were considered as the ultimatum of perfection, and in No. 142 of the *Tatler* we read: 'Indeed, his [Charles Lillie's] canes are so finely clouded, and so well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impossible for a gentleman to walk, talk, sit, or stand as he should do without one of them.' Gay mentions them in *The Van*, as follows:

> Here clouded canes, 'midst heaps of toys are found,
> And inlaid tweezer-cases strew the ground.

During the second half of the last century, there was one particular kind of walking-sticks which was generally used by females in an advanced stage of life. They were between five and six feet in length, of a taper and slender make, shaped at the upper end in the manner of a shepherd's crook, and twisted throughout the whole extent of the wand. The materials were either ivory, wood, or whalebone, and mounted with silver or gold. The length of the most fashionable sticks called forth the following satire from *The London Chronicle*, published in 1762: 'Do not some of us strut about with walking-sticks as long as hickory-poles, or else with a yard of varnished cane, scraped taper, and bound at one end with waxed thread, and the other tipped with a neat ivory head as big as a silver penny.' There were also two other kinds of staves, which were commonly carried by the gay young men; one was a very short and strong bamboo-cane, and the other a stout knotted stick, in which the natural growth of the wood was regarded as its greatest excellence.

There were also certain grotesque staves adopted by individual eccentricity. The peculiarity of these sticks consisted in an ingenious adaptation of the excrescences of the wood into curious and humorous heads and faces. It is conjectured that the original of this kind of staff may be referred to the baubles of the fools and jesters who were retained by our English monarchs until the seventeenth century. About 1730, *The Universal Spectator* states, that at the court-end of the town, instead of swords, many polite young gentlemen 'carry large oak-sticks, with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon.' In the biographical sketches attached to Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, it is asserted of James Robertson of Kincraigie, otherwise 'the daft Highland laird,' that during the later years of his life, he adopted the amusement of

carving, for which he had talent, and sculptured in wood the effigies of such persons as attracted his attention, whether friends or enemies; the latter, however, being caricatures. These small figures he mounted on the upper end of his staff, sometimes one above another; and as it was reported that he produced a new one every day, he was generally accosted with the inquiry: 'Wha hae ye up the day, laird?' to which he would readily answer by naming the individual, and the reason for selecting him.

Many persons carry walking-sticks because of their utility as supports, which is undoubtedly the best and most valid of reasons, but the majority carry them merely for ornament. Every cane commands its own class of customers. The farmer looks with pride upon the most crooked oak or blackthorn stick that can be found, whilst gentlemen of more fastidious taste affect those that have grown in sultry India. It is remarkable that almost all police inspectors carry mahogany sticks, which, when knocked upon the ground, answer as a summons to the policemen within hearing.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

Everybody knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening. Their petals, in fact, close up in the same folds, and return to the same position which they originally occupied in the bud. This phenomenon was called by Linnæus the *Somnus plantarum*, or sleep of plants. The investigations of botanists since the time of Linnæus have brought to light several interesting physical truths explanatory of this vegetable sleep.

According to Carl Fritsch, the duration of this plant-sleep, which is the same condition of rest as that of animal-sleep, varies in different species from ten to eighteen hours; its average duration is about fourteen hours.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat than others to enable them to open. Hence the hours of the day are to some extent indicated by the opening and closing of certain flowers, so that Linnæus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a 'horologium floræ,' or flower-clock. Thus, Common Morning Glory (*Convolvulus purpureus*) opens at dawn; the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock; the Ice Plant, at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the Goat's-beard, which opens its flowers at sunrise, closes them at mid-day, and for that reason is called 'Go-to-bed-at-noon;' the Four o'Clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the Evening Primrose and of the Thorn Apple open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering Cereus, when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. The white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset, and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and again floats on the surface as before. The *Victoria regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

Some flowers, such as the gentian and crocus, after they have closed, may be made to open by exposure to strong artificial light; but on others, such as the convolvulus, it has no effect whatever.

The phenomenon of the opening and closing of flowers is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, which is continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day. The complete expansion seldom exceeds an hour in duration—most frequently not so long; the petals then begin to close, at first slowly, but afterwards more rapidly, as they become more folded together, and in this closed condition the flower continues until the time of opening again returns.

Most flowers open during the first hour after sunrise, and close in the afternoon. Mid-day is therefore the culminating point of floral awakening, and midnight of floral sleeping.

Even the ordinary green leaves or vegetative organs are affected by sleep as well as the organs of reproduction. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order *Leguminosæ* or the Pea tribe. Thus the compound leaves of the American Senna (*Cassia Marilandica*) and the locust-tree droop at sunset, and continue in that state through the night, but with approach of morning they again elevate themselves to their usual position. In the sensitive plant, the leaflets fold together, and the leaf-stalk supporting them sinks down as soon as the evening shades prevail. The change of position in the leaves of these plants is so well marked, that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust-tree that grew before her nursery window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied with much acuteness: 'O mother, it is not yet time to go to bed; the locust-tree has not yet begun to say its prayers.'

There can be no doubt but that temperature exercises the highest influence in the production of these diurnal changes. The higher the degree of heat which is necessary to the germination of a plant and its subsequent growth, so much the higher is the warmth required to awaken its flowers and cause them to expand. If this temperature is not reached during the day, the flowers will not open, as is the case with many compositæ whose florets close in cloudy weather. Hence it is also a law of nature that the flowers which are the first to open in the morning, when the sun is low in the heavens, and the earth does not receive much heat from him, belong to plants which will germinate at low temperatures. Consequently, when the daily temperature ascends above a certain point, these flowers close themselves.

So long as the corolla is open, and the flower awake, it proves that the plant is active; but this vegetable activity is the result of the amount of heat and light received from the sun, and that is always directly in proportion to the angular elevation of the sun above the horizon. This is proved by the slumbering of flowers in polar countries, even when the sun never sets below the horizon, but approaches its margin at midnight without sinking below its surface; the flowers thus continuously illuminated go to sleep, and open at certain hours with as much regularity as during the temporary absence and appearance of the sun in lower latitudes. Man has invented instruments to guide him back to more southern lands when he wanders to polar countries, but nature has anticipated all his care; for the slumbering flowers around him tell him that it is night, that the sun is in the north, and rapidly approaching his lowest point above the horizon. This wonderful midnight sun has a peculiar effect on the polar vegetation. Although the foliage of ligneous plants, such as shrubs and trees, which here sink down to the condition of dwarfs, is tough and coriaceous, and of a dark and sombre green, gloomy as the long night of the polar world, yet in the steady light which comes from the sun as

he circulates above the horizon for weeks, that sombre green tint of the foliage is beautifully softened in the grasses and other herbaceous plants. But far higher and purer are the colours of the flowers. The trientalis and anemone, which in temperate climates produce white flowers, steep themselves in the beams of the midnight sun of the deepest red. They continue open when the rest of the polar flowers are closed. Thus, within the arctic circle, as in the other regions of the earth, there is the same law of periodicity in the opening and closing of the flowers, even under continuous sunlight, proving to a certainty that these movements follow the ever-varying angular elevation of the sun above the horizon, and consequently are wholly the result of the variability of the heat and light derived from him in the course of the day.

But how do the sun's light and heat produce these mechanical movements of the petals and leaves of plants? It may be thus explained. All living tissues possess a certain amount of elasticity and tensibility, and are capable of being expanded and becoming turgid and distended when filled with moisture and gases. Thus, drooping flowers placed in water speedily recover themselves, their leaves assuming their natural position, for the water ascends by capillary attraction in their stem, and diffuses itself in the fibrous and cellular tissues of the plants, which are again distended with the fluid. Now, the heat and light of the sun during the day must greatly favour the evaporation from the leaves, and this will cause the sap to rise with greater energy; so also, under the same influences, the decomposition of the carbonic acid, the evolution of oxygen, and its assimilation, with the other nutritive processes, must go on more rapidly; because we know that when the sun is absent, plants cease to give out oxygen; that their leaf-green or chlorophyl ceases to form, for plants grown in the dark become etiolated or deprived of colour, and their resins, volatile oils, and other organic products disappear. The slumbering of flowers is therefore very analogous to the sleep of animals. Their life-processes are still going on, but with less activity. Their whole system is relaxed. As soon, however, as the first rays of the sun strike the foliage, the chemistry of nature is again resumed in the laboratory of the leaf, each foliole recommences its allotted task in the labour of plant-construction, and the growth of the vegetation within the enlightened portion of our planet steadily progresses. The sap ascends to the leaves with its wonted vigour, and the tissues of the plant being again filled with fluid and gases, the plants themselves naturally strive to take their greatest amount of rigidity and elasticity, their flowers open, their drooping leaves elevate themselves, and they recover all their vital energies.

But how is the fact to be understood, that some flowers open at sunset, and others when his last rays have disappeared, or in the night-time? At first, this appears to contradict the principles already laid down. But it is easily explained. It is probable that heat is the chief agent in causing these movements of flowers whether by day or by night, and that the light only influences them in so far as it contains calorific rays. On this principle, the opening of some flowers at sunset whilst others are closing, is very readily understood. Chemical changes connected with nutrition and reproduction in plants, can only take place when they are surrounded by the conditions of heat and light necessary to produce them, and these conditions in some plants only exist at sunset. Hence such plants are awake and active at this time. And the same observation applies to night-flowers; these only experience the proper amount of warmth at night, and therefore open themselves and are the most energetic at this period; but as soon as morning comes, the conditions again change, the vital energies of these plants relax, and they fold themselves once more to their daily slumbers.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I FEEL that age has overta'en
My steps on life's descending way,
But time has left no lingering pain,
No shadow of an evil day;
And you, my children, gather near
To smooth and solace my decline,
And I have hope that your career
Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky
From threatening storm and lowering cloud,
But sunbursts shed from source on high
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.
Not all without the shard and thorn
Has been my path from first to last;
But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—
As I serenely talk or muse—
Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,
Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues.
Time has not dulled my moral sense,
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;
No passions weaken my defence,
No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,
Will lead me through past trodden ways,
And I remember—why forget?
The magic of my early days;
All nature so divinely wrought,
The unravelled mystery of things,
Awoke me to exalted thought,
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
Up to the sunny noon of youth,
From youth to manhood, till I knew
That love was near akin to truth.
My trials, bravely overcome;
My triumphs, not of purpose vain—
All these, with vague but pleasant hum,
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
Whose top is hoary with decay,
Whose trunk is shaken as may be
Before it falls and fades away—
Receive what faithful men unfold,
Revere what truthful men proclaim,
And before Heaven and man uphold
The honour of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
No tremblings as I hurry down;
My way is clear, the end is near,
The goal, the glory, and the crown.
Then shed no bitter tears for me,
As ye consign me to the dust;
Rather rejoice that I shall be
With God, my strength and trust.

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BACK AGAIN.

BACK again to dear, old, misty, grumbling England—back again to London fog and mud, and sturdy snobbishness, from the glittering Alpine snow, and the deep-blue Italian lake, and the bowing, close-cropped Monsieur. Hurrah! for home, after a summer away on the paper-sanded, flimsy-journaled, many-hatted, harness-roped, table-d'hôted continent. The run back was delicious. I had had some business to do abroad, and therefore could not return directly the whim took me. I was bound to remain up to a certain date, whether I grew tired of foreign scenery and cooks or not. But directly the term of my engagement was up, I hastened back, partly because I had pressing business at home, partly because I was getting rather bored by Monsieur. Excellent fellow; we English owe him more than we can repay; we give him a change, no doubt, when he visits us, but small entertainment. We are too glum to be immediately ridiculous, and too expensive to permit economy. Monsieur begins to spend more, and laugh less, directly he crosses the Channel. One thing, however, we do for him—we whet the love of home; in that we mutually interchange good offices.

When I sat down in the great salle-à-manger at Belladogana for the last time, and for the last time the waiter skated up, and said, X, which I gratified him every day by understanding as an inquiry whether I would have eggs for breakfast—when, as I say, I sat there for the last time, and thought that the wheels of the diligence were probably being already greased, preparatory to its carrying me away at eleven o'clock A. M. that very day, I was glad. I had seen the season begin and end; I had chatted with the early tourists, and bon-voyaged the late; I had seen them come pale and dapper, and go away sunburned and travel-stained; I had watched the transition from a modest spirit of inexperience to one of insolent cynicism; and now they had all gone. The small Swiss inns were shut up, the big ones in the towns nearly empty. The bustling crowd had melted down to a few loiterers working their way homewards, or now and then a family passing into Italy for the winter, before the snow got too deep on the passes for Paterfamilias. There were but a few trickling drops in the channel of the great summer-touring stream. My wife and I found ourselves alone on several occasions at the breakfast-hour in the largest hotels, and took our meal in a corner of a huge apartment, like two mice in a barn. Most of the waiters who are hired for the summer had left; the small remnant read the papers openly in the salon, or smoked without rebuke at the door of the inn.

My last resting-place was one of the large establishments in the Italian lake district. The low hills round Como and Maggiore were powdered with snow; the chesnuts were all beaten down and housed; the paths which in the height of summer were checkered with the shade of interlacing boughs, now rustled with withered leaves; the winter service of diligences, &c., was begun; guides had no one to follow them: but the scenery of the lake district was far more lovely than in the full-blooded autumn, with its heat and dust.

It was very lovely, but we were glad to be gone; and the nearer we got to England, the faster we went. It seemed as if the speed was accelerated as we approached the busiest metropolis of Europe. At first, we crunched slowly up the old familiar Alpine road, now white with snow, and hedged with icicles, the hoar-frost dusting our shaggy horses as we crossed the summit. The trot down the other side was followed by a passage in a lake steamer, whence, again, the pace was increased on a Swiss railway. A long express took us with more safety than swiftness to Paris, and a shorter one whisked us at very tolerable speed to our port of departure. Once at Dover, however, and seated in the carriage, we were reminded of English expedition by our tickets being immediately collected; and then, phit! the engine screamed, and we ran smack into London without a pause, the Sydenham Palace having apparently been moved to the entrance of the tunnel under Shakspeare's Cliff.

Perhaps the first sensation of surprise on a return to England, after even a few months' absence, is caused by the great proficiency in the English language exhibited by illiterate people. Railway guards, cabmen, and little rude street-boys converse in it without hesitation; it is most remarkable.

But let us to our retrospect—back again. Now that I have kicked the carpet-bag into a corner, and tasted the first returning sense of possession, let me think what contrasts strike me with the freshest force.

Imprimis, London is the cleanest town I know; yes, in fog, mud, or thaw. Think of its smells—what are they? Have they any peculiar edge or striking

variety? No doubt, in some hot summers, the Thames has produced a steady mass of odour; but as a rule, the streets are scentless. As to the Slums, as they are called, I visit them every day, but I never come across anything so keen and nasty as I do even in renovated Paris. As for Rome, pheugh! ramble about a ruin, but hold your nose. As for Naples, is not the deep blue of the Mediterranean tinged—no, not tinged, but grossly dyed with sewerage in face of the town? Walk along the beach of that tideless sea, but do not attempt to sit down on it. There is no smoke without fire, so the dirt of continental towns can be detected by as unmistakable a symptom. Mischievous dirt betrays itself. Nature did not give us noses merely to blow, or adorn a profile; they tell us what is bad to breathe and see; but in London they seldom convey a warning of the presence of dirt, because there is none. Simple mud is harmless enough; it is a witness of clouds and water-carts; but it is clean: we don't shudder when it sticks to us.

Another continental fallacy is touching the politeness of foreigners. Tompkins converses after a fashion with the conductor of a diligence or the boatmen on a lake. He is struck with the native ease and pleasantry of their manner; he compares them to those of cabby or the steersman of a penny-boat, and remarks to Mrs Simpkins that the lower orders abroad are infinitely more courteous and conversable than those at home. Well, I suppose you are a judge of good-manners, Mr Tompkins, and I hope you always speak civilly to your 'inferiors,' when not checked by an imperfect acquaintance with the language you employ; but I suspect that half your impressions are influenced by your very partial knowledge of French or German. You don't know how to be coarse and arbitrary in these tongues yourself; and much of what you take for natural ease in the *conducteur*, would be vulgar familiarity if you only understood what he said. Translate the gallant speeches of the *cicerone* to signora into flippant cockney, and you would call him an impertinent rascal to speak so to your wife.

As to the good-manners of the middle classes, we cannot call them conspicuous at meals. There is an apparent wantonness of indelicacy in some which no custom can excuse—a greedy, noisy process of eating, which could hardly be found in their grade in England. See how Monsieur will gnaw the bones of a fowl—and he always has some to exhibit on—or watch him cut up his portion into swallowable pieces, preparatory to an uninterrupted disposal of it, and then reconsider your sentence about his politeness. He wins the character mainly by bowing; there he excels us; a pot-boy takes off his hat to another pot-boy. We associate the gesture with ceremonious courtesy; practice makes him perfect in the obeisance; and we compare his salutation with the gruff greeting or inelegant nod of the corresponding Briton. You may see a Frenchman uncover his head when he goes into a neighbour's shop, but you don't see an Englishman spit on the floor when he makes a morning call. There—that will do; let us turn to a different test of good taste.

Somewhere or another, I read some strictures on the vulgarity which distinguishes our countrymen in writing their names on monuments and walls. But here he is utterly distanced by Monsieur. Every available inch about continental sights is scribbled over with foreign names. The other day I was on the top of Milan Cathedral; the highest landing-place is dingy with signatures, the statues even being covered with a coat of black-lead. I noticed this to our attendant, and he said it was no use washing them, they were defaced again at once. Let us be fair; give our neighbours their due; and let our own good taste and feeling express themselves in corresponding manners; but do not let us cry down the defects in English courtesy which we notice at once, because our ignorance of the language, or want of presence of mind, prevents our observing the drawbacks to foreign politeness.

A word as to foreign food. I was struck with its monotonous variety. There is always an embarrassing amount of dishes with a want of hearty material. The dinner at the *table-d'hôte* impresses the simple tourist at first, but in time it loses its effect. For genuine soups and solids, commend me to an English cook; but I grant you that the intermediate class of dishes, neither liquid nor substantial, are to be found in their unsatisfactory abundance far more plentifully in the produce of a foreign kitchen.

It is notorious, however, that we claim excellence in comfort. After all, says the traveller, give me English comfort. Paterfamilias, fresh from the continent, embraces his bed, and smiles upon his soap-dish with genuine affection. But we must not be too sharp about this notion of comfort. In many respects, the comfort of English travellers is studied more abroad than at home. Compare the scalding gulp at our railway refreshment-room with the well-proportioned meal provided on your journey in France. Compare their carriages with some of ours, and—among many minor luxuries—the facilities for smoking. Moreover, do you not travel with less anxiety about luggage abroad? Does not it add to your comfort to know that you are not responsible for anything when once you have that limp, gritty, little record in your purse of the weight, number, and fare of your articles of luggage? Is not the arrival at an inn on the continent more comfortable than in England? Are not the beds—yes, I say it, however devoted Paterfamilias may be to his four-poster—are not the beds generally delicious?

The fallacy lies in this—we compare *foreign hotel* comforts with those of our own *house*. I believe the contrast would be greater if we had to pay the bills and submit to the vexations of English inns.

But leaving this question of comforts, what other contrasts have left their impressions still fresh upon the mind? I was struck in entering London with the sodden, wretched look of one particular class amongst the poor. I came in by gas-light, and saw them about the public-houses. There was a staleness of face, and air of soiled limp finery about them, which I did not see abroad. No doubt, the beggars of the continent are often disgusting; but they chatter and squabble with a vivacity which saves them from despair. But these poor English people I mean are not beggars; they slip and slouch about in silent, dogged wretchedness, their force of temper coming occasionally to a head in a sudden exchange of loud-shrieked abuse and a duet of curses. I confess this saddened me. Merry England! No; that is not the adjective. We must be content with our privilege and characteristic of grumbling. An Englishman is never happy without a grievance. He affects to rejoice in being free, and secretly wonders that a tattered Mounseer of the third estate, with his accumulation of social and religious restrictions, can grin and caper about as he does. Wonder? Why wonder? Is not the child happy on the nursery floor? Does not he smile through his tears? So with the subjects of these foreign 'paternal' governments, which, whatever their faults, certainly do try to make things immediately pleasant to the very poor: witness Bomba's patronage of the lazzaroni. Ignorance *is* often bliss, though wisdom be not folly.

But of all the retrospects—now that I am sitting in my own study, with my papers about me within, and my work to do without—nothing touches me with so deep a feeling of compassion as the case of permanent residents abroad. I don't mean the invalids, whose search for health occupies and interests them, but the listless, chattering people who live at hotels, and have nothing to do. There is something more than dreary, something appalling in their state. They are the centre of no family, no village, no circle, no set even of tradesmen—nothing abides by them. They move from inn to inn with less hold on the human race than the postboys who help to drive them. Even the very courier, who seems as detached a dot of humanity as any man, is earning his bread by flitting from place to place, and wearing out the signs of his distinctive nationality. He earns his bread by severing himself from his home; but he has probably a wife somewhere, and children who send him letters in large printed characters, with their love and a kiss. Your wandering inn-haunter, however, is earning nothing, loving nothing. In most cases, he is pleasing, voluble, and heartless. He makes the acquaintance of everybody, talks about everything, and will some day be found sick and frightened by the waiter, and die alone in a crowded hotel, to the disgust of the landlord, who will smuggle out his corpse by night, and take care that all the household look as if nothing were the matter.

But joy to the man who has a welcome home, and faces the old familiar work with fresh and buoyant heart. Nothing like a pause, and a view of our position from a distance. If you would see the battle, you must mount a hill; and as each man is more or less his own general, it is well for him to step aside out of the smoke and noise for a while, and see how matters look from without. The whole of a scheme reveals itself: we see the tendency of some favourite plan; we decide on cutting off that, on dropping this, on securing such and such a result. We have time to breathe and look about us; we know where objects lie when we return to the battle—our short excursion has shewn us a map of the field; we spare our strength, and are stronger still; we work not only with freshened spirits, but with a far clearer understanding of what we are about, when we come 'back again.'

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Parliamentary blue-books do not generally belong to a popular class of literature, but now and then there appears one that recommends legislative enactments which, if carried out, must affect the everyday-life of the whole community. One such has recently appeared upon the subject at the head of this article, and as but few of our readers will see the book themselves, and fewer still be disposed to wade through the mass of evidence, so as to get a fair idea of the contents, we will put before them briefly their meaning, and the action which it is proposed to take thereon.

The metric system, then, is the system of measures, weights, and coins which was some years ago adopted in France, and has been gradually making its way among many other continental nations, and even in America. Russia, also, on the eve of a change in its system, is inclined to adopt the metric, but is waiting to see the course taken by England, which is being rightly regarded as becoming every day more and more the centre of the commercial world.

As we know the great and natural indisposition to all change, especially when it involves a dislocation of any of our common usages, we think it will be worth while to call attention to the inconveniences of our own system, if system it can be called. There are in this country not less than ten different measures of weight, independent of local variations. The bushel of wheat means nearly a score of different quantities in as many towns; and it is bought and sold by a multitude of other standards than the bushel in various parts of the kingdom. An acre of land has several different meanings; so has a stone; and in almost every article that can be measured or weighed there is a lack of uniformity of standard. Moreover, even if these local variations were abolished, and there remained no other than the authorised tables of weights and measures, the learning of them by every boy and girl, and the use of them in arithmetic in after-life, form a very serious impediment to a ready and accurate use of figures amongst all classes of the people. To learn the actual influence of this cumbrous system upon education, the council of the International Association for establishing a uniform system of money, weights, and measures, some time since issued circulars to a large number of persons engaged in teaching in various parts of the country, asking what time they considered would be saved in the teaching of arithmetic by the adoption of the metric system. Opinions of course varied as to the amount, though all were unanimous as to the advantage; but the average estimate was this: that of the years ordinarily devoted to arithmetical teaching, from one to two might be certainly saved, and therefore devoted to the pursuit of higher branches of the same subject, besides making pleasant a study which, under our system, excites almost unmitigated disgust. Indeed, we have little doubt that it is from this cause that among Frenchmen there is generally so much more knowledge, at least of the elements of mathematics, than in England, because their arithmetic can be learned in half the time that ours can, and when learned can hardly be forgotten; whereas every English teacher will testify that his work of teaching arithmetic is never done, for however advanced his pupils are in mathematics, they must be periodically drilled in arithmetic, or they will forget it.

A more weighty argument, however, with the majority will be the evidence of several men in the class of mechanics, who testified that the system could be learned by average workmen in two, or, at most, in four weeks, and that when it was learned, they were very unwilling to recur to the cumbrous English system.

Though, in common use, coins figure as of the greatest importance, yet, as the whole metric system is founded upon the measure of length, we will describe it in the natural order.

The standard of length is the metre, which is a ten-millionth part of the meridian of the earth. The length of the complete meridian was deduced from an accurate measurement of a part of a meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, and the unit of length thus obtained is equal to about 39¼ English inches; more accurately, it is 39·371, or $39\frac{371}{1000}$ English inches. All linear measures larger than this proceed by steps of 10, and the names are derived from the *Greek* prefixes, *deca-*, *hecto-*, *kilo-*, so that the terms decametre, hectometre, kilometre indicate respectively 10, 100, 1000 metres; but all subdivisions of the metre, descending tenfold every step, are indicated by the *Latin* prefixes, *deci-*, *centi-*, *milli-*; so that the words decimetre, centimetre, millimetre indicate respectively one-tenth, one-hundredth, and one-thousandth of a metre. It is plain that any given length expressed

in metres can be immediately reduced to the multiples or higher denominations by *dividing* by 10, 100, 1000; or can be reduced to the lower denominations or submultiples by *multiplying* by 10, 100, 1000; and since the decimal point in any number, as 375·862 metres, separates the whole numbers to the left from the decimal or fractional part to the right, the mere moving of this point to the right one, two, or three places will be equivalent to *multiplying* it by 10, 100, 1000—that is, reducing it to decimetres, centimetres, and millimetres; and the moving it to the left one, two, or three places is equivalent to *dividing* it by 10, 100, 1000—that is, converting it into decametres, hectometres, and kilometres. Hence there is no other reduction whatever but the simple moving of a decimal point.

From the linear measures are deduced the measures of surface. The unit of superficial measure is the *square* of the decametre or length of ten metres, and is called the *are*. This derives its greatest importance from its being employed in the measurement of land. Only one multiple and one submultiple of the *are* are employed, namely, the hectare and centiare; the hectare is equal to about 2½ English acres.

We next proceed to measures of capacity. These are the same for solids and for liquids, and would therefore supersede our dry measure, wine, and ale and beer measures. The unit is the *litre*, which is the cube of the decimetre or tenth of a metre; but for convenience it is generally reduced to cylindrical form. Its multiples and submultiples are named from the Greek and Latin prefixes, precisely as we have explained in the case of the metre. The litre is equivalent to about 1¾ English pints, and the kilolitre to 220 gallons. Of course all volumes, such as the capacity of a room, or the solid contents of a mass of stone or brick work, are expressed in the cubes of the linear measure, just as in the English system they are expressed in the cubes of the linear inch, foot, or yard.

In immediate connection with the measures of capacity are the weights. The unit or standard is the gramme, which is generally Anglicised into gram, and is the weight of the volume of water contained in the cube of a centimetre, when the water is at its greatest density. All other weights are derived from it, as has been shewn in the case of the metre and litre, by the employment of Greek and Latin prefixes. The gram is used for weighing light and small substances, as a medical dose, or a letter, and is nearly 16 grains troy; the kilogram is used for heavier substances, and is equivalent to about 2½ lbs. troy.

Lastly, come the coins. There are but two moneys of account—the franc, and its hundredth part, the centime. The franc is the unit or standard, and consists of five grams of standard silver, with a small portion of copper alloy; and, as is well known, is equivalent to about tenpence English.

The centime is a small copper coin, whose diameter is a centimetre, and weight a gram; so that one hundred centimes placed in a row would give the length of a metre; or used as a weight, they would give a hectogram, or tenth of a kilogram. Hence every centime forms at the same time a coin, a measure, and a weight.

We must not omit to remind the reader that though tenths, &c., are the most noticeable divisions in a decimal system, yet halves and quarters, which are the most natural divisions in common life, are very readily expressed in decimals, as well as in common fractions, and could be employed in every-day transactions, in perfect harmony with the metric system.

We may remark that a decimal system has long been in use in all bullion and mint transactions; and that in the manufacture of Armstrong guns, where extreme accuracy is desired, the superintendent of the factory gave evidence that this accuracy not admitting an error of a thousandth of an inch, could not be guaranteed without the use of a decimal system of measures. Indeed, in some of the principal manufactories of machines and engines, the metric system has for some time been in full operation. And such is the simplification of work which would ensue from its general adoption, that it is computed that the London and North-western Railway Company would save L.10,000 per annum; and that the government would annually save in all its departments from a quarter to half a million sterling.

Having now explained the system, we will briefly sum up the verdict of the parliamentary committee. As they found that much difference of opinion existed even among warm advocates of the system as to the advisableness of a compulsory introduction of it, they came to the conclusion to recommend that the government should endeavour to pave the way for its introduction in the following ways: That the use of it be rendered legal; that a department of weights and measures be established in connection with the Board of Trade; that government should sanction the use of it in levying the customs' duties; should prescribe it as one of the subjects of examination for those seeking employment in the Civil Service; that the gram should be used as a weight for foreign letters and books in the post-office; and lastly, that the Committee of Council on Education should require it to be taught in all schools which are assisted by government grants.*

In looking at the probability of the system being adopted here, a most important question arises; namely, what should be the names employed? It has been suggested that our present names should be retained with the new measures, weights, &c.; but it has been judged, and we think rightly, that such a step would involve increased confusion: and that it would be far better to give new names to new things. Indeed, the ill success of a similar experiment tried in Holland is pretty decisive against such an attempt. But it is allowed that the French names would be alarming to English ears, and that our general population would have an invincible dislike to change their short words, as foot, yard, ounce, pound, &c., for kilograms and hectolitres. To meet this difficulty, a very ingenious system has been devised by one of the witnesses, Mr Fellows of Wolverhampton, whose evidence is well worth consulting by any who wish to examine the question minutely. He recommends that the thousandth of a metre be called Th-o-m or *Thom*, but a thousand metres, Th-e-m or *Them;* so also a hundredth of a gram, H-o-g or *Hog;* and a hundred grams, H-e-g or *Heg*—where it will be readily seen that the principle of this nomenclature is to take the initials of the number and of the measure or weight, inserting the letter *o* in the case of submultiples or parts of the unit, and the letter *e* in the case of the multiples. This certainly secures not only the briefest names that could be devised, but it explains the value of the quantity expressed in a manner which can hardly be mistaken by a person of the most ordinary capacity.

But whatever be the merits of the system, it can never thoroughly make its way among the inhabitants of these kingdoms, until at least the educated majority have become satisfied that its introduction would be a boon. In order that they may even have a chance of doing so, they must know it, and we therefore think we are doing the community a service by bringing it before them, and submitting it to their examination; for we are convinced that if its adoption could be secured by general consent, it

* An account of the proposed Decimal System of reckoning money, with examples and exercises, has been given as an Appendix to the Treatises on Arithmetic in *Chambers's Educational Course.*

would do much, by its simplicity and dispatch, to aid in securing, in an age of keen competition, the undoubted supremacy of our empire as the centre of commerce, and the market of the world.

A GUIDE UNDERGROUND.

'It's very inconvenient just now, doctor. The tunnel is in a critical state; the bridge over Bilsbro' Water requires frequent supervision; and the trustees of the new church at Stoneham have asked for estimates about the spire. In six weeks' time, now, or two months at farthest'——

'In six weeks, or two months at farthest, Mr Parkes, your health would have sustained irreparable injury,' interrupted Dr Bromley in his cool, self-reliant manner. 'You must try and forget tunnels, bridges, and spires for the remainder of the summer at anyrate. Come, come; no one should be better aware than yourself that no material can bear a constant strain, and least of all, the nervous system of an overworked man. You have placed yourself in my hands, and must follow my prescriptions.'

The principal of Dr Bromley's recommendations had been perfect repose from the care and worry of business, combined with pure country air and health-giving exercise. I grumbled, but I could not help admitting in my heart that the physician was right. I, William Parkes, at your service, senior partner in the well-known engineering firm of Parkes and Spiller, suffered materially from anxiety and incessant hard toil in my professional duties. I had never been robust even in youth, and now, in middle age, I had not called in the friendly aid of Dr Bromley a day too soon.

Spiller, a good-natured fellow always, very willingly undertook to take my share of the work, for the next two, or even three months, upon his own shoulders; and I repaired to a pretty and thoroughly rustic hamlet, situated in one of the wildest dales that lie embosomed among the spurs of High Peak, in Derbyshire. The village had not yet been turned into a watering-place; it lay at some distance from any railway, and the wretched state of the cross-road that led to it helped, no doubt, to preserve its primitive aspect of coy seclusion. There was a decent inn, though small; for sometimes artists would be seen sketching the quaint rocks that rose abruptly beside the clear trout-stream, and anglers would make the Duke's Head their sleeping quarters. The fishing was indeed reported to be very good, although I cannot say that I met with any remarkable success in whipping the water. By the doctor's advice, I had provided myself with a limber hickory-rod, a creel, a landing-net, and a more imposing collection of flies, lines, gaff-hooks, brass winches, and artificial minnows, than ever old Izaak dreamed of; but I was sorely lacking in the skill of that great master.

'Stick to fishing, even though you hook nothing but your own fingers,' Dr Bromley had said: 'you must keep moving, Mr Parkes, and force yourself to take an interest in quiet country pursuits, or your mind will be back in Leeds while your body is in Derbyshire, and the fresh air and sunlight will be robbed of half their virtue.'

Well, I complied with these instructions. I am not a man to do things by halves; and just as I like to have elbow-room in my own profession, which I understand, and which I have been fond of from boyhood, so do I think a doctor ought to be listened to, if it be worth while consulting him at all. What with long walks to every point of view within a pedestrian's reach, with trying to fish, and with gossiping with the few unemployed mortals I could find, the first fortnight slipped away very pleasantly. Then, indeed, I began to yawn disconsolately, and time hung heavily on my hands. It is always difficult for a toilworn man, naturally and habitually active, to remain contented in idleness. Rest, downright rest, is, strangely enough, only attainable by the lazy and the careless. The best repose for those whose life has been one of exertion is a total change of occupation; but something they must have to engross their energies of mind and body. Do what I would, my thoughts persisted in flying back to the schemes and projects of the busy world I had left, to the world of stone and iron, where man's wit and patience are pitted against the forces of nature, and where every success is hailed as a new triumph for our race. This was a breach of rules, and did me harm; but what could I do? I could not spend more than two hours over the *Times;* I could not walk for ever, and there was not an educated person, except the curate, within miles. My chief ally was a stalwart young fellow, with frank blue eyes, and a very pleasant, honest face, Harry Meade by name. I do not exactly know what post he was supposed to fill in the household of the little inn whose best sitting-room I occupied; but whenever the landlady called for 'Boots,' or 'Porter,' or 'Ostler,' up came Harry, always fresh and smiling, and he took charge of the traveller's horse and gig, or polished his Balmorals, or carried his portmanteau upstairs to No. 3 or No. 5, as promptly as if that had been the business of his life. What with the garden and the hayfield, the miscellaneous work of the inn, Harry had enough to do, and yet he found time in the cool evenings to give me many a practical lesson in trout-fishing. Thanks to him, I gradually became a little more expert, hooked my own clothes and the bushes less frequently, and sometimes had the satisfaction of beholding a spotted native of the brook fairly caught by my own rod and line, and scientifically brought to bank by Harry, who was adroit with the landing-net. My piscatorial education was far from perfected, however, when my partner, who still wrote to me from time to time, though avoiding, as much as possible, all business topics, happened to mention that our foreman, a valuable man, who had been for several years in our employ, intended to emigrate to Canada, where he had been offered the management of some works. This was a loss to us; but we had another person in our service who was fit for promotion, and the alteration would merely have caused some slight change in the pay and prospects of our subordinates, but for the difficulty of finding a light-porter as good as our present one.

'In short,' wrote Spiller, half in joke, 'I know of nobody in town, and unemployed, to whom I should like to assign Bates's place; so, if you *do* come across a fellow at once smart and honest, I shall be obliged to you to pack him off to me.'

'Bless me!' I exclaimed, as a sudden thought struck me, 'why, my tutor in the fishing department would be the very man. He would suit *us;* and our pay, with the certainty that advancement will follow good-conduct, would be sure to suit *him*. About character, however, one can never be too particular. I'll go to the landlady at once.'

The landlady, whom I found as usual, tranquilly knitting among the nets of lemons, the jugs and glittering glasses, of her snug bar, gave the best possible account of Harry Meade's honesty, sobriety, and steadiness. She had known him from a boy, and had nothing but good to tell. She frankly said that he would be a sad loss to the Duke's Head, but that she wouldn't stand in the lad's light, if so be that he got a chance to better himself, and get on in the world.

'I'm not quite sure, though, sir,' pursued the stout matron, eyeing me through her portentous silver-rimmed spectacles, 'that Harry Meade will accept your offer, though I'm certain he'll be thankful, as reason is. But his grandfather—the old Waterloo man, to whom Harry's been the most dutiful of sons,

I am sure—would be right down broken-hearted if he were to leave the village before the old man were laid in the churchyard; and then, sir, I believe Harry's keeping company with Lucy Brand—Widow Brand's daughter, a good girl, and'——

'Nonsense, Mrs Parsons,' said I rather tartly. 'What business has a youngster of twenty-two or three with courting and marriage, on sixteen shillings a week? Absurd! I shall put the case plainly to the lad, and tell him that if he throws away his present chance of rising in life, he 's not very likely to get another.'

So saying, I took my hat, and sallied forth, determined to lose no time in letting my future light-porter know my benevolent intentions on his behalf, should he be sensible enough, as I could not doubt, to profit by the prospects held out to him. We are seldom sufficiently awake to our own failings, but I am well aware that one of mine is resentment whenever my friendly offices or well-meant counsels meet with rejection. I am not, I hope, an egotist or a vindictive person, but I own that it *does* nettle me when others of not half my years and experience will persist in preferring their own judgment to mine. Mrs Parsons had chafed my temper a little by the hint that my offer was likely to be refused, and refused on grounds which to a dry old bachelor like myself appeared frivolous and slight. I knew where old Meade's cottage was, for I had once or twice seen the gray-haired old soldier, his Waterloo medal on his breast, smoking his pipe among the sunflowers and marigolds of the little front garden, and had received his stiff military salute with a nod and a smile.

'I may as well speak to the old man upon the subject,' said I, as I strode through the village, and turned up the narrowing dale, along the banks of the brawling stream—'I may as well speak to him, who has seen the world, and felt its rubs and buffets, as to his grandson, who is young and rash, and less likely to know on which side his bread is buttered. I like the young man, and if I am not much mistaken, he is one of those handy fellows who are half-engineers by nature. Who knows! he might be our foreman some day, and look forward to having a business of his own. The corporal will soon'——

Here I stopped short in my soliloquy, for in turning a sharp corner among the rocky boulders that lay strewn around, I almost ran against a pair of lovers, who were standing in earnest talk below the spreading boughs of a horse-chestnut tree. The shades of evening were falling fast, and the high rocks that rose above the valley had the effect of deepening the shadow, but I easily recognised not only Harry Meade, but his companion, Lucy Brand. The latter was a pretty girl, with dark hair and eyes, the daughter of an old widowed dame who dealt in tapes and bobbins, toffy and cakes, and such petty articles of traffic, in a small cottage-shop which was a humble outpost of the general shop and post-office at A——. Widow Brand was a poor and struggling woman, who had much difficulty in making both ends meet, but she was respected, and perhaps looked upon with a little awe in that quiet hamlet, on account of her superior education. She was indeed one of those persons who, to use the hackneyed phrase, had seen better days. Her husband had been overlooker of one of the Peak lead-mines hard by, and had been cut off in the prime of life by one of the accidents incidental to his hazardous calling. Yet Dame Brand had borne misfortunes bravely, and had contrived not only to provide for the maintenance of herself and child, but to teach the latter more than had been imparted to any other of the village maidens. The young people were rather startled by my sudden arrival, for the road was a lonely one, and no roofs except those of Mrs Brand, of old Meade, and of Jessop the carpenter, who dwelt some way from the hamlet, were in sight. Harry touched his hat, and stepped back. Lucy curtseyed respectfully, and looked down at the daisy-spotted turf. It was evidently for me to speak.

'Meade, I want to speak with you a moment. I was going to your grandfather's, but as I have met you, I need go no further.'

Perhaps my tone was a little dry and harsh; the drier, possibly, because the sight of those two young folks, whispering together in the soft summer twilight, happy in their love, and confident in the future, stirred within me recollections of days long past, when, as Jonathan Oldbuck said, I did not think I should have been always a bachelor. Harry was evidently surprised at the alteration.

'I hope, sir,' he said, 'that nothing is amiss.'

'O dear me, no,' I replied; 'I want to have a few words with you, that is all, if you have leisure to attend to them.'

Already Lucy Brand was gone. I saw her shawl flutter as she turned the corner by the orchard-hedge, and lifted the latch of her mother's cottage. Harry's eyes followed her till she disappeared behind the leafy quickset, and then reverted to me. By this time, I had begun to recollect that nothing was more natural or fitting than this simple attachment between two young persons of the same rank and tastes, and that I had no business to meddle in the matter. 'However,' thought I, 'there is no hurry. Six or seven years hence, if all goes smoothly, will be quite time enough for Harry Meade to saddle himself with the encumbrance of wife and family. And now for the proposition.' So I proceeded to offer Harry the post of light-porter, laying before him fairly the certainty of rising in station and substance, in the event of his continuing to merit the approval of the firm of Parkes and Spiller.

'Thirty shillings a week, to begin with, are good wages,' said I in a business-like manner; 'and if you have a knack for drawing and a good eye for measurement, you will soon be able, with a little instruction, to rise to something better. We have plenty to do, and with us the labourer who is really worthy of his hire is never stinted. I think you told me the other day that you had had sufficient schooling to read and write well, and to be master of the first four rules of arithmetic.'

'Yes, sir,' said the young man timidly; 'but'——

'Pooh, pooh!' said I, with patronising good-nature; 'I am sure you will soon get on, and will suit us nicely. You will have a good deal to learn, of course, about the properties of metals, mensuration, and building, before you are capable of taking the superintendence of a working-party, but as light-porter you will have plenty of spare time for study. Mrs Parsons gives you, I am glad to find, the best of characters. Continue as you have begun, and you may die a rich man and a gentleman.'

'But, indeed, sir'—— almost stammered Harry Meade.

'There, not a word more,' said I with a laugh; 'I dare say you feel strange at the first idea of the thing, but you will soon take a pleasure in your new duties. Mr Spiller wants the place to be filled up at once. Can you be ready by Monday?'

'But, sir, thanking you most humbly,' broke in Harry, with a sort of desperation, 'I have made up my mind that I must refuse your very generous offer of the place.'

What a gasp I gave, and how my ears tingled, in sheer astonishment. I declare that I could hardly believe the evidence of my hearing.

'To refuse the place,' said I very slowly.

Then Harry ceased stammering, and spoke out like a man, in blunt speech, but with a sort of native delicacy that would have touched me at another time. He was very grateful to me, that he begged me to believe, but he could not leave Sherborne village, he could not

leave his ailing grandfather, now eighty years of age, and who had brought him up from the time when he was a helpless boy, and both his parents sickened and died of the typhus fever, then scourging the county. Lucy Brand, too—his sweetheart—whom he hoped to marry next year, if all went smoothly—Lucy would not leave the old dame, nor would Widow Brand be happy away from the parish. So, if I would be so kind as not to be offended with him——

'You prefer to kick down your own fortune, and to cast away a good chance of getting on in life,' said I, very crossly; 'please yourself, of course. The place of light-porter to Parkes and Spiller need not go begging, I can assure you. And may I ask, without trespassing on your secrets, if you and Miss Lucy there are simpletons enough to marry, with every prospect of having to maintain a family on sixteen shillings a week?'

'Why, no, sir,' answered Harry, hesitatingly and slowly, for he was hurt at my angry and sarcastic tone—'no, sir, we have no present intention that the wedding should be soon. I don't wish to see Lucy poor and overworked at home, nor yet to be a drag on Lucy's old mother, who don't get on overwell at the shop. But old Roger South, the carrier, is getting into years, and stiff in the joints, and in a twelvemonth or more his horse and cart will be for sale, as well as the goodwill of the business. And I'm known down road already, sir, and I've managed to save a bit, and Widow Brand have also saved a few pounds; and if we can but put together enough to help me to step into Roger South's shoes, why, then'——

'That, then,' said I, with great scorn, 'is the height of your ambition, is it? To be a wretched village carrier, jogging from hamlet to hamlet with parcels and hampers, and with no horizon in your hopes beyond that which is bounded by the market-town. I've been disappointed in you, that's all, Mr Harry Meade. I thought you had been a lad of more mettle than you turn out to be. Do you know what you've thrown away? Do you know the wages our head men receive? Many a curate would give his ears for as ample a salary. You might have been an engineer, and died rich and famous, but I see you haven't the right stuff in you, my man.'

Giving an emphatic knock upon the road with the ferrule of my walking-stick, I wheeled short round, and trudged away without another word. I was very angry and indignant, as we are apt to be when we mean well towards somebody, and the would-be protégé prefers struggling on unhelped to accepting our proffered aid. I had really taken a great fancy to Harry Meade; I had imagined that he had in him a spice of the patient, inflexible, yet supple spirit that inspired the great chiefs of our profession, the Stephensons and Arkwrights, whose names are landmarks among us. Now, however, I gave the recreant up. I wrote off to Spiller, bidding him get the best man he could at Leeds; there was no hope of picking up a worthy recruit among the *clowns* and *clodhoppers* (clowns and clodhoppers being both of them deeply interlined, in sign of contempt) by whom I was temporarily surrounded. I told Mrs Parsons that in my opinion her precious retainer, Harry Meade, was a great blockhead, and would die in the workhouse. I gruffly rejected Harry's future services with the landing-net, and indeed, finding I could not fish satisfactorily without my instructor, gave up the sport in disgust. When I went into Widow Brand's little shop to buy a hammer, and Lucy, who served me with the article in question, gave me a tearful look from her pretty black eyes, and ventured to express a modest hope that I 'would not be angry with Harry, who was *so* sorry at the loss of my honour's good opinion,' I answered the poor girl as surlily as a bear could have done; in fact, I behaved like what I was for the moment, a positive, capricious old fellow, who resents any opposition to his will. The reason of my buying the hammer was this. My stock of pastimes, never a very large one, had been desperately encroached upon by the laying up in ordinary of my rod and line. It was then that I remembered my former liking for geology, a science of which I possessed a smattering, and which often goes hand in hand with an engineer's professional attainments; I bought a hammer, therefore, and explored the country in various directions, cracking pebbles, knocking fragments off weather-beaten rocks, and making a little collection of minerals. One afternoon, intent upon my new hobby, I had strayed far up the dale, and had entered one of the narrow glens that opened laterally from it. The scene was singularly wild, for the gray and reddish rocks rose precipitously, like high walls, to left and right; huge stones were flung about, as if hurled by giants in sport or anger; and the little stream rushed with a hoarse roar over a bank of pebbles, and tumbled foaming into a pool many feet below. There were scarcely any traces of vegetation in this desolate nook, and none of human life or industry.

Stop! I was wrong there. That heap of crumbling masonry must be the ruins of what appears a small tower. A tower! and in such a place. My curiosity was instantly excited, and I resolved to examine it. It cost me a good deal of trouble to scramble up the breakneck path, slippery with the washing of continual rains, and excessively steep, but at last I reached the ruins. The so-called tower was nearly choked up; it was a mere heap of stones and mortar, but a few green bushes grew on the broken roof, embedded in earth and lime, and a dozing owl, disturbed by my tread, rushed whirring out, gave a staggering wheel in the air, and flew hooting up the glen. Some lumps of dull metallic appearance, lying mixed with cinders and rubbish, caught my eye, and I knew them to be dross, and guessed at once that the building I had reached was one which had belonged to some disused mine. I sat down, hot and panting after my climb up the steep hillside, and began, half mechanically, to tap the pebbles with my hammer.

'Oolite,' I muttered; 'and this is schist or shale, I don't know which, and I haven't got my little glossary with me; and these are flints, waterworn and rounded; and this must be limestone abraded from the —— Hilloa! what's this?'

I might well be surprised. A huge dark shadow, the distinct outline of a human form, had fallen across me quite suddenly. Not a step had I heard; nor would it have been easy for any one, however light-footed, to approach me in that rugged place without rattling down a shower of stones. Nevertheless, the shadow fell across me; and when I looked hastily up, I saw the owner of the shadow at my elbow, and looking down upon me—a big, loosely-hung, powerful man, dressed in a worn suit of dark-gray woollen, cut in artisan fashion. The man had a handsome swarthy face enough, though it was gloomy and careworn, though the thick curling hair about the temples was grizzled prematurely, and though the dark eyes had a moody depth in them that was almost menacing. This person's age may have been thirty-eight, but he looked at first sight much older: his complexion was dusky enough for a Spaniard, and his countenance had something in it that riveted the attention.

'Hilloa! what's this?' I cried; 'I beg your pardon, but how did you come here so silently?'

'I? I were here all the time,' answered the tall stranger. 'It's I that ought to be wondering, not you. Mostly I have this place all to myself, master.'

I told the man I was not aware that I had been trespassing, but that, if my presence caused any inconvenience, I was willing at once to withdraw. I was only resting, I told him, after a scramble up to the site of the old tower, and had little expected to meet with anybody in a place so lonely and melancholy.

There was a peculiar gravity and a melancholy sweetness in the man's tone as he said: 'True, master. 'Tis lonesome and sad to look at, and strange gentlefolks are noways common here. But it's all written—it's all written, and quite sure to come true.'

Here he muttered unintelligibly, but presently assured me that I was by no means an intruder—that the hillside was equally free to us both—and that he hoped I had not taken umbrage at his odd ways or bluff speech. I sat still, therefore, and began a conversation, for this man interested me a good deal. He was not an educated person, that was clear; but there was a thoughtful gravity in his tone and bearing which savoured more of the student than of the artisan, while there was something singular in the preference which he shewed for lonely spots and solitary musings.

'Yes, as you say, master, 'tis a wild, barren place; but it's just in places where leaf and flower refuse to grow that riches sprout the thickest underground. Fine fortunes have been made, ay, and ruined too, within a few hunder yards of this rubbish heap!' And the man kicked his heavy foot contemptuously against the hewn stones that lay at his feet.

'Indeed?' said I.

'Ah, yes,' went on the man; 'this were the smelting-house. Many a ton of good stuff's been roasted here. Many a thousand pounds of lead, and hundreds upon hundreds of ounces of good silver, comed out of that adit up there.'

And this strange fellow pointed to a small dark aperture in the rocky wall overhead, a little place, hardly deserving the imposing name of cavern.

'Adit?' said I. 'Do you mean that yonder fissure in the rock, that looks from here no bigger than a fox-earth, is actually the entrance to some mine?'

'That's the adit,' said the miner, again using the old technical term—'the adit of the great *Hesperus* mine, that were first worked afore the Reformation begun, what time the dale belonged to the old monks down at A——. It's belonged to a many since; some throve, most was beggared; so 'tis in mining—light come, light go: but there's wealth in the hills for all that.'

'The *Hesperus* is no longer worked, I conclude?' observed I.

The man said that was Gospel truth; the ore had 'cropped down,' the vein or lode having plunged in a downward direction, in one of those strange twists which baffle the miner's hopes; and thus it had come to pass that, after yielding lead for centuries in greater or less amount, the renowned *Hesperus* had been closed for ever.

To my query as to whether he had worked in it, the man replied in the affirmative.

'First time I ever stripped to go underground were when I was took on there. Father worked in the *Hesperus*, and there he died, too, smothered by a gallery caving in. I were thirty yard off; I heard him groan and cry, and I couldn't help him.'

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'can such things be?' Not that I was unused to hear of sad accidents in the course of my professional experience, but that there was something in the impassive gloom and cool composure of the narrator which increased the horror of his recital. He took little notice of my exclamation.

'Miners' chances,' said he. 'My grandfather died in his bed; but often I've heard daddy say that most of *his* forefathers went to their last account in the dark, with scanty time for praying and wishing good-bye to their kin. After father died, I shifted to the Dripcastle mine—'tis shut now, and I'd have clemmed, mayhap, but that old Uncle Dick, that went to set up at Swansea, and got to own a sloop, left me a legacy. 'Tis nigh spent, but may be before it goes I'll have my turn of luck.'

With some trouble, I drew from this quaint personage what he meant by the expression, in my ears enigmatical, 'his turn of luck.' It appeared that he was one of those half-visionaries who are in almost every region where mineral wealth exists, and who possess much of the speculative spirit of the gambler. Such are the Gambusinos of South America—such are the gold-seekers of the Abruzzi and the Carpathians—and such, in a slighter degree, are the 'lead-grouters' of the Derbyshire Peak. The man, whose name he told me was James Gasket, informed me that, by the peculiar local law and custom of the Peak, any person who should see cause to commence a mine, had but to knock off a piece of turf as big as his fist to establish 'a claim.' He could then pursue operations at his pleasure, and for his own profit, on condition of paying a certain fixed royalty or percentage to the lord of the manor; which royalty was duly measured from the raw ore by a proper officer of the Court of Barmoot, which took cognizance of mining matters. James Gasket had indelibly graven on his memory the names of the lucky adventurers who, within three centuries, had grown rich and powerful by such discoveries as these.

'Many a time, as you walk over these dales and mountains,' said he, 'you'll see a sparkle of shining lead through the turf, peering up at you, and twinkling like the eye of a little bird, or like that of one of them spirits that old folks say watches over the treasure deep down in earth. Most like, 'tis nothing—not enough lead to keep the panes in a cottage window together; but it may be the outside bit of a vein that would make a fellow richer than His Grace at Chatsworth there.'

He then went on to say that there was much 'guesswork' in mining operations; that many a mine had been abandoned, when it was on the point, perhaps, of enriching the workers; and that more than one spent mine had been re-opened at a profit by fresh adventurers. Altogether, the conversation of James Gasket was interesting to me, and none the less so because of the strange contrast which the man's natural shrewdness presented to the stolid fatalism with which all his thoughts were overlaid. I had never before met with so consistent a believer in inexorable destiny. Napoleon himself could not have confided in his star with more implicit faith than was shewn by this lonely miner. He was poor, and far from prosperous or contented, but he seemed to expect his 'turn of luck' some day, when a discovery of ore should make him a man of substance. It was characteristic, too, that he never appeared to dream of any other means of amassing wealth than by subterranean burrowings among the veins and lodes of his native county. With him, riches meant lead, and lead riches. Our talk was a long one, and the sun was dipping beneath the rocky ridge before I rose to go home. Gasket civilly assisted me to get down the slippery path, an attention not wholly superfluous, since I was but a poor cragsman, and presently we reached the bank of the noisy stream.

'My way is the same as yours, master, as fur as the cross-roads. I live at Burnt Barn,' said James Gasket.

So we walked together; twilight deepened as we went. I was curious to draw out my strange companion on some other subject than mines, and I did my best—in vain; try what I would, Gasket always got back to his hobby. It was not that he seemed ignorant of other things, but that he cared for nothing else. He had evidently some rude historical information, had read many accounts of foreign parts, and knew something of the recent improvements in mechanical and chemical science; but everything in his mind hinged on his own profession, its profits, losses, and hazards. Finding that I had to deal with a man of one idea, though that idea was subtly and completely developed, I came back to the only topic on which my new acquaintance was eloquent.

'Pray,' said I, 'is there not a mine of great extent,

called *Concord*, in this neighbourhood?' The man started, as if he had been bitten by an adder, and I could see, even through the dusk, that his face flushed all over with a dark glow, and his eyes glittered. He ground out some fierce ejaculation between his clenched teeth, and stood for a moment, with outstretched arm and frowning brow, in what might have been taken for a threatening attitude. Only for a moment; in the next, this strange fellow shook off every sign of passion or surprise, though his deep voice seemed an octave deeper as he replied: 'There is, master. Do you know aught about it?'

I told him that I had heard vaguely of it, as the place where Brand the overlooker, Widow Brand's husband, and Lucy's father, had perished by an unfortunate accident: 'He was drowned, I believe, or crushed by falling earth.'

'Drowned!' answered Gasket, in his deep stern voice: 'I was there at work at the time; and let me tell you, master, it was written before the world began that he was to be drowned in that pit. Who dare say it were not?'

He spoke quite fiercely and excitedly, and for an instant I began to be a little afraid of him, but the impatient mood passed away like a ripple on water, and Gasket began, in his calm, lucid way, to describe the *Concord* mine.

'An old, old place,' said he, 'older than most. *Hesperus* is a mushroom to it. This that we're talking of was worked in the days of the Romans; and it's a wonder to see how the mountain be honeycombed with galleries and creep-places. Not all made by pick and shovel, master. There's halls, there, and nat'ral ones, that a king would be glad to clap into his palace, all a-shining bright with spars and sparkling crystals like icicles. They crust the walls, I tell you, like frostwork on a window-pane, and they're like pillars holding up the roof, glistening in the light of our torches like jewels for the fairies' wearing—all colours, big and bright. And there's been a mort of lead brought out of *Concord*—not that that be the true name, for I've heard old men say 'twas called Dripcastle a hundred year back—a mort of lead brought out, and a mort of chaps' lives flung away. Mine's shut now.'

'Exhausted, I suppose?' said I.

'Exhausted!' said the miner scornfully; 'not so, master. The conceited London surveyor advised the owners to give it up, and so they did; but we Derbyshire men, we don't believe the heart of Dripcastle will be worked out afore England sinks in the sea.'

On this subject, I said nothing; I had previously noticed that my friend James Gasket was excessively sanguine, like most miners; but he had excited my curiosity, and I asked if the mine were far off.

'Five mile; not more. Better nor one mile beyond where we met.'

'Dear me!' said I; 'I should like to see it. I never saw a lead-mine, or indeed any mine but one of our Yorkshire coal-pits. I should want a guide, of course.'

Gasket volunteered to be that guide. He knew, he said, every corner of the dark subterranean as well as any man alive. And it was agreed that the following evening was to be devoted to the exploring of the wonders of *Concord* mine; that James was to provide lantern and torches, and whatever else was needful; that I was to pay him a moderate remuneration for time and trouble; and that we were to rendezvous at a place which he would indicate.

'And no place better than this, master,' said the miner, stopping short; ''tis on the road, and I live here.'

I shrugged my shoulders as I looked at the ruins of a farmhouse, the garden run wild, the neglected apple-trees almost choked with weeds and bushes, and the ghastly and blackened remains of a barn that fire had half consumed. The last, with its bare black rafters and calcined beams, had all the air of a gigantic sable skeleton. Hard by the broken paling stood a guide-post, whose weather-gnawed fingers pointed four ways, up four muddy lanes. 'The cross-roads. Burnt Barn. Didn't you come past here?' asked the miner, noticing my surprise. 'Ah, you must have took the wrong turn, and gone round by the mill. Straight ahead leads you to the village, master, where you see the longest finger-point, for the writing be smudged out long ago.'

'But you,' said I, 'is it possible that you live here?'

Gasket silently pointed to a sort of hovel built of hewn stones that had formed part of the farmhouse, and thatched in a rough way, with one small window, and the door shut tightly to. I never saw a more cheerless dwelling.

I was just opening my mouth to speak, when the sound of hoofs came on the wind, and a man mounted on a white pony, with a basket on his arm, came trotting at a sharp pace, gaily whistling. I looked up, and recognised Harry Meade on one of his errands, the pony being one that belonged to the landlady. The moon was now risen, and the same light that shewed Harry revealed myself and my companion. I saw Harry start, and an expression of wistfulness came over his candid face, and for a moment I thought he meant to speak, but as I was haughty and cold in my acknowledgment of his respectful touch of the hat, he gave up the intention, and cantered on.

'At this time to-morrow I'll be ready,' said Gasket. 'One word, sir, before you go. Best not let out to any of those chattering idiots in the village where you are going. They never like a person to leave the beaten track, and they'd be for shewing you the stupid *Scrapperton* mine that all the Cockney trippers are took to see. Now, *Concord*'s worth ten of it.'

'I suppose,' said I lingering, 'there is no danger'——

'Not a pin's head. None for them that know their way about. Good-night, master. No, thank you—not a sixpence till its earned;' and repelling my proffered half-crown, Gasket entered the ruined garden, lifted the latch of his comfortless abode, went in, and shut the door.

The next day, I observed that Harry Meade, whenever I espied him at his usual work in yard or meadow, touched his hat apologetically, looked at me anxiously, and was evidently dying to speak to me, but discouraged by my severity of manner; for I had decided in my own mind that Harry was but a milksop, and very ungrateful to boot, and henceforth I was resolved to favour him no more. Once, indeed, I fancied that the audacious refuser of the post of light-porter to Parkes and Spiller might have thought better of it, and therefore, the next time Harry fell in my way, I addressed him very stiffly as follows: 'I see you have something to say. Once for all, have you changed your mind, and do you wish to ask for the place I offered you?'

'No, sir, indeed,' said Harry reddening up; 'but'——

'In that case,' said I loftily, 'I desire to have nothing at all to do with you.' But I was not yet quite free from persecution. When my dinner was brought in, I noticed that Mrs Parsons was very fidgety and nervous as she helped the red-armed servant-girl to adjust the dishes and saltcellars. Presently, as she uncorked the sherry, she remarked: 'Begging your pardon, sir, if I seem to pry into your doings; I hear that you've been making the acquaintance of Black James the miner—and—and'——

'What, then, Mrs Parsons?' said I, not without asperity, for I had no notion of being henpecked by a landlady. 'Is not Gasket an honest person? He seemed so.'

'I've nought to say against his honesty,' said Mrs Parsons, fumbling with her apron-strings; 'only last evening, as Harry rode by the cross-roads'——

'That 's quite enough, ma'am,' said I, taking fire at the mention of the deserter: 'Henry Meade might be better employed than in tattling about every person to whom your guests happen to speak; and if I can't be free from the molestation of spies, I must seek some other head-quarters, Mrs Parsons.'

The landlady was rebuked; she held her tongue and departed; and after eating my dinner and sipping my pint of wine, I sauntered out to keep my appointment with the miner. My anger, as I walked, waxed hot against Henry Meade. I thoroughly saw through his mean jealousy of my forming Gasket's acquaintance, and his contemptible wish to gain my good-will without complying with my request. I had been liberal to Harry during the time when he was teaching me to throw a fly and spin a minnow, and no doubt he missed my presents in his well-merited disgrace; so, at least, I thought, as I passed through the village, and took my way towards the upper end of the dale. I was within sight of the gaunt gables of the ruinous farmhouse, when a chaise-cart came lumbering down the road. It contained an old gray-headed farmer, in his brass-buttoned coat of dingy green cloth, and two women. One of these was Widow Brand; the other, Lucy. The moon shone on us all, and I thought I saw Lucy give a little jump as she espied me, and I am sure I heard her say something to her mother about 'Black James;' then the cart went jolting on villagewards, and I forgot it. A minute more, and I was beside the guide-post; and there, with his powerful frame stretched on the rank grass, lay Black James himself. He started up, and bade me welcome; then he groped in a tuft of southernwood that filled up one breach in the paling of his garden, and drew from this hiding-place a couple of torches, a lantern, a crowbar, and a coil of stout rope with an iron hook at one end of it. These articles he very deftly slung about his person with the help of a couple of leather thongs, retaining only the lantern, which he carefully carried in his left hand. Then he gave an upward glance at the moon, across whose luminous disk a few fleecy clouds were sailing, looked up and down the road, and stretched his muscular limbs like a lion aroused from sleep. He nodded to me.

'Ready, master?'

'Quite ready,' answered I.

And off we went. The way was rough in parts, though not very long, but the clear broad moon illumined the stony path with sufficient distinctness. The miner accommodated his habitual lengthy stride to a pace better suited to a man of my years, and we progressed thus into the heart of the wild mountain country. Gasket was not, apparently, in a talking humour, and I had enough to do to mind my footing, as I stumbled among the stones at the upper end of the dale. We passed *Hesperus* mine and its ruined tower; we turned a sharp angle, and found ourselves among moss-grown boulders and splintered rocks. The stream chafed and frothed between irregular barriers of shattered stone; and the whole landscape, hill, crag, and river, as seen by the white moonlight, had an air of awful and savage desolation.

'There is Dripcastle mine,' said Black James, suddenly coming to a dead stop.

I peered about, but I could see nothing. Some broken walls and unroofed sheds were visible beside the stream, and these I guessed had been part of the works; but it was not until Gasket pointed out to me the darksome aperture of the mine, high up the shelving rock, that I could perceive it. At frequent intervals, wherever a fissure between the stones allowed it, stakes had been driven in, and these, bleached by long exposure to weather until they were as white as bones, were visible in the ghastly moonlight. Following the direction of Gasket's finger, I at last made out a small aperture, in shape not unlike some low-browed Gothic archway, partly screened by a jutting rock. This, of course, was the 'adit' of the famous old mine; but to reach it a gymnastic effort was apparently required, and my resolve began to falter.

'My good man, you don't surely expect me to climb up there?'

My guide made answer that the approach was not so difficult as it looked. Women, children, even ladies, beat on a day's sight-seeing, had gone up when Gasket was a lad, and the mine in full yield. The stakes were sound—to prove which, the miner went up, hand over hand, with the rapidity of a squirrel, and dropped as promptly to nether earth again. We engineers are pretty well used to ladders, and I contrived to 'slue myself up,' to use Gasket's phrase, with less awkwardness than I had anticipated. We stood side by side under the rugged archway of the cavern. Behind was the darkling night—in front was measureless blackness, which the eyes could not pierce. Gasket struck a light, lit the candle, and carefully closed the lantern which contained it. The welcome beam illuminated a small portion of the low-browed cave sloping steeply off into the mountain.

'Come along, master, if you've got your breath again,' said Gasket in his deep musical voice; and following him closely, I entered the mine, casting back one involuntary look of regret at the free sky and fitful moonlight we were abandoning. We were soon in the depths of the subterranean, surrounded by a net-work of galleries and passages, through which my guide picked his way with all the confidence which long experience alone can give. The floor was uneven and broken, the walls were slimy and moist, and from the low roof the water fell with a sullen splash, ever and anon, proving that the ancient name of Dripcastle was no unmeaning designation. On we went, now mounting, now descending a slope or a series of narrow and broken steps, sometimes in a large cavernous gallery, whence branched a hundred cuttings, still strewed with lumps of ore and chips of stone, sometimes squeezing painfully through a narrow passage, where the walls seemed to contract to crush us, and where the roof was so low that we had to stoop painfully. I know that my back ached, and my feet were wet and bruised, when my conductor came to a halt, unslung the torches, and jerking open the lantern, lit them both, and thrust one of the flaming, sputtering things into my hand.

'Look!' said he laconically. I looked. We were in a lofty cave, the roof and natural props of which had some fantastic resemblance to the interior of a cathedral. There were pillars, buttresses, side-chapels, a nave, and a choir. These were all blazing with sparkling spar, which incrusted nearly two-thirds of the rough rock, and flashed back all the colours of the prism in answer to the glare of our torches. Stalactites hung from the ceiling, like monstrous chandeliers and broken columns, some limpid as water, some glowing with many colours, but all bright and lustrous.

'How beautiful! how glorious!' I exclaimed.

'The great hall of the mine,' said Gasket hoarsely; 'there are three more, but they're a poor show to this. But there's one thing more, hard by, worth seeing—not that you've seen half.'

There was something harsh and ominous in my guide's voice as he spoke; the calm music which distinguished his usual utterance was gone, and he now spoke hurriedly and gruffly. I asked him what he meant.

'The Sunk River,' he replied; ''tis one o' the wonders of Dripcastle.'

'It will be a wonder, indeed, if it beats this,' said I good-humouredly, resolved to take no notice of Gasket's curious change of tone, which was still more marked as he said the last words; and I turned to gaze again with genuine admiration on the rainbow-tinted stalactites and glimmering spar. 'The famous

Matlock and Buxton caves are larger, to be sure, but not more beautiful or remarkable than this little-visited place, and '——

'This way, master. Torches are burning down, and we 'll want light!' interrupted the miner as he strode away, his nailed boots ringing on the jagged floor at every step. I followed him through a twisting corridor, the width of which varied constantly. During a part of the way, the air seemed to grow heavy and dull, and the gleam of the torches to turn to a dusky redness, but at length I felt a breath of cold wind on my cheek, and I heard the sullen wash and murmur of running water. An instant afterwards, we both stopped short, on the brink, as it seemed, of an abyss. A fissure in the rocky floor, perhaps ten or twelve feet wide, yawned in front of us. Beyond it was a natural platform, and beyond this again were the dim mouths of several caverns of different sizes and of varying height. The depth of the abyss I could only conjecture, but I plainly heard the gurgling of water from the blackness below; and the wind that blew from the gap was cold as ice.

'Look!' said Black James as he tied the lantern to the hook at the end of the rope he carried, and lowered it slowly down. I followed it with my eyes far, far down, but I could see nothing of the hidden stream. 'Listen!' said my guide, and he flung down a heavy piece of rock. There was a long and distinct pause before the faint splash was audible. Gasket hauled up the lantern. 'Nobody knows wheer the Sunk River rises, and 'tis only guess whereaway it goes, but here it is. The planks by which it used to be crossed are there'—and he pointed to some dusty timber in a corner—'and the veins beyond was opened first by the Romans, it 's told; often we've found their queer old tools and cracked earthenware in some neglected place. The mine 's shut now, shut and condemned for a bad job; but they're wrong. There 's lead enough to roof all the minsters, ay, and cast all the bullets will be wanted for hundreds o' years—silver, too, bright and costly—all waiting, waiting'——

'How—what do you mean?' asked I perplexed.

The miner turned towards me; the glow of the torch lit up his swarthy face and dark, restless eyes, now bright with a strange light, like those of a wild beast.

'Master,' he said in a deep, resolute voice, 'you hearken. I owe you no grudge; but what 's written is to come to pass; and 'twas to be that you was to come here, unbeknown to all, and me along with you.'

I shivered involuntarily, and stepped back. 'It 's very cold,' said I as cheerfully as I could; 'suppose we go back to the open air.'

'We come in, two of us,' said Black James in his hoarsest accents; 'one of us only will go back to the open sky and moonshine we left outside, the other will stop here—for ever.'

There was something in the man's manner that excluded all idea of a jest.

'Do you mean to murder me, you villain?' were the words that broke from my lips, as I retreated a pace or two.

There was something terrible in the calm rejoinder: 'I do.'

An awkward pause followed. I measured my strength with Gasket's; I compared my thews and sinews with his huge limbs, and saw I had no chance. Still, I resolved to struggle hard for life. 'You're mistaken in your thoughts,' said the miner; ''tis not your paltry purse and watch that tempts me. Hearken, master; I 'm no footpad. What valuables you 've got about you shall sleep along with you till the day of judgment in that Sunk River under the earth, wheer mortal eye 'll never see you more. Why do I do it? To be rich, man—rich! I've been poor long enough, and the mountain is full of wealth. But it 's guarded! guarded!'

Here he began to mutter and croon unintelligibly, and the dreadful conviction flashed upon me for the first time that he was mad! I was in a fearful situation—far below the surface of the earth, far from rescue or sympathy—with a mad guide!

Gasket soon broke out into a loud fierce cry: 'The black hound! the shaggy brute with red eyes and bloody jaws—but I know how to charm him away; ah! and the blue flames that flicker and sear the eyes—they 'll plague me no more now. I shall be as rich as a king, for I shall have the silver the old Romans hid yonder, never to be dug up till a baptised Christian, come of his own free consent, shall be flung down into Sunk River, and you 're the man.'

So saying, he dashed down the torch, sprang upon me, and dragged me, a mere child in his muscular hands, to the brink of the yawning abyss.

'You 're the man,' thundered he; 'and what is written *must* be. One of us two stops here for ever.'

I fought and struggled in a manner that surprised myself; I even broke from Gasket's grasp, and ran some way before he overtook me.

'It 's no use!' said he grimly, as he dragged me back, panting and spent—'no manner of use. We must all meet our fate. You must die to make me rich. I've longed for wealth from a boy, and I'd have had it long agone, but for that meddling dog, Brand the overlooker. He burned my star-book and divining-rods, calling me a fool, and saying I'd best stick to work or I'd go crazy—the brute! I paid him out well for it. Aha! they laid his death to accident, and never knew who sawed the prop, though I once let the secret out in my sleep—oho! and *you* know it too: tell it to the fishes, if there be any!' And he tried hard to shake off my hold, and hurl me down the abyss; but I clung fast to him, though my brain reeled, and I was weak, and a prayer rose to my lips, and Death gaped for me. Just then, there was a shout, a loud outcry, a gleam of lights, and the rush of hurrying feet, and I was torn out of the madman's hands, and dropped, breathless, at the foot of a projecting rock. Three men, all with lights—three men and a woman, young and pretty, who seemed to guide the rest—Lucy Brand, by all that 's wonderful! The foremost man, he who had torn me from Gasket's hands, was Harry Meade; the other two were labourers from the village. I have a confused remembrance of what followed—the hasty scuffle, the blows, the oaths, and the frightful howl of the maniac as he battled with those who sought to master him and secure him. Then Harry Meade cried suddenly: 'There he goes—the poor unfortunate creature.' And there was a plunge and a cry, and then a splash, far, far down in the hidden waters. The madman had thrown himself into the chasm which I had so narrowly escaped. I think I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember was being in the outer air, supported by kind hands.

'O, sir,' said Lucy, 'when Harry first saw you with Black James the miner'—she shuddered as she named him—'he misdoubted some harm would happen, for Gasket was known to be dangerous and wrong in his head, and mother always suspected him of having a hand in producing the disaster that led to poor father's death, and they do say he once owned to it when he was tipsy. So, sir, Harry would have warned you, but you wouldn't listen; and when I passed in the cart, and saw Black James waiting for somebody, and just afterwards met you, I told Harry we 'd better see about it. Harry thought so too; and we made so bold, seeing *Concord* mine is lonesome, and *he* not safe, to '——

'To save my life, my good girl, and, believe me, I thank you for it none the less gratefully that I have been unreasonable, rude, and unkind to yourself and that brave good fellow there, your husband that is to be. Harry, I misjudged your character cruelly, and I beg your pardon. Will you shake hands?'

Before I left the village, much restored in health, in spite of the nervous shock of that adventure, I had the pleasure of attending the wedding of my humble friends, and of enabling them to be happy in their own way, by starting them in the carrier's business, with a reasonable capital and a brand-new cart and horse.

'But how,' I asked of Lucy, 'did you find us out, in the nick of time?'

'Please, sir, I was a miner's daughter, you know, and often, when I was little, I've sat hours on my father's jacket, watching the work go on, and I've brought him his dinner too; so I knew the mine well. And they say Black James used to go often to Sunk River, and sit there, dreaming and longing to be rich, so I thought we'd find him there—poor wretch!'

Such was the final epitaph of my terrible guide. His body was never found.

HOW WE HELP OUR HANDS AT BLEABOROUGH.

No town in all Lancashire is perhaps so little affected by the existing distress as Bleaborough. Its chief manufacturer was—happily for it—one of the few engaged in the cotton-trade who believed in the probable continuance of the American war. He accordingly, many months ago, made large investments in raw material, purchasing vast quantities of cotton at 5*d.* or 7½*d.* per lb. Even when the price of cotton rose to 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb., he resisted the temptation of selling to any extent, and has always kept sufficient stock in hand to enable him to work his mills at least four days every week.

Still, the badness of trade got at last to be severely felt even at Bleaborough, owing to the necessary closing of other mills, or to their working half, instead of whole time. It became therefore expedient to take active measures to assist our hands and their families. A committee was accordingly formed, the township divided into eighteen districts, and visitors appointed for each.

These visitors report every Wednesday the cases which have come under their personal observation, stating exactly the circumstances of each case, and applying for relief accordingly. Forms of application are also issued, such as the following, the facts stated in which must be verified by the visitor of the district in which the applicant is resident before relief is granted:

BLEABORO' RELIEF FUND.—DISTRICT NO.

Name,
Residence,
Number of Family,
Where last Employed,
Date,

☞ Every applicant for relief must fill up the above form, and deliver it to one of the Visitors of the district.

The relief is not given in money, but slips of paper like cheques are handed over to the visitors, thus:

No. BLEABORO', 186 .

Supply with Provisions to the amount of Shillings and Pence, and enter on the back of this ticket what you supply, with price of each article.

BLEABORO' RELIEF COMMITTEE.
A. L. GRATIS, *Hon. Sec.*

This ticket must be sent to the Secretary, at the Board-room, for examination at 10 A.M. on the last Thursday of the month, and the amount will be paid by the Treasurer on the following Monday.

The production of the above at any shop in the district in which the applicant lives authorises the shopkeeper to supply goods to the amount stated on the cheque.

These tickets, before payment, are compared by the secretary with the counterfoils in his cheque-book, which seems to preclude the possibility of imposition. Forms are also prepared to be sent to employers of labour to ascertain the weekly earnings of applicants in their employ:

THE BLEABORO' RELIEF COMMITTEE.

186 .

M

The Committee will feel obliged by your informing them what the Earnings of have been for the last weeks. As these inquiries are found to be the best means of preventing imposition on the part of Applicants for relief, the Committee trust you will excuse the trouble they are causing you.

A. L. GRATIS, *Hon. Sec.*

Date.	Earnings.	£	*s.*	*d.*	
	1st Week,				*Signature of Employer.*
	2d do.,				
	3d do.,				
	4th do.,				

Please to enclose in an Envelope, and address to the Visitor named by bearer.

Every precaution is thus taken to prevent misrepresentation and deception. Encouragement is given to those who help themselves by making efforts to obtain employment; but in some cases of severe and long-continued distress, it is thought expedient to urge upon the poor the necessity of applying to the Board of Guardians, and the sum allowed by it is augmented by an additional grant from the Relief Committee. There is naturally a great reluctance on the part of many even of those whose want is the most urgent to become pauperised, and though in some instances that reluctance is hardly warranted by the antecedents of those concerned, it is a feeling which must be tolerated, even when we cannot sympathise with it.

One of the greatest difficulties the visitors of the Relief Committee have to contend with is to ascertain the exact circumstances of those whom they wish to assist. Families, from feelings of pride and independence, or influenced even by higher motives, go on week after week exhibiting no very ostensible signs of privation, living in the meantime on money raised on their furniture, bedding, and wearing apparel, until all at once it is discovered that those supposed to be keeping their heads fairly above water are in a state of utter destitution. The committee, besides giving away large quantities of blankets, clothing of every description, clogs and bedding, have met such cases by redeeming many articles which have been 'fastened' (that is, pawned) before the state of their owners became known. All such, together with new articles, are stamped as 'Lent by the Bleaboro' Relief Committee,' and therefore if any be pledged in future, the pawnbroker does it at his own risk, and is liable to prosecution thereupon. A large sewing-class, which is attended by five or six ladies every morning and afternoon in the week, except Saturday, is held in a large room over the market-place, and is well attended.

Altogether, the distress at Bleaboro' has been met with a spirit worthy the occasion, and the place affords a striking contrast to other towns, where the manufacturers have seemed incapable of entertaining an idea of the magnitude of our calamity until the pressure of poverty became bewildering and almost overwhelming. Our manufacturers have, in most instances, contributed very liberally, though there are still flagrant instances in which contributions are notoriously inadequate to the donor's means and the existing necessity. The exertions of the clergy of all denominations are beyond praise. Bleaborough has entirely done its own work in relieving its poor, has made no general appeal, and received no public aid, with the exception of three hundred and fifty pounds from the Mansion House Committee.

Each visitor, on application, is furnished with an order from the committee entitling to a certain amount of clothing, which he distributes in the district allotted to him.

RELIEF COMMITTEE.
BLEABORO', 186 .

To Mrs LINSEY, *Storekeeper*.

Please deliver the following articles to

Messrs

VISITORS OF No. DISTRICT.

Blankets.
Sheets.
Shirts.
Chemises.
Flannel Petticoats.
Cotton do.
Flannel Vests.

A. L. GRATIS,
Hon. Sec.

The children whose parents cannot afford to pay for their schooling, are furnished with a free admittance by the committee.

BLEABORO' RELIEF COMMITTEE.

To M

Teacher of School.

Please to admit the under-named Scholars, and the school-fees to the amount of twopence per week, for each, will be paid by this Committee, on your sending me your bill for the same on the last Thursday of each month.

A. L. GRATIS, *Hon. Sec.*

BLEABORO', 186 .

The maximum of relief afforded raises the income for a single individual to 2*s.* 6*d.*; for a family of two, 2*s.* 4*d.* each; of three, 2*s.* 2*d.*; of four, 2*s.*; of five, 1*s.* 10*d.*; of six or above, 1*s.* 9*d.* A quantity of coal is also about to be distributed.

The duties of the visitor of an outlying district are very severe.

I was occupied from eleven to six the other day in calling with a visitor at the cottages of persons receiving aid from the Relief Fund, and he only got through half his weekly work. We visited about thirty cottages, and found the operatives who occupied them, though obviously in many instances suffering from extreme poverty, most patient and uncomplaining. The whole family were usually gathered round the fire; the father nursing the baby; the mother occupied in some household duties, either darning stockings and clothes that had been so often repaired, that it was difficult to arrive at any idea of their original material, or preparing some equally mysterious compound for family consumption; the children sitting quietly by, in some instances, it must be owned, very dirty and neglected in appearance, but in others—and those often the cases most requiring relief—quite clean and respectable. Possibly, in some instances, personal neglect may have the effect of exciting pity, while attention to cleanliness and decency may rather stand in the way of the very poor. I was told of a woman who, when distress was very great in these districts, about thirty years ago, expected the arrival of a relieving-officer, who was to inquire into her case, which was very urgent. 'Well,' said she, looking round her miserable cottage, 'though we be poor, we may be tidy and neat;' so she and her children *tidied* up the rooms as neatly as they could, and put everything in order. By and by, the relieving-officer arrived, and just opened the door of the cottage; the poor woman asked him to walk in and see the utterly destitute state she and her family were in, but he declined. On her applying for relief, she was refused, on the grounds that she was not sufficiently needy to require assistance. In vain she explained the circumstances of her case; the word of the relieving-officer, who had seen *nothing*, was taken before hers, and she was left to struggle on as best she could. 'And many and many a time have I cried over the injustice done me,' the old woman says even now, quite excited at the remembrance of an event which occurred a generation ago.

The poor are better understood, and cared for in these days. I have been into many of their bedrooms, and seen the terribly defective state of their bedding and blankets. Often, for a whole family, there are only two blankets for three beds; the blanketed beds are given up to the children, and contain three or four little ones each; the third, in which the parents sleep, being without anything. They protect themselves as well as they can from cold by means of the clothing they have worn in the daytime, or any old shawl or coat which is too shabby to pawn. Some cases of peculiar hardship occur. A most respectable good old man I know is a small proprietor of house-property, having four little cottages belonging to him. His tenants are quite unable to pay any rent, and the cottages being mortgaged, and he being obliged to pay the interest of the mortgage, his property is a positive loss to him.

In the midst of all this privation, I have not heard a single complaint, but, on the contrary, a hopeful looking forward to better times; and if any member of the family obtain a few days' work, the circumstance is mentioned without concealment on their part, though, of course, the amount of relief allowed them is thereby diminished.

GOLF AS IMPORTED.

THERE are some misconceptions that are no easily forgiven, even though they're no consciously enterteened.

If a man says you're a writer, or, as they ca' it here, an attorney, he may mak' apoligies, but ane likes him nane the better for that. It's only gaun frae the deil tae the deep sea when he protests on his word and honour that he thocht you were only a bit writer body. It's that verra circumstance that gars you grue. In a seemilar mainer, when an Englisher says that 'golf is a kind o' Hockey'—which he maistly aye does when he describes oor great national game—it maks nae maiter though he tells you he really thocht sae. Supposing I, a Scotchman, should tak upon me to aver that cricket was a sort o' 'trap, bat, and ball,' he wadna be by ordiner flattered, I'm thinkin'; and yet my faut wad be licht, *treevial* compared wi' his. For what *is* cricket, after all? Well, Scotchmen at least canna be said to cry up their ain accomplishments at the expense o' their neebors'; but the fact is, that the English dinna and *canna* understand games. I'm no meanin' cairds and billiards, and sic risky things as you lose money by, but neeborly oot-o'-door games. The general opinion o' strangers may be different; that's only anither misconception; but I think it maun be allooed that a native like mysel kens mair aboot the thing than a foriner. I mainteen, then, that we are an even-forrit, playful people; not preceesly kitten-like, 'pleased wi' a rattle, tickled wi' a straw,' or given to those exuberant speerits that betray the empty mind; but for keen, canny, steady judgematical play, we may clearly be said to hae nae successful competitors.

Look at curling, for example—— But no, if ance I set oot on that subject I may write till dooms-day; let me stick to golf. To begin, then: there is a picturesqueness aboot maist golfing-grounds forin to the sleekit, clippit lawns on which the cricketer dirls and heaves the senseless ba'. I watched twa-and-

twenty puir English callants, eleven on a side, working at cricket for aicht mortal hours last simmer in a park little bigger or better than a yaird, in the heart o' London, and hadna I paid my saxpence to get in, and didna want to waste siller, I wad hae left the thowless game after the first ten minutes. Wearily waitin' for the 'overs,' and tethered to ae tiresome spot, the mislippened young men maun hae suffered sairly. Lookin' at their langsome play, my heart turned lichtly back, far frae the dowless, feckless loons in their yairdie, to the breezy links o' Gulane, stretchin' lan'art in by frae the sea, and speckled wi' keen golfers and bits o' wee club-carryin' laddies. The verra place was Health, and Beauty, and Freedom a' in ane, no to speak o' the swampy hollow where you were aye playing 'Two more,' by reason o' the prime natural diffeeculties, or the splendid rise at the top, back from which your ba' wad come for half a mile, and then you went at it again wi' a gleger e'e and a firmer hand. As I think o' Gulane, I feel the lift o' the sea-breeze in my hair, the sweep o' the view is before me, miles o' breezy knowes, behind them the strip o' plantin', and the ridge o' distant hill, and before them the great skinkle o' the sea, no forgettin' the sma' public, where the timeous 'drappie' could be got at ony emergency, and when, the game ower, of needcessity a refreshment was aye forthcomin'. Shall I ever turn oot again on the links o' Gulane? Am I forgotten by thankless caddies? (Many a penny I hae gi'en them, and, for that matter, fourpenny-bits when I had nae change.) Is my name mentioned when gaun doon wi' the clubs, the Bailie and the rest step in to Niel's, to taste in a neeborly way? An it werena that the folk here are laithe to pairt we us, kennin they hae naebody to do their wark sae weel as we do it, I micht ance mair drive a ba' ower the whinny links o' St Andrews or Musselburgh, or the sandy knowes o' North Berwick, or even the hazardless sward o' Bruntsfield. No a single spot that I ken' o' south o' the Tweed will compare in ony mainer wi' the least o' these, and there's only ane that seems to be conscious o' its ain merits. They tell me Blackheath has been a golfing-ground for a hundred years, and the folk there dinna mistak you for a postman if you turn oot in red wi' your clubs and your caddies, though they dinna seem to see yet, that when you cry 'Fore,' it 's their ain faut if they get a bit skelp wi' a weel-driven ba'.

The ither day I gaed doon there wi' a guid-natured English loon, ane Jones, and had as guid a game as the callant's ignorance o't wad alloo me; and yet I had bad him read up the subject too. 'Now, get you some Handbook o' Golf,' said I—meanin' such a work as *Rambling Remarks on Golf*, recently published, and containin', let me say, some very pretty pieces o' advice—'and mak yoursel thoroughly acquainted wi' the *theory* o' the game, and then come doon to Blackheath wi' me, and put it into practice.'

'Why, there 's not much to learn,' said he—'is there? Golf is only a kind of Hock'——

'Be quiet, Jones,' interrupted I with indignation, 'and never set your tongue in motion about maiters that ye diana understand. Just do what I tell you; and meet me at London Bridge on this day-week, for the eleven o'clock train.'

He was there, punctual enough, and the very first thing I said to him was: 'And hoo aboot the Handbook o' Golf?'

'Well,' says he, 'I ordered it at the bookseller's by that very name; but it don't seem to me very amusing, now I *have* got it.'

And what do you think the creature had gane and purchased, but *The Hand of Providence Exemplified in the Life of John B. Gough*—a work without ae word about golf in it from beginning to end, and written against whisky, and clubs o' every description! However, there was naething for it but to go on, for neither Jones nor I could afford to waste a holiday.

Noo, since we *were* bound for Blackheath (where neither of us had ever been before), it seemed only fitting that we should tak a ticket for that place. In Scotland, that wad certainly hae been the properest course; but in England there is no end o' the devices for getting money oot o' your pocket wrangously; we ocht to hae booked oorsels for Greenwich. As it was, we fand oorsels no upon ony links at a', but in a sma' toon where naebody could put us in the way o' what we wanted. The folk kenned the heath weel enough, they said, but they had never taken account o' ony golfers (if you can picture to yoursel onything so extraordinar'!), and but for a gleg postman, we micht hae supposed we had come on a fule's errand. 'Golf,' said he—'ay, ay, there is golf in all the tents you'll find on the heath yonder.'

Golf in the tents! Think upon *that*, my friends on the richt side o' the border! I hae heard o' an honest gentleman drilling holes in his drawing-room carpet, that he micht hae a 'putting-green' in wet weather, but—— 'Come alang, laddie,' cried I, 'for gudeness, and let us see what the puir weel-intentioned creature means.' I had my suspicions at the time, however, and they werena lang o' bein' realeezed. The heath—which was a bonny place enough, wi' fine houses all round it, and parks and plantins in the distance, besides ane or twa capital pits in it, and big bunkers o' sand, and a little water here and there, and roads for 'hazards'—the heath was stuck a' ower wi' tents, as if an army was camped there; and oot o' the tents cam troops o' boys, each wi' a club in his hand, to play at that abominable bastard game o' theirs they ca' *Hockey*. Hoocver, they directed us to the *Green Man*, as being in the neighbourhood o' the golf-house; 'and there,' said Jones, 'in any case, we must lunch,' for, for eating and drinking, and expenses o' a' kinds, Jones was an Englisher all over; and as for putting a bit o' biscuit in oor pouches, and breaking it as we gaed alang, in an eeconomical mainer, he wadna listen to such a proposal. So, while he was ordering the most expensive refreshment before his appetite had gi'en him warnin'—the spendthrift—I looked oot o' the coffee-room to see if I could get a glisk o' the golf-house. And tho' I didna see that, yet I saw a sicht that made my heart baith crouse and canty—a wheen lean, ragged, hungry laddies, wi' a cuteness in their countenances that ane rarely sees in this southern people, and wi' a certain dishonest sagaciousness about them that made me recognecse them at ance. 'You are Caddies!' cried I—'a sicht guid for sair een.' I am richt sure nae ither profession save that o' carrying the golf-clubs could hae produced these genairic characteristics. 'Chances!' shouted they as we cam oot, exactly the same—only no wi' that fine rell o' the *a* that maks oor native Doric seem sae like to that o' ancient Greece—exactly the same as the lads cry at Bruntsfield when they see the red coats daunderin' oot frae the club-house. 'But na, na,' said I; 'let me see Maister Dunn first, if you'll shew me where he lives'—for I wanted to ken the prececse tariff, before coming to ony terms that micht be by ordiner generous. And pleesant it was to mak acquaintance wi' that douce club-maker, and strange to see how instantly he kenned me for a compatriot o' his ain. There must surely be some secret affeenity wi' ane anither among the folk o' oor nation, so immediately does mutual recognecetion tak place, even when

—as in my ain case—there is (as far as I can see) no *the varra slightest accent* that can betray a body to be otherwise than a mealy-mouthed southerner born within the sound o' Bow Bells.

Then he lent us a set o' clubs apiece, and set us gaun'; and I maun say that for an English links the place was no sae bad as you micht maybe expect. The caddies were not a grain ahint the lads o' oor country in keeping the wrang scores, and aye makin' oot that you had made less strokes than you really had, and that your adversary had made more—which was quite unnecessary in Jones's case, puir chap, for he was aye playing 'five mair' at the varra least. Only, instead o' saying 'Like as you lie,' as we do in Scotland, they cried, wi' a disregaird o' grammar that is national, 'Like as you *lay*;' while they ca' the fore-caddie 'forcad;' and ah, hoo I missed the 'Be canny, be canny,' when everything depended upon a single stroke, and it was o' the greatest importance to give a *stesmy*, only quite by accident, of course. But amaist a' the technical phrases—although, indeed, without the proper pronunciation—had these English caddies picked up, to the great bewilderment o' Jones.

'You'll get into it directly, sir,' observed ane o' them in an encouraging manner, as my freend was striking off at the gravel-pit.

'But I don't *want* to get into it,' exclaimed Jones; 'I want to get *over* it; and I take it to be a piece of gross impertinence that you should prophesy any such misfortune.'

The reckless disregaird o' human life, which is the chief characteristic o' the caddie, alarmed Jones in nae sma' degree.

'Now, in which direction am I to play, my lad? for I don't see the fore-caddie.'

'Right on to that stout old gentleman in the road yonder.'

'But if I were to hit him!' cried Jones in horror.

'Well, he should have heard me cry "*Fore*,"' replied the boy; 'and besides, if you don't hit him on the head, it'll never hurt *him*, bless ye.'

When we got into the roads, amang the fine carriages that are so plenteous in these parts, Jones got particularly nervish, because the coachmen would sometimes pull up, that the leddies might see hoo the game was played; and a very curious notion o' it they must hae driven awa' wi', for Jones covered all passers-by within a radius of twenty yards wi' mud, and broke three club-heads by neglecting to use the 'iron.' But for my pairt, I wad never hae played better on ony o' our ain links than I did on that same Blackheath, but for twa obstacles: the ane was the obtrusive and painfu' brichtness o' the English sun, which has nane o' the chastened and mellow licht which distinguishes it wi' us, but pours doon upon your face wi' the most prodigal excess o' licht; the ither was, the enormous quantity o' ladies' schools. I am a sensitive man mysel, and the processions o' bonnie lasses that were continually passing and repassing on that heath were really ower muckle for me. I never saw onything like it. The hooses in the neighbourhood maun all be Saiminaries for Young Ladies. Custom may do much, of course, towards strengthening the nerves, and it is possible that the members o' the Blackheath Club may be able to follow the advice o' their caddies, and 'Play right in among 'em,' just as ane wad into a boys' school. But for my pairt, I couldna do it; I'd rather be bunkered first; and I *was* bunkered mair than ance, through a chivalrous delicacy, which many may call Quixotic. Upon the whole, hoosever, I enjoyed mysel to the mast-heed; and I envy those gentlemen o' my ain country whase means and leisure permit them to come doon to this favoured spot and indulge twice or thrice a week in our national pastime. To *them*, their exile is at least considerably mitigated, and England maun be made less contemptible.

I maunna forget to say that Maister Dunn declined to receive onything for accommodatin' us wi' clubs, saying that it was payment enough to see us doon there, patronising the noble game wi' sic enthusiasm. But for my pairt, I wadna hear o' ony sic pecuniary sacrifice—or at least o' ane to that extent. 'Na,' said I, 'thanking you all the same, Maister Dunn, we couldna think o' *that;* but since *I* am a Scotsman like yoursel, perhaps it will be pleasanter if *you and I* didna consider this as a maiter o' business, for "Hawks shouldna pike out hawks' een;" but as for the lad Jones, he has mair siller than wit; and what ane gets for naething ane holds at naething, so it is far better that he should purchase his experience.' And thus, without ony detriment to mysel, I did a good turn baith for my fellow-countryman and the puir callant Jones, who will be a golf-player yet afore I've dune wi' him.

JACK SPRAT.

On the 9th of November, when the new Lord Mayor of the year is feasting her Majesty's ministers and other great folk on turtle and venison in Guildhall, begins the season of another style of banquet, more modest and less costly, which, during the next month or two, is spread in many a humble home, and is composed of those small fish which in England are called sprats, and in many parts of Scotland garvies. To some it may seem rather absurd to speak of such a vulgar dainty as a banquet, but those will not challenge the phrase who know how great a luxury these fat, savoury little fish—which, when properly cooked, are by no means to be despised even by the rich—are to the thousands who, during the chief part of the year, have to diet with sad monotony on gruel, or bread and tea. Coming into the market in immense quantities, and at a very low price, as soon as the herring-season has come to an end, the sprat furnishes a cheap and agreeable food, which is of great benefit to a large body of the population, not merely in the way of relish, but of essential nutriment. The old prejudice against fish as food, although on the decline, is still to be found strongly developed among many of the poor, but it does not seem to apply to sprats. No sooner do the costermongers of London hear that any vessels laden with this fish have arrived at Billingsgate, than they hasten thither to lay in as large a stock as their slender finances will allow. In the Brill, Clare Market, New Cut, Whitechapel Road, and similar localities, you may see hundreds of barrows piled up with glittering heaps of silver-hued sprats, for which these merchants of the streets find a ready sale. It is calculated that during the season between 40,000 and 50,000 pounds-weight of sprats are sold daily in the thoroughfares of the metropolis. Unfortunately, the season is but of short duration, ten weeks only being its average length.

The sprat is a much smaller fish than the herring, ranging from two to five inches in length, with proportionate girth and weight; and it is an old subject of controversy, not yet exhausted, whether the sprat is the young of the herring, or a distinct species. There are respectable authorities ranged on each side of this vexed question. A recent investigator of some experience says: 'I have never, despite anxious search, seen a sprat with either roe or milt; and after having examined many hundreds for the purpose of making such a discovery, I have naturally grave doubts about the sprat being a distinct fish, instead

of the young of the herring.' On the other side, the strongly serrated edge of the belly, which is observable in the sprat, is pointed out as a feature which is not to be seen in the herring, and which therefore distinguishes it as a separate species. The balance of opinion is certainly in favour of the latter view. The sprat is met with most plentifully on the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent. On the Scottish coasts, it is not so abundant. The fishing-season commences early in November, and usually continues till nearly the middle of January. Nights that are dark and foggy are said to be most favourable to large hauls. The English fishermen go out spratting in stow-boats, averaging about fifteen tons burden. The netting used is very peculiar, being a kind of bag-net, fully thirty yards in length. Its mouth is furnished with a couple of stout beams, eighteen or twenty feet long, which answer, as it were, the purpose of jaw-bones, and keep the net open or shut, as may be required. The meshes vary in size, but are narrow even in the throat, and toward the extreme end of the net become so close as to bar the egress even of the smallest fry. Before the net can be lowered, the boat must come to anchor. The net is then hauled through the water by means of a hawser, seventy fathoms long, in the hope that a shoal of sprats may precipitate themselves into its gaping gullet. A large number of stow-boats are engaged in this fishing. It is usual for the crew to be joint-owners of the boat, the captain having, perhaps, four shares, in consideration of which he will have to keep the craft in repair; the steersman, a share and a half; and so on, down to the youngest apprentice, who will hold a half or a quarter of a share. Most of these partnerships are held, it is said, in particular families, and have descended as heritages through many generations. In Scotland, sprats are caught with the seine-net, similar to that used for herrings and pilchards, only much smaller in the mesh. The very close reticulation of the nets, both of the seine and stow-boat kinds, is alleged, apparently with reason, to be very destructive to other descriptions of fish. Thousands of herring-fry are thus annually brought to an untimely end. On this ground, an attempt was made not long ago to obtain a prohibition of sprat-fishing in the Firth of Forth, but without success. Some years ago, also, a committee of the House of Commons recommended that stow-boats should be declared illegal, as they were so destructive to the more valuable kinds of ground-fish, but no practical effect was given to the report.

The use of sprats as manure is becoming of rare occurrence, but in the days when there were no railways to distribute produce beyond the range of local markets, the farmer often stimulated the fertility of his acres by a few cart-loads. Mr Yarrell records that in the year 1829–30 sprats were particularly abundant, and large loads of them, containing from a thousand to fifteen hundred bushels, bought at sixpence a bushel, were sent up the Medway as far as Maidstone to manure the hop-grounds. The danger of this manure is that it is too powerful, and is apt to produce rankness in the crops, if not administered sparingly, and adulterated with sand or other rubbish.

At Billingsgate, sprats are sold by the 'toss' or 'chuck,' so called from the primitive manner of measuring them out. The toss is about half a bushel in capacity, and forty or fifty pounds in weight. Its price varies from one shilling to five shillings, according to the productiveness of the season. It is estimated that the total value of the sprats sold in a season is between L.10,000 and L.12,000. This vulgar little fish is therefore the subject of an important trade, furnishing employment to a large body of men, as fishermen, merchants, and street-vendors, and involving the circulation of a considerable amount of capital.

ST ALBAN (PROTO-MARTYR).

Ah, could ye see it, there are angel eyes,
Clear faces, set above in the clear sky,
That smile, and smile, and fixedly gaze to see
How steadfastly I die. How long, O Lord
(On these blind souls), how long before thy light? * * *
They press and throng, the People—heavy-eyed,
They will not hear; yet I have been a voice
That cried aloud, and wept, and spared not,
To win them from their idols. Now I die.
I have no crown of jewels; I have won
No jewels for a crown. Lord, judge me not!
But lift me through this death, and take me in,
Thy workman shamed—these fruitless hands, these tears.

* * * *

Come! gather to mine end; come near, come near,
Ye people! See my vision of this land.
Behold, I look into the years unborn,
And, lo, a light is kindled in her midst
That sends a dawning forth, and sweeps the night
Across her utter skirts, and binding seas;
And, lo, I see men walking in clear day;
They wash with tears the blood their fathers spilt,
From hateful altars of the hateful gods.
Behold! the idols in the forest fall,
Forgotten clay; the clay-damps fester them;
The worm is trailed, and sleeps in their dead ears,
In their dead eyes; the rain-drops trample them,
To beat them small. And, lo, a vision yet!
I, first of martyrs of this isle, lead forth
A goodly company—meek, white-robed saints,
And martyrs treading joyful to their death.
I bless this land, which shall be trod of saints,
For in her midst the mighty cross, uplift,
Shall draw all nations with its healing arms.
I bless ye, spreading skies, for ye shall look
On blossomings of heaven in all the land,
When all the land hath ceased from her sin.
So, happy isle, I bless thee in my death,
For thou art blessed, and an isle of Christ.

* * * *

Nay, mock me not, nor murmur in mine ears.
I die. What will ye more? Then bear with me,
And drown me not in tumult—bear with me.

* * * *

Now, Roman, give thy stroke. Nay, tremble not.
Thy sharpness heals—it is to life—to life!
This death shall rid me of all bitterness,
All taunts of sin, all tumults of the flesh.
Nay, weep not ye who love me, or I weep.
What? send ye me to meet, with weeping eyes,
The angels' welcome, and the arms of Christ?
Ah joy! the shining ones cry 'Hail!' to me.
And Christ doth bid me in to take 'a crown!'
The martyr's crown! Sweet Lord! The crown of crowns!
The likest thine—so washed in blood and tears—
Worn bright with wrestlings. Such a crown for me?
It lives with stars, yea, suns of all delights,
And they shall brighten, though the red suns fade,
And these earth-gazing moons melt out with age!
Through any darkness of thy hidden face,
Thy sevenfold night, I would have striven to thee;
But thou dost draw me as a little child,
With all thy face of love—with melting eyes—
With lips that woo my soul from out my breast
To shelter in thine arms. Ah, tender Christ!
Thou hast drunk all the bitter out of death,
And left the sweetness of thy lips on it;
And in this cup of death, so honey-sweet,
I pledge me, Lord, that I shall surely stand
To-day within thy kingdom—at thy side.

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THE MODERN PRIESTS AND TEMPLES OF THE SUN.

THE last religious census is still a bone of contention to all denominations of men. The Church of England protests that its followers have been represented by it as less than they really are; while the Dissenters claim certain lost sheep which strayed, they affirm, for that particular Sunday, into the Established fold, and got counted in with the wrong flock. Never before have the people who do not go to church or chapel been so highly spoken of: the one party aver that these are in reality worthy but inactive members of their own body, sleeping-partners of the Ecclesiastical firm; the other ascribe their absence from the conventicle, on the day in question, to ill health, and the unfavourable state of the weather. They are like the Radicals in the House of Commons, whom both factions look upon with aversion, but flatter and conciliate when there is a cry of 'Divide, Divide.'

There is no religious denomination so insignificant but that it has its complaint to make against the results of the census we speak of, and yet one does not hear any outcry from the Sun-worshippers. It is true, when Sir Jamsatis Jejeejeebang went to Oxford immediately afterwards, he was rather in an ill-humour at the small figure which the Parsees made in the category; and when, by way of conversation, the vice-chancellor remarked that 'he hadn't seen the sun for several days,' the great Eastern is said to have replied snappishly: 'You mind your own business; the sun is of much more consequence to me than it is to you.' But even this rests on a common-room story; while no other member of the Indian baronet's religious fraternity has uttered a murmur. Yet, if that day of Numbering was foggy (as it very likely was), and not a *Sunday*, in their legitimate sense of the word, how hardly have they been treated! How was it possible, that having no place of worship, as well as no apparent object of devotion, they could get themselves put down by her Majesty's commissioners in the proper column!

And yet how surprisingly has this sect increased during the last ten years! There is scarcely a street in London which does not contain at least one Temple of the Sun, while each of the great thoroughfares is provided with half-a-dozen. There are fourteen in Oxford Street; there are twelve in Regent Street; there are an infinite number in the City, whither the sun never penetrates. They occupy in all cases the most commanding positions. If the blood-red orb that does duty over London for the God of Day at this period of the year, does manage to strike through the intervening mist, it flashes on a thousand edifices raised in its sole honour. The pontiffs of these numerous temples are always on the look-out for this; they hail a gleam, however transient, with a devotion, the earnestness of which no eastern worshipper can emulate. To them, it is not only the glance of the sun-god, but food and raiment; to some, indeed, only bread and onions and a suit of second-hand blacks; but to others, venison and turtle, and purple and fine linen, and even a pair of bays. The priest of Baku prostrates himself in the effulgence, and repeats a string of prayers; but the photographer of Baker Street is more practical; he sends forth his emissaries, with a photograph in each hand, to publish to the passers-by that 'now is their time to have their picturs taken, for that such a hopportunity is not likely to occur again.'

There is as great a social contrast between the professors of this persuasion as between the dean of a cathedral and the sub-deacon of Salem Chapel. The hierarch of the Sun-trade resides in a square, and snubs the aristocracy who wait in patience in his anterooms; the acolyte dwells up a three-pair back in a by-street, and is glad to take 'groups' for eighteenpence, and will let a baby be 'thrown in.' The photographee pays a good deal of money for this difference in the circumstances of the artist, without getting quite a proportionate return. It is doubtless better to be married by a bishop than a curate, but the latter can tie you to the beloved object equally tight. You may have your photograph taken in Bayswater as dear as though it were done in water-colours, and yet it may not disappoint your enemies more than another taken in Tottenham Court Road for sixpence—frame included.

I divide photographs into two classes, Positives and Negatives—the Bad ones, and the Not-so-bads. Persons with variable expression and fine complexion lose both advantages in the process; those with strongly marked features and stereotyped aspects emerge from it not very much worse than they were before. All classes, however, are provided with a stony stare, like that attributed to the Sphynx; and if a sitter has a book in his right hand, he will be represented

with it in his left, whether he happens to have a left hand or not. This diabolical perversion was doubtless invented by the photographers in order to compel us to have *cartes de visite* taken, in which the victim is suffered to reassume his original appearance. It is also pretended that these, in their distribution, afford a satisfaction to our personal friends. A friend of the present writer's, who has a large circle of acquaintance, gave directions to his page to leave a *carte*, with his best compliments, at each of a long list of houses, with the proprietors of which he was on more or less intimate terms. The list was to guide Alphonse as to their rotation, each *carte* being, of course, in its duly addressed envelope. Upon returning home after this order, he found the heap of duplicates of his own countenance left upon his drawing-room table not in the least diminished.

'You wicked boy,' cried he, 'why have you not left the *cartes* as I directed you to do?'

'Please, sir, I *have*,' returned Alphonse; 'leastways, all the *pictur* ones, excep the knave of clubs and the king of diamans.'

This particular mischance of course should be attributed to letting playing-cards lie about in the daytime rather than to the photographer; but in most cases he is to blame in every way. I have the privilege of living in the neighbourhood of a very fashionable gentleman of this profession, and I am extremely sorry for it. He poisons the air with his collodion, and yet there is no law that permits me to indict him as a nuisance. It is no satisfaction to me to know that his chemical 'bath' is full of the likenesses of persons of rank and fashion only. Its evil odour comes round the corner and over the wall, and into my little study even while I sit and write. I wonder that the vegetation of the neighbourhood is not destroyed, as is the case, I understand, where other noxious vapours are permitted to disseminate themselves. 'People in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones,' says the proverb; but how very much worse than throwing stones is this; while as for the glass-house, it makes one wink to look in the direction of his dwelling-place. His garden is so alive with twinkling lights, from the transparent roofs of the apartments in which his 'processes' are carried on, that his house is like 'a lodge in a garden of cucumbers'—in frames. At the top of the house is the Crystal Palace where he holds his court, and receives the nobility. The wide street in front of his mansion is crowded with their carriages; but they are let in on horseback by a side-gate, that they may have their 'equestrian portraits' taken on the lawn. There are stone balustrades (from the New Road), and half a stone staircase, lying on the premises, out of which are constructed ancestral backgrounds—Haddon Halls and Belvoir Castles; there is a terrace, about eight feet long (shot out of a couple of gravel-carts beneath these very eyes), on which a real live peacock stalks backwards and forwards, and screeches its contempt for all this mock magnificence. There was at one time 'a noble deerhound' trained to keep company with the horses, and impart an additional touch of hereditary grandeur to the *tableau*, but I am thankful to say that he has been stolen; he used to bay at the moon, as though, like his master, he would have had the sun shine both day and night. There are a great number of domestics in the house of this gentleman, but less in the winter than in the summer; and these, too, wear a theatrical and unreal appearance. The footman is gorgeous as a bird of tropic climes, but he is awkward in his movements as a semaphore, and quite as wooden-headed. I have been informed that he makes no pretence of remembering any message intrusted to him, and that if any such confidence is attempted, he rings the bell immediately for the little foot-page. This page may be said to be dogseared: never was seen a boy so dishevelled as he; his jacket is dirty, his buttons are dim; he has a habit of passing his whole forearm and the back of his hand slowly under his nose while he is listening to your commands. As a domestic, he is as useless as any boy of his class, but as a purveyor of false intelligence (for which purpose he is retained), he is invaluable. His air is open, and rather invites your confidence; you see that he is slovenly, but you fancy that he is at least truthful and straightforward.

Having paralysed the footman by asking when his master will be disengaged, you address your inquiries to this boy.

'He will be disengaged immediately, sir,' replies he promptly. 'He has only to see one gentleman more.'

'I thought I saw a number of people looking out of the windows of the anteroom.'

'They have all been taken, sir; they are only come after their *cartes de visite*.'

'There ought not to be *one* with Mr Brightside, for I come by appointment,' you reply: 'however, since there is only one, I will wait.'

'Well, sir, I will not deceive you [won't he?]; but the fact is, the gentleman—it is the Marquis of Tittletop—has overstayed his time; his lordship is so excessively hard to please. Pray, sit down, sir, for a few minutes.'

Upon this you enter the anteroom, and find it full of people, who have all appointments for the same hour as yourself, and who glare at you with undisguised malignity as an intrusive rival.

Or perhaps you demand of the foot-page why those *cartes de visite*, which were to have been sent without fail last Tuesday fortnight, have not arrived even yet, and this is the third time of asking, and you are getting out of patience with the delay.

'They will be found at your own house, sir,' responds he blandly. 'Mr Brightside was greatly distressed that they have been so long in hand, and despatched them this morning, by private messenger, to your residence.'

'I have only just left home,' is your sardonic reply.

'Yes, sir; but the man had a very long round to make, though he has doubtless left the parcel by this time.'

You are staggered, but warned by long experience of that boy, you are not convinced. 'Now, you are quite sure of this, my good lad. There is no mistake about the matter this time; and the whole twenty have been sent, I trust, and no instalment.'

'I am perfectly certain, sir, that they have all been sent this time. *Good*-morning, sir; you will find them all at home.'

As a matter of fact, the page knows nothing whatever of the state of the case. The articles in question *may* be at your house, although it is about seventy thousand to one that they are not. He has just a scintillation of a doubt about it, and he gives himself the benefit of that scintillation. The story of 'the messenger' is a very favourite one with him; he sometimes embellishes it with an extra fib or two, with respect to the time of departure of that ideal personage, or the route which he has to pursue, but the main features of the romance are consistently retained. When you have discovered the perfidy of the page, you have to detect the hollowness of Mr Brightside's secretary. This gentleman combines the

insolence of the government official with the manners of a linen-draper's showman. Attired in the height of fashion, he passes his existence at a table covered with *cartes de visite*, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a speaking-tube, through which any number of evasive answers will, at his suggestion, be returned to any questions you may choose to put.

'I am sick and tired, sir, of calling for these *cartes de visite*,' you remark indignantly, upon being introduced to this important personage: 'your footman knows nothing of them, and your page deceives me. May I ask whether there is any chance of my getting them at all?'

The secretary smiles, and shrugs his shoulders; he points to the mingled host of likenesses before him, and requests you to pick your own out for yourself. 'With so many hundreds of persons of the first condition here, as you perceive, and with as many thousands in the bath, it is impossible to insure punctuality to within a day or two.'

'I have been waiting six weeks, sir,' is your frigid reply. 'My name is Mervyn; my address is in South Kensington, whither you promised'——

'Mivvins, Brompton,' shouts the secretary at the top of his voice, putting his face close to the wall.

While you are meditating a retreat from this insolent lunatic, a solemn voice comes forth from a hole beneath the mantel-piece: 'Ain't a got 'em here.'

'As I imagined, sir,' pursues the secretary cheerfully; 'they are somewhere on the table.' After a protracted search, you find a single copy of your expressive features, a good deal crumpled at the corners, and with an immense black spot on the tip of the nose. 'Accident in the bath,' observes the secretary coolly; 'that is doubtless the reason of the delay. Mr Brightside is so very particular about sending out perfect specimens. You will have to sit again—any day after Wednesday-week.' And he enrolls your name for a second time in the appointment-book, and all the miseries incidental to the being photographed have to be experienced over again.

In the first place, there is that anteroom, always crowded by persons who resent your appearance among them; they are come upon the same disagreeable business as yourself, and each desires to get it over immediately, and before you or anybody else. The same hideous ambition distinguishes the company in a dentist's waiting-room, which, indeed, resembles that of the fashionable photographer very nearly. There is the same 'unlivableness'—inaptitude for the purposes of ordinary life—about the apartment; it is evidently a place of passage, and not of continuance; the knickknacks on the side-tables are those which you see at the bazaars, but nowhere else; the Louis Quatorze clock on the mantel-piece, which does not go, and never did, and the alabaster vases with decaying wax-flowers in them, were evidently bought at an auction, because they were cheap, and yet imposing. On the principal table, there is an elaborate collection of literature—very various, but quite unreadable. There is *Punch* of the week before last, and *Wholesome Crumbs for Christian Chickens*. There is a *Book of Beauty*, and an *Album* for the year 1833, and the *Autobiography of a Serious Cabman*. Mr Brightside imagines that he has thus provided intellectual food for every section of the fashionable world; but, nevertheless, his visitors are terribly weary. They yawn behind their delicately gloved hands; they look up on the entrance of the idiot footman or the dishevelled page, with an air of haggard anxiety that would touch the heart of persons less accustomed to such mute appeals. A shilling in the hand, however, is worth two, or any number of these looks, in the base consideration of these menials; and by its judicious application, you may (metaphorically, of course) walk over the heads of the indignant Lady Jessie Macglower and her daughters (who cannot bring herself to consent to that outlay), quite independently of any set time and season which may have been previously agreed upon between her ladyship and the artist. If you are thus successful, you will rise amid the scowls of the company, and follow—let us say—the dishevelled page, into another waiting-chamber, which opens into the crystal sanctuary itself.

There are no stairs to ascend, as in the common Temples of the Sun, and from the apartment in which you now find yourself, there is a door which communicates to the ladies' tiring-chamber. That sacred spot, females of the first fashion are accustomed to use as a green-room; they enter it in ordinary costume, and emerge at once in front of the camera, in bridal attire, in ball-dress, or in riding-habit—in whatever costume, in short, which they think becomes them best, and of which they wish to have permanent record in a *carte de visite*. Even now, you may have the good-fortune to behold one of these lovely creatures being placed in position in the glass-house by the great photographer. You must be perfectly silent, of course, for you are not supposed to be where you are—the lying page has let you in before your time, for fear his rival should get the shilling—but if you can restrain your raptures, you may see it all. The lady is in evening-dress, and has a fan in her hand, upon the arrangement of which herself and the artist are concentrating all their energies; she spreads it out, and he shakes his head; she shuts it up, and he smiles sadly, and bids her try again. He touches her lovely fingers until they assume the desired situation; he places her dimpled arm upon an imitation pillar with a counterfeit curtain. He kneels down, and adjusts her admirable feet. Then he looks at her much as Pygmalion must have contemplated the finished work of his own art.

'Part your lips a little, Angelina, my love.'

At first, you think that this is a remark of Mr Brightside's, but it does in reality emanate from Angelina's mamma, who is very properly looking very sharp after Pygmalion from the green-room, which opens (like your own apartment) upon this interesting scene.

Impatient as you formerly were, you are now quite sorry when your turn to be photographed arrives, for with it the fair one vanishes; you have half a mind to ask the artist to do an extra *carte de visite* of her for yourself, but you think it may get the page into trouble.

It certainly cannot give the same pleasure to Mr Brightside to put *you* in position (being of the male sex) as Angelina, and yet you are bound to confess that he gives you equal trouble. He treats you exactly as though you were a lay-figure, and arranges your arms and legs with a freedom that is all his own. Upon the last occasion that I had the advantage of his services, he placed a crown imperial in my hand, which made me feel like the king of clubs, and swept around my feet a quantity of litter and dead leaves. Then he ran a painted screen behind me, took out his watch, and bade me be still for half a minute, for that nothing could be more beautiful. Enchanted by this unwonted compliment, I remained perfectly still and petrified, with a singing in my ears, and a rushing of blood from all my extremities for the proper period, which finally resulted (after about the same time requisite for the production of a living human creature) in twenty *cartes de visite* of your humble servant, Meditating in a Garden, considered by most persons to be 'very like, only with rather a stolid expression.' I call it myself, 'The Fool and the Flower.'

With the mere instrumental photographic performance, Mr Brightside has nothing whatever to do; ministers with various portfolios superintend all the working details.

But while this popular artist sits high above all base mechanical employments in an atmosphere of the

purest collodion, there are many of his professional brethren in a far less prosperous condition. The grades between Mr Brightside and Mr Glimmer (for instance) of the Tottenham Court Road are very numerous, as you may see by the advertisements in the *Times*. 'Queen, Hesse, Canterbury, Blondin, Exeter, Mace, Garibaldi, Lord Dundreary, and Westbury C.,' are to be procured from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 1*d.* each. Mr Brightside will not look at your expressive countenance under two guineas; Mr Glimmer will return its fac-simile in an elegant gilt frame for sixpence. The latter gentleman is his own assistant, his own secretary, and his own dishevelled page in one. He has not a mansion of his own, but has purchased a right of way through somebody else's house, at the top of which he has set up his temple, having removed the roof for that purpose, and substituted a glass one. On the floor below is his reception-room, which is devoted to the fine arts only, and dispenses with literature altogether, except in the form of notices to the public.

'*As children are liable to move, and parties with juveniles not easily satisfied, payment in advance in all such cases must be made. Children's likenesses—especially babies'—cannot be guaranteed without special contract.*' But the strangest regulation, and one which is apt to terrify the nervous, after seven flights of stairs in a doubtful neighbourhood, is the following: '*Visitors are only admitted one at a time into the glass-house; in order to avoid confusion, friends must wait below.*' However, there is really nothing to be afraid of; Mr Glimmer, poor fellow, is perfectly harmless, and looks so, whenever he gets his head and face out of that black tablecloth in which he passes at least half his daily existence, when he is in good work. When not thus disguised, he labours in a little watch-box, into which no light is permitted to enter. He does not bother you in the least about a classical position, nor does he possess that hideous instrument for stiffening the back of your neck which is employed by his more prosperous brethren. If you wish to be represented as a literary gentleman, a little volume is put into your hand, the contents whereof I am unacquainted with, but which, to judge by the extreme greasiness of the cover, should be a cookery-book; but the more popular 'pose' is to lean upon a pasteboard altar, with Apollo's lyre painted upon it, in as pensive an attitude as you can assume. The 'sitting' is prolonged, it must be confessed, to an extraordinary degree, perhaps through some inferiority in his photographic materials; but that being over, there is no delay about getting your counterfeit presentment. It is carried down to the reception-chamber, and forthwith 'enamelled'—a euphuistic term for spreading pitch on the back of it—and in half a minute it is in its highly gilded frame, and in your pocket. This is in case of business being pretty brisk; but if slack, you are adjured by Mr Glimmer to have it coloured, 'which improves it wonderful,' he says, and to give sixpence extra for a more tasteful setting, 'so as to make it a suitable present, at this season, for a young woman.'

You are likely enough to meet some good-looking, modest girl come to pay an instalment for certain *cartes de visite* with which Mr Glimmer has supplied her upon trust in her honest face; or a pair of humble lovers who are going to be 'taken' together, hand in hand, which is not only gracefully appropriate, but economical, a reduction being made in the case of 'groups.'

The result may not be in the first style of art, but undoubtedly it will be a far nearer approximation to a likeness than could have been produced by any means within the reach of the young couple, without the kindly aid of the Sun-god. It is sad to think that the means of livelihood of the cheap portrait-painters is gone for ever; but it is not to be forgotten, on the other hand, that by every individual, however poor, there now can be preserved a picture of those near and dear to them, sufficiently like to recall the beloved features in absence, or after death, and to awaken thoughts too deep for tears.

A VOICE FROM THE FEDERAL STATES.

A FRIEND hands us a letter which he has received from a relative in Philadelphia, pleading for a favourable construction in England of the war which the Federal government is carrying on with a view to restore the Union. In a spirit of fairness, not to speak of respectful regard towards the Federal States, we yield to the request that we would print the letter, though such matters are properly beyond our province; only adding a few remarks, which seem, on the other hand, necessary, in order that British views on this subject may be rightly construed on the other side of the Atlantic.

November 8, 1862.

. . . . And now let me say freely to you what I have much at heart upon a subject which is painful to me, and will be, I fear, not otherwise to you, but upon which I feel as though I *must* write to you. We have been greatly grieved to form the apprehension, not only from the press, and the actions and language of public men, but from the accounts of our acquaintances who have lately visited England, that there is really a prevailing feeling there of hostility to the North, and of strong desire that the Secessionists should succeed in establishing their Confederacy upon the ruins of the Union. Now, supposing that to be the case, I cannot help believing that a *misapprehension* upon some very important points must exist abroad, or the strong practical good sense, and sense of justice and true expediency, of the British mind, could not allow of such feelings or views. It is to endeavour, however feebly, as man with man, to correct some such result of erroneous transmission or construction of facts as may perhaps have occurred in your mind, as a totally impartial and highly cultivated Englishman, that I touch upon this topic. Let me say, first, that I have no special reason at all for being adverse to the South. My father's relations, of whom there are many in Virginia, are more than half of them Secessionists. My wife has an aunt in Maryland who is a slaveholder, and, between us, we have a half-dozen cousins in the rebel army. My own sister recently married a Virginia gentleman, and she, as well as my younger brother—married to a lady from Lynchburg, Virginia—now resides just this side of the Potomac, within a few miles of the scene of the great battle of Antietam. The uncle of the little girl whom we have adopted is a leading member of the 'Confederate' House of Congress. Moreover, my Quaker education has kept me from taking any part in the war, other than as surgeon to an army-hospital; yet my conviction is most clear and decided, that for the Confederacy to succeed in establishing itself as a separate nation, will be a great calamity, not only to us, but to the world, and that for it to triumph over the united North would be an unparalleled catastrophe in history, like, only in vastness of scale, what would have happened if the 'insurgents' of Paris had succeeded in their attempt against the government which preceded that of Louis Napoleon. I cannot think, of course, of boring you with a dissertation on the causes of our war. Mottley's letter to the London *Times* gave a full account of the matter. The best *foreign* statement of it is contained in Count Gasparin's two books, or in Cairne's *Lectures*, or Stuart Mill's article in the *Westminster Review*. The gist of it all is, in a word—that our country having received a legacy of slavery from Great Britain, the founders of our republican constitution, obliged to tolerate it for the time, endeavoured to provide for its gradual extinction, the word slave not appearing in any article of the constitution.

The progress of education and trade was gradually sweeping the slave-system away southward, first removing it from the climates least adapted to the negro race. But, in the meantime, the habits and characters engendered amongst the members of the slaveholding aristocracy induced them—following Calhoun, of S. C. —to resist this advancement of free and equalising institutions. Thus, like all agents in a movement in 'unstable equilibrium,' or in opposition to the natural forces around them, these Southern leaders were obliged to take the *extreme* of open advocacy of slavery, as right *per se*, and even of its 'propagandism.' As slave-labour and slave-products exhaust the soil also, the system *must be extended*, or die. Hence arose the quarrel about the territories, and as the demands of white labour, increased by immigration, grew more and more urgent, the *irrepressible conflict* has culminated in a civil war. The war was, then, started on behalf of the EXTENSION OF SLAVERY. Its abolition in the States was not at all threatened by Lincoln when elected, *nor by his party*. The people only, by a large majority, at the ballot-box, determined that slavery must STAY *where it was*, and be *local, not national*. Jeff. Davis and his fellow-conspirators, on the other hand, resolved that it should *rule or ruin* the nation. The root of the whole evil was in the *domineering and essentially tyrannical and encroaching character of the incarnate slave-power*. Here, then, I ask, my friend, what is there that should make any Englishman desire the triumph of such a power in this country? Is it, that generosity always leans towards the *weaker side?* I only say about this—Would you give aid, or even sympathy, to a *child with a knife at its mother's throat?* Is it, that the better classes in England respect aristocracy, and view the Southerners as, *of the two*, the least odious in their democracy—the most entitled to consideration and regard? This is one of the points upon which I believe foreigners *most liable to misconception*. True, wealth, command, and leisure have given to the *manners* of our Southern society a grace more imposing, on the average, than is usual in the North; but I insist that the manners are the best part of their appearance. It will not do to *infer* about the quasi-aristocracy of the South from the characters of aristocracy in *Great Britain*. I am not in favour of oligarchy anywhere, but I can easily believe in a refinement and elevation of character being associated with, or produced by, hereditary nobility and gentility *with you*. I *know*, on the other hand, that *Slaveocracy* (!) tends essentially to *injure character* in the direction of *violence and reckless selfishness*. I have seen a great deal of Southern men in my professional connections, Philadelphia having long been their great resort for medical education, and a more capricious, impatient, and impracticable set of self-asserting gentlemen never could be seen. *The habit of ruling the blacks from the cradle makes them crave and expect to rule everything and everybody*. This affects their whole life, personal, social, and political; and *this explains the 'Secession' Rebellion*. Add to this the palpable deficiency of strong intellectual development in the South (they have no arts, little science, effeminate literature, and almost no manufactures), and you see how without parallelism, or reason for sympathy in England, among *your* aristocracy is that of the Slave States, which, left alone, would glide into barbarism. But, it might be said—though all this be true, "we dislike still more the conceited, bargain-making, vulgar crowd of the Yankee North." If so, consider at least which is the more likely to be *dangerous* to you or to the public peace. And here, again, I believe very many abroad to be greatly mistaken. It is to be granted that we of the Northern States *do* incline greatly to a certain self-conceit and *spread-eagleism* (although we protest *loudly* against *G. F. Train* being taken as our representative); but for two great reasons we are, nevertheless, all bragging apart, a safe people to deal with. These reasons are—our extensive *common school-system*, and our general *devotion to trade*. A third *was* (may it never be so again) our real attachment to England. Witness the *Atlantic Telegraph furor*, and the welcome to the Prince of Wales. This last has not been well enough remembered. I know the heart of our people, and can say that it was not mere curiosity or prince-worship (although no populace will ever be free from them), but *sincere homage to the representative of the mother-country, and its ruler and people*. I beg your attention to the slip I send, from the London *Daily News*, about the *animus* of our past foreign politics, and its *principally Southern source* in all its most threatening manifestations. That is a correct account, and an important one. Southern domineering, and weak Northern truckling to it, have given too much of their tone to our congressional proceedings for many years. You may possibly remember that in the last letter I wrote you I entered into a rodomontade about political matters, and then spoke of the giant evils that beset our country as being slavery and demagogism (if there were such a word). They were in conspiracy together when I wrote so, and their last great stroke was Secession. As Count Gasparin says, the election of Lincoln was 'the uprising of a great people;' and I have hoped better, and thought better of my country ever since. All men should think better of it, and should *trust it more*. See how *immediately* all here acquiesced in the action of our government about Mason and Slidell: there was no *mobocracy* about that; we are not a mob. Since I have begun, my friend, please have patience with me (though perhaps you care nothing at all for the whole subject) on two or three lesser points. All England was outraged by General Butler's proclamation at New Orleans. No wonder: we, too, were surprised, and I have never heard any one speak of it without regret. But this was not that we had the least idea any *practical harm* would come of it *at New Orleans*. There would not, and did not; but the language was very unfortunate, the appearance of it was bad. Abroad, our people are not known; it is not understood that, of all places in the earth (having travelled in Europe, *I venture to say it*), woman is most respected and deferred to, and least in danger of insult or outrage, in the United States, especially in the Northern States, from which Butler and his soldiers came. Our habitual manners towards women are only *excessively* deferential, and especially in the South, they are sometimes led even to presume upon it. I assure you that, viewed in the light of this knowledge, Butler's order *cannot* have to us (although we do regret it) that character which Lord Palmerston chose to designate as 'infamous;' nor did it, as gentlemen *then* in *New Orleans* have informed me, have any such effects as would, with any intent, have justified such a name. Lastly, the British journals sometimes urge, very positively, that it is in contradiction of the vital principle of our free institutions to refuse to allow six or eight million of people to choose their own rulers and form of government. I won't argue on the abstract right of secession or revolution. *Legal* it cannot be, as ours was a union and nationality, a government of the *people* of the States. Revolutionary in a justifiable sense it could not be, because it *was not the work of the people* of the Southern States, but of political leaders, usurping and misusing their power, like any despots. Yet, you say, these people *fight well* under the banner of Secession. Yes, for two reasons: one the *esprit de guerre*, which war itself has aroused; the other, the compulsion of bayonets, or of starvation, in their rear; moreover, their leaders have lied systematically to them about the North, and 'the schoolmaster is' not 'abroad' there enough to correct the deception. In regard to the people of the Slave

States, the great fact now of importance is the action of Delaware and Missouri—as well as Maryland—*border Slave States*, since *Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation*. In the face of that, their elections have gone in unrestrained ballot largely for the Union, and *for the policy* of the President. So *would* Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, if free elections had been held. Even yet, however, demagogism is not dead in some parts of the North—and it *threatens chaos*. We think we ought to have the God-speed of all honest men to aid our deliverance from it, for England's sake, and *for the world's sake*, as well as our own. We regard it as a question, not whether the South shall secede or not from the North, but whether the South shall ride over and ruin the whole progress and civilisation of the country, or whether like a maniac broken loose in a rage, it shall be disarmed, and checked, and held, until it may again move 'clothed, and in its right mind.' We do not see *how* a separation could be settled upon, *or* where, in the absence of natural, or race, or even institutional boundaries (since the Union border *now* is slave-holding), its line could be fixed; and we *do* see, that *even if* in the end some such a compromise, some recognition of another confederacy should have to come after the war, it will only really end the war, not to recommence immediately, if the slave-power which began it shall have been humbled and essentially disarmed. *If the English knew well the Southern character, they would wish no other result.*

Now, my dear friend, I know that you have, as you deserve to have, a great influence; I would wish, however, even if you had none whatever, that one in England, for whom I have such an attachment as time and distance cannot destroy, should at least not be without such information and assurances as I could furnish, to prevent his judging too unfavourably of my country in this its fearful crisis. Please to forgive, therefore, my illustrating the 'spread eagle' so largely, since I really am much in earnest.

It appears to us that all our correspondent's pleadings regarding the origin of Secession and the character of Secessionists would be with little hesitation conceded in England. As too often happens in controversy, the English view of the subject appears to be perseveringly ignored, or has never been apprehended in America. The English mind looks to the actual state of the case, as divided interests and war have made it. It sees one portion of the country determined for separation and independence, and as yet able to maintain itself in its new position against all the force which the residuary states have been able to bring against it. Be it right or be it wrong, here is a great fact, inferring that either the war on the part of the North is a dreadful and sanguinary war, waged in vain, or one that, at the best, will end in the subjugation, if not extermination of the one people by the other. England, not feeling the importance of the political end in view—the maintenance of a certain vast amount of territory in one government—seeing no reason why two great states should not co-exist on a territory such as in Europe is divided among a dozen, with no better boundaries—is unable to justify the carrying on of a destructive war for such a purpose; on the contrary, deprecates and deplores it, and would fain see it cease by the withdrawal of the northern armies. Such really is the English view mainly. If Federal Americans are to dispute on the subject with England, they should take up this view, and, if they can, shew its fallacy: they are but wasting breath in declaiming on any other point.

A candid American should meanwhile see that England is only exercising a natural right in forming her own opinion on the merits of the war. He might further be called upon to admit that England, whatever her opinion, has maintained a perfect neutrality throughout the contest, notwithstanding powerful temptations to mingle in it. But apparently it is vain, while the war lasts, to expect that any conduct whatever on the part of a nation which does not take their part, or pronounce in their favour, is to be judged justly by Unionist Americans. Their reception of the news that England refused to join France in a mediation which would have virtually been a declaration for the South, was with equal comicality and truth anticipated by *Punch*.

Special incidents in the war, such as Butler's 'infamous' conduct at New Orleans, M'Neil's shooting of the ten innocent prisoners, the suspension of liberty of speech in the North itself, are viewed in England as but the necessary consequences of the false position into which the American government has been brought by a war which it would have been better (as far as can be seen) never to have waged.

We can respond to one of the remarks of our correspondent as to the real attachment on the part of America to England. We thoroughly believe that, underneath all the fury expressed by the Trains and the Clays, there is an affection for England in the American heart. Let us go on to say that England—though she has often winced under American menace and abuse in the past, was not too well treated by America when her own back was at the wall in 1854–5, and must continue to think the present war a Great Mistake—has never ceased to feel a proud interest in the progress of the transatlantic republic, as mainly an extension of her own grand nationality, and would be truly happy to felicitate her on a restoration of the Union as it was, if that she could deem possible.

THE LAST OF THE ROUSING STAVES.

The instruments of church-discipline which came into use after the Reformation had banished bell, book, and candle from the Protestant half of Europe, were many and various. From Geneva to Stockholm, the first, and almost the second century of Protestantism were distinguished not only by stiff controversy, high-handed intolerance, and matchless resolution to do or suffer, but also by singular ingenuity in the methods of clerical government. Church books and parish records prove that something very like inquisitorial superintendence of both morals and orthodoxy was generally practised; and setting aside Geneva, where Calvin and his Institutes reigned without opposition, the northern lands seem to have excelled all others in devices for keeping the laity in order. They certainly did excel in strict Sabbaths and long sermons.

Scotland has been credited with a pre-eminence in those respects: her kirk laws against the heods, under which inattentive ladies might drop asleep before the fifth doctrine was raised, and the compurgators, duly sent forth in search of Sunday walkers, evince that the credit was not given without cause. But still further north—that is to say, in Denmark and Sweden—there was a mode of keeping people wide-awake in their pews authorised by the ruling powers, and in general use as late as thirty years ago. The instruments of attention to which we refer were called the Rousing Staves. They consisted of two long sticks, with round knobs at the end, neither very light nor smooth; and with each or both of them the *clocker* or beadle of northern churches, a man in considerable authority, had a right to punch or poke up any person who might appear to be sleeping during the long Lutheran service. The rousing staves were an institution much dreaded, and often complained of, particularly by the fairer part of congregations, as a spiteful clocker could make them tell with

some effect on fragile pieces of finery in the shape of caps and bonnets. The danger in which those treasured articles stood was believed to keep many an eye from closing. Clockers in the north have much the same repute as beadles among ourselves, but like everything long murmured against, the rousing staves were at length put out of use, and consigned to the curiosity department of old churches, where they may still be seen by inquiring travellers. The incident which led to their dismissal from public service in Sweden, is said to have occurred in the following manner.

The large isle of Gottland, lying out in the Baltic between Russia and Sweden, and a province of the latter since the days of the Teutonic Knights, is considered the Devonshire and Montpellier of the north, because wheat can be grown there, walnut trees come to fruit, and the apples of the isle are famous on all the Baltic shores. Yet Gottland boasts only one town, the old and ruinous Wisby, one of those channels of commerce from which the stream has turned away for centuries, leaving it literally, as well as metaphorically, high and dry on the ridge of a rocky steep rising boldly from the Baltic, and overlooking landward a district of fertile farms and orchards. Before London had attained the wealth and magnitude of her Tower Hamlets, Wisby was the Venice of the north, through which the trade of the famous Hanse Towns with Novgorod and the East flowed in full tide, filling its streets with business, and its harbour with ships. But the eastern trade waned away from Novgorod and the Hanse Towns as more southern ways were discovered, and finally flitted in the beginning of the seventeenth century, moving first to Holland, and afterwards to England. Amsterdam and Rotterdam, London and Bristol, grew rich and great by that traffic, while Wisby's harbour got deserted and half choked with sand; its streets became grass-grown, its fortifications fell to mossy ruins, and itself settled into the obscurity of a small, quiet, out-of-the-world place, where news and fashions came late, and everybody had plenty of time for his own business, and a good deal for his neighbour's too.

The town had reached the dullest of its days about thirty years ago; a faint revival has supervened since then; steam has brought trade and travellers to every corner of the Baltic; but at the time referred to, the population of Wisby had decreased to a few hundreds, thinly scattered among its once busy streets, many of which had been turned to fields and gardens. Its shipping consisted of two or three smacks, plying between it and the mainland of Sweden, a voyage of some fifty miles; and one or two merchantmen, which went down the Sound as far as Hamburg, and up the Gulf as far as Petersburg. Wealth and speculation had departed from it; but the old town could shew, as it can to this day, many a row of empty and decaying warehouses, many a strongly built and quaintly ornamented mansion, the dwellings of princely merchants, or the halls of powerful guilds, and many a stately church of the true medieval mould, rich and Gothic carving, tombs of famous northern men, and memorials of the great Hanseatic time. Some of their choirs sufficiently accommodated the congregation; some of them had neither minister nor people; but decidedly the best attended and most fashionable in Wisby was the Teuton Church, an edifice built by the Teutonic Knights in the fourteenth century, when they were lords of Gottland, and in friendly relations with the Hanse Towns. It had suffered least from time and decay, was known to be the warmest—a consideration in Swedish winters—had the best living attached to it, was believed to get the best preacher, and had a man for its clocker named Job Stork.

Whoever bestowed his baptismal name upon him, had not done so from foreknowledge, for Job was as destitute of the virtue of patience as any clocker could be; but his surname was singularly appropriate to the high and solitary life he had led for fifty years in the old church-tower, where the hospitality of the Teutonic order had fitted up two small rooms for the entertainment of travellers. The time of such comers was long over in Wisby; the clocker, being an unmarried man, not afraid of silence and solitude, devoted to the care of the church, and sure of its tower standing against all the Baltic storms, got the two rooms to dwell in, and made his nest there as high as any stork in the north. Such guest-chambers are to be found in many of the old Swedish churches; they were mainly intended for the accommodation of travelling clergy, and were not uncomfortable lodgings, as the old world went; but nobody in all Wisby would have chosen to dwell so high and lonely above church and churchyard except Job Stork. From the uppermost windows, people could see the smoke of his solitary fire rise through the still air when winter days were clear and frosty. Nightly passengers on the quiet streets caught the gleam of his candle far up, like a twinkling star. There Job lived, unlike his winged namesake, without companion and without visitors. The man was old, not rich, and a clocker; his duties, or his mode of performing them, made him no friends; nobody cared to climb up the long, corkscrew stairs which led to his habitation but Axel Stronsberg, and being mate of one of the merchantmen, he was in town only at mid-winter, when hard frost closes the Sound, and suspends the navigation of the Baltic.

Axel was not alone Job's only visitor, but his only friend, the one being, out of all mankind, for whom the clocker had care or kindness, and the only one from whom he got any. The merchantman's mate, unusual as such cases are in Sweden, was the only son of the minister under whom Job came into office—the great Dr Stronzberg, as he was accustomed to call him, a man of some note in his time and place for hard controversial preaching and deep scholarship in Lutheran theology. Moreover, he had been Job's patron and friend, got him made clocker, stood by him in all his disputes with the women and boys of the congregation for too early closing of doors, and too ready use of the rousing staves; and Job alone was aware of the doctor's efforts to make a minister and successor of his son. If not well directed, they had been energetic; but young hearts are often too strong for old heads. Axel would not be a scholar, would not be a divine—disliked learning of all kinds except navigation, being bent on a sailor's life; and after three unwilling reclamations from his chosen course, finally ran away at the legal age, and apprenticed himself to the captain of the merchantman. The old minister said it was plainly the work of Providence, though he had not found it out before. Axel might not have made a good preacher, but he would make a good sailor, and should have his blessing if he deserved it, which, except his theological books, was all Dr Stronzberg had to leave. They were both left to Axel in process of time. The doctor slept beside his predecessors in the ministers' corner of the churchyard. There was great difficulty in satisfying the congregation with his successor; they had been used to such high preaching, and become such judges of sound doctrine. The bishop got sundry appeals and objections to answer; but at length the Rev. Joshian Skram, a student of Lund, and a preacher of repute for stiff divinity, was comfortably settled among them, took possession of manse and pulpit, and being a bachelor, was expected to choose a spouse out of his flock.

That just and reasonable expectation seemed in the fair way of fulfilment before the Rev. Joshian was quite warm in his parish. The great merchants and noble families of Wisby's wealthy days were now to be heard of only through their tombs and escutcheons; but the town had its

rank, fashion, and beauty, nevertheless, and in the Teuton Church all these were represented by the Gripals. Their parent stock had come from the province of Wermland, in continental Sweden; in Wisby, they were corn-merchants, and throve by the business. The last head of the family had left a widow with four sons and two daughters, all well provided for—the sons in the corn-trade, the daughters with good portions of rix-dollars. As corn was almost the only trade Wisby had, and portioned girls were rather rare in its bounds, the Gripals stood high in their neighbours' esteem as well as their own. The four sons, being the elders of the house, had all married into families both influential and numerous; the Gripals' connection, therefore, mustered strong. The widow was as proud a dame as Wisby had ever held in the time of its Hanseatic grandeur: one of her ancestors had been magistrate in Wermland; her family bomark or crest was a ship in full sail; she had silver-plate and jewellery beyond the most of the towns-people, a house of her own, without one decayed timber in it, though its wooden walls had stood against the storms of two hundred winters, being built for an ancient burgomaster; but the widow's chief wealth and pride were believed to be her two well-portioned, yet unmarried daughters. Gertrude, the eldest, was a model of Gottland prudence and industry; her housekeeping powers, and the linen she had spun, were things not to be pretended to by any young lady in Wisby, though most of them knew, and were not apt to let slip out of people's memories, that Gertrude had a considerable squint, a sour look, and a sharp tongue. To her younger sister, Kerin, nature and inclination had assigned triumphs of a different order: her golden hair, fair rosy face, and bright blue eyes, made the girl a true type of northern beauty; she was the pearl of all the Gripals, and the belle of the Teuton Church. The one sister being useful, and the other ornamental, serious people might have expected that the young minister's eye—if it did turn to the Gripals' pew—should rest on the invaluable Gertrude; but serious people are sometimes out in their calculations, for in spite of the housekeeping and the linen, not to speak of other suitabilities, it became manifest, as such things do, to the entire congregation, that the Rev. Joshian had lost his heart to the pretty Kerin. The widow had been consulted on the subject, and had no objections—what Gottland lady could object to a minister? Everybody was surprised, everybody talked about it, and at length everybody agreed that the Rev. Joshian could do nothing better.

There were two dissenters, however, from that general verdict, but being interested parties, their votes would have counted for nothing, if they had ventured to make them public, which could not be done with propriety, for the one was Job Stork, and the other was Axel Stronzberg. Axel had been a minister's son, was a rising young man, and mate of the merchant-ship in which the Gripals sent their best paying ventures down the Gulf and up the Sound. All winter, when the Baltic passes were closed, he sat in the Teuton Church; and these considerations had been sufficient to make him and Kerin acquainted. Her family had known and partly acknowledged Axel too. Like all old-fashioned and decaying places, Wisby was particularly wanting in eligible young men. The widow and the entire connection had concluded that Axel might come to be captain of the ship, and Kerin might do worse than think of him; so he had been tacitly encouraged, allowed to make friendly calls at the Gripals' house, asked to their coffee and supper parties, and permitted to do all manner of little business for the family. Job Stork hated the Gripals cordially, and with all his heart, for, being high and mighty in the church and town, they set at nought his clocker authority; made him open the door to them, though full five minutes late; insisted on having their pots of live-charcoal brought out and in on the winter Sundays, to the display of their grandeur, and the eclipse of his; and they had even been heard to say, that they would sleep, if they thought proper, in spite of him and the rousing staves. The war between them was old, and often renewed. In Dr Stronzberg's time, Job generally got the best of it, and would have triumphed exultingly, but for Axel's sake.

When it became evident to the trusty clocker that his patron's son, and the only friend his crusty old heart had left to cling to, was thinking seriously of widow Gripal's pretty daughter, and also that Kerin, with her beauty and her rix-dollars, was smiling on his serious thoughts, the Gripals were one and all taken into Job's particular favour; their high mightiness, their pots of live-charcoal, and even their threatenings to sleep, received a toleration never before accorded; the clocker actually bowed down before them, made haste to open the door, though the five minutes had more than elapsed, and never looked at their pew when the sermon happened to be long and the weather heavy. Job had his hopes, for Axel had taken him into confidence. The minister's son and merchantman's mate had no one else to confide in; his father had been a stranger in the town, having come direct from Upsala, and people remain strangers long in those out-of-the-way corners of the north. His own life, spent mostly on the Baltic waves, had given him some acquaintances, but no friends in Wisby except the clocker. To Job, therefore, were imparted his hopes and fears, chances and calculations, the tokens for good which Kerin and her family vouchsafed to him. They were of the tacit and intangible kind with her, as well as with the rest of the Gripals; for Kerin, like most acknowledged belles, was a bit of a coquette, thought a good deal of Axel, did not believe there was anybody else in the world whom she could marry, but expected more worship and service, courtship and hanging-on, than the honest sailor was disposed to give even to the pearl of the Gripals. Up in those old tower-rooms, fitted up by the Teutonic Knights for their travelling priests and brothers, Job and he discussed the *pros* and *cons* of his prospects many a long winter evening. The young man was sometimes driven to the very borders of despair by the flights and fancies of his idol. There is nothing like a spoiled young woman for trying a man's patience; but the old clocker believed in the fortunate destiny of his minister's son, had omens and dreams on the subject sufficient to cheer up the most desponding lover, and held fast his happy auguries after the young minister was fairly settled in manse and pulpit—after the congregation had begun to observe in the church, and whisper out of it—after the Rev. Joshian had been known to call on the widow more frequently than his clerical duties required—and even till Axel came up the corkscrew stair with a packet of his own letters, a lock of hair, and a ring, returned to him by Kerin, with a brief message that her mother had strictly commanded her to give up his acquaintance, and it would be better for both that they should meet no more. The glory and honour of the minister's attentions, her mother's clutch at the better offer, and the determination of all the Gripals to see her made Mrs Dr Skram, had overborne Kerin's truth to herself and to poor Axel. Their engagement had been secret, without the usual formalities, and might be privately broken and set aside; she had been advised, scolded, ordered to do so; and Kerin had done it. People remarked that the belle of Teuton Church did not look so blithe or rosy that season, though the minister's choice had become public by this time. Widow Gripal was looking prouder, and Gertrude more sour than ever.

Axel had gone out to sea, saying a girl who could change so soon was not worth grieving for, but sad

and sore at heart, and talking of leaving his ship at Hamburg for a long cruise to the East or West Indies. The clocker remained in his tower rooms and church duties; but the sight of those returned letters had made him an altered man to the Gripals. If he hated them once, Job now detested, abhorred, and vowed vengeance on the entire family and name. No such wrong had ever been done to man as they had perpetrated; there was no tribunal at which they could be made to answer for it. The propriety and necessity of keeping the whole matter quiet had been urged upon him by Axel, and was manifest to Job. Was not the Rev. Joshian, chief cause and mover of the iniquity, also his superior? Might not Axel get laughed at among the young men of the town? These considerations kept the clocker from declaring his *casus belli;* but all Wisby, as well as the Teuton Church, was soon made aware that he had wrath of no common kind in an uncorked phial ready for the Gripals. Their getting in at the church-door, if one second too late, was a business of such difficulty, that it generally required the minister's interference. The charcoal pots were kept out if possible, and sometimes overturned by very remarkable accidents, and it was known to the whole congregation that Job Stork was on the *qui vive* literally to catch the Gripals napping. The small boys, always observant lambs in any flock, had a whisper about his having leaded the rousing staves, and made their knobs sharp and rough. The women, who had got new finery that summer were careful against leaning forward or shutting their eyes, in consequence. The Gripals said they were above sleeping, or anything of the kind, under such a sound and eloquent minister. In old Dr Stronzberg's time, it was different; one might have been excused for taking a nod, though, for their parts, they did not think it right to sleep in church at all; but Job had better mind what he was about, and not quarrel with his betters, as another clocker could be found in Wisby.

The war and the courtship went on all summer; that season was too short on the Baltic coast and isles to bring either to a conclusion. When the winter came back, the betrothal of Kerin and the minister had not taken place, but was daily expected by the friends of both parties. Job had caught none of the Gripals asleep; they had found no tangible cause for endeavouring to oust him out of his fifty years' office; and back came Axel, not gone to the East or West Indies. He wanted to see the old church and town once more, and Job knew he wanted to see Kerin. The old man's wrath boiled higher than ever against her and her family as he observed the hold which the faithless fair one kept on his one friend's heart, and he could neither give help nor yet satisfaction.

'Why didn't you take to somebody else,' he said in his own crusty fashion—'somebody that would know the value of a minister's son, and a lad likely to be made captain? I would get married before Christmas, if it was only to shew the jilt how little I thought of her. And why didn't you take to some other friend than me—somebody that could talk to the great folks of the town, and help you to a match?'

'I want no better friend, Job, and I want no help of the kind. I will never marry, but go abroad, and seek my fortune; it won't be worth seeking, may be; but I don't blame Kerin; she was right to obey her mother.' Then seeing the anger which began to blaze in the old man's eyes, Axel changed the subject to one which was at that time occupying the mind of all Wisby. Like all quiet and out-of-the-way towns in the north, it was mightily given to theology. Points of doctrine were extensively canvassed; preachers had their orthodoxy to look to. In common with the rest of Sweden, the town was legally and ostensibly Lutheran, but the controversy which rent the churches of the Reformation had never died within its bounds, though the authorities had long ceased to meddle with or fan the smouldering fire. The strife had dwindled down with trade and population, till the hostile camps were reduced to the Teuton Church, and that of St Nicholas, a fabric decidedly more out of repair, more thinly attended, and chargeable from the first of its reform-days with Calvinistic tendencies. It had got a new minister as well as the Teuton. The reverend men had found themselves in opposition *ex officio*, and the only mode of signalising themselves they had was to carry it briskly forward. Reflections on each other's sermons had accordingly been made in private and public, after a serious and critical fashion, as became Swedish divines. Their respective hearers had come out much stronger, having the credit of the ministers and the repute of their churches at heart. The Teutons declared there was downright rank Calvinism preached in St Nicholas; the St Nicholas' people insisted that popery was being set up in the Teuton Church. Having little other cause of excitement, the old town buzzed about the Rev. Joshian and his rival; a course of opposition sermons was in consequence preached in both churches; and it was now made known, chiefly through the Gripals, who had his entire confidence, that the Rev. Joshian was preparing a discourse which should extinguish and annihilate for ever the St Nicholas' pretensions to orthodoxy.

The sermon was looked for and surmised over as an event from the fall of gloomy Martinmas. Like all great efforts, it required time; but the work was done at last. The Gripals had got a permission, and Job a command, to make Wisby aware that on the following Sunday the extinguishing of St Nicholas was to be accomplished, and how should that Sunday fall but on St Lucia's Day, the 13th of December, in old northern almanacs, reckoned the shortest day of the year. For that reason, it had been dedicated, in the saint-honouring time, to the virgin martyr, St Lucia, among whose good deeds it is recorded that she was in the habit of bringing provisions, before other people were astir in the morning, to those Christians who sought refuge in the Roman catacombs from Diocletian and his tenth persecution; that she was discovered, and brought to martyrdom for that benevolent business; and the populace, if not the church, in northern lands celebrated her festival with the commemorative ceremony of a breakfast, to which people were waked up, hours before daylight, by a young girl of the household, representing the saint, and crowned for the occasion with a wreath of tallow-candles. As every saint, like the classic gods, had his or her peculiar territory, the province of Wermland was noted in Catholic times for its devotion to the patroness of early breakfasts. When Lutheranism had banished shrines and relics from the land, its villages continued to practise the ancient ceremonial, associated with looking through the window at the breakfast-tables, to find out who should die within the year, and discovering people's matrimonial chances by the emblems of trades and callings hidden under upturned pots, to be lifted by the unwary. Everybody in Wermland, or who had come out of it, owned and kept St Lucia's Day, papistical as it was thought by the rest of Sweden. The Gripals did not press the fact on their neighbours' attention, but they made no concealment of it, and young people of their acquaintance used to go to try their fortunes at the early breakfast. They did so the morning of that eventful Sunday, when the Rev. Joshian's church was not filled, for no congregation in Wisby could do that, but fuller than it had been seen for many a year, with an earnestly expectant congregation. The Gripals were there in great force. Were they not sharers in his zeal and glory? Nay, the widow and her daughters absolutely appeared to monopolise

the latter from the Rev. Joshian. Besides their German cloth gowns with silver buttons, they had each got a new bonnet. Now, bonnets were rare things in Wisby at the time of our story; the seniors of the town frowned upon them as articles of foreign luxury and extravagance, calculated to increase the vanity and undermine the morals of the fair sex. The stiff poked caps of their grandmothers were believed to be their only safeguard. But a milliner had come, some said from Stockholm, some from Paris, it was no matter which to the serious Gottlanders; she had set up her camp, and opened fire in one of the long-deserted shops—tradition said it had been an undertaker's; but there bonnets were made and shewn, and the Gripals were her first patrons. Their head-gear took the attention of the younger hearers; the elder took note of the manuscript in the Rev. Joshian's hands—northern preachers generally read their sermons—and remarked that the discourse, whatever might be its quality, was likely to be long enough, for they had never seen so much paper. Their prophecy proved true beyond their expectations.

The Gottland day in mid-winter dawns about nine o'clock, and closes at three; the congregation had assembled in the second hour of daylight, but the process of extinguishing St Nicholas' was still going on, when the twilight fell dim and heavy on the ancient church of the Teutonic Knights. From doctrine to doctrine, from point to point, the Rev. Joshian had pursued his adversary; and whether the dread of the rousing staves or the controversial excitement kept his hearers lively and attentive, certain it was that Job found no opportunity for the exercise of his clocker powers; nobody slept or appeared to do so; and though he had looked round on all sides from his stool of office—well placed for observation in the centre aisle, and particularly convenient to the Gripals' pew—Job had not caught so much as a small boy winking. The Gottland powers of sitting out long sermons must have been remarkable. But just as the twilight was deepening into night, and the Rev. Joshian was believed to be coming to a close, that candles might not be wanted—an extravagance never allowed in the Wisby churches—there came to the clocker's ear an unmistakable snore. It was from the Gripals' pew. Let romantic readers remember that the proud widow and the prudent sister sat there as well as the fair Kerin. At all events, a snore it was: there was somebody asleep, Job could not see who; but the opportunity was not to be lost; his rousing staff sounded on the back of the pew. What he wanted in light, Job would make up in energy. Then there was a poking among clothes and bonnets, a sound of some garment being rent, a smothered exclamation, followed by a chorus of screams from the Gripals, which all the women found themselves called on to join, till such a din arose as was never heard in the church since the knights built it. Some thought the edifice was on fire, some that the enemy of mankind—a traditional terror of whom still lingered within the old walls of Wisby—had taken advantage of the gathering gloom to oppose the Rev. Joshian. What the minister himself thought, was never made public; if he spoke at all, his voice was utterly drowned in the shrieks of women, the exclamations of men, and a desperate scuffle which somebody was making to get the rousing staff out of Job's hand. The clocker was not disarmed without a stiff struggle; he held fast by the staff, while the rending sound and the shrieks of the Gripals rose louder at every tug. At length, with a tremendous twist, a backward shove, and 'Let go, you old fool!' in the deep, full tones of Axel Stronzberg, his weapon was wrenched away; and as the city-watch—then commencing their nightly rounds—walked in with their lanterns, the merchantman's mate was beheld disengaging the torn and long-drawn remains of Kerin Gripal's envied bonnet from the rousing staff, the roughened knob of which had caught in the darkness on some of its ribbons or lappets, and that piece of woman's pride was now reduced to sundry remnants of straw-plait and rags. At that sight, or with the nameless terrors that had seized upon her, Kerin fainted—what else could a belle do under such circumstances; and Axel Stronzberg was next seen conveying her out of the church in the most considerate manner, while the widow and elder sister, who had nobody to take such pains with them, followed, still screaming at the tops of their voices, and declaring they should never get the better of the fright.

Northern people have the advantage of being easily pacified. When the watchmen's lanterns had thrown light on the subject, the congregation recovered their composure; even the Gripals' connection sat themselves down in their pews again, desperately ashamed of their relations, and silently vowing vengeance against Job Stork; while the Rev. Joshian, having re-arranged his manuscript, and found his place in it by one of the lanterns retained for the purpose, calmly continued his discourse, and finished off his rival preacher as if nothing had happened. But everybody knew that the Rev. Joshian was in black displeasure, and would not allow the interruption of his extinguishing sermon to pass without strict inquiry and stern rebuke. Job got the first attack, as might be expected; but the clocker stood stoutly up for his own innocence and rectitude: it was his duty not to let people sleep in church; the Gripals were all snoring—had he not heard them—enough to keep the whole aisle from hearing a word of the sermon—they that should have set an example of respect to the minister and his sound doctrine. And he had given one of them a poke, to rouse them in the quietest way. If his staff did catch on the young woman's bonnet, it was dark, and he couldn't help it. Then the Gripals were taken to task. What business had they to sleep in the midst of the sermon? Were not the nights long enough for them? Could not they postpone snoring till they got to bed? Strange to say, the entire family denied the charge of making any nasal sound whatever: they were gentlewomen, and never did such a thing; they did not sleep at all; they had heard all the heads; it was Job's malice; he wanted to disgrace the family; and nothing but his being put out of office and banished the town would satisfy them. Job stuck to the snore with equal firmness; they were every one in full blast, he asserted; and no wonder. Had they not been up soon after twelve keeping St Lucia's? Didn't the whole town know their papistical practices? A nice family for a minister to think of connecting himself with; he should let the bishop hear all about it, if they turned him out of his place. Witnesses of respectability were examined on both sides; all in the vicinity were clear on the snore except Axel Stronzberg, who admitted having fallen asleep, and being roused by the screams, for which he got a rebuke *en passant*. The Rev. Joshian was in a rebuking humour, and the case was strong against the Gripals. They had been up at St Lucia's early breakfast: it was got out of Kerin how she had worn the wreath of candles; put a blue ribbon, a piece of canvas, and a book under different pots, not on her own account, but just to see what husband Gertrude should get; and she, the bride-elect, together with her whole family, had fallen asleep in the midst of the Rev. Joshian's summing-up of arguments, got her bonnet torn, and occasioned an uproar in the church.

What man or preacher could pass lightly over such offences? The Rev. Joshian, stirred up perhaps by the clocker's insinuations, was severe beyond the Gripals' endurance. The widow and her eldest daughter gave him word for word, it was said. Kerin cried a good deal at first; but when he pleased

to dwell on the unfitness for the important position of a minister's wife which her conduct indicated, the Gottland belle brushed up her spirit, and told him she hoped he would find somebody more suitable; for her part, she was not at all ambitious of the post. So all Wisby got the news that the match was broken off, and the Gripals united their forces to fall on Job Stork. He had been the cause of all their troubles; but the minister now took part with him, and Job fulfilled his promise of letting the bishop hear all about it. The bishop could not decide the question, and it went from one court to another, both lay and ecclesiastical. The pride of both parties being enlisted in the service, carried it on. It was not the poor clocker and his place, but wrath between the minister and his former friends which divided Wisby into two parties—the old lights, who supported the rousing staves, and hated papistical festivals; and the new lights, who thought the staves unnecessary, and the sermons too long. Their strife troubled every authority in Sweden. There were judgments given, and reversed; there were speeches delivered, pamphlets written, and sermons preached on the subject; and both press and pulpit might have been longer engaged with it, but Charles XIV., who had been called Marshal Bernadotte in his day, recommended to the bishops and clergy the complete superannuation and laying aside of the rousing staves, together with all clockers indissolubly attached to them, in every church throughout his dominions. The royal recommendation was as usual efficacious. By a solemn act of the Swedish synod, the obnoxious instruments of church-discipline were for ever consigned to the spare corners of vestries. It is said that sundry clockers found their occupation gone, and resigned in consequence. But Job Stork kept his office and his dwelling in the church-tower, for the Rev. Joshian stood by him, so did some of the town-council, who thought the Gripals had carried matters too far. Indeed, before their feud was ended, it was the opinion of the widow and her eldest daughter that nobody in all Wisby had a proper impression of the wrongs inflicted on them but Axel Stronzberg. His appreciation of their cause and sympathy with their efforts to get justice obtained a suitable reward. All the Gripals were willing to let the Rev. Joshian see he was not the only suitor to be had. So Job saw his patron's son wedded to the belle of Wisby, was privately visited in his tower by Axel, and in process of time forgiven by the offended family. It was said the old man grew less crusty in his latter years, as if his temper had been all used up in that stout battle; but he was in the habit of lamenting the decay of church-discipline, and pointing out Frau Stronzberg to all curious inquirers as the last who had ever got a poke with his rousing staves.

HARD WORK IN THE BAKEHOUSE.

HARD work Baking certainly is, if long hours constitute hard work. We have amongst us fourteen thousand journeymen bakers in the metropolis, applying so many hours out of the twenty-four to this service, and under such circumstances of heat, dirt, and discomfort as to be absolutely intolerable. The men themselves have for years complained of the system; but they had got into a groove, and saw no mode of getting out again. They brought their plaint before the House of Commons so far back as the year 1848: it was clearly shewn that the journeymen bakers were most unhappily circumstanced; but it was not so clear in what way the legislature could aid them. From time to time, reports were prepared, meetings held, speeches made, and statistics collected, tending to shew that a reform was urgently needed. But still no one had power to enforce this reform. In the spring of 1861, the representations made to the government on this subject were so forcible, that the Secretary of State for the Home Department commissioned Mr Seymour Tremenheere to inquire fully into the particulars, with a view to determining whether legislative interference would be desirable. Mr Tremenheere's Report, presented during the recent autumn, certainly shews that the London journeyman baker has much reason to envy the carpenter or bricklayer who can leave off work at six in the evening, and pass the rest of his hours till bedtime as he pleases.

What a life it is that the baker leads! At eleven o'clock at night, when other workmen are retiring to rest, he enters the bakehouse and makes the dough, taking from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to the size of the batch—not a long spell, but hard work as long as it lasts. He then throws himself down upon the kneading-board, which is also the cover of the kneading-trough; and with a flour-sack under him, and another rolled up as a pillow, he snatches a couple of hours' sleep, in the close, unwholesome atmosphere of the bakehouse. He rises wearily again about two o'clock, and is then employed for five or six hours—throwing out the dough, scaling it off, moulding it, and putting it into the oven; together with preparing and baking rolls and fancy bread, and taking the bread up into the shop as fast as it is baked. The temperature of the bakehouse is all this while never under seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and sometimes rises to ninety degrees. The hot work is then over, but only to be succeeded by another routine of service; for the same men don their jackets and caps, and begin the distribution at the houses of the customers. A considerable portion of the men, after the night-work, are upon their legs for many hours, carrying baskets or wheeling hand-carts. It is true that this open-air working is a healthy relief from the work of the night; but it follows that, day as well as night being thus absorbed, the men have very little opportunity for spending leisure hours as other men are wont to do, either for improvement or recreation. They must manage their evenings, until eleven o'clock, as best they can; obtaining some sleep of course (for two hours are all they obtain at night), and snatching some kind of enjoyment, rational or irrational, in the remaining modicum of time. Many of the persons thus employed are boys or youths, to whom such strangely apportioned days are more injurious than to men. There are nearly two thousand bakehouses in the metropolis where this unwholesome night-labour is carried on. And the bakers, who only know the system as handed down to them from their predecessors, say that this must necessarily be the case; that if families will abjure stale bread, and will have hot rolls for breakfast, the men must work during the night, seeing that the whole process occupies eight or nine hours. Long hours are not the only evil. Mr Tremenheere found that large numbers of the bakehouses are extremely dirty, hung with cobwebs, and tenanted very objectionably in other ways. The poor fellows become much heated at their work; they perspire; and all the practical inquirers into the working of the system point out the unpleasant consequences which hence result to the article under manufacture. The kneading of the dough, except in some bakehouses where better arrangements are made, is done in a way at once uncouth and laborious, and certainly unfitted for the strength of growing youths.

Why do the Scotch come to London to make and bake our bread? They do so; and it is one of the curiosities of trade in this country. Until the year 1846, bakers' wages were higher in London than in Edinburgh, but since that time the balance, if any, is said to be in the opposite direction; while the bakehouses of Edinburgh and Glasgow are in most instances larger, lighter, and better ventilated than those of London. Mr Bennett, Secretary of the London Operative Bakers' Association, who had himself been an operative baker in Glasgow for thirty

years, said to Mr Tremenheere, in reference to this subject: 'The reasons why so many journeymen bakers come up from Scotland to London, although the wages in Scotland are higher, are several. First, the desire to see a little more of the world, has a good deal to do with it. Secondly, having served an apprenticeship in Scotland, they are better qualified, after a short time, to do general work as bread and biscuit bakers. Thirdly, they have a wider field, and a better chance of becoming foremen and ultimately employers.'

Let the ratio of English, Scotch, and Germans in the baking-trade be what it may in London, the system pursued by all is pretty much the same. Many of the processes are easily learned, and easily performed by young persons. Moreover, the workman is not asked to provide any tools, the few required being supplied by the master-baker. As a third reason why young persons with no money and very little skill are tempted into this trade, it may be mentioned that the demand for the commodity made is remarkably equable. A London family eats pretty nearly the same amount of bread at all seasons; Paterfamilias may be 'disappointed in the city,' or other vexations may occur which suggest retrenchment; but the loaf of bread is the last thing with which a family would think of dispensing. The bread-maker is free from all interruptions of his trade through accidents of weather; his earnings are the same all the year round, and are not small in relation to the kind of skill required from the worker, however inadequate they may be to the lengthened term of hours through which the labour is continued. Hence, for all these reasons, boys are tempted into the baking-trade, on much the same ground as girls into the sewing-trade; and we suspect that the persons employed will on this account continue to be rather powerless in working out any reform for themselves. The master-bakers are not more unkind than other men; they compete closely for trade; they economise in various ways; and they buy in the labour-market at the cheapest rate they can.

Considering how mighty is the effect of machinery in economising time, it may well be asked, whether machinery cannot do anything for the baker, by shortening the number of hours necessary for the making of a given amount of bread? What has been already done in this matter in London is encouraging, so far as it goes. Mr Stevens's Dough-making Machine has a large array of testimony in its favour. The French have invented and brought into use three kinds of kneading-machines, invented respectively by Rolland, Drouot, and Boland, and called the 'pétrin mécanique,' the 'machine pétrisseuse,' and the 'pétrisseur mécanique;' and similar machines, or machines for a similar purpose, have been patented in England; but Stevens's is the only one which has come extensively into use in London. They began to be employed in 1858; and the saving of labour effected by their use is so great, that large public establishments, which bake their own bread, eagerly adopt them. The military camps at Aldershott, Woolmer, the Curragh of Kildare, Gibraltar, and Malta; the commissariat departments in Calcutta, Kurrachee, and some of the colonies; the Holborn, Marylebone, Hackney, Wandsworth, Clapham, Lambeth, Shoreditch, and Croydon Union workhouses; the lunatic asylums of Colney Hatch, Kent, and Liverpool; the Great Ship, the Peninsular and Oriental, and the Royal West India Mail Steam Companies; all now employ this machine—as well as many master-bakers who have been willing to travel out of the conventional groove. Mr Stevens, himself a master-baker, saw what was wanted, and invented it. The smaller machines mix the dough only; the larger have appendages called the feeder, the duster, and the scoop. In the ordinary method, from one to two sacks of flour is mixed up at once; Stevens's large machine will mix five or six sacks. The process is cleanly; for, from the 'setting of the sponge,' the breaking it up, and kneading the dough, to the moulding of the bread previous to placing it in the oven, the hand does not once touch the dough. The process prevents waste; for all the flour is kept enclosed while being operated on; whereas every ordinary bakehouse affords much sweepings of good flour, that can only be sold as pigs' food. The process is less hurtful to the bakers; for there is no severe muscular labour in the kneading, and no atmosphere of flour-particles to get into the lungs. And lastly, the process saves time; for two men can make a batch of bread in little more than half the usual time. These are not our encomiums; they are the conclusions at which Mr Tremenheere arrived, after visiting almost every public establishment in the metropolis where these machines are employed. In reference to the sweepings alone, a loaf and a half is saved out of every sack of flour. Moreover, it is asserted that more bread can be made from a given quantity of flour with the machine than without. This, if true, is surely a very important affair; and Dr Hassall and Mr Tremenheere both believe that it is true, to the extent of two quartern loaves or so in each sack of flour. The fact is explained in this way—that every particle of flour is brought more effectually into contact with the ferment and the water, by reason of the thorough mixing in the machine. The machines are so contrived that the rotating apparatus may be moved by hand, water, or steam power.

Another application of machinery to bread-making is that invented by Dr Dauglish, of which a brief notice was given in a former number of this *Journal*. The inventor has been so sanguine of the success of his method, that he calculated on a saving of a million and a half sterling on the bread made annually in the United Kingdom, due to the avoidance of loss in a portion of the flour while being decomposed in the ordinary process of fermentation; besides the saving of an enormous amount of time in preparing the dough for the oven. We can personally vouch for the beautiful completeness, the cleanliness, and the rapidity by which bread can be made under this system; but we are not acquainted with the commercial reasons why the working of the patent has ceased in the metropolis.

The bakers in Scotland have been able to place themselves in a better position than those of England. Until about seventeen years ago, the two systems were similar; the journeymen labouring on for fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, or even twenty hours a day; but a determined stand was then made, and with successful results. Some time earlier, when the Ten Hours' Bill was being agitated by many classes of operatives, the Edinburgh bakers looked on wistfully, as if to say: 'Ah, how glad we should be to obtain even a *twelve* hours' maximum!' And they *did* obtain it. They demanded a working-day of twelve hours, from five in the morning to five in the evening, taking their chance for meal-times. The masters and men, happily for both parties, met and amicably discussed the question. They agreed to give the new system a trial; they resolved that both sides should have fair-play; and so well satisfied were the employers with the result, that after adopting the system from 1846 to 1859, they memorialised the master-bakers of London, recommending them to try the Edinburgh system, as being just to the men, and not at all injurious to the masters. From Edinburgh, the twelve-hours' system extended to nearly all the principal towns in Scotland. Nor is there any petty advantage taken by the employer in regard to outdoor services; if the same men carry out the bread to customers, this is included with the indoor service in the twelve hours. It is plain, therefore, that the London system *is* susceptible of being reformed, even without the aid

of machinery in the processes of manufacture. At Carlisle, Birmingham, and some other provincial towns, bakeries on a very large scale have been established, in which steam-worked machinery is employed in as many of the processes as possible, and in which the construction of the ovens is such as to insure both good baking and an economising of fuel. The bread is in all respects good; the work-people are not employed by night; and the townsmen obtain their loaves at a price which is fair to all persons concerned. It is rather provoking to be told that all attempts to establish similar large bakeries in London have failed. Mr Tremenheere found that there is only one baker in the metropolis who employs so many as twenty-five men. The two thousand master-bakers—out of about three thousand altogether who sell bread—are but small tradesmen; and it is not among such that we may look for improved organisation. The 'full-price' bakers complain of the 'cheap' bakers, and the cheap bakers complain of each other; the men complain of boys being so largely employed, and both men and boys complain of somebody or something (they hardly know what), that causes a system which inflicts upon them a very unpleasant kind of slavery.

Mr Tremenheere could not fail to see how difficult it is to remedy these social evils by mere legislation. Notwithstanding that he filled two hundred pages of type with an enumeration and discussion of the evils, his recommendations were very scant. They were, so far as the legislature is concerned, but three in number—namely, that no boys, or youths under the age of eighteen, should be employed in bakehouses earlier than five in the morning, or later than nine in the evening; that the bakehouses should be placed under inspection, and subjected to regulations in reference to ventilation and cleanliness; and that the act of 1860 concerning the adulteration of food should be more strictly enforced. These recommendations will certainly not fully meet the wishes of the operative bakers who yearn for shorter hours of labour; but it is almost equally certain that any attempt to determine those hours by law would fail in practice. The legislator may come into the workshop and protect women, young persons, and children; but it becomes a very different thing when the wages and hours of adult men are concerned. Public opinion is herein more powerful than law; and we heartily hope that public opinion will come in aid of the reasonable exertions of the operative bakers to obtain for themselves a better social status.

STORY OF THE *HERMIONE*.

In turning over the records of our naval achievements during the last French war, no more remarkable incident arrests the reader's attention than the fortunes of the frigate whose name is placed at the head of this article. In classic literature, we associate it with a terrible domestic tragedy. The real incidents of our present nautical romance are very terrible also, for the *Her-mi-onē*—as seamen, in defiance of all teaching, will obstinately persist in calling her—was indeed a doomed ship. The history has hitherto been but partially narrated; for our naval authorities of the period—that of the great mutiny at the Nore—judiciously suppressed all details of similar outbreaks at sea: we will therefore endeavour to supply the deficiency.

Originally a Spanish galleon or treasure-ship, the *Hermione* was captured, with an almost fabulous amount of treasure on board, by the British cruisers *Active* and *Favourite*, off Cape St Vincent, in her passage to Old Spain. Whilst the Park and Tower guns were announcing to the citizens, on the morning of the 12th August 1762, the birth of an heir to the English throne, a sudden burst of military music attracted the king and a crowd of nobles to the great window above St James's Palace gate, in time to witness a long train of wagons conveying the *Hermione's* treasure for safe-keeping in the Tower. The king and his suite joined lustily in the cheering of that vast crowd. The sight was indeed most inspiriting. Surrounded by military escort with drawn swords, horse, infantry, and marines, came about twenty wagons laden with bags of Spanish dollars and gold doubloons, with a fair amount of diamonds, each carriage covered with the English Union-Jack, and having a Spanish flag trailing behind it in the dirt. We may add that, after the king had claimed his 'royal fifths,' there remained for the admiral of the station a share of L.65,000; for the two captains of the *Active* and *Favourite*, upwards of L.130,000. Each seaman received L.900; and that the venerable nautical proverb—'Sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses'—might be fulfilled in this instance *au pied de la lettre*, it is recorded that in less than three hours after the distribution of these enormous riches, a large number of the recipients lay helplessly intoxicated in the kennel of Portsmouth streets, robbed of every farthing they had received.

The *Hermione* having been purchased of the captors, and commissioned in the English navy, ran the usual career of a frigate indulged with a roving commission, until the year 1799, when we hear of her as stationed in the West Indies, commanded by Captain Pigott. And now commences the tragic portion of her career. To the disgrace of our naval authorities, during the last and the early portion of the present century, corporal punishments, inflicted on the impulse of momentary irritation, or from innate brutality of temper, were the sole means resorted to for maintaining discipline aboard ship. At present, twenty-four hours must intervene between the offence and the infliction of the lash. This affords the captain space for inquiry and cool reflection. The Admiralty further require that there shall be sent home a quarterly statement of all punishments and their cause. Any excess beyond a certain average is now regarded as evidence of bad discipline, causing the commander most probably to be black-listed. Hence it often results that on board many men-of-war, flogging is never resorted to during a whole commission; such, in seamen's parlance, are denominated 'happy ships.' But at the period of our history, the cat and the bilboes reigned supreme, and Captain Pigott of the *Hermione* had the bad reputation of being one of the sternest advocates of that brutal system.

On the evening of the 21st August, when the ship had been about three days out from the mole, the boatswain's whistle piped 'hands on deck,' to reef the topsails, as is usual with men-of-war at sea. Up they came, crowding into the rigging like a swarm of bees, the captain accusing and abusing them for fancied slowness, adding, 'Look alive there, you skulking rascals; I'll flog the last man down.' Now, it is obvious that the best and boldest seamen are those who place themselves in situations of comparative danger, lying out on the point of the yards, far from the rigging, and therefore unfavourable for speedy descent. Such are very likely to be the latest on deck.

Two of these brave fellows, with the prospect of the lash before their eyes—for well they know the tyrant will keep his word, although their duty was well fulfilled—make a spring to overtake the rest, lowering themselves by a depending rope, which was unhappily rove through a block, and not secured. In consequence, they fall headlong, and fracture their skulls. While all bend with sorrowing hearts and looks over the mangled remains of their martyred shipmates, the stern, harsh voice of Captain Pigott is heard to exclaim: 'Throw the lubbers overboard!' and without further notice, he disappears into his cabin.

A seaman cheerfully accepts all the dangers and

hardships of his rude calling, provided he sees his officers sympathise with and do their best to alleviate them; but here they perish through apprehension of unmerited chastisement—are cast to the waves unshrouded by the accustomed hammock, and with no Christian rite as the body glides over the bulwarks into the deep. Such a gross violation, not only of humanity, but of all naval routine is calculated to arouse all the worst passions of their untaught minds. Very soon, therefore, those traditionary acts of insubordination, the hurling double-shot about the ship, and cutting the breechings of the guns, tell that a mutiny has begun. The crash of those ponderous iron missiles upon the hollow decks speedily brings down the first-lieutenant to inquire the cause, which, however, he must have too well guessed. But here let us listen awhile to a narrative of the ship's butcher, who, notwithstanding that his trade consisted in the shedding of blood, strange to say, took no part in this hideous massacre. 'I was lounging,' says he, 'upon a chest in the gun-room, and saw a crowd of our men hauling along the second-lieutenant, who called loudly for mercy. They dragged him by the hair of his head up the ladder to the upper-deck, where his own servant, thrusting the others aside, and crying out: "Let me get a cut at him!" buried the blade of his tomahawk in his neck, after which he helped to cast him yet alive into the sea.'

It is ten o'clock at night. Since the first alarm, a very brief period has elapsed, yet Captain Pigott is on the quarter-deck, making, with sword drawn, a rush at such of his infuriated crew as he finds there, and with hoarse voice shouting to the boatswain's mate to 'pipe all hands below.' But discipline is at an end. They surround and badly wound him, when, retreating to his cabin, he locks himself in. That is no security. Forrester, his cockswain, a seaman who might naturally be presumed to have some personal attachment to his commander,* since he attends him when on shore, and has charge of his boat and boat's crew—even he volunteers for the task of murdering his captain. Accompanied by four others, armed with musket and bayonet, they burst open the cabin-door. Captain Pigott, seated on a sofa, is bleeding cruelly. At sight of the intending assassins, in a moment he is up and on guard, and with his sword-arm still uninjured, successfully parries their assault. The cockswain's companions are evidently appalled at the idea of being engaged with their officer, which Forrester perceiving, exclaims: 'What, five to one, and afraid! Here goes, then!' and he buries his bayonet deep in the captain's side. But life is still strong within that tall, athletic frame. He is not dead, when, on their bayonets' points, they hoist him through the cabin gun-port; and his voice, muttering execrations on the whole crew, comes up from the waves as they sweep his body astern.

While this portion of the exterminating tragedy is enacting below, the first-lieutenant, who had retreated from the main-deck with his face entirely laid open by the blow of a tomahawk, is kneeling with a crowd around him, to whom he pleads for mercy, 'having a young wife and bairns ashore, who look to him alone for bread.' The appeal is answered by a death-blow; and pitched over the bulwarks, still struggling against his fate, he sinks to share his captain's grave.

Forrester is now again on deck. The ruthless tiger, inaccessible to pity, drags forth the lieutenant of marines, lying sick in his cabin, cuts his throat, and throws him after the others. A cry is next heard through the ship that Lieutenant Douglas cannot be found. Farmer, the master's mate, and prime ringleader of the mutiny, goes with a candle into the gun-room, and sees his victim crouched under the marine officer's bed. He calls in the rest; they drag him forth, and cast him into the sea. Other parties at the same time were busy above and below in the work of blood. But let there be an end to the horrible tale. Full forty persons, including nearly all the marines, perished on that memorable night. The boatswain and his mates, as prime administrators of the cat-o'-nine-tails, are hacked to pieces; but strange to say, Fanny Martin, the boatswain's wife, a spectator of all this dreadful tragedy, escaped without injury or insult.

Having rendered themselves completely masters of the ship, the mutineers well knew they had scant time for deliberation. At any moment, some vessel of the West India squadron might heave in sight; and they straightway determined to surrender the *Hermione* to the Spaniards, her former masters. Hoisting a Spanish ensign, they make for the port of La Guiara. There, after merely stipulating for their arrears of pay, and to be received as Spanish subjects, not to be given up at the close of the war, they moor the vessel under the guns of the forts, pretending that, having quarrelled with their officers, they had sent them adrift in the jolly-boat.

But divine vengeance is already tracking the murderers to their lair. Accounts of the mutiny and murder, and the present whereabouts of the ill-fated ship, reach the ears of Admiral Harvey, vice-admiral of the station. He promptly despatches a letter and a flag of truce to the Spanish governor, unfolding the real circumstances which led to his possession of the *Hermione*, and calling on him, in the name of justice, humanity, and the common interests of every European maritime power, to restore the vessel, and thus assist in bringing these on board to the punishment they so richly deserved. To this appeal, he merely returns an evasive reply—that he had already written home for instructions, and that in the meantime the crew should have no communication either with the ships in harbour or with the shore. Public indignation was greatly roused in England at this craven, dishonourable proceeding, and found vent in many bitter sarcasms on the degenerate Spaniard. The following verses, becoming very popular, were often reprinted at the period:

> When Spain, unmindful of her ancient fame,
> Received the base assassins—Britain's shame—
> Castilian honour heard the deed, and sighed;
> Shocked was her generous people's manly pride!
> But England, mistress of the subject main,
> Tears the *Hermione* from humbled Spain;
> In vain beneath the rampart-fire she lies,
> No harbour shields her from the bold *Surprise*—
> Most base the vessel—yet 'tis greatly won,
> And gives immortal fame to Hamilton!

Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, commander-in-chief of the West India squadron, was determined to have her back again *coûte qui coûte*, and in Captain Hamilton of the *Surprise* he knew he had an officer fully equal to that desperate enterprise. Special instructions are given him to keep 'a bright look-out' after the felon ship. She has been out already on a cruise with Don Romead de Chalas as her commander, and the infamous Farmer as second-captain; had been completely refitted, and mounted 44 guns, with a ship's company of 321 officers and seamen, 56 marines, and 15 artillerymen. Amongst them was a large proportion of her mutinous English crew.

'On the morning of the 22d October 1799, having looked into Porto Cavallo, to my inexpressible joy,' says Captain Hamilton, 'I espied the object of our chase moored at the top of the harbour.' After watching her for two days—the evening of the 26th being favourable, he turns up the hands of the *Surprise*, to acquaint the officers and men of his

* In the case of Pigott, this man had been previously his shipmate for four or five years in different ships.

intention to lead them to the attack, as his own gallant words express it, 'for the honour of my country, and the glory of the British flag.' The crew answered his address with a shout that they would follow him to a man. He then speedily arranged the details of an exploit 'unsurpassed, if ever paralleled,' says Sir Hyde Parker, 'in the mightiest efforts of British valour;' namely, the boarding and capture, with three boats, and about fifty men, of a large frigate, manned with a crowd of desperadoes, and lying under the fire of batteries said to mount two hundred guns. The boats lost no time in boarding. The forecastle was taken possession of without much resistance; the quarter-deck disputed the point a quarter of an hour amidst a dreadful carnage. The main-deck held out much longer, and with equal slaughter; nor was it before both cables were cut, sail made on the ship, and boats towing ahead, that the main-deck could be called ours. They last of all retreated to the 'tween decks, and continued firing until their ammunition was expended; then, and not till then, did they cry for quarter; their wounded amounting to but seven, their killed to one hundred and fifty men.

Amongst the wounded on the side of the victors was the conductor of this most noble enterprise, the gallant Captain Hamilton. He first received a tremendous blow from the but-end of a musket, which broke over his head, knocking him senseless on the deck; he got a sabre-wound on the left thigh, another wound by a boarding-pike in the right thigh, and a contusion on the right shin-bone by grape-shot. One of his fingers was also nearly cut off, and his loins and kidneys were so much bruised that ever afterwards he suffered considerable torment. Notwithstanding these claims to 'good-service' pension, he refused L.300 per annum, which Lord Spencer, then First Lord of the Admiralty, afterwards insisted should be settled on him for life; he even declined an offer made by the same nobleman of adding to his armorial bearings. The king, however, created him a knight by letters-patent under the Great Seal, subsequently elevating him to a baronetcy. The House of Assembly at Jamaica also voted him a sword, value fifty guineas; and on his return to London, dining by special invitation at the Mansion-house, he was presented with the thanks of the corporation, enclosed in a massive gold box.

It was the captain's remarkable fate, when on his voyage to England in a passenger-ship, to be taken prisoner by a French privateer. At Paris, during a parole of six weeks, our brave countryman received the most flattering attentions from Napoleon Bonaparte, who at last agreed to his departure, in exchange for *six* French midshipmen.

The *Hermione* having gone on thus far in her eventful career, was again commissioned under a new name, the *Retribution*. At Portsmouth, the yellow flag, symbol of execution on board a man-of-war, by a sort of poetical justice, often floated at her mast-head, for Farmer, Forrester, and the equally infamous William Allen, who murdered his master as related above, had been brought home prisoners, and were run up to the point of her yard-arm in the smoke of a gun. The scaffold of their execution was the deck which they had deluged with blood.

"_____"

I WAS once in a company which was disputing concerning the shortness of names. The question debated was not the oft-quoted one of, What's in a name? which implies there is nothing in it, but, How little can there be in a name, short of nothing? It so happened that all of us had monosyllabic names, save my cousin Cholmondeley (who, in pronouncing it Chumley had cut it down as far as it could go), and therefore each one claimed for his own the palm of brevity. 'I have many letters,' quoth Leigh; 'but you may call for me as quickly as for anybody, and without the inelegance, not to say stumpiness, of some names I could mention [looking rather hard at Blobbs], I am convenient and pleasant to enunciate.'

'Nay,' argued Shee; 'if you come to a combination of advantages, I think all must give up their pretensions in my presence, for She (if there is any gallantry in man) must be confessed to be both short and sweet.'

'To confine ourselves to the original question of shortness, however,' observed Gee; 'I cannot think that any man, here or elsewhere, in the past, the present, or the future, could, can, or will be able to compare his name with mine; for while I am pronounced as quickly as the briefest, a single letter, G, conveys my entire patronymic.'

'That is all very well,' replied Blobbs a little sulkily, like a man who, wont to use some authority, finds himself suddenly in a society where all are his superiors; 'but there have been shorter names than yours, ay, and whose owners have distinguished themselves on the page of history. I never heard of a Gee doing anything beyond encouraging some already overtaxed quadruped to renewed exertions, and even then it has generally the assistance of some low monosyllable—"Gee up" or "Gee wo."'

'The word Blobbs, however, is as totally useless as it is irredeemably vulgar,' remarked Gee, who has a talent for neat antithesis. 'As for the famous man with a shorter name, I defy you to mention him. The boldness of your assertion is only equalled by the depravity of your motive.'

'What do you think of the Marquis D'O, then?' observed Blobbs triumphantly.

'Well, I should think it was an Australian bird,' replied Gee calmly; 'although I confess I never heard of it. But whatever it is, the word Markeedo is not certainly shorter than Gee.'

'Your ignorance is even more stupendous than I expected,' retorted Blobbs. 'Let me tell you, however, that the Marquis D'O was a great man; and since O may be held to stand for nothing, he had certainly a shorter name than you or any other man, dead or alive.'

'Excuse me,' observed Nathaniel Cholmondeley, 'for interfering in a dispute in which I can have no personal interest, my godfathers and godmother having combined with my ancestors to stifle within me the least ambition to be monosyllabic; but I do happen to have known an individual with a shorter name than any of you, or even than the Marquis D'O.'

'Pooh!' ejaculated Gee contemptuously.

'No, it was not "Pooh," sir,' continued my cousin with dignity; 'it was a name of seven syllables compared with "Pooh."'

'Chut,' hissed the man of one letter between his teeth, and with incredulous impatience.

'No, and it was not "Chut," sir; it was even shorter than Chut, and harder to write down, by reason of its excessive brevity. It belonged to a Chinese general whom we took prisoner on our march to Pekin. He was a very distinguished warrior, and was always placed in the rear of the Celestial army, for the purpose of cutting off the heads of its runaways, in which accomplishment he was exceedingly dexterous: he lost his liberty, in fact, through too close an attention to his military duties. The Chinese army being always in full retreat, delay in his position was to the last degree dangerous. We came upon him sharpening his sword amid a number of severed heads (and tails), but yet with plenty of work before him, and he was committed to an honourable captivity.'

'But his name, his name?' cried all the company in chorus; 'you have not yet pronounced his name.'

'The name is not capable of pronunciation, my friends,' replied Captain Cholmondeley; 'it cannot be enunciated by any combination of the tongue and

palate. It can only be conveyed through the nose in a sort of muffled and secretive manner, thus.' The captain made a little noise, something between a sigh and sniff, and continued: 'The general's name, when written, was Tn, but you will agree with me that writing is quite unable to do justice to its exceeding diminutiveness. Let us drink the Chinaman's health, and part friends, for this talk of little names has already brought us into the small hours.'

So we all stood up, with glasses filled, and having by a general sniff endeavoured to articulate the name of General Tn, we went home rather crest-fallen.

But as I lay in bed that night, preposterously awake, and more alive to every sound than was ever Indian on the war-trail (as it is the wont of persons lying awake to be), my mind leapt on a sudden on a name shorter and more incapable of being pronounced than even that of the Chinese general, and one more famous by far; for to it have been epics dedicated in the earliest heroic times, and to it have been tenderest sonnets penned up to post-time, and too late for that, but yesterday. Nay, doubtless, even while I thought upon it, many a youthful lover, male and female, by gaslight or by moonlight, and in the distant antipodes, where the sun was shining broadly, was occupied, with heart, and soul, and rhyming dictionary, in singing its praises. A name that has stood for Time, and Place, and Person—a name too sacred to be uttered, too ethereal to be impressed on paper with quill, or steel, or type, and yet familiar as the most household word to every generation of readers, and especially to those of the present day, and of the popular periodicals.

Need I say that that name is ——; suggestive 'dash,' as I believe the printers call it, which our gross speech, alas, can only render as Blank. If no subscriber to this *Journal* has ever beheld in it a 'Sonnet to ——,' he ought straightway to send its editor some substantial proof of his grateful homage, some testimony of his perception of the unceasing vigilance which must have been exercised over his favourite columns. The uncertain fate of volunteer contributions to magazines has often been described (ungrammatically as well as falsely enough) as 'a perfect lottery.' We ourselves—the we editorial—may reply, with confidence, that taking 'a perfect lottery' to mean 'all prizes, and no blanks,' that term would be anything but applicable to the contributions themselves. The amount of ——s is prodigious. 'To ——, Singing;' 'To ——, asleep in his Crib;' 'To ——, in Hospital;' 'To ——, upon his Successful Ascent in the —— Balloon;' 'To ——, Dying' (It is unnecessary to give way to emotion, for we know we shall see him again.); 'To ——, Drowned in the —— Sea.' (We are always being drowned in the Sea of ——s ourselves, and have got to think nothing of it.) Here is another set of poetical tributes to the same adorable being, which we take haphazard out of the iron chest (fireproof) to which all our most valuable manuscripts are consigned: 'To ——, with a Rose;' 'To ——, with a Pair of [mosaic?] Gold Ear-rings;' 'To ——, with a Cold in her Head' (This last, however, belongs rather to the former class.); 'To ——, with an *In Memoriam*;' 'To ——, with a Copy of Original Verses;' 'To ——, with a Copy of the *Record* Newspaper;' 'To ——, with the Forgiveness of a Distracted Lover;' 'To ——, with a Tortoise-shell Tom Cat.'

Surely there is no name that can be compared to —— for variety of even amiable attributes, and these are but one side of its multifarious self. —— is also a Tyrant, a Perjured Person, and (very often, indeed) a gay Lothario of the most abandoned character.

Nor is it in poetry only that —— has an undisputed pre-eminence. Juvenile writers, moved by fears of action for libel, and destitute of invention to give a fictitious local habitation to the scene of their story, always lay the same at —— in ——shire. In order still further to avert the eye of suspicion, they place the period of the events described in 18—; and since they have of course concealed the names of their hero, heroine, and subordinate characters under the same friendly shield, their literary efforts are sometimes a little wanting in human interest.

We have most of us heard of the merchant who found himself nearly L.2000 richer than he ought to have been, in consequence of having added the year of our Lord to his balance in hand, but his confusion was as nothing compared to that of the reader of a romance in which Time, and Place, and Person are indicated alike by a single straight line. There have even been some instances where the Christian and surname have both been concealed in this fashion, by means of a double blank (—— ——), a thing one has never heard of except in a game at dominoes. The latest example of this kind of writing that has reached our hands commences as follows, and we beg to express our regret to its accomplished author that want of space prevents our printing more of it.

'It was on a lovely evening in "the merry month of May" 18—, that two travellers might have been seen by the least observant eye (for they were mounted, the one upon an Arab steed, the other upon one of those gigantic quadrupeds originally imported from Flanders) descending the winding road that leads into the village of ——, than which no lovelier hamlet is to be found in all fair ——shire. —— ——, the elder, was a gentleman of good family, residing in the immediate neighbourhood at an ancestral mansion, whose Elizabethan chimneys could be dimly seen through the budding elm-trees; —— ——, the younger, was of equally noble birth, but by the extravagance of his grandfather (but too well known to the sporting world as —— of —— Hall), had been reduced to comparative poverty. Unlike in years and worldly prosperity, they were yet exceedingly like in *one* circumstance (and one, too, which may be called the *pivot* of all human affairs), they were both in love with one whom, from motives of delicacy (and because our story is "an o'er true tale," alas), we shall designate as —— ——;' &c.

Our talented contributor adjures us, that in case this literary effort is rejected (which, however, he 'cannot imagine should be the case'), we will at least give him our editorial opinion upon its merits. It is not our usual custom so to do, because such opinion is never considered satisfactory by the recipient, but in his particular case we make a special exception. We hereby inform him that a tale with so many ——s in it must necessarily be Blank in interest; and will be designated by a large portion of the reading public (male) as —— nonsense.

'ON THE MOVE'

FARMER BARR of Dalton More
Has a busy stir about his door—
Fragments of packing, and scattered hay,
And wagons laden with household store,
Yoked and ready to drive away.

Full of importance and prudent care,
The farmer is busy everywhere,
Seeing that none are late or slow,
That what is left be right and square,
That nothing be left that ought to go.

But the farmer's wife of Dalton More,
Her face is sad, her heart is sore,
For she leaves the grave on the lonely hill,
The little grave so cold and still,
And she weeps as she leaves the door.

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THE PAINS AND MITIGATIONS OF POLISHED LIFE.

A CERTAIN Government was once described as a Despotism tempered by Epigrams, and Good Society may be similarly characterised as a Tyranny mitigated by Wives. I do not mean to contend that wives in the 'best circles' are mitigations in other respects, for I am well aware that they are considered, by many husbands, in a very opposite light. It is with the vulgar only that the wife is held to 'halve a man's sorrows and double his joys;' while with persons of fashion like ourselves, she has, perhaps, precisely the reverse effect. But let us give the enchantress (for such she was at one time) her just due. Could *we* go about in a close carriage from three till six committing morning-calls? Could *we* make small-talk, and smile, and smile, and smile, and be a social hypocrite by daylight, in a hundred different drawing-rooms every year? Could *our* lips frame such fairy falsehoods as the following? 'What an *age*, it seems, my dear Lady Beeswax, since we met!'—'How charmingly well you're looking!'—'We were *so very* sorry that we could not come to you on the 6th; if it had but happened that we had been engaged elsewhere, I do believe that we should have been very wicked, and ran away to you instead: but, alas! we had people to dinner at home.'—'The fact is, our horses have been ill, and we have been calling on nobody; I feel positively ashamed at shewing my face anywhere, but I know with an *old friend* like you, no apology is necessary. How is your pretty parrot? Poll! Poll! Poll!'

Reader of the male sex, could you make such remarks as these—not once, nor twice, nor thrice—but ever so many times *per diem* every season? You *know* you couldn't. You have neither the talent nor the immoral courage for it. Truth—vulgar truth—would find its way to your lips, in spite of your utmost efforts, and you would say something rude and natural. It is true that there are bachelors in Good Society ('And a great many more than there ought to be,' says Lady FitzRabbets), but when they 'call,' they are silent; when they venture, I say, to do more than leave their cards at the door, or their names in the visitors-book, they are for the most part speechless. They have looked out for the very finest afternoon, and made up their minds that the people would not be at home, and now that they find themselves mistaken, they are in a state of mental collapse. They hold the rim of their hats firmly in both their hands, and sit listening with eager ears for the next ring at the front-door bell. They are in the chamber of torture; there is no chloroform to be procured, and no one to bear the pain vicariously for them; for they have no wife.

'Oh, blessings on her frosty pow,' say I, 'who saves us these inflictions!' For it does not signify in the least how old she is. One's wife may be three-score-years-and-ten, or even twenty, and yet 'call.'

When a man is married, he becomes, singularly enough, a free man, not only in this respect, but in many others. 'The precarious state of his dear wife's health' is one of the greatest social blessings to him conceivable. He evades the most dreadful civilities upon this tender plea. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have accepted Borem's (Q.C.) invitation to dinner, but the state of his wife's health is, unhappily, such that unremitting attention for the present is necessary. Her indisposition, however, is not so severe as to preclude her going to the Opera the same night with some musical friends, and the husband (who does not know B flat from C sharp) takes his rubber at the club. All invitations 'to come in the evening' are rendered innocuous by this charming arrangement; the night-air, says her medical man, is by all means to be avoided by our Clementina, while, as for leaving the dear girl alone, and coming out one's self, we are sure that Lady Nogus would be *the very last person* to advise any such arrangement. Friends in Yorkshire of a sombre cast, but whom it is desirable to conciliate, request our presence for six weeks in the summer at Drearygloom Castle; our reply is, that we had almost expected (from their known habits of hospitality) this delightful invitation, and yet we had hoped that it would not have arrived, since we are compelled to refuse it; for the fact is that Clementina is ordered to Cornwall. Dr Pecheblum has pronounced the air of the Land's End to be indispensable to our beloved invalid. How we wish that Drearygloom was but in the neighbourhood of Penzance!

The present writer was once a witness to a verbal contention between two divines of eminence as to whether one might say 'Not at home' when one *was* at home, without incurring the guilt of falsification. It took place before the ladies at the dinner-table, and therefore the language of the combatants was less

unmeasured than is apt to be the case in moral discussions; the steam, however, was at high-pressure, and very anxious to escape.

'There is no use in disputing further, sir,' observed A; 'a man of *principle* would scorn to behave as you suggest; he would give his servant orders to tell the truth—that he was "particularly engaged."'

'Nay, sir,' replied B; 'that might do in London; but if your wife, for instance, does us the honour of calling on us in the *country*, and has driven seven miles to do it, would she be satisfied, when turned away from the door by the information that we were "particularly engaged?"'

'You could mention exactly what you were doing,' quoth A majestically.

B was driven by opposition into vulgarity. 'Supposing, then, that I was washing my feet'——

A peal of laughter, such as is rarely heard in the society of canons and archdeacons, here, fortunately, put a stop to further discussion. The ladies rose, and I am not the man to betray the secrets of the ante-drawing-room period.

Now, one's wife—Heaven forgive her—is never troubled with these delicate casuistic questions. She writes her regrets that a previous engagement prevents our having the pleasure, &c., &c., exactly as if it did; in the same microscopic, slanting handwriting in which she would have stated the greatest moral truth. On those perplexing occasions on which one gets two invitations for the same day, and the less pleasant one first, the solution may be safely left in Clementina's hands. 'Unfortunately,' she writes, 'just before your delightful invitation arrived, we accepted another for the very same date. Ah, how we shall think of you and of your charming party, when we are, alas! elsewhere, for How is it (as my husband and I are always saying) that you manage to pick up all the nicest people that are to be found?'

It is the lack of a wife—the want of a shield to protect them against dreadful civilities—which drives so many young men out of the drawing-room into the stable; they become 'horsey' or 'doggey' in despair, and from a consciousness that they are unable to comply with the exactions of Fashion. For my part, I agree with a certain living author, that 'the horse is an awful animal,' and I abhor the smell of leather; yet, rather than stand for four hours on a July night in a corner of Lord Cramfokes' *salons*, I would rather sit in his saddle-room, and smoke a short pipe with his groom. It may be small infliction to those who have their position in 'Society' to win, and to whom crowded rooms, and big names mispronounced at the doorway, are a novelty, but to myself, I honestly confess, such entertainments are intolerable. The situation is uncomfortable, the atmosphere is unhealthy, and the conversation is idiotic. If you happen to observe any two young men who emerge together from a scene of this sort about midnight, you will read in their countenances, as they light their cigars on the doorstep, an expression of enfranchisement which it is impossible to mistake. Before retiring to rest, they are going to look in at their Club—that haven for which they have sighed these two hours, and whither dreadful civilities cannot pursue them; for one's house is only one's Castle, liable to sack and siege; but one's Club is enchanted ground, whereon not even far-spreading crinoline dares impinge, and wherein you may take your gloves off and yawn to your heart's content.

What a curious system of *taboo* we live under! How odd it is that one should be forbidden to yawn! This cannot be an offence against the laws of nature. Hodge in the turnip-field is surely unconscious of crime when he yawns in the presence of the opposite sex, who are turnip-hoeing also. It is doubtful whether he even knows that it is wrong to whistle. If you gave him Seltzer Water, he would infallibly reject what he could of it, with the most obvious symptoms of apprehension and distaste. An American gentleman, by this time, doubtless, a major-general, but at one period a backwoodsman in humble circumstances, has made printed confession, that the effect of his first bottle of soda-water was to terrify him with the notion that he was about to lose an important feature; his words are: 'It fairly fetched my breath away when it went down; and not only that, let me tell you, but presently, it came up again a-fizzing and a-biling ready to blow my nose off.' Considering with what impunity we ourselves imbibe this liquid, these phenomena are surely interesting. The natural man seems to be in some respects even physically inferior to the man of civilisation; for, perceive him with fish before him, and only a fork to eat it with, as was the case with all of us a year or two ago, before those silver knives came into fashion, which, in some cases, reappear with the dessert. Mark him, I say, with the slice of infirm turbot, or (still more strikingly) with a red mullet upon his plate in its paper cover. He glances furtively around him, and perceiving his neighbours each with a piece of bread in his left hand, he essays to make use of the same inefficient means to eliminate his food. It is worse than eating with chop-sticks. He endeavours in vain to satisfy his hunger, retarded not only by the inefficiency of his implements, but by the distressing circumstance that every now and then he forgets the peculiar mission of the piece of bread, and bolts it. The notion of the poor savage has hitherto been that bread is useful as food only, and in the present case the temptation so to treat it is increased by the sauce in which he has been certain to immerse it. A man with thirty thousand a year may use a steel knife with salmon if he pleases.* And so also, singularly enough, may one whose income is but thirty pounds sterling. But between those poles lie all degrees of men in chains and fetters of custom.

Let us conclude with a terrible example of this state of slavery. A soldier-friend of ours, from India, where pale ale, as everybody knows, is the elixir of life, chanced to dine, immediately after his return to England, in Belgrave Square. The dinner was in accordance with the situation—that is to say, exceedingly good. Every wine that the tongue of man pronounces with rapture was there in profusion, besides several German ones, whose titles our friend could not pronounce; but in vain did he strain his eyes towards the sparkling sideboard for an appearance of bottled Beer. There were tankards, indeed, or silver somethings which mocked the lips by suggesting the idea of tankards; but their polished rims were crowned with none of that creamy froth, compared to which the foam of champagne is as moonlight unto sunlight. As to asking the butler for his favourite liquor, our friend would as soon have thought of asking him for tripe, for that solemn dignitary was aristocratic in the very highest degree, more noble-looking than the host—albeit *he* was a peer of the realm, with blood as blue as the bag which maternal care applied to our infant nose when stung by wasps—and more venerable in mien than the bishop himself who had blessed the repast at its commencement. No, the butler would never do; consumed by the desire for pale ale as our friend was, and rendered bold by want, like a wolf in winter, even the Indian hero hesitated to address so great a man upon so low a theme. But among the flock of canary-coloured footmen, who have an allowance for powder, and spend it in flour, there was one less stupendous and haughty than his fellows, in whose countenance the unhappy guest seemed to read no little human feeling. While affecting, therefore, to help himself to some exquisite dainty that this man

* He may put that knife in his mouth without being anything worse than 'eccentric.'

was offering to him, our friend whispered hastily: 'Pale ale, please.'

The canary-coloured footman could not believe his ears; placing his artificially aged head upon one side, in the too intelligent fashion of the bird whose plumage he had borrowed, he said: 'I beg your pardon, sir: I did not catch what you said.'

Our oriental friend had been accustomed to be obeyed, and that instantly. 'Pale ale,' observed he, a little louder; and then added, *sotto voce*, some Indian word which might mean, 'you ludicrously attired and grimacing idiot.' The canaried one, imagining that this unheard end of the sentence must be very important, again put himself in the attitude of obtrusive attention, and every eye at table became involuntarily directed to himself and my unhappy friend.

'Beer!' exclaimed the Indian hero in a voice that has been often heard above the din of battle, and the medals upon his manly chest clashed together as he spoke in rage.

'Conversation,' observed he, in narrating to me this hideous experience, 'entirely ceased after that fatal word. Even her ladyship, justly celebrated as she is at the head of a dinner-table, failed to lift it. Everybody waited until I should get that Beer. Johannisberg could have been procured by the gallon in that stately mansion, but of the simple liquid which I had demanded, there was not a pint in the house. I ought to have known better than to ask for it, but I had just returned from a land of liberty, which I hope was taken as my excuse. The canaries flocked together and chirped apart; then the butler was consulted, who had been staring right over his master's head in sublime indifference to the calamity which had befallen me. He gave some majestic order. I know he did, though I was ten seats away from him, and had my eyes fixed on my plate. It was one of those awful moments when, like a hare, one sees with the back of one's head. I was *clairvoyant* to everything that was done both in the room and out of it. I heard the area-gate 'go,' as some female servant rushed out with a can to the public-house; I know she had a can because it tinkled against the railings in her haste, and sounded as distinct amid the stillness of the table as if it had been Westminster chimes. . . . . It came at last, but I had no desire for it then. It tasted to me very unlike pale ale. Perhaps the butler had ordered them to fetch some inferior article—that which is called "Twopenny." His lordship observed most good-naturedly: "Come, Sir William, you shall not have that all to yourself: I must take a little too. I am sorry to say that the good old fashion of beer-drinking is going out." But I am quite sure he didn't like it. I have gone through a good deal, but the whole thing forms one of the most dreadful experiences in my life. If I was Mr Thackeray, I would write a *Roundabout Paper* about it, that would move you to tears.'

'Yes,' said I, 'or if you were A. K. H. B., instead of being only A *K.C.B.*, you might write an essay "Concerning the asking for Beer at a Dinner-party in Belgrave Square."'

Since my friend is neither of those two famous personages, I have done it myself.

A 'GOOD PLAIN COOK' FOR THE ARMY.

If there is one personage more than another to whom the above culinary designation is applicable, it is Captain Grant of the Royal Artillery. This officer *is* a good plain cook, for he has been the means of giving roast and baked dinners to thousands of soldiers who used to sigh in vain for such a luxury. English taxpayers are hardly aware of the fact, that the troops always had their meat boiled, in barrack and in camp, until about the period of the Crimean war. No provision was made for roasting or baking; and all the cooking arrangements were wasteful and slovenly. When a regiment is in barracks, the men are grouped into messes or parties, and the dinners for each mess are cooked in one place and at one time. Boiled meat (and the liquor resulting from the process) was their fare day after day; unless the soldiers, out of their poor pittance, contrived to club together, and have their meat baked over potatoes in some neighbouring baker's oven, a plan which the arrangements of some barracks occasionally permitted them to adopt. The official mind had not risen to the dignity of roast-beef for the army. Many officers, however, desired to see their men better provided for; they knew that boiling is not the best mode of developing the nutritious qualities of meat; and they felt convinced that, without a farthing more expense, mess-dinners might be better managed than they were. Among these officers was Captain Grant. He has for eight years been trying to obtain from the authorities some credit and some advantage for what he has effected; but red-tape has not done with the matter yet; and until a few more reams of paper have been covered with correspondence between various departments, commissions, and committees, he will probably have to wait, like many other useful inventors.

When the camp at Aldershott was first formed, Captain Grant devised a primitive but effective kind of camp-kitchen that could be constructed in any open spot. He first cut a trench in the ground, and placed over it a covering of thin iron plates, having a central hole in each plate large enough to receive an ordinary camp-kettle or cooking-pot. A chimney was formed at one end of the trough, by piling up sods or peats to the height of three feet; and at the other end of the trench was a fireplace. The meat was only boiled by this plan, it is true; but the troops had thus the means of obtaining a hot dinner every day, with a facility not possible on the older system. When the permanent barracks began to supersede the tents and huts at Aldershott, Captain Grant made such changes as would render his apparatus applicable as a permanent barrack-kitchen. He retained the trench-plan, and economised fuel in a remarkable degree by making the heat from the fireplace travel along the whole length of the trench before reaching the chimney. He also contrived a singular kind of closed oven, to be placed within the chimney itself, whereby the meat could be baked instead of boiled, or baked while other portions are being boiled, without using a single shovelful more of fuel. Such was the economy he introduced by successive improvements, that he made one halfpennyworth of coal suffice for a whole week for three meals a day to each soldier—coffee for breakfast, meat or soup for dinner, and tea in the evening. One cart of coals will cook a dinner for two hundred men—a fact that will probably surprise many a frugal housewife.

Military officers have not been slow to acknowledge how much better all this is than the old system for their men. Major-general Mansel, in September 1858, made a report to the War-office to the effect that Grant's apparatus had been found remarkably serviceable and economical at Shorncliffe camp, affording to the soldier the opportunity of baking and boiling at the same fire at the same time. Day after day, for several weeks together, three hundred and sixty pounds of coal sufficed to effect all the baking and boiling of meat, stewing of soup, steaming of potatoes, and boiling of water for coffee and tea for five hundred men; the provisions, if equally divided among all, giving a daily ration to each man of twelve ounces of baked or boiled meat, half a pint of soup, a pound and a half of potatoes, a pint and a half of coffee, and about the same quantity of tea. Since that time, the apparatus has been applied in various places, altered and improved in various ways from time to time—for it is not patented; and Captain

Grant has been anxious to adopt any suggestion that will render the working more efficacious. In whatever detailed form it may appear, his camp or barrack kitchen always consists essentially of a long horizontal chamber with a fire at one end and a vertical chimney at the other, holes in the iron cover of the chamber into which cooking-vessels may be placed, and a closed baking-oven in the middle of the chimney.

But this is by no means the most remarkable performance of Captain Grant as 'a good plain cook.' What will the reader think of cooking our dinner as we travel; of having our beef fizzing away, and our soup and potatoes bubbling, as they travel like ourselves, and all 'done to a turn' by the time the journey is finished? Captain Grant's *travelling-kitchen* or *cooking-wagon*, for the use of troops on the march, contains all the necessary apparatus for cooking eight hundred or more rations of meat and soup. The boiler and steamer for this purpose weigh about half a ton; and these, with the fireplace, are so arranged that the whole can be quickly transferred from one wagon to another in case of accidents. From two to four horses are sufficient to draw the wagon and apparatus, according to the nature of the ground. The ordinary Military Train wagons have spare room enough for a supply of compressed vegetables, rice, &c., and other articles necessary to the completeness of the kitchen. A larger kind, called the *hospital wagon*, is more complete in its fittings, having an oven for baking as well as boilers and steamers. When employed for hospital purposes, instead of the large boiler boiling all the meat, it serves as a reservoir of boiling water, while a number of smaller vessels, surrounding it as satellites, suffice for the treatment of the meat, soup, puddings, vegetables, pastry, rice, coffee, or tea.

It is exceedingly interesting to read of the doings of these travelling-kitchens, as described by officers who have every reason to be truthful in speaking of matters affecting the well-being of the troops under their command. On the 22d of August 1859, Major-general Dacres, commandant at Woolwich, took one thousand troops from Woolwich to Dartford, to make a trial of Grant's kitchens. The cooking commenced on the line of march at a quarter before nine in the morning; the troops arrived at Dartford Heath at a quarter past twelve; and by a quarter before one, the thousand rations were all hot and well cooked for the mens' dinner. The fire had to be kept low on the march, in order that the dinner might not be ready for the men before the men were ready for the dinner. On the 3d of November in the same year, the Ordnance Select Committee at Woolwich made another experiment with this apparatus, to determine times, quantities, and qualities more minutely. Rations were provided for 438 men, consisting (besides bread) of beef, vegetables, meal, and barley. The beef was cut up into four-pound pieces, and placed in nets, each net labelled for one mess; the carrots and turnips were placed in similar nets, and labelled; the cabbages, onions, and parsley were washed and cut small; and all, with seventy-seven gallons of water, were placed in the boiler. The potatoes (a peck and a quarter for every twelve men) were placed in nets, and covered with cold water. All being thus far prepared, matters proceeded as follows: At half-past eight in the morning the fire was lighted; at half-past ten the troops set off on a march from Woolwich Artillery Barracks over Shooter's Hill, taking their kitchen-on-wheels with them. In twenty minutes they halted, and lit the fire of a second apparatus (of the hospital kind), destined for the reception of the potatoes. At a quarter past eleven, another halt was made; the carrots and turnips were taken out of their nets, well mashed, and returned to the boiler; the meat in the nets was taken out of the boiler, and put into two kettles, leaving the soup in the boiler. On they marched again. At twelve o'clock the meat was returned to the boiler, and kept slowly boiling until the potatoes were done, which was effected in the hospital-wagon. By this time the troops had returned to barracks, where they dined on the beef, soup, and vegetables thus cooked during their march. The meal and barley appear to have been used for thickening the soup. The meat was in the ratio of three-quarters of a pound to each man; there was sixpennyworth of potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, parsley, flour, and barley to each mess of twelve men; we may leave it to any expert market-woman to determine how much was obtainable at this cost. The hospital-wagon was in this experiment used with the battalion-wagon; but in hard field-service the men would dispense with some of these extras, and be glad to get a hot dinner on any terms.

On the 12th of July 1860, Major-general Dacres made another trial of the travelling-kitchen at Woolwich, which he described, in a letter to the quarter-master-general, as being thoroughly successful. Lieutenant-general Pennefather, in October 1861, prepared for the quarter-master-general an account of some marchings and campings at Aldershott, during which the kitchen-on-wheels came in for a large share of praise. He said: 'The great utility, comfort, and advantage to the soldier, in the case of the ambulating-boiler, was strongly exemplified on the morning of the march of the 20th regiment into Aldershott from Woolmer. The boiler was fitted and the fire prepared the evening previous, by the cook of the regiment. One man got up a little before three o'clock in the morning, and lighted the fire. At about half-past four, the men's breakfasts were being issued. Fifteen minutes after the final issue, the wagon was packed and ready for the march. On the other hand, the remaining regiments composing the column were disturbed at an early hour by their cooks endeavouring to prepare the men's coffee, with damp wood to light the fires, upon ground soddened by a heavy fall of dew on the previous night; while the men whose duty it was to carry the kettles were anxious to get them cleaned for carrying in the bags attached to the knapsacks. The saving of fuel was very great, the consumption per diem being at the rate of one pound and seven-eighths instead of three pounds of wood per man.' Here we are told of economy in time, economy in money, and greater comfort.

But as foreign service tests all our military arrangements more severely than home, it is satisfactory to know that the 'good plain cook' has been at work in China as well as in England. On the 25th of November 1861, the 67th Regiment of foot made trial of Captain Grant's travelling-kitchen, by order of Brigadier-general Staveley, commanding at Tientsin. Meat, vegetables, and meal, prepared in the usual way for five hundred men, were put into the boiler, the fuel was arranged, and at half-past eleven the fire was lighted. Off they started, troops and kitchen, for a march; and no doubt John Chinaman would have been a good deal surprised if he had known what all this meant. The regiment arrived at its halting-place about one o'clock; and in half an hour more, the savoury contents of the boiler were pronounced to be ready. The officers lunched, and the men dined, on the meat and soup thus prepared; and general encomiums were pronounced. The fuel used was marvellously small, only 120 pounds for 500 men's dinners. Colonel Thomas, of the 67th Regiment, who had the management of the affair, stated in his report that the troops, who had started on their march with a prejudice against the apparatus, changed their minds completely before the day was over. 'The ambulating-boiler,' he adds, 'having the advantage of allowing the

cooking to be carried on during the march, would be a very great comfort to men on hard service; it would require the assistance of only one cook for a regiment; the usual orderlies being employed for bringing the fuel and water.'

The indefatigable Captain Grant, not content with all this, has advanced to the construction of *pontoon-kitchens*. The troops cook their dinner, then convert their boilers and kettles into a pontoon or military bridge, then cross a river, and then use their bridge to make their tea in. How this magic transformation is effected, we cannot describe without going into detail; but it is based on the fact, that a closed thin iron vessel, whether used for cooking or not, will float upon water; and that many such vessels, side by side, will support a boarded platform or raft. In August 1859, some of the Guards crossed the Serpentine in this way, four men standing on a raft supported by nine pontoon-kettles, bars being passed through the kettle-handles.

AARON AND ESTHER:*

OR, THREE DAYS OF RABBI NATHAN CLAUSENER'S LIFE.

I.—TWO YOUNG JEWS.

One fine Friday afternoon in spring, Wolf Israel, son of the wealthy money-changer, Leib Israel, entered the office of Mr Gerson, a merchant, and asked for Aaron Jacobson, the head-clerk. On being shewn into a room at the back of the office, he found Aaron listless and unoccupied, resting from his duties. On shaking hands, Wolf Israel said to his friend: 'Are you not well?'

'Oh yes—quite well; but not having had my usual amount of sleep, I feel tired and worn out. I am not strong enough for such revels as we had last night.'

'Bah, you are stronger than I; you only want to be broken in. Revels! You do not mean to call it a revel because we heard music and had some wine in the woods? That is a very incomplete form of revelry!'

'I shall not want to complete it further; it is against my nature; I am sorry for it.'

'Do not say so! You are an excellent fellow when you have got half a bottle; the whole party was charmed with your song. We are to meet again to-night, and I have promised you will again join us. My carriage, with the two new horses, shall be in readiness for us just outside the town—for your sake, not for mine. I do not care whether I am seen driving on Sabbath or not.'

'To-night? No, thank you, I cannot. I dined with Mr Gerson last Friday night, and two Sabbath-nights without seeing my parents and my friends—no!'

'You are and will remain a child, it seems! But let me see. You really look ill. What is the matter? It is not the want of sleep alone, I am sure. Come, make a clear breast of it.'

'Wolf,' said Aaron with tears in his eyes, 'I feel remorse; I repent having eaten the beef-steak† last night.'

'Do you, my child? Well, it *is* a great sin; but I, a son of the nineteenth century, solemnly give you absolution. The carriage will be ready at eight o'clock, and, this heavy crime having been removed, it will take us to the wood in less than half an hour.'

'I am thirty years old,' said Aaron, 'and nothing unclean had touched my lips until last night. Why can we not be merry without violating the customs of our forefathers?'

'Ah, nonsense! Can you not emancipate yourself from the old rabbis and their superstition?'

'But Moses?' said Aaron, with an anxious look.

'Bah! Moses himself was but a rabbi who has attained high honour by lying still so many hundred years, exactly as hock does. Upon my word, a capital idea! Well, do not be afraid; your hair need not stand on end. I had no malicious design; I bear no malice to Moses; and I promise you shall not be led to-night into eating beef-steak, or into any other such temptation.'

'When wine enters, reason leaves us,' replied Aaron; 'it is better to keep away. I feel since last night as though some misfortune were hanging over me. I will not challenge Heaven again. No, I thank you, Wolf, but I will keep Sabbath to-night.'

'I'll be hanged if I understand you; but if you won't come, you won't; I must be off to find another companion. Good-bye, rabbi.'

At Wolf's last words, a blush came over Aaron's cheeks; but, after the departure of his friend, he set himself steadily to work until it became almost dusk, when he dismissed the other clerks, shut up the office, and went home.

II.—EREF SCHABBAS. THE EVE OF THE SABBATH.

On Aaron's return home, he found his mother at the Sabbath-table consecrating the lamp, stretching out her hands towards it, and saying the blessing.

'Have you been to synagogue to-night?' she asked, when she had finished her short prayer.

'No, dear mother, I but just now left the counting-house, and had no time even to dress. Has father returned?'

'No; but I think they are now about Bameh matlikin.* He will soon be home. I am going to have the supper brought up.'

Aaron hurried upstairs to dress, and had just returned to the room when his father entered.

'Good Schabbas,' said the father cheerfully.

'Good Schabbas,' replied both his wife and son, and the latter, covering his head, received the Sabbath blessing.

'It was a pleasure indeed to be at synagogue to-night,' said old Mr Jacobson. 'We had the new Hrason.† What a voice! It makes the heart leap with joy! My darling, I am hungry. Aaron, take your seat.'

'Thank you, father,' said Aaron, 'I will only see you make kiddusch.'‡

'Are you going away, Aaron? Are we to sup alone?'

'I am only going for half an hour to Rabbi Nathan's,' replied Aaron shyly.

'On Eref Schabbas you should remain with your parents. Aaron, you were not with us last Friday.'

'Let him go,' said the mother, with an arch smile.

The father caught the smile, and smiled himself, saying: 'Well, well—good Schabbas. My compliments to Rabbi Nathan.'

'And mine to his wife and daughter,' added the mother.

Rabbi Nathan Clausener, to whose house Aaron now bent his steps, was one of those men highly esteemed by the Jews, who devote their whole life to the study of the law and its voluminous commentaries. As his surname Clausener (from the Latin *clausa*) indicated, he was a stipendiary paid by the community, or out of some legacy, for closeting himself with the sacred books; and to the belief of many people, such a life of retirement and sanctity often leads to secret wisdom and secret power—a power to do good alone, to intercede with God for his people when threatened with his wrath, or left exposed to danger. So late as thirty or forty

* The above original story is from the pen of Mr Goldschmidt, an eminent Danish author.

† That is to say, meat not prepared by Jews, consequently unclean—'terefpho.'

* How is the Sabbath Light to be lighted? a small treatise, which is read on Friday evenings towards the close of the prayers.

† Reader.

‡ Bless the bread and wine.

years back, such a venerable white-bearded rabbi was, and even now in some places is, to Judaism, what certain saints were or are to Catholicism, but with this difference, that whilst a Christian saint can change old dogmas, or institute new ones, the Jewish saint derives all his power and influence from the strictness with which he observes the law. He is the mirror of the law, and should he not reflect it well, the community would instantly take cognizance of it. Rabbi Nathan belonged to a time and to a town where the daylight of reason had broadly entered; there was not ascribed to him, nor did he arrogate to himself, any exceptional power, although on some occasions it had been remarked that he seemed to know beforehand of certain deaths. Such young members of the community as Wolf Israel—if members they can be called—looked on him as a petrifaction of bygone times; but by the community at large he was regarded with respect, and watched with jealousy.

When Aaron entered, Rabbi Nathan was seated at his Sabbath-supper, surrounded by his whole family—his wife and daughter, and his three sons with their wives and children. At the sight of the new-comer, he exclaimed gaily: 'The later the evening, the greater the guest! Come, take a seat and have some supper!'

The family received Aaron in the same friendly way, and drew their chairs closer together, so that there was a place left just by the side of Esther.

'How long it is since we have seen you!' said she to him in a subdued tone.

'Yes, it is a fortnight; but you may be sure it has been a long and painful time to me.'

'Father has asked after you; he likes you so much.'

'Blessed be God!' said Aaron, touching with his hand Esther's sleeve. Esther gave him her hand, secretly, as she fancied.

'But you do not eat!' said Frummit, the rabbi's wife, to her guest.

'Thank you, I have made an excellent supper.'

'Young folks ought to have a better appetite,' said the artful Frummit, who knew perfectly well that at a certain stage of love young folks lose all their appetite; 'but,' she added, 'some cake you can eat anyhow, and a good large piece I shall send you.'

She first cut some for her husband and then for Aaron, but Aaron's portion broke in two. 'You have not prayed well this week,' said she jestingly.

Aaron blushed, and abruptly turning to one of the sons asked, whether it was true that people ruddled (talked) of Joel Salomon.

Joel Salomon was a rich man, and the family consequently were highly surprised to hear that there was any doubt or suspicion abroad about him. In a lively discussion, Joel Salomon's resources, manner of trading, &c., were closely scrutinised, and it irresistibly led to the conclusion, that he was above all ruddle, when Aaron said: 'I was mistaken; it is not Joel Salomon but Amsel Salomon.'

'Amsel Salomon! That gascht!'* the sons cried, laughing, 'who will give himself the trouble to ruddle about him? He is not free from his bankruptcy yet! Aaron, where have you been to hear the news?'

Aaron, in his confusion, knew not what to answer; when Rabbi Nathan said with a smile, and a glance at Aaron and Esther—'Aaron is quite right.'

None of the sons was able to comprehend how Aaron could be right; but what a father or a rabbi says is not to be contradicted, especially on a Friday night, and so the matter dropped.

'Rebbaussi, let us benschen,'† said the rabbi, who requested Aaron to perform the task of precentor.

Aaron coloured up to the brow, when Rabbi Nathan thus, for the first time, bestowed this significant honour upon him, and never had he with such fervour blessed and thanked the God of Israel, as he did now.

After grace, Rabbi Nathan, reclining on the sofa, sang one of the Sabbath hymns, and then began to praise the Sabbath in an improvised drascha or lecture: 'How happy is the good Jew, who observes the law of God! With him is peace and stillness, as on the mountain, when the cedars are awaiting the evening breeze, or as on the shore, when the sun sets behind the isles. His heart is comforted with the sight of children and children's children as by fragrant aloe and myrrh; he shares his meal with them, and there is enough for all, for the blessing of God is on purity. When the repast is over and the blessing said, his soul rests as on rose-leaves and delighted sings: Blessed be our Lord, Israel's God, who has given us the Sabbath!'

'Amen!' said all, as is the custom every time God is blessed.

'Behold, my children,' continued the rabbi, 'how Gentiles observe their Sabbath. The rich either seek worldly pleasures, or, if not, they forget, or try to forget, that they have thousands of brethren suffering on that day as on other days, wanting shelter and food, quarrelling and rioting, as the unhappy do. But whilst we enjoy our blessed Sabbath, we hear no cry of distress from our brethren; for before the stars were out, God's angels, Mercy, and Pity, and Piety, went from door to door with full baskets and returned with empty baskets, and not one door was forgotten. We know that all over Israel there is comfort and peace to-night—blessed be God, the Lord of Israel, who dispenses benefits and alms!'

'Amen!' said they all.

After a pause, Aaron in a low voice, asked: 'Rabbi, if in such a holy community were one who had sinned, eaten of forbidden food, what then?'

Rabbi Nathan's countenance became serious, when he answered: 'It might be that the offender had committed his sin secretly, so that nobody knew of it. But in the society of the pious he would feel as a woman who had lost her innocence, and this would be punishment enough. When, however, it came to light, I certainly would not lift my hand against the fallen woman, nor cast her out into the streets to be wholly lost, but,' added the rabbi with a severe glance, 'I would assuredly not marry her to my son.'

Aaron had bent his head; but one of the sons, in order to divert the mind of his father from the unpleasant subject, said: 'Rabbi, I have a schale* to ask you. Is it true that it is written, we ought to sell the last thing we possess to be able to celebrate the Sabbath?'

The rabbi's countenance brightened, and he answered: 'It is written: There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should delight his senses in his labour. But the rabbis, who explain these words in the manner you mentioned, my son, are casuists, and in the letter forget the spirit; for the words are said in bitterness and dismay, and the same sage has declared: There is no good for the heart of man but to do good in his life. But that you may clearly see the truth, I will tell you the story about Rabbi Hranino and his wife Debora.'

They all drew near the rabbi to listen to the story, although it was not quite new to them; but what a rabbi and a father says always deserves attention, especially when he is a grandfather and the grandchildren are present.

'Once there was,' began the rabbi, 'a pious man by name Rabbi Hranino, his wife was called Debora. Rabbi Hranino was very poor, for he almost exclusively devoted himself to prayer and study, and as he lived in a dark age and a barbarous country, there

* Poor fellow.

† 'Gentlemen, we will say grace.' When three or more are assembled, one is selected to say the benediction aloud; the others follow in a very subdued tone.

* A question in religious matters.

was no purse, or clausa, or stipend, at least not for him. He always seemed happy and content, but it deeply pained his wife, that the other Jewish women could buy a far larger stock of provisions on Friday for their Sabbath-table than she could. Is not my husband a rabbi? she often said to herself—why, then, should he not fare at least as well as his neighbours? One week especially their earnings had been very scanty, and Debora had nothing to put on the Sabbath-table but bread and a jug of milk. The rabbi, having washed his hands, prepared to say kiddusch with as much fervour as if the milk were costly wine, and as if the finest fish awaited him. Debora could bear it no longer, but, weeping and sobbing, began to complain of their poverty. "How long," she asked, "shall we suffer want and be scorned by our neighbours, who see no smoke ascend from our chimney?" "My dear wife," answered the rabbi, "as long as it pleases God." "But," she exclaimed, "why do you not pray to God for wealth? God hearkens to the prayers of a rabbi, and He will be pleased to give you a better Sabbath-table." "Listen, my darling," said the rabbi, "and I will tell you a tale. This afternoon, a little while before Sabbath, I had a dream. I dreamed we went to supper just as we have done now, and that the table was poor, and that you complained and cried, just as you do now; then, moved by your tears, I besought God to give us wealth; and lo! a large diamond fell down before us. You were very glad. We sold the jewel and got so much money for it, that for the future we had a splendid Sabbath-table, and whenever you went to market, you were envied by the other housewives. Then—I dreamed further—we died, and we went to Heaven among the other rabbis and their wives. Every rabbi had his wife by his side, and each couple had a golden table with vessels richly set with diamonds. All at once you discovered that there was a whispering going on around us, and the wives of the rabbis looked with scorn on our table, for there the largest and brightest diamond was missing. Then you began to weep, and you asked the angel, who had led us in, why our table was not as well and richly ornamented as that of the others; to which the angel replied, that having on earth asked for and received the jewel, we of course could not have it here. Then you wept still more bitterly than before, and wished you had never had it on earth, and you were inconsolable and wished to leave; but this was impossible. I felt so grieved at your despair, that I arose and—awoke." When Rabbi Hranino had finished this tale, Debora sat silent awhile, but then rising, she approached her husband and kissed him. He told her some more stories, and when they said grace, they were as happy and contented as though they had had the most splendid repast. My children,' said Rabbi Nathan, concluding, 'we learn from Rabbi Hranino, that it is better to worship God with a pious mind than by eating and drinking. A savoury meal is good too, however, for it gives man pleasure, and it pleases God to behold happy human faces.'

A thunder-storm that for some time had been lowering in the air meanwhile burst over the town, and, just as the rabbi's last words were uttered, a violent clap was heard.

Rabbi Nathan started in his seat, his eyes became unusually bright, and he exclaimed: 'There speaks Adaunoi Elauhim!* Rebbaussai, let us say the blessing.' And, whilst the women closed the windows, the men covering their heads, said the prescribed blessing to the Lord who sends the thunder.

III.—THE SABBATH.

The events which this tale is intended to commemorate, took place at Copenhagen, in the year 1830 and odd. Since that time great progress has been effected in the world—lucifer-matches, percussion-caps, express trains, electric telegraphs, tubular bridges, photography, and crystal palaces, have sprung into existence, and even the most pious clausener has given up the three-cornered hat, the red-brown coat, the Wellington boots, and the long beard, and walks in the street like any other gentleman. You will perhaps fancy the last-mentioned change too small to deserve special notice; but if our honest and intelligent Rabbi Nathan, in the year above named, had been taken to the Menai Straits, and asked: 'Do you think it would be easier for Stephenson to throw a tube for railway-trains across this strait, or for you to take off your beard, and to wear a round hat and a frock-coat?' Rabbi Nathan, assuredly, would have answered: 'Stephenson shall throw his bridge across this strait before I take off my beard or wear a round hat.' The change *has* taken place, however, and whilst visible or physical nature has yielded to progress, a moral improvement has penetrated even the lower classes of society—nay, the implacable enemy of the Jews, the street-boy, now gravely passes the most venerable Jew without asking him the pertinent question—'Will you have a bit of pork?'

It was otherwise in those dark ages thirty years ago.

It was on the Sabbath following the evening described in our preceding chapter. At that time, Copenhagen had not, as now, one fine large synagogue, but several small ones; and that, to which Rabbi Nathan belonged, was situated in a back-yard belonging to a coppersmith, the little community paying the coppersmith to cease from his labour during the service. The deepest stillness thus prevailed in the sacred place, and seemed embodied in the perpetually burning, bright 'holy lamp,' and the surrounding tapers. A little boy having come too early, had mounted a bench to try and catch the wax dripping from one of the tapers, whilst the beadle made warning signals to him to desist, but durst not move, engaged as he was in an extra sacred prayer. The congregation entering, they one by one noiselessly approached the oraun hakodesh (the ark), reverentially to kiss the curtain drawn before it. One must have seen the fervour, the expression of deep satisfaction at being on this sacred spot, to understand how so lengthened and oft-repeated a liturgy could spring up, intended, it might seem, to retain the faithful as long as possible in the abode of peace, in a world of dream or ideality, whilst the real world that awaited them was so harsh and often so pitiless. Nothing extraordinary happened this day during the service, the principle of which still is, that every Jew is in active, in direct communication with God, without any priest as mediator—a principle that finds its highest expression in the fact, that twelve members, one for each of the tribes, are called up to read each his part of the Thora. Before this takes place, the Thora is with solemn pomp taken out of the Ark, the member on whom this honourable task devolved, uplifting the open scroll to the gaze of the congregation, and exclaiming: 'Thauros Mausche emmes' (the law of Moses is truth), those assembled responding aloud—'Thauros Mausche emmes!' Persecuted, bowed, crushed, our race has, during centuries, once every week at least, lifted its head and raised this cry.

After service, Rabbi Nathan waited at the gate for his wife and daughter—for the two sexes do not sit together—and as they came up, they were met by Aaron Jacobson and his parents. On both sides, it was a performance of art, indeed, to exchange greetings in the face of the crowd, for both parties knew that an engagement was in contemplation between Aaron and Esther, although as yet no decisive words had been spoken; the problem was how to shew neither too much nor too little kindness, how to avoid a mien

* The majestic Lord, our God.

that might afterwards be commented upon, should no engagement follow, and all this was the more difficult, as both families, by anticipation, felt as endeared relatives to each other. Rabbi Nathan broke the ice by taking off his three-cornered hat with both hands, and bowing to Mrs Jacobson, whilst old Mr Jacobson, closely watching and imitating him, bowed to Frummit; then the two gentlemen bowed to each other, and the two ladies did the same; and all four said 'Good Schabbas!' Aaron was overlooked as by common consent, in order not to increase the difficulty of the situation.

Just at the moment when the ladies and gentlemen bowed to each other, a street-boy passed, and observing their ceremonious behaviour, exclaimed in a shrill voice: 'Ah, look how the Jews stand there bowing and scraping!'

The old gentlemen changed countenance, without allowing themselves to be disturbed in their movements; it might be easily seen that from their earliest days they had been accustomed to such impertinences, and had learned to conquer their temper, like a shying horse that has been taught to pass the water-mill, yet lays his ears back nevertheless. But Aaron, upon whom the sun of emancipation, as the reader knows, had sent some rays, exclaimed: 'If I only had a stick, I would give that boy a lesson.'

'On Sabbath, Aaron?' said Rabbi Nathan, with mild reproach in his voice. 'Suppose the stick broke!'*

Aaron was silent, but another Jew approaching, said: 'What rischus!† That cursed boy seems determined to follow us.'

'It is nothing,' said Rabbi Nathan; 'how much more had the Jews at Codzesen to complain of?'

'What had they to complain of?' said his interlocutors, glad to escape hearing the remarks of the boy, and also glad to have a walk with Rabbi Nathan.

'At Codzesen, in Little Poland,' began Rabbi Nathan, 'the Jews were dreadfully persecuted. Not only were they assailed with bad words as we are, but with stones likewise; they were forbidden to have Christian servants, and they were thus left on Sabbaths without light or fire; even worse befell them, for at length a baker made up his mind to rid the town of them entirely. You know, after having eaten matsos‡ for eight days, how we long, at the end of Pesach,§ for leavened bread, we are as eager for it at the expiration of Pesach, as we were eager to welcome and consecrate the matsos on the first night of the festival. So fickle are we! Change is our delight, and we should not feel content even in Paradise, in communion with God's holy angels, did we appear there wrapped in our frail bodies. Now, upon this longing the baker based his wicked design. On the last night of Passover he poisoned all his bread; but in this emergency the Lord God willed that one whom He has pronounced "an abomination," and from whom "He turneth away His face," should become an instrument of good. There lived in the town a young Jew, a poscho Jisroeil,‖ who insolently trampled on all sacred customs, and scoffed in the very faces of his brethren—nay, he had even gone so far as to promise marriage to a Gentile, a servant of the baker. During Passover he did not, as a matter of course, go to synagogue—he did not even attend when the names of his poor parents were mentioned among the dead!

'On the last night of the festival the girl had appointed to receive him in her own room, but as she could not manage to get him in there, she hid him in a store-room adjoining the baker's shop. Becoming hungry he was just on the point of eating a roll, when the girl entered, and begged him, for God's sake, not to eat of that bread; but, as he persisted, she at length told him the terrible secret. Seized with horror, he started off, and rushed like a madman, with uncovered head, into the synagogue, where the Jews, believing he was mocking them, attempted to cast him out; but, forcing his way to the chief rabbi, he told him what he had heard. The chief rabbi then mounting the pulpit, desired the community to omit the blessings customary at the conclusion of the festival, but requested that they should return to their homes, and observe the Passover one day longer. He was obeyed, and another supply of bread procured: the king was informed of the matter, and the baker was imprisoned, and afterwards hanged. Since then, the Jews of Codzesen observe nine days Passover instead of eight. It is said that the young man, through whose instrumentality the community was saved, repenting of his former evil life, made atonement and became one of the most pious Jews of Codzesen.'

'This reminds me of another Polish story,' said old Jacobson; 'but you know it, no doubt, Rabbi Nathan.'

'Well, let us have it,' replied the rabbi, with a stolen glance back at the boy, who stubbornly followed and addressed them.

'Allow me to carry your umbrella, Rabbi,' said Aaron.

'Thank you, *my son*,' answered the Rabbi, becoming unguarded in the presence of the foe.

'At Polocitz,' began Aaron's father, 'there lived a harandar, merchant and distiller, a wealthy man, who was on friendly terms with the Christian authorities of the town. He had the misfortune to lose all his children soon after their birth, which afflicted him deeply. "What is all my wealth?" he used to say, with tears in his eyes; "I am working for strangers—I have no child to become the inheritor, to whom I could cheerfully resign my worldly possessions." For the seventh time his wife gave birth to a child, a son, and as the infant seemed strong and healthy, the harandar had hopes of its life. When the Bidyan ha ben* took place, the Christian bishop of the town was present, as he usually was on similar occasions, in the harandar's house. On the same day, an old, poorly-clad Jew had arrived in the town, and was, of course, invited by the harandar, of whom he learned the misfortune that had hitherto swayed the house. Presently, the bishop approached the cradle, and stooped down over the babe, when he was struck in the face by an invisible hand; he staggered, and recoiled from the cradle. On recovering his senses, he asked the harandar if a Rabbi Mausche (Moses) was present. The harandar replied that half of the party bore this name; but, from a corner of the room, the poorly-clad stranger exclaimed: "I am the man whom he means; let that destroyer of Israel come to me!" The bishop went up to him, and they had a long conversation—the result was, that they agreed to meet next time for a mortal struggle. They accordingly met, each accompanied by his friends, and each began by drawing three circles around himself, when the bishop commenced his conjurations. A howling wolf, emerging from the forest, and passing the circles around the bishop, approached those of Rabbi Mausche, but before touching the outer ring, ran off with a yell. The bishop, with some uneasiness, began his spell anew, and a huge bear came from the forest, and

* On Sabbath it is not permitted to tear, or break, or destroy anything.

† Enmity to Jews.

‡ Unleavened bread.

§ Passover.

‖ Scoffer of Israel.

* When a Jewish first-born son, not of the tribe of Levi, is a month old, the redemption (Bidyan ha ben) takes place. It originates from the time when Moses made the tribe of Levi a priestly cast, and exempted the other tribes from officially serving the Lord in the temple. The ceremony is performed in this way: The father invites some Jews, amongst whom a kauhein (a descendant of Aaron), and shewing the child to the kauhein, says: 'This is my first-born son.' The kauhein takes the baby in his arms and says: 'The child is my property.' The father replies: 'I should like to purchase it.' The kauhein: 'How much wilt thou pay?' The father offers a small sum, that is devoted to the poor, and the ceremony concludes with a dinner.

running towards Rabbi Mausche, crossed his outer circle, but then, crying like an angry child, made off to the forest. The bishop, pale, with drops of sweat upon his brow, recommenced for the third time, when a wild shrieking boar, burst forth from the forest, leaped over the second and third circles of Rabbi Mausche; but suddenly turning round, rushed towards the bishop, and leaping over all his circles, laid hold of him and tore him to pieces.'

Rabbi Nathan quietly smiled, but the elder Jew, who accompanied them, exclaimed, with a glance at the street-boy, 'Thus may all the foes of Israel be dealt with! May their own hatred consume them!'

The street-boy had by this time, as it seemed, got into an altercation with another boy; and Rabbi Nathan, now stopping at his own door, said: 'That on Sabbath we may not part in a mood tainted with bitterness, I will tell you another story. According to sages of old, there is between heaven and earth an expanse—the firmament—inhabited by demons, who are always trying to intercept the good gifts sent down to us from heaven. When the soul of Moses was descending to be born in mortal shape, the demons were on the watch; but a violent feud arising among them, he passed unobserved. When too late, they hastened to make peace; but'—the rabbi added, with an arch smile, and a merry glance at the street-boys—'they cannot keep it.'

They separated with a laugh, but Aaron managed to forget to give Rabbi Nathan back his umbrella, so that a pretext might be found for paying him a visit in the evening.

He came to the house, just as Rabbi Nathan and his sons, on their return from the evening-service, were about to make avdolo.*

It is customary for the youngest boy of the family to assist the father of the house at this ceremony; but, as the grandchildren were heard merrily playing in a distant room, Rabbi Nathan said: 'Well, let the children have their play; come, Aaron, you are the youngest man in the room.'

Aaron's heart leapt with joy when Rabbi Nathan thus treated him as a member of the family, and he fervidly performed the little task allotted to him. Rabbi Nathan blessed the light, the wine, and the fragrant spices tendered him by Aaron; he blessed the day of rest and the days of toil, the family and their dwelling. The goblet of wine was passed, that all might drink thereof, and the casket of spice was likewise passed, that all might enjoy the fragrance. Lastly, after the taper was extinguished in the wine, and the hymn *Hamavdil bein kaudesch lectraul* sung (He who makes a division between holy and profane), Rabbi Nathan wished Aaron a happy week and a happy year, upon which Aaron bowed his head and received the blessing; then, one by one, the sons drew near, and in their turn were blessed.

During the ceremony, Esther had been seated in a corner gazing on Aaron, and was perhaps as proud of him as any Christian lady of the knight who broke a lance in her honour.

IV.—SCHLAUMO ZWICKER.

The following morning, Schlaumo Zwicker came to Rabbi Nathan to cut ('zwick') his beard. The real name of Schlaumo Zwicker was Schlaumo Leib; but his father being a hair-cutter, had acquired that German surname, and the son, although he had given up the profession learned in his youth, and lived on his property, still retained the name; and he continued, but without any fee, to cut or 'zwick' the beards of the most pious of the community, as he believed it to be an act pleasing in the eyes of God. He thus achieved for himself a name for piety, and he was highly esteemed by the old people, although the young were not very fond of him. They said he was a gambler, and frequented gambling-houses; but on being asked for proofs, they had none to offer—for who could admit having seen him at such a house? But then they urged that his small eyes and his large, thin, pale lips clearly shewed a propensity to gambling, to which the old folks, being no disciples of Lavater, only said, 'Nonsense!' Schlaumo's mouth was broad, indeed, and, as if to irritate his critics, he made it still broader by always firmly closing his lips; but this the pitiless young people contended he only did to hide the loss of his teeth. All acknowledged, however, that Schlaumo could bite when he thought it fit, and that he had a 'dangerous mouth.'

Having placed the towel before Rabbi Nathan, Schlaumo went on for some time in silence, for Schlaumo had the quality of never speaking unless drawn out, just as a barrel of beer retains the beverage until the tap is turned. Rabbi Nathan, after a while, began the conversation by asking: 'What news there was in town?'

'News?' said Schlaumo—'news? I do not know any. There are no good news now a days. What is new is bad, although it has already ceased to be new.'

'For Heaven's sake, what has happened?' exclaimed Rabbi Nathan.

'What has happened? Have you seen any one from our synagogue? Ask them! Ask them, and you will hear the old news—the synagogue almost empty on Sabbath. Only fancy, yesterday we had to send for one for minjan.'*

'Awful!' said the rabbi; 'but they will come next Sabbath.'

'Heaven grant it!' replied Schlaumo, turning his eyes upward; 'but,' he added, 'it is of no use denying that religion is falling into contempt. Since the reformers have succeeded in getting a new pompous funeral-carriage, day by day there are more who leave us. I wish them a funeral-carriage all of them together!'

'Beware of your words! The Lord our God wills not the death of the transgressor. There may come a change for the better; it will come, it must come, for you are right—there is great wickedness abroad. If they sinned, and transgressed, and scorned the law, believing they had found a better, it would not be so despicable; but they are often bad Jews only to please bad Christians, or only to make the Christians forget that they have crooked noses—fools as they are!'

'You speak as behoves a rabbi,' said Schlaumo; 'pity that your words have but two ears to listen to them. There is, for instance, that fellow, Wolf Israel, a regular Poscho Jisroeil.† Yesterday, on returning home from the synagogue, whom should I meet in the street smoking a cigar?‡—whom else than Wolf Israel? And will you believe it, Rabbi Nathan, he drew a long whiff and blew it at me! May he be!'—— And Schlaumo spat.

Rabbi Nathan said: 'I pity his father.'

'His father?' replied Schlaumo; 'I think you may spare your pity. I think the only difference is, that while the son smokes a cigar in the street, the father smokes a pipe in his room. A bad set are all those Israels!'

'Have you seen him smoke?' said Rabbi Nathan.

'Whom?—the father? No; but you may be sure I am not far from right.'

'If you have not seen it, in your place I would not accuse him. It is written: The tongue of the just shall bloom with wisdom, but that of the unjust shall wither.'

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* The religious ceremony ending the Sabbath, and ushering in the days of labour.

* To perform divine service, ten adult Jews must be present; this number is called minjan.

† Scoffer of Judaism.

‡ It is a sin on Sabbath to touch fire, consequently to smoke.

Schlaumo Zwicker went on cutting a while in silence, but presently he began again. 'The worst is, that this Wolf Israel leads other young men astray. Last Thursday, the evening being very fine, I took a walk in the wood to bless God for the new buds and young leaves. On passing a tent I heard, as I fancied, voices I knew; and, peeping through the door, I saw a number of youngsters, and among them two young Jews seated at supper, and eating—a trifle!—beef-steak! And who were the two Jews? One was Wolf Israel, and the other—who was it, do you think, Rabbi Nathan?'

'Eh?'

'Aaron Jacobson!'

'Aaron Jacobson?' exclaimed the rabbi, startled.

'Yes, I tell you, Aaron Jacobson,' said Schlaumo, replacing the towel.

'Schlaumo Leib,' said Rabbi Nathan, 'is it not possible that you were mistaken? Remember, one of the ten great commandments is: "Do not bear false witness." To lie is a deathly sin.'

'May God Almighty on the day of judgment cast my soul away from his presence, and the souls of my father and mother, if I lie!'

Rabbi Nathan clenched his hands, and tears of wrath and grief flowed from his eyes. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'Oh, now I remember he asked me! and I allowed him to say grace at my table! I received him as a son, and permitted him to sit at my daughter's side. Oh, oh!'

'Rabbi Nathan,' said Schlaumo in a compassionate voice, whilst folding up the towel, and replacing the scissors in their sheath, 'you must take care of your daughter while there is time. A girl, when seeing much of a man, takes him to her heart. Of course, it is time yet, but'——

'Alas, you are right; you are but too right. But where am I to find a husband for her? I am not rich; I can give her but little.'

'Well, well, Rabbi Nathan,' said Schlaumo, and something like a smile brightened his eyes, and broke the straight broad line of his lips, 'I wish myself a poverty like yours. But as it is, I have come to you to-day as a Schatchen.'*

'Have you, indeed, Schlaumo Leib?'

'Ay, I know some one who wishes to marry your daughter.'

'Is he a pious man?'

'So pious, that he will, God permitting, in a short time become a clausener. You know, Rabbi Nathan, there is a vacancy.'

'Yes. Has he any means?'

'He is well off, and a man in his best years.'

'Who is he, Schlaumo Leib?'

'He stands before you.'

'You!' exclaimed the Rabbi. 'You! But you are too old for my daughter: she is only eighteen.'

'And I am a little past forty. I am in my best years; and I hope to become a clausener; I am seeking it, and I shall get it, no doubt.'

'Certainly,' said Rabbi Nathan, musing, 'it would be an honour to my daughter to marry a clausener.'

'Well, and I will be kind to her, depend upon it; and you can answer before God for having confided her to me.'

'True,' said the Rabbi.

'Will you, then, give her to me? Let her come in!'

'Well, well, we shall see. Come some other day. My head is quite turned; I feel giddy. I think I will; I hope so, but wait a couple of days.'

'Rabbi, it is written: Do not say to thy neighbour, come again to-morrow, if thou hast it to-day.'

'But there is written likewise: Let not thy mouth hasten, nor thy heart be in a hurry to utter words before God; and farther: Better not to promise than to promise and not to pay. But in two days—that Aaron! I think I will; I really think so.'

'If you think so, it will be!' exclaimed Schlaumo, joyfully. 'You will become my father! Good-bye, my father.'

When Schlaumo had left, Rabbi Nathan sat awhile thoughtful and grieved; he then washed his hands, and gave himself up to prayer.

* Match-maker, or marriage-broker.

V.—ESTHER.

The rabbi remained in his study all day, except at dinner-time, but even then he remained silent. Next morning he called Esther, who, with happy presentiments, went into his room and saluted him. The rabbi tried to look steadily at her, but gave it up, and sat with downcast eyes. At length he said: 'Esther, this day-week you will be a bride.'

'Yes, father,' she answered, with a blush.

'Esther,' resumed the rabbi, 'you do not ask the name of your bridegroom?'

'Who is it, father?'

'Well—Schlaumo Leib.'

The colour faded from Esther's cheek, and she faltered in answering: 'Yes, father.'

'Esther,' said the rabbi, 'thou art a good child. Thou canst go now.'

Esther left the room, but the door was no sooner closed than she burst into tears, and hastening to her mother, threw herself into her arms, exclaiming: 'Mother, dear! he says I am to marry Schlaumo Leib!'

'Yes, I knew it,' said Frummit, with tears in her eyes; 'the rabbi told me so last night.'

'And you did not tell me a word about it,' exclaimed Esther reproachfully, uplifting her face bathed in tears.

'The rabbi forbade me to speak about it,' Frummit answered.

'Mother! mother! I shall die if I marry Schlaumo Leib. When the rabbi said it, I felt as if death touched my heart.'

'Have courage, my child,' said Frummit; 'what the rabbi resolves is right. If God will it, you will be happy with Schlaumo Leib.'

'Alas, mother!' Esther replied, 'my father is wise, and well versed in the law; but such things he does not understand.'

'Do not commit a sin, my child,' said Frummit, warningly.

At this moment the door opened, and Aaron Jacobson leapt joyfully into the room.

'Masoul! bliss! happiness!' he exclaimed; 'our great East Indiaman has arrived with a rich cargo! I have been made a partner of the firm! I am on my way to the bank to get these bills discounted, but I could not help running in to tell you. Now, Esther, my darling, my love, delight of my eyes—now, if you love me, as I do you, we can be married.'

'Hush! let not the rabbi hear you,' said Esther.

'What is the matter?' Aaron asked in a lower voice; 'why do you weep, Esther? What has happened, mother dear?'

'I must marry Schlaumo Leib,' said Esther, bursting anew in tears.

'Marry Schlaumo Leib?' cried Aaron, standing like a statue. 'Is it really so?—I can't believe it, mother!'

'It is so, Aaron Jacobson,' Frummit answered.

'Mother!' cried he, 'do you give your consent? Will you permit it? No, no—you will not, dear blessed mother.'

'Should I, the wife of a rabbi, be disobedient to my husband?' asked Frummit, rising proudly.

'An evil tongue has poisoned the ear of the rabbi,' said Aaron, sadly.

'Yes, it is so,' replied Frummit. 'And now, Aaron,

you must leave us; it does not behove us that we women should be alone with you.'

'Leave you?' said Aaron, in a desponding tone: 'Leave you? How can I? How shall I bear it? Esther, I have told you I love you deeply, sincerely, eternally. Give me thy kiss of love, be it even the last before death.'

'It is not right,' said Frummit, going between them.

'Then, it is true—terribly, fatally true!' exclaimed Aaron. 'Of what use is all my good-fortune now? Why did I run breathless to you? My happiness has lost its brightness; my sun has set; I am miserable—lost; I am punished; I care for nothing more!'

In his agitation the bills fell from his hand; and, as he stooped to regain them, Esther for one moment, in spite of her grief, was tempted to smile; but the next moment, as Aaron rose, seeing the big tears roll down his cheek, she leapt to her feet, and rushing madly towards him, she kissed him, exclaiming: 'Now, I have kissed thee, Aaron: let the other one take me now!' upon which, weeping and sobbing, she threw herself into her mother's arms.

But Aaron, having felt Esther's kiss on his lips, rising to his full height, cried: 'Blessed be thou, my bride! Thou *shalt* become my wife! thou shalt, in truth! Almighty God will help me!'

'Amen!' exclaimed Frummit, with uplifted hands, whilst Aaron rushed away.

VI.—AARON.

The next morning, Aaron entered Rabbi Nathan's study.

'Aaron Jacobson!' exclaimed the rabbi, holding up his hand as if to keep him away.

But Aaron still drew near; and after a pause, said, with quivering lips: 'Rabbi, I have sinned.'

'I know it, Aaron Jacobson,' answered the rabbi.

Aaron continued: 'I have eaten of forbidden food, and have acted the hypocrite in your house.'

'Have you come to mock an old man who has behaved kindly to you?' asked the rabbi, indignantly.

'Oh, Rabbi Nathan,' said Aaron, struggling to retain his tears, 'do you think me so wicked? I am unhappy, and come to you crying for mercy. Have you no kind word left for me?'

'Aaron Jacobson, I forgive you your sin against me and my house. Leave in peace; no hatred—no word of evil shall follow you. Your sin against God is a matter between Him and you. The Lord is just.'

'Rabbi,' replied Aaron, 'I cannot talk with God. I can address Him; but even before my sin I was not worthy of hearing His voice, as did Moses and the prophets. I come to you, one of the pious men who know His law. Do we not before Passover pass our copper-vessels through fire, and steep our crystal vessels in water for three days, to purify them. Cannot a man, then, once unclean, become pure again? Is not repentance the fire that purifies, and penitence the water that cleanses from sin?'

'Yes, it is, Aaron Jacobson; and if you in your heart do repent and make atonement, the Lord will forgive you. But we mortals, being unable to look into the heart, ask for signs.'

'I know that, Rabbi Nathan. The chief-rabbi shall pronounce sentence on me. I will prostrate myself at the threshold of the synagogue, and the faithful shall tread upon me and smite me with sticks.'

'Aaron Jacobson,' replied the rabbi, with tears in his eyes, 'such things do not take place in this city, or in this country; any one can trespass and remain unpunished. Here nobody is permitted to pronounce sentence but the men of the Christian king; and how could these, eating of unclean things themselves and breaking the Sabbath, judge a Jew?'

'Then I prostrate myself before you,' cried Aaron, bending down before the rabbi; 'put your foot upon my neck, and trample me into the dust! I will lay bare my back; smite it until it bleed.'

Rabbi Nathan's lips forsook their service, and it was some time before he could answer: 'My foot cannot take the sin from off your neck. I am myself a sinner before God; I am but an erring man, and am not allowed to castigate another.'

'Rabbi!' exclaimed Aaron, 'do not plunge me into despair. Do not repel the penitent. Remember, rabbi, it is written: The Lord, our God, wills not the death of the transgressor; but that he forsake his evil way and live.'

The rabbi remained silent, absorbed in thought. Aaron, rising suddenly, with streaming eyes, said: 'I tell you, rabbi, I do repent. I feel that the sorrow and anguish I suffer are an atonement for my sin. Ay, at this moment I am purified; and I stand before you as a brother—I claim your daughter. Give her to me, that I may, with her, lead a life pleasing in the sight of God; or, if you can take the responsibility, cast me from her and from you; cast me forth to despond and despair; do so, Rabbi Nathan, a servant of our merciful and gracious God! O Lord, my God, to whom I have prayed the whole night, be Thou our judge at this moment! I declare in my heart and with my tongue the sacred words: "Schema Jisroeil, Adaunoi Elauheinu, Adaunoi Echod!"'*

The eyes of Rabbi Nathan began to brighten as on Friday evening during the storm, and rising, he said: 'In the name of Almighty God! my brother, lay thy hand in mine, and swear thou wilt live as a faithful servant of the Lord!'

Aaron exclaimed: 'I swear it, by the head of my mother, and by my father's life!'

Rabbi Nathan said: 'Adaunoi, my Lord, Israel's God! Thy servant humbly draws near in Thy behalf. The barrier between Thy people and the Gentiles is falling down; we are as in a garden, of which the fence is broken, and all can enter and tread down its flowers. A refuge is left us around our hearths. On Thy behalf and for Thy name's sake, I take this youth by the hand, and lead him in, and bind him to Thy law by holy marriage with my daughter. Lord, God of Israel, vouchsafe Thy blessings! Aaron, cover your head!'

Aaron obeyed, and Rabbi Nathan gave him the benediction.

The next moment Schlaumo Zwicker entered the room.

On perceiving him the light faded from the eyes of Rabbi Nathan, and he sat quietly down in his chair.

'Scholaum aleichem! Peace be with you!' said Schlaumo.

'Aleichem scholaum!' answered the rabbi.

Having waited in vain a minute or two for an invitation to take a seat, Schlaumo said: 'Fine weather to-day;' and with a side-glance at Aaron he added: 'Just the weather for a drive into the woods.'

Rabbi Nathan, looking as attentively as an astronomer up to the sky, answered: 'Fine weather, indeed; very fine weather.'

A new pause ensued, which Schlaumo, beginning to feel impatient, interrupted by saying: 'Rabbi Nathan, the two days are at end, I have come to talk to you about the matter you know of.'

'Well,' said Rabbi Nathan, drawing a long heavy breath; 'speak, Mr Leib.'

'It must be in private; bid the stranger leave.'

'He is no stranger—he is my son-in-law,' replied the rabbi, shutting his eyes like a boy at his first shot.

'Your son-in-law?' exclaimed Schlaumo; 'have you then more than one daughter?'

* Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is the Eternal One!

'No; I have but one—may the Lord preserve her!'

'But that one you promised to me, Rabbi Nathan!'

'I made no promise—I gave no definite answer; you need not talk so loud, Mr Leib.'

'Rabbi Nathan, beware! It is written: The word of a rabbi must not be equivocal; he shall say yes or no. You said you had no doubt—you thought you would! You dare not break your word! Beware, Rabbi! It is written: As the man is, the Lord will find him out.'

'If you utter an evil word, Mr Leib, it will be scattered to the winds, and will not fall on my head, for I am innocent. I have been incautious, and it is written: In incautious words lies a snare, but only a wicked man makes use of it.'

'I am not a wicked man!' cried Schlaumo; 'but I shall shew myself a stern man towards you, Rabbi Nathan! the world shall learn that your word is artful, your action cunning, your behaviour unworthy of a rabbi and a clausener. Your friends shall be few, before this sun sets!'

Rabbi Nathan looked despairingly at Aaron, who, on coming forward, was addressed by the exulting Schlaumo in these words: 'Worthy son-in-law of a faithless man—youth, whose presence threatens to contaminate and poison even such a staunch character as the venerable Rabbi Nathan—what do you want? what have you to say? Speak, be off, begone for ever from every pure Jewish house!'

Aaron, feeling himself strengthened by what had passed, received this volley rather coolly, and said: 'With your kind permission, Rabbi Nathan, I do not think that the community will force your daughter to marry a man whom she dislikes and abhors.'

'She does not abhor me! what insolence!'

'Are you quite sure of that?'

'I am!'

'Oh, then, Rabbi Nathan, allow her to come hither and choose for herself.'

'Stop!' cried Schlaumo; 'let her come, but you must put the question fairly. 'Does she abhor me? This is the question.'

On Esther's entering, Rabbi Nathan, without any introduction or explanation, said to her: 'Esther, my child, do you abhor Mr Schlaumo Leib?'

Assuredly she did, but the expression which her confident lover had made use of was so strong; besides her father had bid her marry Schlaumo, and unable to understand the scene, bewildered, she fancied she had been accused of disobedience to her father, and of slander against Schlaumo. She consequently answered: 'No, dear father.'

Triumphant Schlaumo, perceiving with Jewish perspicacity that the rabbi had given his daughter some command concerning him, resolved to follow up his first victory, and to conquer the whole position. Turning to Esther he said: 'Mamselle Esther, I have solicited your hand from your father, have you any objection?'

Poor Esther, with a glance of despair at Aaron, was, with true Jewish obedience about saying no, when Rabbi Nathan exclaimed: 'Esther, my child, answer for yourself! do not mind what I have said! Choose for yourself, in the name of God!' upon which Esther went towards Aaron, and timidly laid her hand on his arm.

'You have betrayed me, Rabbi Nathan!' exclaimed Schlaumo. 'This time there can be no doubt! Your own daughter and your worthy son-in-law shall bear witness that you cheated me by interfering with your mysterious warning. What did you say to your daughter before? What do you now bid her forget and discard? You shall explain this before the chief-rabbi, and you shall give a reason for preferring to give your daughter to a man who eats beef-steak in the wood, rather than to a pious Jew. Oh, shame on your gray hairs! I pity you! But now I shall act on public grounds, and then pity would be a crime!'

At this critical moment a loud knock was heard at the door, and Wolf Israel entered the room. He had, as he explained, been running about town all the morning to find Aaron Jacobson, and talk to him on an important matter of business. Taking Aaron aside, he for a moment dropping the business-matter, and questioning his friend about the strange scene, was quickly informed of all that had passed. 'You see,' said Aaron, 'we shall all be made miserable. There will be a great scandal that will humiliate and crush Rabbi Nathan, and make me lose his daughter for ever.'

'Is that all!' said Wolf Israel, and approaching Schlaumo Zwicker, he requested to say a few words privately to him.

'Mr Leib,' said he, 'allow me to ask you, as a pious Jew, and well versed in the law, whether the sandwiches in the gambling-house in Princess Street are koscher or not?'

Schlaumo Zwicker suddenly turned livid, and, almost breathless, said: 'How do you know?'

'Know? What? I ask you—I put a question; you should know.'

'If you say a word, I'll kill you!'

'Bah, my dear Zwicker, that word is too big even for your mouth. I consider it as remaining in your throat.'

'I need not kill you. I am innocent—I did not pay attention—I did not see that there was meat on the sandwich—and afterwards, having discovered it, I vowed to Almighty God to fast every year on the anniversary of the day.'

'I do not doubt that the matter is settled between you and Heaven with mutual consent; but you know the world is wicked, and without a special message from Heaven, it will not permit a man who has eaten unclean food in a gambling-house, to become a clausener. I am afraid it will not.'

'My dear Wolf Israel, let us be friends. You are a jolly young fellow; you spend, I earn—I say'——

'Do you fancy you can bribe my father's son, Schlaumo Zwicker? Are you mad? You and all your wealth can find place in my father's waistcoat pocket—what insolence!'

'Mr Israel! I beg your pardon— I am very sorry— Do not make me miserable— You are a respectable son of respectable parents; it does not behove you to turn informer, especially as you must admit, then, that you have yourself visited that gambling-house.'

'I have—I have gambled as you have done; I have eaten sandwiches as you have done; but I do not aspire to become a clausener.'

'What shall I do, dear, worthy Mr Israel? Is there no mercy?'

'To be sure there is. You must give up all claim to Rabbi Nathan's daughter; you must promise to leave the old man in peace, and as long as you keep your promise, I will be silent.'

'Do you swear it? But by what can you swear? You are bound by nothing—I beg your pardon, Mr Israel, but you are not.'

'I give you my word of honour,' said Wolf Israel, with a haughty mien.

Schlaumo Zwicker having no choice, accepted the compact, and turning to Rabbi Nathan, said: 'Rabbi, it is written: Better dry bread in peace than a rich house full of strife. What happiness could I expect from a marriage with your daughter, when your goodwill did not follow her? Aaron Jacobson is a respectable young man; for his sake I give you back your word. We will forget and be friends! Masoul, joy, happiness! good-bye!' And leaving the room, he added in a low voice: 'May my wish be fulfilled in the spirit, and not to the letter!'

When he had left, Rabbi Nathan starting up,

exclaimed: 'Blessed be God! There, she is thine. Blessings on you for ever and ever! Frummit, Frummit! Come in! Frummit, thou hast a bride in thy house! Send for Aaron's parents, and for all my children. Next Sabbath—what a Sabbath!' And taking his wife by the hand, the rabbi sang in Hebrew the verses of Solomon's song:

'Behold, thou art fair, my love, yea, pleasant;
Also our couch is green!'

THE MAKING OF A PEN.

Among other elegant old-fashioned arts which graced the leisurely days of the Georges, but are rapidly dying out in this high-pressure time, must be reckoned the making and mending of quill pens. How many of my readers comprehend the mysteries of shaping, nibbing, and splitting? Here and there, perhaps, you may find an elderly gentleman, probably arrayed in a frill, and a blue coat with brass buttons, who prides himself on his dexterity in these almost obsolete operations; but the number is thinning every year. No doubt, at the clubs and government offices, quills are still in use, but then they are bought ready-made from a wholesale dealer, who manufactures them by a machine, and are re-sold as soon as they have been once used. In bygone days, a pen was often renewed before it was discarded. Well do I recollect the aspect of my old schoolmaster sitting at his desk with several trays of quills before him, with the mending of which he occupied himself as we said our lessons to him. How gently he handled the feather-stalks, as though he loved them—how drolly he puckered up his mouth and lowered his brows as he split the point on his thumb-nail—and how pleasantly his features relaxed when that critical process was accomplished. I think we have some reason to be sorry for the decline of this modest art. I will not go the length of saying that steel pens have ruined the handwriting of this generation, for I suspect that the vile scrawling and scribbling which often passes for penmanship, is due not so much to the instrument as to the impatient haste with which writing and everything else is now performed; but a steel pen ready made to one's hand is a dangerous temptation to a man in a fit of passion, who is apt, in the heat of the moment, to dash down on paper sayings which he would give his saltest tears to blot out again after his letter has been despatched. In the days when quills were in vogue, the mending of them, preparatory to inditing one's thoughts, gave time to ponder and reflect, and thus prevented one from photographing the passing mood of wrath. Many a precious friendship, many a priceless love, may have been saved in this way—who knows? But this is sentiment. For good or for evil, the dominion of the quill pen is over, and the steel pen now reigns paramount. Let us not disparage the powers that be!

When the metallic pen first came into being, it is hard to say. Mr Bohn, the publisher, is in possession of a brass one, well made and serviceable, which is at least fifty or sixty years old. It is certain that steel and other metallic pens were occasionally made long before they came into general use, but they were too stiff and hard to find much favour. When, in 1830, Mr Perry bethought him of piercing apertures between the shoulder and point, in order to secure pliancy, an important step was taken in the development of the metallic pen; the true principle of its construction was then determined, and succeeding improvements have had reference only to details. The variety of the pens which are now manufactured is immense: there are hard nibs and soft nibs, nibs that will make a mark as broad as a printer's rule, and others that will scratch only a fine hair-stroke. There are thin sword-bladed pens—pens with strong dromedary backs—pens with spines as supple as an acrobat's—ornate pens, twisted, crescent-like, or hydra-headed—and pens of dainty shape and burnished hue, for the use of those sweet souls who write

In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring east.

As a rule, the pens of fantastic form are to be avoided; the most workmanlike nibs being generally those which have the least show about them. For those who write much, the round-barrelled *magnum bonum* is probably the most serviceable; but of course that is a matter of taste.

One of the latest novelties in the way of pens is one which was shewn in the Great Exhibition by an Austrian, who described its virtues in the following piece of English composition: 'This new pen dispenses with standink, being that you can write eight or ten hours consecutively, if you make your pen ready as follows: Take a small piece of paper, put it round the lowest part of the pen; take off the cork, and fill the pipe with ink; cork it hermetically, and clean the pen. If you like to make a fine, middle, or big writing, lean the sucker so hardly that it wants.' This invention is a modification of the ordinary music pen—a hollow tube, filled with ink, with a wire projecting at the narrow end, like the lead of a pencil-case, which when pressed on the paper, releases a drop of ink just sufficient to make the head of a crotchet or quaver.

What is the best material for a pen, is still an unsettled question. Steel, brass, gold, and glass have all been tried. Steel is the most popular, but its defect is that it corrodes so soon. Various contrivances have been employed to remedy this; pens have been galvanised on Davy's plan for protecting ships' copper, but with doubtful effect. Gutta-percha washings have also been applied, so as to give the steel a protecting coat of that substance. Were it not for its costliness, gold would, no doubt, be the most suitable, because the most durable material.

The manufacture of a pen is a striking instance of the subdivision of labour. If we would see the manifold processes through which this simple little instrument has to pass before it becomes marketable, we must go to Birmingham, the 'toy-shop of Europe,' which is always begrimed with smoke, odorous with japan furnaces and acid troughs, and frantically occupied with brass-founding, gun-making, and electro-plating.

Entering a huge pile of red brick buildings, known as the Buckingham Street Works (Messrs Hincks and Wells), we first visit the storehouse, in which sheets of the best Sheffield steel are piled up layer above layer. In adjoining chambers, these sheets are cut into lengths varying from one to five inches, are cleansed by being bathed in vats of warm oil of vitriol, and are then reduced to the required thickness by being passed between the heavy cylinders of the rolling-machine, which receives the steel in a dull, heavy, brittle condition, and ejects it soft, thin, elastic, and polished like a mirror. The power of these rolling-mills may be imagined from the fact, that very often a sheet of steel is drawn out to four times its original length. We follow the metal into the cutting-out room, a long gallery, where a number of neatly dressed, comely girls are seated in rows, each before a clicking hand-press. The metal ribbon, hot from the rolling-press, is submitted by the girls to the action of the steady-going punches before them. Every time the die descends, a couple of pieces of pen-shaped steel (blanks) are stamped out, the dexterity of the worker being shewn in the number of these which she can get out of one length of metal. A quick hand can produce over 30,000 'blanks' in ten

hours. The punches of course vary in shape. A large chest, standing in a corner of the room, contains thousands of different dies, sunk in every conceivable form, to suit the changeable taste of the public. The perforated lengths of steel are all sent back to Sheffield to be recast, so that there may be no waste. The piercing and marking of the pens are performed in a similar way, by girls working hand stamping-machines. The object of the piercing is to render the nibs soft and flexible, and this is variously effected by round, oval, square, or oblong apertures. In order to soften the blanks for marking, they are annealed in the furnace, being first, however, packed in iron shells hermetically sealed, in order to prevent injury to the delicate surface and edge of the pen, through oxidation or scaling.

The distinctive marks in this manufactory number upwards of 7000, and consist of arms, designs, names, or initials, according to the fancy of customers. Raising is the next process. The pens have during the previous stages been quite flat, but they are made to assume a semicircular shape by being pressed into grooves by convex tools. As they are still very soft, hardening is necessary, and this is effected by the same operation as the annealing, with this difference, that on being withdrawn from the furnace the pens are not allowed to cool slowly, but are suddenly plunged into a tank of cold oil. When removed from this bath, they are as hard and brittle as glass. Then comes the tempering. As we enter the room in which this is accomplished, we seem to hear the noise of a heavy storm of hail rattling on a skylight. We soon discover that the sound proceeds from a host of huge tin canisters revolving on cylinders over a brisk fire. Within these, the hardened pens are being roasted into a better temper. Their complexion gradually changes during this operation from a dull gray hue to a pale yellowish tint, then to a bronze, and lastly to a dullish blue, which indicates the 'spring temperature' believed to be most suitable for the pen. After being well scoured, the pens are ground. If you examine a steel pen, you will notice that it is ground on the back, either across or lengthwise, or both ways, near the centre, and towards the point. This is absolutely necessary, in order to insure due flexibility, and is a very slow and critical operation. On the nicety with which the grinding is managed depends, in a great measure, the quality of the article. The slitting is done by means of the useful hand-presses, and then the testing is proceeded with. At a long table sit several girls, each equipped with a small flat piece of bone attached to her right thumb, and with a heap of pens before her. Picking up the pens one by one with wonderful rapidity, the tester presses the nibs upon the piece of bone, and ascertains in an instant whether they are perfect or defective. According to the verdict passed upon them, they are consigned to one of two baskets. Ordinarily, a pen is condemned for being irregularly slit or pierced, and if one nib exceeds the other by so much as a hairbreadth in thickness, it is at once rejected. After being bronzed and varnished, the pen is fit for sale, and is either packed in little pasteboard boxes, or stitched on card. Before this ultimate stage is reached, however, the pen has, as we have seen, undergone no fewer than fifteen processes.

About 700 hands are kept constantly at work in this factory, and some 187,000,000 pens are annually produced. Most of the hands are paid according to the amount of work they accomplish. Each girl, for instance, receives with every basketful of pens a card on which the quantity is recorded; and when she has done the marking, or raising, or splitting, or whatever is required, the overseer again weighs the pens, and marks the result on the card. The wages are calculated from these cards. Among the friendly associations connected with the establishment is a fund for the relief of any who fall sick, and another fund to which the girls subscribe each a few pence weekly, whereby they become entitled to draw from the lottery a ticket for some article of dress.

BEAR-HUNTING.

Sam Slick remarks in the *Clockmaker*, that if you ask a fisherman suddenly, 'How many fins has a cod at a word?' it is almost a certainty he cannot tell you. I am quite sure that not one out of fifty frequenters of our zoological gardens could tell you if they were asked, 'Has a bear got a tail?' Having hunted, killed, skinned, and assisted in eating a great number of our black bears in Texas, I am in a position to state that they have tails, though very short ones.

Why is it that doubts are always cast upon hunters' stories? The unbelievers are stay-at-homes, men who have passed their lives in London drawing-rooms, and not in the wilderness; yet they feel quite competent to sneer at any tale a son of the forest may be led into telling. Gordon Cumming's adventures were not believed until Dr Livingstone proved that he had heard most of them from the camp-followers of the hunter, and that they were perfectly correct. Du Chaillu, who has brought home gorilla-skins in such abundance as prove that he must have either killed them himself, or else been pretty close to where they were shot, is said to have 'thrown the hatchet' fearfully, by people who would think of a thousand things before thinking of trusting themselves in equatorial Africa.

Probably Gerard's lion-stories, although vouched for by his comrades, will be said to have no truth in them. The fact is, great latitude should be given to hunters' accounts; belief should only stop at the impossible, not the improbable. In the fourteen years of a hunter's life which I passed in the wilds of Texas, I met with many strange adventures, which, although I know to be true, still I should hesitate to relate, so improbable would they appear to untravelled hearers; and yet, round the camp-fire on a far-west prairie, I should readily speak of them to a circle of trappers and leather-stockings, confident that their own experience would confirm my assertions.

There is what an old hunter would call 'a right smart chance of bar' in the forests of the south-west, though the numbers vary from their rambling habits, and from the failure or abundance of mast in certain districts. Thus in some years the mast perhaps will fail altogether, or partially, on the Colorado River, and yet be very plentiful on the neighbouring Brazos; then the bears migrate, led by instinct, to the banks of the latter stream. It is those seasons when there is a general failure through the country of acorns, nuts, and other fruits, that are most fatal to Cuffee, for then, made bold by hunger, he invades the cornfields, where the havoc he commits is soon discovered; and various are the methods employed to bring him to account for his larceny. As he always comes over the fence at one spot, for he is a creature of habit, until he has been disturbed or frightened away, he frequently falls a victim to an old musket, the barrel of which is half filled with slugs: to the trigger of it a string is attached: and this passed round a stick set behind the stock of the gun, is for Bruin to stumble against, who thus commits unintentional suicide. Some of the negroes on the plantations are very expert in setting these guns.

Very often a planter, whose fields have been ravaged in this way, will inform his neighbours that on a particular day he means to have a bear-hunt, and they are invited to meet at his house, an hour before daylight, bringing with them all the mongrels, curs, and hounds, that they can individually muster. A substantial backwoods breakfast discussed, the main

features of which are usually venison-steaks, hot corn-bread, and coffee, the whisky-flask is handed round, and all having taken a 'smile,' merely to prevent the morning air from injuring them, 'boot and saddle' is the word, and each, gun in hand, mounts his horse. The very dogs on such an occasion feel that something of importance is to be done, and burying their canine war-hatchets, forget to have a free fight amongst themselves, reserving their powers for the tough business instinct warns them is at hand. The order of the day is usually this: There is generally some one or two in the party who have an old steady dog or two called 'start-dogs,' broken exclusively to run nothing but bear. These ride in front round the headlands of the field, the rest of the party keeping with the main pack, a hundred yards or so in the rear. When the leaders come to where a bear has either entered or left the field, the 'start-dogs' immediately own the scent, and open on the trail; the main pack are cheered on, and then comes a burst of dog-music that would do a cross countryman's heart good. The hunters throw down the fence-rails, which are easily replaced, and pass out. Sometimes the bear's den, generally an old tree-top that has been snapped off in some gale, is not more than two or three hundred yards from the fence, a bear having a decided objection to residing very far from his feeding-ground. On some occasions, he is surprised in his hold, where he sits on his hams with quite a Fitz-James 'come one, come all' expression on his countenance, and regards the dogs with what they consider a by no means inviting manner. Then comes the excited rush of the hunters, who, hearing the baying of the pack, dismount; and each hurries through the cane or brush as best he may, to get the first shot. At other times, the quarry has a shrewd guess as to what is in the wind when he first hears the cry of the hounds, and puts his best leg first to get as far into the impenetrable recesses of the cane-brake as possible; the stout bamboos bend like rye-grass before his weight, and close in his rear, making it very difficult for the dogs to follow, and impossible for the hunters, who have to ride the best way they can, guided by the yelling of the hounds. I have known a bear get clear away very often owing to the impassable nature of the jungle. Clumsy as the beast looks, he is by no means inactive, and can travel very fast.

Occasionally, when very fat, he 'trees,' that is, climbs a tree, at once, even when not particularly pressed by his foes; at other times, he is so bullied and pinched by them, that he is forced to ascend. This is always a fatal step, as the dogs remain under the tree and bay him until some of the hunters arrive, when a well-placed ball generally finishes him. The shot, the death-mote sounded on a horn, soon bring up the stragglers of the hunt, when, if the burst has not been too severe or lasted too long, the game is left to be disembowelled by a negro or two, then placed on a mule, and borne in triumph to the plantation, the sportsmen starting back to the field, to see whether another bear has visited it. I should here mention that very savage dogs are not the best for this sport; a bull-dog, who would seize a bear and hang on to him, would come to grief instantly; he would be killed, as they say out west, 'before he knew what hurt him.' The best dogs are those with whom discretion is the better part of valour, curs who will watch their opportunity, and jump in, giving the bear a sharp pinch, and bound away again, to enjoy their little practical joke in safety. In wild cattle-hunting, the reverse is the case, and I have frequently owed my life to my having had severe dogs.

Bears are never stalked in the same way as deer, although occasionally the 'still hunter' comes across one in the woods; it will be as well, then, for him to make a sure shot, for a wounded bear is by no means a pleasant antagonist.

It is not at all an unusual occurrence in the backwoods to hear, towards evening, or early in the morning, the screams of a pig in mortal agony. The planter, overseer, or hunter who proceeds to the spot will find probably either a bear, a panther, or leopard cat making free with the pork; and if he cannot then obtain a good shot, the best thing he can do is to return to the plantation, get all the dogs he can collect, and returning to the dead porker, put his pack on the trail of the murderer, who, unwilling to leave his prey, generally trees at once, and it very seldom happens that the guilty animal escapes.

The first bear I ever shot I killed in Brazos County, Texas. I was in search of wild-turkeys; and just as I had disengaged myself from a thicket of rattan vines, I heard a noise at the top of a large tree, the head of which had been blown off, and up it a large sour winter grape-vine had climbed, the fruit of which hung ripe, and in great profusion. The noise I heard was made by a bear, who had ascended the tree to feast upon the grapes, and who had discovered my arrival about the same time that I first saw him. He immediately began his descent on the opposite side to that on which I was, keeping the trunk of the tree very carefully between himself and my gun; and as he came down, at about every two feet, he kept poking his head round, first on one side, then on the other, to see my position, as well as what I was doing. I waited quietly for him till he had reached within about six feet of the ground, holding the gun to my shoulder, ready to fire on the side where I next expected to see his head appear. Sure enough, as I expected, round came his brown muzzle, and, at the same instant, twelve large buck-shot from my right-hand barrel cut half his neck away, severing the jugular vein, from which jets of blood came half as thick as my wrist. My poor pointer-bitch, Rose, who had been away on the scent of some turkeys, had returned just about the time I fired, and threw herself at once upon what she considered was an enormous turkey, but a convulsive blow of the dying brute sent her flying some ten or twelve feet. I shall never forget the expression on her face as she picked herself up, for fortunately she was not much hurt. As she approached very cautiously, she winded the bear, and set up all the hair on her back, uttering sharp barks; then she would look up into my face, and, wagging her tail, whine, asking, as plain as if she had spoken: 'What on earth have we got here?' It was the first bear she had ever seen, as, indeed, it was the first wild one I had seen either.

Owing to the open and warm winters, the bears do not 'house' themselves in the winter, as they do in Canada and the northern states, although they shut themselves up, when the cold 'northers' prevail, for a week or two. It is during the winter that the honey-stores of the wild-bees, and the hogs that roam the forest, suffer most, as there is then very little other food in the woods for them, except the grubs they find in the old decaying fallen trees.

As the planters often make prodigious crops of corn, they are sometimes obliged, for want of room, to put it for temporary accommodation into pens, made of rails, and roughly thatched, in the fields. These corn-cribs are frequently visited in the night by the bears, and many a vigil have I kept for them, rendered doubly long, as I could not permit myself the consolation of my pipe, the smell of which would have made all my trouble useless.

There are many good points about the southern bruins. They are quiet, harmless fellows, unless attacked and wounded; they then fight any odds bravely. The maternal instincts are very strong in the females, who will wage war to the last gasp in defence of their little ones. The old male is never seen with the female when she has cubs, probably from his having the same dislike to juveniles which some men have; he consequently leaves all the care

and trouble of his family to his wife, like a bear as he is. They seem to think that there is luck in odd numbers, too, for three cubs will be oftener found with an old she-bear than any other number.

I was once hunting for a sugar-plantation on Caney Creek, in Matagorda County. The summer had been excessively dry; all the ponds had dried up, and so had the small streams, except here and there where there were deep holes. I had been accustomed both night and morning to seek a large and deep lake which lay in the forest about a mile and a half from the house. To this lagoon, wild animals of all descriptions resorted for water, and I had on each visit been able to secure two or three deer, varied occasionally by a wild cow or hog. It was on the 3d of September 1858 that I rode out to this place one afternoon about four o'clock, and having tied my horse where he could not be observed, repaired to my usual place of concealment to watch for game. The first animal that came within rifle-range was an old Mexican boar, but as he was worthless for meat, I allowed him to drink and depart in peace. Presently, the fluttering of some robins, as they are called, a kind of migratory thrush, shewed from their hurry and clucking cry that some intruder had disturbed them. I had not long to wait to see what it was, for out rolled, with their peculiarly droll waddle, an old bear with her three, five, or six months' old cubs. They were about fifty yards from me, and right to windward, and whilst they were drinking, I stretched myself flat on my stomach, resting the rifle in the fork of a peg I had set in the ground, and from which I had made many dead shots previously, and prepared to fire whenever the old lady should turn her head to me, so that I could get a fair shot at her eye. It may seem to those not acquainted with the subject, that the eye of a bear is a very small mark to shoot at, and so it is; but the orifice in the skull is very large, although the eye itself is small—a ball, therefore, placed in or near the eye is certain, if fired from the front, to find the brain. She soon turned her head; and taking a very careful aim, I shot her through the corner of her right eye—the bullet, as I afterwards discovered, passing out at the base of the left ear. She fell without a struggle, not even a kick of her legs. The cubs did not seem to be aware that anything particular had happened, as I had hoped would be the case if I made a good shot; and I proceeded to load so that I could dispose of them at my leisure. Those who have never loaded a rifle when lying flat on the ground can form no idea of its difficulty; I have very often had to do this, and speak from experience. I succeeded in killing the three cubs, and then rode into the plantation, to have a cane cart and mules sent out to bring in the game. The house was full of company—several young ladies staying there from neighbouring plantations, for a dance which was to be given the next evening. Proud enough I was as I rode in at the head of my prizes, for even in Texas it is not often any one has the luck to bag four bears of an evening. The mother was not in very prime condition, but the cubs were perfect lumps of grease, and would have delighted Poll Sweedlepipe's father or Mr Finch. Many bottles were filled with bears-oil for the ladies' hair; and much rejoicing was heard in the negro cabins at the prospect of a good feast of fat 'bar-meat,' for next to 'possum, the negroes love that delicacy. For myself, I know of no better food; it is a cross between very nice pork and tender beef, some of it being as white as a chicken, whilst other portions are dark in colour when cooked. The paws and liver are esteemed the daintiest tit-bits.

It is now many years since, that a party of us were encamped on the edge of a cane-brake for the purpose of bear-hunting. The leader of our party was an old gaunt trapper, with a head as smooth, as polished, and as destitute of hair as a pumpkin, though his moustache and beard were of enormous dimensions, which gave him, when without his 'coon-skin cap, a very singular appearance. One of the party at last asked him what had made him lose all the hair from the scalp. 'Boys,' said he, 'look a hyar: I somehow guess it wur an old bar I shot once in the spring of the year, and I put some on her ile on this child's har. I reckon she wur a-shedding her coat, and her grease wur no account, for arter I'd bin a-using on it, my har began to spill out, and I lost every dog and bristle on it. It mout hev bin that, and then, agin, it moutn't. Boys, just hand us the whisky-gourd; it most allus makes me dry when I thinks on it. I'll turn in now, for we'll hev to be stirring pretty peart in the morning.'

> 'Comrades, good-night!' the trapper 'threw
> His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
> With leafy couch already made,
> A bed nor comfortless nor new
> To him, who took his rest whene'er
> The hour arrived, no matter where.'

The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St Louis, Missouri, to El Passo, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, whilst a wild-boar beneath was revelling in the over-ripe dainties which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances bruin threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider even involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the boar only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Cuffee's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of dust-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the boar for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and bruin speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death. 'Thus,' said the hunter with pardonable vanity, 'I killed a bear and a wild-boar with a charge of No. 7 shot, which I believe nobody else has ever done.'

CHEERFULNESS.

> The storm but makes its handmaid, Calm, more sweet;
> The hours of gloom the slow succeeding light
> Richer appear; fair Dawn that follows Night,
> With glory-beaming face and golden feet,
> Seems doubly precious if the tempest beat
> Against our frail bark in the murky hours;
> And far more fragrant are the nodding flowers,
> After the rain-cloud drops its water-sheet.
> Then let us not complain nor murmur if
> We storms encounter on our devious track;
> There is an antidote for every grief,
> And light behind the cloud however black;
> There's far more shining gold than base alloy,
> And far less cause for sorrow than for joy.

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THE OFFICIAL MIND.

THE Official Mind is of no mushroom growth. It has its deep-struck roots far down in the rich mould of history, but it was a delicate plant, and required favourable conditions to mature it. In early times, these were rare indeed. The hero and the monarch, Mr Carlyle's can-ning men, were bitter enemies to anything like an official spirit, and clapped an extinguisher upon it wherever they had a chance. Indeed, these burly, prominent figures, several sizes too large for the canvas on which their biographers have painted them, were intolerant of Jacks-in-office. Perhaps it was not out of pure philanthropy that they levelled so many poppies, perhaps it was the mere imperiousness of self-will, but the fact remains. We must not look for traces of the Official Mind when Maccabee is routing idolaters, or Camillus slaying Gauls.

In old Athens, the Official Mind found its refuge in the jury-box; in old Jerusalem, it took sanctuary in the vestiaries and offices of the Temple, and it flourished among the priests and doctors of the latter days, the days of Roman vassalage, when the Sanhedrim administered the laws after their own narrow fashion. In Athens, on the other hand, the grand jury, that respectable band of elders whom Aristophanes dragged upon the stage in that screaming farce, the *Wasps*, were official in the utmost sense of the word, and consequently unpopular.

Unpopularity is, however, an atmosphere by no means fatal to the Official Mind. In moderate doses, its effects appear rather invigorating than the reverse; they brace the official nerves, and impart a wholesome tonic to the system. But there is danger in excess. Violent storms of popular abhorrence are more than the Official Mind can endure, and it bends or breaks, usually preferring the former alternative.

As a general rule, the ancients were not very favourably disposed to give fair-play to the natural tendencies of the official spirit. It was not until they ceased to be classical, that they really gave up the limbs of the body-politic to fetters of red tape. The pro-consuls and tax-gatherers of old Rome had shewn the cloven foot pretty freely in subject provinces, and had governed with a sublime scorn for the feelings of the natives, but the Lower Empire surpassed these casual flights by organising a complete plan of pedantic government. Constantine and Justinian exhibited the same spirit. It was through official spectacles that the former, in especial, was content to survey the world. Through this artfully tinted medium, he watched, with charming equanimity, the massacre of Arian Greens by orthodox Blues, the ungrateful treatment of Belisarius, and the effects of an oriental etiquette upon his crouching people.

Those spectacles exist, even to the present day, heedfully preserved, no doubt, in some peculiarly sacred pigeon-hole of the public departments. Their uses are manifold. Through them, a well-seasoned lord of the Admiralty can placidly survey our dockyards, without deriving annoyance from the sight of worm-eaten hulls, of fine ships finished just in time to be sawn in two, cut down, banked up, and variously metamorphosed at enormous cost, and to no ultimate good. Through them, it is possible to contemplate an artillery experiment in such a manner as wholly to negative the convictions of those who judge by the naked eye. The Horse Guards lend them to the Foreign Office, the Foreign Office accommodates the Poor Law Commissioners with a loan of them, and from the Treasury to the Board of Works, the invaluable spectacles are used in turn by all.

The Official Mind did not find itself in congenial company during the brutal, scrambling period of the middle ages. Men shewed too much individuality of character, were too greedy and pushing, too regardless of clerkship and letters, for the holders of office to develop their instinctive theories. Indeed, the Official Mind cannot thrive without abundant stationery. Deprive it of pen and paper, and it will pine like a flower in the dark. Lord Saye, whom the Kentish rebels under Cade accused of the sinfulness of building a paper-mill, must have been of an official order of intellect, if we may trust the defence which Shakspeare puts into his mouth. But Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the arch shutter-up of monasteries, was probably as fine a type of the true placeman as England ever saw. He was no saint; his political career is an ugly one; but he could act at times as Endicott or Prynne might have acted. Thus, when chancellor, his lordship happened to meet in Eastcheap with a gaily attired man, whom the Puritan biographer calls a ruffian, but whose ruffianism seems to have consisted in the length of his hair. Cromwell was, or feigned to be, a sworn believer in the 'unloveliness of lovelocks.' No sooner did my lord chancellor set eyes on these unlucky ringlets, than he

flew into a fury—King Bomba of Naples could not have been angrier with republican beards—he bade his catchpoles and tipstaves not only arrest the poor fop, not only clip his curls to the verge of baldness, but also haul him off to prison—all to the intense delight of the historian.

In later reigns than that of King Harry, we find the Official Mind cropping out from the strata that overlaid it. Wentworth was official, Laud was official; both of them were deaf and blind to every sight and sound inconsistent with that scheme of assimilating Britain to Spain which Strafford named Thorough. The Cabal ministry of Charles II. possessed the Official Mind in no slight degree, but its main expansion had been abroad. When Columbus gave America to the Castilian crown, he little knew what a stimulus he was giving to officialism. It sprouted gigantic at once, like Jack's bean-stalk. It sent him back in chains from the world he had added to our store, and broke the gallant heart that had throbbed so long with the noble project. New Spain was soon wholly in the hands of dull punctilious pedants, whose aim it was to thwart the audacious adventurers who persisted in overrunning fresh Eldorados. One governor actually sent an army to check the progress of Cortes, and the great Conquistador had to force his way to Mexico over his own countrymen. Another feebly tried to hold back Pizarro from his Peruvian expedition, and the subject provinces were ruled in a stupid, cruel way, which ended by uniting colonist and Indian against the petty tyrants from Madrid.

King Louis the Grand, himself official to the backbone, could not endure the same spirit in others. He had good reasons for his dislike. Mazarin, a superb specimen of the placeman, had stinted his youth almost to starvation-point. The majesty of France was compelled to sleep between ragged sheets. The Most Christian King's wardrobe did not give much trouble to the lean valet who kept it, save in darning and patching; and when the cardinal died, Louis found a new master in Mr Superintendent Fouquet, his financier. Fouquet was not crushed without difficulty. He was only steward, and Louis lord; but the accounts were so admirably kept, that the poor king was always proved in debt to the rich intendant. It is not wonderful, after this, that the monarch should have dismissed his ministers, bidden his parliament to consider itself horsewhipped, and conducted almost the whole business of the state with his own pen and brain.

Civilisation, however, was obliging enough to harness itself to the triumphal car of the Official Mind. The division of labour grew into a necessity. William of Orange had been his own Secretary for Foreign Affairs, James II. was able to concentrate the Admiralty within the compass of his own periwig; but presently the nations required Briareus to write their letters, and Argus to rectify their bills. England, like several other countries, was under the driest official yoke during the whole of the eighteenth century. The first two Georges set a fatal example in this respect. They could not identify themselves with a people whose tongue was strange to their ears, and whose character they never understood. Their persons might be in London, but their hearts were in Hanover, and they grumbled as they pocketed their revenues. There was an official parliament, where votes were weighed against preferment. Morality, religion, patriotism, were only too apt to be degraded to an official standard. The wars were cold wars, uninspired by the national feeling, and the Jacobites were more neglected than hated. A strange picture does Walpole present, of the Highland clans marching along the Derbyshire roads, unhelped, unimpeded, among a listless population, while carriages and horsemen draw up by the wayside, that the gentry might have a good stare at the bare-kneed invaders. It is plain that Charles Edward was officially opposed.

The people of Britain were very passive during the American war of independence; the whole affair was due to ministerial management, and the Official Mind was left to fight it out with the revolted provinces. So, when good King George persisted in backing his august brethren abroad against the French Revolution, official poets, official orators, officials in red coats, powder, and pigtails, alone took up the bone of contention. John Bull, or at least such plain Johns as had not had the honour of being presented at St James's, had a notion that there was much to be said on both sides, that some things even at home wanted mending, and that the king and queen were not the only couple in France worth speaking of, as ultra-loyalists maintained.

But if simple John Bull thought so, he was outroared. His weak bellow was drowned by the clamour of those who had all to win or lose from the favour of a proverbially obstinate king. Right Reverend John, Most Noble John, Sir John, alderman and knight, to say nothing of Squire John and the Right Honourable John in the Tribute Office, bore him down by weight of authority. Yet the war was unpopular, the king was mobbed by multitudes bawling for peace, and not till Napoleon menaced us with invasion did Britannia flush with real anger and buckle seriously to the contest.

From the battle of Waterloo to the days of July 1830, officialism had full swing. It had manufactured a brand-new map of Europe, carving and cutting kingdoms most liberally, and playing havoc with nationality. It kept Europe down, to the best of its powers, here with bayonets, there with sermons, elsewhere with bribes to the loudest talkers. It forced even great men to use its jargon and do its bidding. In England, it put forward the Iron Duke as a stalking-horse, and from his stern lips assured the unquiet public that there should be 'no reform.' In France, it made matches, gave banquets, tried to make it worth men's while to be gagged and drugged to repose. But the whole rickety scaffolding gave way; the lath and pasteboard came down in ruin, and the world awoke into the healthy daylight of the nineteenth century.

The Official Mind, however, has something of the spider in its nature; sweep away its cobweb as you will, if uninjured, the insect will weave another in a fresh nook. Although finding its chief arena in state employ, it by no means objects to other fields for the display of its qualities. It is a fungus that can grow almost anywhere. It is found flourishing within workhouse walls. It blooms even on the wrong side, as far as general taste goes, of prison gates. It puts on a rustling gown of silk, a doctor's scarlet hood, a trencher-cap, and sips its port quite affably in the common rooms of our universities. It has been detected in lawn sleeves. In a scarlet coat and cocked-hat, reviewing a line of bestocked and pipeclayed soldiers, in blue and gold on the deck of a hundred-gun ship, on the bench, in ermine or plain magisterial sable, the Official Mind has been seen. It is very versatile, carries indifferently a gold stick or a farthing cane, and is as much at home in a beadle's worsted magnificence, as when it wears diplomatic uniforms stiff with gold and twinkling with stars. It bears fruit in a school, whether among the aristocratic alumni of Eton, or the humbler muffin-caps of St Yellowstockings.

Certain distinguishing characteristics belong, all the world over, to the mind in question. It is not only shortsighted, but vain of its vision; not only deaf, but wilfully addicted to plugging its ears with cotton. It looks at existing institutions with the complacent amirk of Dr Pangloss, and insists that the chameleon —ghastly green or blue to other eyes—is of a pretty rose colour. The possibility of improvement, change,

or substitution, is in its judgment a vile heresy. It never sanctions what is new, save on compulsion and under protest, and prides itself most of all on its lack of sympathy with the vulgar emotions and wishes of the non-official world.

There is a deep conviction in the Official Mind that the masses of mankind exist for its behoof and benefit. Even little Tom Todgers, who will one day be head of his room, Corridor A, Number 99, at the Seal and Docket Office, has a calm certainty of self-importance that would charm a philosopher. Tom may, and often does, call himself a 'public servant,' with edifying humility; but when Mr Bull, in square-toed shoes and city-made coat, drops in on business, the clerk's arched eyebrows and lively whistling shew little respect for that representative master. I believe pompous Doctor Wigsby imagines little boys to exist for the especial good of head-masters; and I am sure old Sir Thomas yonder, purple-faced and white of whisker, thinks that a general could get on much better without an army than soldiers without a general.

All charitable or pious foundations, colleges, schools, hospitals, everything from an almshouse to a scholarship at the universities, have a tendency to decay. Ralph Crutchley and Dame Dorothy leave their money and lands, and trustees are appointed, and palatial buildings with great incomes are one day seen as the harvest from that long-sown seed of bequests. But one day, a cry of Shame! is set up. The funds have been scandalously mishandled, the true meaning of the founder ignored, the charitable intent frustrated. All this is done by the Official Mind. The servants have encroached, inch by inch or ell by ell, and are now despots of the foundation. Warden, master, governors—call them what you will—they began as salaried stewards, and now they are lords of all. They have jobbed here, plundered there: fat lands are let at long leases to a warden's nephew, well-paid posts are given to the governors' sons; the charity is stinted, or maintained as a transparent pretence, and the revenues flow into the pockets of the managers. Then comes a great scandal, and a hard fight. Sometimes the outsiders prevail, sometimes the unjust stewards; but never, in either event, is the Official Mind induced to see anything in the case beyond a most wanton meddling with a most estimable set of functionaries.

A policeman, a post-office clerk, a collector of taxes—each must, in a constitutional country, be considered neither more nor less a servant of the public than a prime minister. But it is so natural for human nature, when decked out in the veriest scrap or remnant of authority, to assume imperial airs, that few underlings in state-pay think otherwise of themselves than as the masters of the public. Policeman Z is a good average constable, but a little too vain of his badge and truncheon. He does not, perhaps, assume any offensively magisterial tone in speaking to you or me, whose coats are whole at the elbow, and who may possibly have the honour of even Sir Richard's acquaintance, but he is rather dogmatic and Jovelike in the courts and by-streets where the poor congregate. He 'worrets' small householders, and 'nags' at individuals low down the social ladder, but yet as innocent of garrotting as they are of grammar. Z means no harm, but it is a dulcet thing to be obeyed.

Curiously enough, the Official Mind lies latent in some occult part of most men's dispositions, ready to start forth at the Ithuriel touch of promotion. A stout negro or mulatto, who has hoed and picked, picked and hoed, for years, is suddenly made driver on his owner's plantation, and in an instant he regards his captive brethren as a sheep-dog regards the sheep, and lays on the whip with a heavier hand than even the Connecticut overseer. What usher in a private school is so vigilant, so prying and peremptory, so ready with the cane, as the monitor of a public school upon the Arnold plan? Black Tom, as a private soldier, was well liked by his comrades—a bold, frank fellow, rather too prone to fisticuffs. Tom is a sergeant now, a harsh, stern member of the non-commissioned, and his captain is always beset with complaints and reports from Tom against the men, and from the men against tyrant Tom.

The Official Mind is rife abroad. In Russia, it forms the principal stumbling-block in the way of the reforming Czar. It has been so cherished and dandled by dead-and-gone emperors, that it has grown up like a great parasitic plant hugging and blighting the tree of national welfare. The Tchinn, or official nobility of Russia, may be fairly called the incarnation of the Official Mind. The Tchinn is a wide word, embracing ministers, civil and military officers, government clerks, lawyers, doctors, even governesses and tutors—everybody but merchants, soldiers, and *mujiks*. All these were noble by ukase and edict, and their power of bemuddling the accounts, sucking the treasury dry, keeping up an army on paper, a mighty empire on paper, a contented people on paper, turned the head, and finally broke the heart of the Czar Nicholas. When the Official Mind of Russia is overcome, the country will have started in its new and prosperous career, but not till then.

Prussia is the Utopia of prigs, being to the official mind of Europe what China, with its aristocracy of M.A.s and D.C.L.s, is to that of Asia. The German language, and those peculiarities of speech and thought which make the large-brained German race lag behind all other Westerns, help the Official Mind to rule at its liking. Where people love better to theorise than to act, and where the mental muscles of a nation are flabby and inert for all practical uses, a bureaucracy has easy work before it. It is more surprising that quick, fiery France should be so docile to the manipulations of the Official Mind. That is a subject not soon to be explained. Nobody, perhaps, French or alien, really understands France, the apathy of the people oddly contrasting with bygone convulsions and throes of rage, and the coldness of the ashes around the sleeping or spent volcano. But the fact is patent that the old Bucephalus of politics is tame enough now for anybody to drive. Prefects, sub-prefects, mayors, go any lengths in their experiments on the patient creature, and not an incipient kick, not a wicked look or ear laid back, shews any sign of unsubdued spirit. Jacques Bonhomme is richer than of old, and more malleable.

The Official Mind is consistent in abhorrence of innovations, especially when supported by excellent reasons and fanned by the public breath. It scowled on steam, pouted at the electric telegraph, pooh-poohed gas, sneered at Main Drainage, and was sulky about Free Trade. It was very angry when, in the nick of time, a little before the Crimean War, meddlesome civilians persisted in tormenting the authorities about rifled muskets and long-range cannon. It was very severe in its opposition to what was called the moustache movement, shaved the soldiers' chins until the razor was wrested from it, and finally fainted on being preached to by a clergyman with a beard. It was slow to believe that iron-plated ships could swim, and if the Volunteers would have consented to be snubbed, would have cheerfully performed that duty. Indeed, a volunteer, in any line of life, is the Black Beast and darling antipathy of the Official Mind. The Official Mind views a nation as old-fashioned nurses regard children: let them speak when spoken to, obey orders, and ask no impertinent questions. The Official Mind detests to be asked for the 'reason why.'

Is it necessary to say that the Official Mind is not compulsorily an heirloom in public or private life? Is it needful to set down that there are officials of every degree, from archbishops to tide-waiters, wholly free from the narrow and selfish spirit here alluded to?

Happily for them and for us, such there were, and such there are. A man may do his duty manfully and well, whether he wear a blue ribbon, and guide the helm of state, or whether his humbler task be forward among the crew, without any alloy of this sort. When we find emperors, kings, premiers, ambassadors, eagerly pleading for a good name at the world's bar, sensitive to public opinion, and courting the kindly thoughts of Christendom, it is a hopeful sign of the decay and fall of the Official Mind.

CANADIAN WINTER WEATHER.

A VERY great deal of misconception exists in England with regard to the climate of Canada. The discussion which has arisen upon recent events has exhibited it even more conspicuously than usual. If my nearly twenty years' residence in a central district of the colony, and an occupation which, more than any other, depends upon weather and seasons, and requires a constant watchfulness of both, afford a good title to undertake to set that misconception right, then I may claim to do so.

When I was about to quit England for Canada, I called upon my friends and acquaintances to take leave. Among the number was a gentleman of very varied and extensive information and acquirements, including an intimate knowledge of many foreign countries and climates. When I made my purpose known to him, he went through the pantomime of shrinking and of buttoning his coat closely up round his throat, with the following exclamation, made-believe to be partly congealed in passing his lips: My Heavens! *nine* months' winter!

Now, consider for a moment that this remark was made about a country (I speak of Canada West) which lies between the forty-second and forty-fifth parallels of north latitude, and therefore from five to eight degrees further south than the most southerly point of Great Britain—a country which enjoys longer winter-days, and a very much brighter and warmer sun than England—a country of a magnificent summer, a summer of fire-flies, humming-birds, and Indian corn. I know very well that latitude is no criterion, or a very uncertain one, of the rigour of winter, but it is a tolerably sure test of its duration, taking into account the elevation above the sea, and this last is in favour of Canada. In point of fact, the Canadian winter is very little longer than that of England, if we take as our guide the period during which vegetable growth ceases, and the trees are bare of leaves. These fall but very little, if any, earlier than in England, and although it was, no doubt, an extreme case, when I last left that country, at the close of the month of May, they were not fully developed on the later kinds of trees; they are very rarely more backward in Canada. The intensity of the cold, and the locking up of the land and water in an iron frost, while the winter lasts, are another matter: there is no arguing about that.

The winter fairly sets in, on the average, about the middle of December; snow falls and lies, and continues to lie until about the middle of March. Agricultural operations are suspended from about the beginning of December until about the beginning of April. The ice forms or 'takes' during the first half of January, and remains until the end of March or middle of April. But the last fact conveys a very deceptive impression. Thin ice, such as is seen in England, would waste under the Canadian sun, warm and bright in March, at a much earlier period; but its immense thickness preserves it for so long a time—long, sometimes, after the plough is at work and the grass is growing.

It is true that there may be winters both earlier and later than these dates indicate, but there also may be winters shorter at both ends. I give a fair average from my own experience. I have seen the plough going in January, and I have known the navigation to be open in January and March of the same year. Ploughing in March is by no means unusual. Sheep require to be foddered for about three months, rather more than less; cattle for about four, or perhaps rather longer. But I think the best way of thoroughly describing our winter will be to separate it into three branches—to consider in turn its three striking peculiarities—the temperature and general climate, the snow, and the ice.

There is a prevalent idea—I have met with it over and over again—that Canadian winter weather is for the most part excessively cold, clear, bright, and still, without wind. There could be no greater mistake. We have, during winter, as great alternations of weather as exist in any other climate, and the thermometer runs through a range of about a hundred degrees; from 'temperate' down to ten, twenty, and even forty degrees below zero: anything beyond twenty degrees below being, however, so exceedingly rare in our part of the province as to be a phenomenon. There will sometimes be floods of rain; I have known the mills drowned out. Sometimes scarcely a day without wind for months together. These extremes are rare, certainly; there are but few days when the glass is down to zero; perhaps eight or ten in the course of the winter; rain will fall not so often. As for wind, I am not sure that we have less than in other seasons. I might, I think, put the average temperature, night and day, during the coldest part of the winter—say for two months—at from fifteen to twenty degrees above zero.* That is a degree of cold that we do not think worth talking about, nor do we suffer any inconvenience from it indoors or out, unless when facing a keen wind in walking, or especially in driving—an open sleigh being the rule, and any kind of covered vehicle the exception. There must be some cause in the atmosphere which makes almost any degree of cold easier and safer to endure than elsewhere; frost-bites are very uncommon; women and young children pass from heated rooms—heated much too hot—into the bitterest frost with perfect impunity. In our part of Canada West, central as I have said before, the temperature very rarely passes ten degrees below zero, perhaps once or twice in the course of a winter. At zero, we begin to grumble at the cold; at ten degrees below and lower, if it continue, it is scarcely possible to keep the frost out of the house; we begin to find it troublesome, inconvenient, and disagreeable, but still not so formidable as might well be supposed. This I have never known to last more than three days; and then, if the wind suddenly shifts round to the south in the night, a singular result takes place on going out in the morning. The house has become thoroughly saturated, as it were, with cold, and on opening the door, it is like going into a hot-house; pretty much as some arctic voyager has said, as I remember, that it began to feel unpleasantly warm when it got up to zero.

On starting for a journey at an early hour on one of our very cold mornings—an undertaking to be avoided if possible—the effect is very striking. The sky is cold and leaden, wearing almost a pallid hue; a death-like stillness and unbroken silence reign absolute; the snow, hard, dry, and powdery, squeaks under the sleigh; the bells on the horses sound as if they were muffled; there is not a breath of wind, and the smoke, from the early lighted fires, rises up slowly and ghastly into the air, erect as a column, and gradually spreads out on all sides, and falls over palm-tree shape. The muffler about one's chin and mouth becomes incrusted with ice, and the slightest warmth exuding from the horses is instantly converted into hoar-frost all over their bodies; large lumps of ice

* It will be readily understood that I refer to Fahrenheit's thermometer.

hang about their nostrils, and, on stopping to feed them, these rattle in the trough like dice in a dice-box. Then, for once, the bar-room of a roadside tavern (all are 'taverns' in Canada), with its roaring fire and huge back-log, affords a welcome warmth, and appears other than desolate and dirty. Off come one's wraps, and a general thawing takes place. Of course, on these occasions, one wraps up to the eyes; the fur-cap is pulled down to the eyebrows, and the thick volume of woollen muffler almost meets it; the hands are encased in woollen mits, and to double these is an excellent plan; the feet and legs are protected by thick Scotch stockings, drawn up over the trousers, and reaching above the knee, and on the feet of these cloth-shoes are made. In the bottom of the sleigh are sheep-skin rugs and hot bricks, and the sleigh is lined with buffalo-robes, in which the passengers are half-buried. In this guise any degree of cold may be borne if not defied.

As for the ladies, I cannot particularise their toilets; they take care of themselves, I have no doubt; and on such an extreme occasion, they even condescend to shroud their faces in close hoods. As they have no reins or whip to hold, and can tuck in their hands, they are less to be pitied. It is a notable proof of the overwhelming force of fashion that, almost universally, ladies refuse to wear fur caps (or bonnets), as men do invariably, which are nevertheless very becoming when you do happen to see one, and persist in putting upon their heads any little tin-pot of a hat that may chance to be 'worn'—that little pestilent word, which carries away before it every consideration of comfort, decency, propriety, or economy; which lengthens or shortens, exposes or covers up, according to its own tyrannical whims and caprices.

As a contrast to the weather which has just been described—and between the extremes there is weather of every kind and degree—let us take a fine day in the first week or two of March. The sky is clear, bright, and intensely blue, as in Italy; the sun shines positively hot, the shadows projected on the snow shew dark as indigo, the snow in the track is failing, and is soft and slippery, and the sleigh glides easily along without a sound; the buffalo-robes are kicked down under one's feet, and sometimes even off goes one's overcoat; the bells ring sweetly and clearly. A drive on such a day is delicious; but it is not without its drawback. The snow sparkles and glitters under the rays of the sun to a degree so distressing to the eyes that a crape-veil or dim spectacles are necessary.

On the whole, it is certain that the cold of a Canadian winter is very little thought about or dwelt upon by the people: very few have thermometers, or even know what they are; they do not care to inquire how cold it may be, and they never make any change in their ordinary winter-dress, indoors or out. On two occasions only, since we have been in the colony, that I can remember, have we been obliged to discontinue our employment for the time being, on account of the extreme cold. The common stoves of the country heat the houses up to any possible degree that can be endured even by a dried-up, faded Canadian woman, who, by the way, has passed through a very different preliminary stage, for these are mostly very pretty creatures from fifteen to twenty. One actually comes almost to the conclusion that a plain girl is the exception. I am greatly apprehensive that the mother-country can scarcely say so much.

Within-doors, no extra clothing whatever is necessary; out-of-doors, very little, in exercise. There is one circumstance, rather startling perhaps, but unquestionably true, and that is, that new-comers feel the cold less than old-stagers. Even the passing of a single winter in England, after being many years in Canada, had a similar effect upon myself. It is therefore even less formidable to strangers than to *habitués*. It is equally certain that Canadians remaining in England during the winter, invariably complain of the cold. The houses are never sufficiently warmed for them, and there is a damp chilliness which we have not. Some writers have said that every wild beast of the earth and bird of the air disappear, and leave the forest a vast, silent, desolate, and depopulated wilderness. This is not altogether true. The squirrels, the hares—the arctic hare turning white in winter, and in all respects a degenerate member of the family—and other quadrupeds are on the alert; and there are several kinds of birds to be seen, besides the snow-buntings, coming in flocks, and winter visitors only. More by token, that the speckled woodpecker bores mischievous holes through the shingles of the roofs, and that some lesser fellows peg away at our frozen meat, when it hangs where they can get at it. Moreover, there are owls, for, once upon a time, one, very hard-set, I suppose, pounced upon one of our fowls in plain sight, and in broad daylight, and, but for our running and shouting, would have made short work of her; as it was, her feathers were scattered over the snow. Let us now turn to the snow. The idea of sleigh-travelling entertained universally, I believe, by ignoramuses is, that the sleigh glides over the surface of the frozen snow. A sleigh no more does so than an English mail-coach of former days, when it had to be dug out of a snow-drift by a gang of labourers. In like manner, a whole community turns out in Canada to 'break the roads' after heavy snow-storms, and even snow-ploughs are used for the same purpose. The sleighing is not good until the track is well crushed down, trodden, beaten, and packed into a consistency like ice. The track is double—one for each horse and for each runner of the sleigh. When sleighs meet, each driver must give half the track, and the 'turning out' is often extremely difficult. Light sleighs meeting heavy loads must be still more courteous. A single horse, drawing a 'cutter,' does not run directly in front, but in the near-side track; and the shafts and traces are arranged accordingly, which has rather an awkward effect to a novice. The roads often become, from the drifting of the snow, completely choked up; and it is necessary to throw down the fences, and make a way through the fields. Somehow or other, we are seldom fortunate enough to turn the flank of a toll-gate in this manner, though to pay for a road when there is no road, carries rather an ill grace with it. Sometimes the travelling is altogether suspended for days together, and the sleighing is heavy and bad for some time afterwards. Then snow-storms may be frequent, and the roads not in good order during a whole winter; or the snow may remain dry and powdery, and from a constant prevalence of wind, may be continually drifting, and filling up and obliterating the track, which is very nearly as bad. Again, towards the end of the winter, when the roads have been much worn, they break into what are elegantly denominated pitch-holes. These begin with some small accidental hollow, and gradually deepen as each returning sleigh plunges lower down, ploughs out some fresh snow, and carries it forward to accumulate on the opposite bank. They are a very great nuisance, and with heavy loads, not free from danger of a smash. Add to these the 'sidlings;' they occur when the track has been struck out across the shoulder of a drift, which throws the sleigh upon a slant. Continual traffic aggravates these, as well as the pitch-holes, until the centre of gravity will stand it no longer, and over goes the sleigh. The same thing may take place when one runner rises on a frozen drift, or sinks into the soft snow below the level of the track. Some young ladies, I believe, consider upsets good fun. There are certainly seldom any bruises; but I have known bad ones, when any harder substance than snow has happened to be at hand.

I think that by this time the reader may begin to

doubt whether even the Laplander may not require a beaten track, a sort of hyperborean Regent Street, in which to travel; and, to say the truth, I have some troublesome doubts on the subject myself. As the population in Lapland is rather more sparse than in Belgium, and there cannot be supposed to be a network of highways, perhaps in this we may find the solution of that obscure passage of the Lap Anacreon where he sings:

> For well my reindeer knew
> There 's but one path on earth,
> The path that leads to you.

When none of the miseries that have been enumerated occur, the travelling is light, easy, smooth, and pleasant, and during a long continuance of fine weather, is all that could be desired. In the course of every winter, there is generally more or less of all sorts.

The sleigh, in its original construction, is very simple—just a couple of skates shaped out of wood (it must be a natural crook), shod with iron, and framed together. It is very strong, and will bear a good deal of rough usage. It may be lightened, elaborated, and ornamented at pleasure. As the movement of the sleigh is almost noiseless, the horses wear bells 'according to law,' to give notice of their coming, and there must be 'not less than three.' These may be musical and harmonious; or they may be, as they commonly are, a string of little tinkling things, which do little more than rattle; or they may be, worse than all, a booming roll of muttering thunder, by which notice of an approach may be projected in advance for about a mile or two. These are efficacious indeed, but odious.

A well-turned out town 'pleasure-sleigh,' with handsome robes, is a very gay, pretty vehicle. The robes are buffalo-skins (decidedly plebeian), or more costly furs, according to the length of the purse. They are hung over and about the sleigh, as taste, comfort, or display may suggest, but it is *de rigueur* that the handsomest robe should hang over the back of the sleigh, where it is of no earthly use except to be seen. That uncomfortable standing up of the driver behind the sleigh, according to the German fashion, is happily unknown in Canada; the climate here would soon impel him to take that celebrated leap which 'Jeames' took—from behind the carriage into it.

Among idle people, sleighing-clubs exist, highly productive and—we may as well coin a word now and then, or the Americans will leave us no chance—promotive of flirtation, carried on, on these and other occasions in Canada, with a defiant disregard of tradition. Indeed, the code of proprieties has been clipped—pared down, I presume, for more convenient conveyance across the ocean. We should astonish some of our grandmothers. It is a curious question this of more or less association between unmarried people. The French, so lax in so many other respects, are ludicrously straitlaced about it. On the other hand, our Yankee cousins of Blue Law celebrity, who put piano-legs into 'pants' (so they say), in this particular point sweep away all obstructions, and they find our Canadian belles extremely apt scholars. From the summer roads being formerly very indifferent, as is the case yet in many districts, and few persons possessing wheel-carriages (their name is legion now), 'sleigh-riding' came to be looked upon as a treat or jollification; but, for my part, I think that, taking one day with another, a drive in summer is incomparably more agreeable. The endless pall of snow is monotonous and dreary; every deformity in the objects around, and there is little else, at the best of times, in a Canadian landscape, comes out in high relief against the spotless background; and almost everything that one sees appears, by comparison, dirty and squalid.

The snow is not only, as I have already mentioned, distressing to the eyes, but has a singular and rather unaccountable effect upon the complexion, which it tans to a degree not approached by any weather, however hot or rough. It dyes the skin a deep brick-dust red, and that not only when the brilliant rays of the sun are strongly reverberated from it, which might be more easily understood, but in dull weather also. This happens invariably to all who are much out of doors during the snow-season. There remains one peculiarity to notice, and then, I think, I shall have tired out the reader's patience with the snow. It frequently happens that rain falls in deep snow, immediately succeeded by frost, which produces a crust on the surface, and renders it to the last degree difficult and laborious for either man or horse to make his way, when no track has been previously beaten. Towards the end of the winter, when this process may have been several times repeated, this crust will sometimes bear; and then, and then only, it is possible to travel on the surface of the snow.

I ought not to pass unnoticed snow-shoes and tarboggins, but that I know so little of either that I could not do them justice. Both afford great amusement during a Canadian winter. The diversion of tarboggining resembles the *Montagnes Russes*, and is very greatly enjoyed. I have often laughed at seeing little children imitating it by sliding down the snow-banks in a tin milk-pan, or even on a shingle.

We will pass to the ice. We live on the shore of an inlet of one of the great lakes, which we constantly traverse after it has become frozen, so that we have ample opportunities of observing all the phenomena of the ice. At the beginning of winter, when sharp frost occurs, the water throws off immense volumes of steam, and thus gradually cools. When I was a newcomer, our neighbours said: 'The water will not freeze till there has been snow to thicken it.' This struck me at first in a rather ridiculous light, and I was somewhat sceptical about it. I am so no longer. The water becomes so cold that the snow hardly melts in it, and I have no doubt that this promotes its freezing. When all depends on a particular combination of weather—that is, a cold night perfectly still—there is some little excitement for two or three weeks perhaps. 'Will the bay take to-night?' When did it take last year? or in such a year?' and so on. Sooner or later, we get up some morning, and in place of the lively unvarying water, there stretches before our eyes an immense expanse of dark immovable ice. Then the youngsters are all alive; skates are looked out, and the ice-boat is rigged up. The latter is simply a light, strong frame of wood, to which three iron skates are fitted, and which is rigged exactly like a boat, with as much sail as ever she can carry. She may be of various forms. Ours is triangular; the base forming the bows, and the apex the stern. Rather a lubberly build it would be for a water-craft. She is steered in precisely the same manner as a boat, the after-skate being made movable exactly as a rudder moves; and here is the only difficulty, as, in case of any roughness or hole in the ice, the strain on the rudder is very great. All being accomplished, and a fresh breeze blowing, she skims over the ice at express-train speed. Our mail-courier timed himself across, and came the two miles and a quarter in four minutes. She 'beats' perfectly well, and affords a very delightful amusement and excitement. Two nights' good frost are sufficient for this; from four nights to a week for horses.

But two enemies are looming in the future, and they seldom fail to arrive. The first is snow, which not only spoils the ice for either boat or skating, but keeps the frost out, so that the ice does not thicken and become strong enough for horses. The second is a high south wind, which drives in the water through the mouth of the inlet, and breaks up the ice, 'packing' it, and leaving it rough and jagged.

Whatever may happen, however, or may not happen, the ice, in the course of time, becomes strong, and fit for teams to cross. This will be at about six inches thick, if the ice is firm and sound. Mr Hunt, driving his blacking-van with four horses across the Serpentine, made a stir in London, but it was a matter of perfectly simple calculation. When our ice is at its best, a regiment of cavalry might manœuvre upon it. As soon as the ice will bear horses, 'roads are bushed;' that is, between certain points, evergreen boughs are planted in the ice, so as to guide the wayfarer during snow-storms.

The distance across the bay is from two to three miles; but we may drive for twenty miles or more along it. Novices feel a little excitement and nervousness at first, especially when the ice is black, without snow to hide it, and when it stars under the horses' tread. But this soon wears off, and one drives on the ice with almost the same indifference as on the land. I say almost, for I believe there remains to the last a touch of satisfaction on reaching the shore, very much heightened when the crossing has been at all critical. They say that persons who have once 'got in' are more timid about it afterwards. I do not quite understand how it is that, when the horses break through, they make a hole no more than large enough to admit themselves; the sleigh never sinks, or next to never. An accident, unless in the dark, is generally descried, and help is obtained; but it is no easy matter to get a horse out, and they sometimes become exhausted, and die. Accidents, however, are not common; they are rarely fatal to horses; to men or women, rarer still. In all our time, we have never got in, and we have had our full share of chances.

The travelling on the ice may be good, or it may be bad, for the same reasons as on the roads, and for others also. The ice may be glair; that is, without snow, in which case there is no limit to the load that can be drawn, and none to the speed except the horses' wind. This takes place invariably every spring, when the snow has thawed, and it freezes by night, and then the skates and the ice-boat again come into play.

Earlier in the season, at any period of the winter, the ice may be 'watered up.' The water may make its way above the ice to a depth of several inches; this, so far from indicating danger, is rather a good sign. When the water makes its way down through the ice, you may look out: there may be a crust above this water, or there may not; when there is, the travelling is exceedingly bad. Then there are always cracks; these burst with a noise like thunder, and run booming and roaring along for miles. Sometimes the lips of the crack are heaved up to the height of three or four feet, and it is difficult or impossible to get over them. Sometimes the edges sink, and it becomes dangerous, and one must get round the crack by however long a deviation. These cracks are altogether not very easily accounted for. Whether they arise from contraction or expansion of ice, air, or water, I am unable to say, nor have I ever heard a satisfactory theory. Some results would appear to point one way, some another. The formation of the land must have something to do with it, as they constantly begin or end at the same spot, generally the points of land, which run out, and they commonly follow the same direction.

There is danger when the ice is glair to inexperienced or careless persons, or when a man is 'high'—genteel for drunk—either in turning too short, when going fast, as the sleigh flies off and spins round, or when there is a high side-wind, as the sleigh has not sufficient hold upon the ice. I once came the whole way across the bay sideways. The wind was so tremendous that it was impossible to keep the sleigh abreast of it, and I crept across like a crab, the horses being in constant danger of being tripped up by the pole or tongue, as it is called in Canada. I was not sorry to make my own shore.

Wherever there is a bar or shoal, you may see diminutive tents, under each of which there is a crouching fisherman, spearing salmon. He has a hole cut, and bobs a bait—a herring, I believe—usually up and down, and when the hungry fish bites, bang goes his spear, a merciless barbed trident, into him. The salmon at this season are good—comparatively, that is to say. Anything less like a Scotch or Severn salmon than the wishy-washy, watery, pale, tasteless fish, caught and salted in the 'fall,' in very considerable quantity, could scarcely be imagined. White fish also are taken in large numbers, which are better; I think these monsters of four to six pounds, excessively fat, remind you of whiting.

But we must not forget our friends in the tents. Fancy a man in a Canadian winter sitting for half a day, and often longer, under such conditions. He certainly, generally, is luxurious enough to provide himself with a wisp of pea-straw, or something equivalent, but is scarcely enviable even then. A hand-sleigh carries his tent, fish, and etceteras.

Spearing from a boat by torchlight, on a calm summer night, is another business; but we have nothing to do with that now.

'The operation of getting out ice' for summer use, should be performed before the end of February, while the ice is still perfectly good and sound. It is commenced by clearing away all the 'snow-ice' from the surface, the accumulations from rains, thaws, and watering-up during the winter. The ice is then scored in parallel lines, about eighteen inches or two feet apart, with an axe; and a hole is cut, where the beginning is to be made, large enough to admit a cross-cut saw, weighted at the end, which sinks into the water. You then saw away, but it is tiresome work, as the ice is clammy, and does not afford that resistance and bite which suits a saw. When the ice is separated in this way into long strips, a blow with the axe will generally divide it crosswise into cubes of a convenient size. A ready way of getting it out of the water is to pass under the blocks a common ladder, with a slight rack at the lower end, to prevent them from slipping off, when they are easily drawn out. They are then loaded on a sleigh—rather uncomfortable, wet, dabby work usually—and conveyed to the ice-house, where they are packed away as closely as possible, and generally protected with a little straw on the top. The water of our lake is clear as crystal—the finest water in the world, we call it—and the ice is clear, black, and transparent. The great solid blocks have a beautiful appearance. The luxury that it is in hot summer weather is no novelty in England now a days.

The ice wastes away usually between the middle of March and the middle of April. It may sometimes hang on until near the end of the latter month; seldom 'at that;' and very rarely indeed later. It, of course, gradually becomes unsound, 'honeycombed,' and dangerous. It may be safe to cross early in the morning, when it is crisped with frost, and not at mid-day. It may break up and disappear as if by magic, or it may linger on, green and soft.

The honeycombing I should find it difficult to describe. The ice may be so when it is yet a foot thick or more. It is then radically unsound; a piece of it will split all to pieces, vertically, with a trifling blow. It may be likened in appearance to a miniature Giants' Causeway.

It may be safely said of Canada as, I believe, of most other countries, that there are no two winters precisely alike.

I omitted to say that the snow is undoubtedly beneficial to the farmer, who likes to see a good warm blanket of it covering up the land throughout the winter. Some consider that it is in itself a fertiliser, which I leave to the chemists.

To sum up. Winter in Canada is doubtless very severe compared with England, but the inhabitants are proportionally prepared for it, and on their guard against it. It may happen that fodder for the cattle may run short in protracted winters, but seldom; nor is that peculiar to Canada alone. Live-stock of all kinds are perfectly easy to winter, with a very limited degree of shelter, care, or trouble. As for the human race, they have more leisure and less labour, and rather enjoy themselves than otherwise. It is the season when business is done and money is flush; weddings take place and tavern balls; distant visits are paid; and the eternal grumbling of farmers, which has emigrated with them to this side of the Atlantic, almost ceases. It will be seen that I say nothing of town-life; I know but little about it in Canada. I speak of the bone and sinew of the province. Canada is, up to this time, a purely agricultural country, and depends entirely upon that branch of industry.

If I am asked whether I myself individually like the Canadian winter, or find it an agreeable season, I should at once acknowledge that I do not. As for the mere cold, I may honestly say that I find it easier to bear and less trying than the great heat of summer. But I do not like the three months' dreary monotony of snow, and the total absence of all the natural beauties of the landscape, such as they are in Canada. I do not like the comparative confinement to the house, as walking for pleasure or exercise is almost entirely out of the question. The occupations about the farm, too, are monotonous, and have none of the variety and interest which they possess in other seasons. But these are the feelings of an old countryman, and very likely not of every old countryman. I should also add in fairness, that winter in Canada is emphatically a healthy season.

IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH.

Probably very few persons indeed ever think of the risk incurred by thousands of their fellow-countrymen, every day of their lives, in labouring for those things without which they themselves would find it difficult to live, or if they do remember it, it is only when some more than usually fearful accident, where the destruction of life is on a large scale, occurs. In the case of accidents in mines, it is seldom that the sufferers survive to tell the tale. I do not speak of such common-place occurrences as being crushed by a fall of coal, but where an explosion has taken place near the pit-shaft, possibly followed by a fire, thus cutting off egress from the pit, and leaving the unfortunate men in the more distant workings to perish by hunger, or by the combined action of starvation and suffocation. Such an occurrence, when only three or four lives are lost, seldom does more than form the subject of a paragraph for a newspaper, and the matter is then forgotten; and more frequently it is not known beyond the pit.

My own occupation has been of a kind to bring me in frequent contact with miners, not only those employed in coal-mines, but those who are engaged in the less dangerous, but, as I think, more unpleasant labour of mining for ores. Some of these men—poor cripples, who have little to live on except the few shillings a week they get from the owner of the pit in which they were maimed, the parish, and it may be a Benefit Society—have tales to tell which thrill one with horror, and excite feelings of wonder that men can be found who are willing to enter upon an occupation carried on under such miserable conditions, when they might find work, if not in this, at all events in another country, under the open sky. One of these men, an old man now, who had at the time I heard his narrative been a cripple for fifteen years, had escaped death by what might almost be called a miracle. His name was Henry Stanley, and he with his brother Richard, another miner named Smale, and a son of the last named, a little fellow barely eight years old, were in the habit of working together. The manner in which the boy was employed was a secret among the men themselves, the reason given by the father to the overlooker for having him in the pit with him being, that having no mother to look after him, he wished to keep him out of the way of harm. The part of the pit in which they worked was so distant from the shaft, that they never saw any of the overmen more than once a day, and more often not at all; and whenever he did make his appearance in that part of the pit where they were, the boy, who had been on the look-out, gave them notice of his approach, and they would hastily leave the working in which they were actually engaged for another a hundred yards distant, and running in a different direction.

The reason why they were so anxious to conceal the scene of their operations was as follows: The pit was one of those on the coast, and the richest, and therefore most profitably worked part of it, was beneath the sea. One of the veins was so high and broad, and the coal so easily worked, that it was extended to a distance under water, which, in the opinion of an inspector, endangered the safety of the mine. In consequence of this opinion, the men were ordered to discontinue working it; and most people would have thought that nothing more was necessary than to give this order, when the miners knew that it could only be disobeyed at the peril of their lives. But considerations of danger in the exercise of their vocation never have and never will deter miners from disregarding orders, when the doing so is attended with profit, or even convenience. The men above named were in the habit of working this vein, though ostensibly, and at times actually, they were employed in a siding, where the overlooker found them when he went in that direction. Their earnings, under these circumstances, were large, but not so large as to excite much remark; and, to celebrate their success, they agreed to eat their Christmas dinner together. Two days before the time when this was to take place, they were sitting at the extreme end of the working referred to, eating their mid-day meal, when they were startled by a sudden, heavy fall, followed by the hollow crackling sound which good coals produce when they crumble together into a mass. There was a rush to escape, but the fall completely blocked up the vein, and this at a distance of not more than thirty or forty paces from where they had been sitting, thus imprisoning them in a cell, as it might be called, about fifty yards long, four wide, and three in height. Fortunately, there was no escape of gas, but they were familiar enough with such matters to know that the air must in a limited time be rendered incapable of sustaining life. The first thing they did, after they had recovered a little from the shock, was to examine their bags, to see what provisions they had left; and the second, to ascertain how many candles they had among them. As regarded provisions, they were more than commonly well off, one of them having brought a large loaf of home-made bread down with him that morning, in order that his mates might taste it. In the matter of lights, they were badly off; they found that if they put out all except one, in less than twenty-four hours they would be in total darkness.

Of the extent of the fall, they could form no idea; but as their only chance of escape was by clearing a way through it, they went to work at it without delay. They toiled for hours, but the progress made was slow, owing to the slipping down of fresh pieces in the place of those removed, which, moreover, helped to fill up the not very large space in which they were confined. They worked two at a time, the third relieving one of the others at regular intervals. In this way, hour after hour passed, and to

all appearance they were as far from liberty as ever. Presently there was a little flicker of light, followed immediately by total darkness. There is something inexpressibly horrible in being thus cut off from sunshine, and buried alive in the body of the earth, which the imagination is scarcely capable of realising. The poor fellows thus doomed, as they had every reason to believe, to a slow but certain death within a few hours, groped their way together, and sat down on the ground. Silent and motionless they sat, the thoughts of each occupied with those they had left in the morning; suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of the little boy repeating a part of his evening-prayer:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

The little voice could not get beyond the second line, but broke down with a deep sob, followed by a passionate fit of crying, in the midst of which his father could be heard trying to console him in a half-choked voice. The others, unable to contain themselves any longer, gave vent to their grief, and for some minutes nothing could be heard in the darkness but deep sobs. When these had died away, they could hear dull, heavy sounds above them, which followed each other in monotonous and slightly irregular succession: it was the beating of the sea on the shore above. It was astonishing, said the poor fellow who told me this, how much the sense of their position was aggravated by these sounds. The thought of the free rolling waves, of the life they bore in them, of the sunlight which shone upon them, increased their agony to desperation, and, with the exception of the child, each reflected within himself whether it would not be better to end it by a speedy act of his own. They agreed that they had little reason to hope that any attempt would be made to rescue them even when they were missed, since none of the other men engaged in the pit knew of their working this vein, and would therefore not think of searching for them there. Rather than sit in idle useless despair, they resumed work in the dark; but if the progress they made was trifling when they had light, it was still more so now that they had none. They were soon exhausted by their exertions, as much, perhaps, from their hopelessness as from fatigue. Throwing themselves on the ground, they tried to prepare themselves for the fate which they now regarded as certain. Timidly as is the wont of men when they address their Creator aloud in the presence of others for the first time, Stanley uttered a few short sentences of prayer; Smale was the next to follow his example, and after him Richard Stanley. Comforted by their appeals, they continued them at short intervals; and presently the child, at the desire of his father, sung a hymn he had been taught at the Sunday school, the men joining their rough voices to his little childish treble. At the conclusion of each verse, the sound of the dashing waves on the shore above filled the hole in which they were buried with its low, thundering, monotonous beat. Soon this was the only sound audible. The two brothers put their arms round each other, and they all lay patiently waiting for the coming of that light which all, even those who daily ask for it, shrink from with inexplicable inconsistency.

By a merciful condition of existence, those unfortunate men who are buried as these were, gradually cease to feel the dread of death, in proportion as hope of rescue fades away from their minds, the inhalement of carbonic acid gas reducing the vitality by degrees, till the brain becomes paralysed, and this long before the vital spark is utterly extinguished. Richard Stanley had already reached the stage of insensibility, when his brother heard a slight movement among the coal, indicative of a further settling down of the mass, under increased pressure from above, or of its being removed by men on the other side. Under the stimulus of this thought, Henry Stanley crawled to the heap, and listened with all the eagerness of which he was still capable. His practised ear soon enabled him to satisfy himself that men were at work on the other side, and he was in the act of turning to crawl back to try and rouse his companions in peril to a knowledge of the good news, when a heavy block of coal fell from the roof upon his loins, crushing him to the ground beneath its weight, and rendering him completely incapable of moving. It was in this position that the pitmen found him when they had worked their way through the fallen mass. Richard was insensible, and so also was Smale, who lay as if asleep, with his arms round his little boy, who was lying on his bosom. The child was past recovery; but after several hours in the open air, all three of the men regained their senses, Henry Stanley alone being permanently injured by the accident.

Another accident of a different kind, which likewise occurred in a coal-mine, was related to me by one of the survivors, though how he came to survive is a mystery known only to himself. One cold winter night, a middle-aged man named William Jamieson was waked by his wife, who was trembling and bathed in perspiration, and adjured by her not to go to work the next day. Wondering what had happened to cause her to make the request, he asked the reason, when she told him that she had dreamed twice that night that she had seen him go down into the pit, take a lamp, and walk to a distant part of the mine, where he joined their sons, and began work; that while they were at work, she heard a dreadful crash, and then saw a bright sheet of flame, which lit up the galleries and workings from one end of the mine to the other, and finally rushed up the shaft in a body, which went roaring up to the clouds, and seemed to set them in a blaze. Without attempting to imitate Jamieson's dialect, which would only weary the reader without adding to the interest of his narrative, I will give the facts he related as nearly as I can remember them.

'When my wife told me what she had dreamed, I told her it was all nonsense. Our wives are always having dreams of this kind, but in time they get used to them, and take no notice. However, she was so earnest about it, and seemed so frightened, that I promised her at last I would stay at home. I was thinking directly afterwards what I should do all day, when I thought it would be a good opportunity to kill our pig, instead of putting it off a week or two longer. I got up between six and seven o'clock, and when I went down stairs I found my sons having their breakfast, and their mother trying to persuade them not to go to work. They did not pay much heed to what she said; and when they had finished breakfast, they took their bags, and were going out as usual, when my wife got before the door, and begged me not to let them go. I was ashamed to say that I had promised not to go to work because of their mother's dreams; so I said that I decided on having the pig killed that day, and they might as well stay at home, and we would make a holiday of it. As they refused to do this, and were too old to be made to do what they did not like, there was no help for it but to let them go. After breakfast, I went to the slaughterman, to ask him to come down with me, and on my way, I went to the public-house, and got a stone bottle filled with gin, which I slung over my shoulder. On getting to his house, I found that he had gone to Slivecome, and was not likely to be back before the evening. I was uncertain what to do. The promise I had made my wife only made me feel ashamed that I had made it. There was nobody I could have a holiday with; so, at last, I made up my mind that I would go to work as usual. It was rather late when I got to the pit, and I had to wait a while before I could be lowered, and while I was waiting, an overlooker came up, and I heard him say they had found a good deal of gas in

Davis's Hole—a name that had been given to a spot where a man of that name had been killed.

When I got to the bottom of the shaft, I took my lamp, and walked to the part of the mine where I had been working with my sons for several days before. It was about as far from the shaft as it could be; but there was plenty of air, the ventilation in the mine being too strong if anything, and apt to give the rheumatism. I stood two or three minutes talking to my son Alfred, and then turned round to put my things off. I was just taking the bottle off my shoulder, when we heard a smothered roar. We knew well enough what had happened, and directly set off for the shaft, to get drawn up, if the explosion had been serious, and the choke-damp likely to spread through the pit. Before we got to the shaft, we were stopped by a miner named Naylor, who said that the shaft was on fire, and all the workings on the north side. We went on, and found several other men standing not far from the shaft, talking of what it would be best to do. The pit was all in a blaze against the shaft, and the fire was rushing up with a roar like a whirlwind, and every now and then pieces of burning timber came crashing down, and bounded out of the fire towards where we were standing. As there was no possibility of getting out of the pit before the fire had burned itself out, I and my two boys went back to the place where we had left our things, leaving the other men still standing near the shaft. Knowing that several hours must pass before the timber in the shaft would be burned out, we stayed where we were, calculating how long it would be before we could be drawn up. When we went back, we found that the fire had spread several feet in our direction, which made our situation more desperate; but for all that, we thought that when they began to throw water into the shaft, it would not be long before it would be extinguished. We never thought they would close the shaft, with the deliberate intention of filling the pit with water. The upward draught was strong, the progress of the fire towards us was so slow as to be scarcely sensible, only the air became so heated that we were forced to draw further and further back into the mine, the hot air causing the gas to ooze out of the coal. Finding there was no chance of our being able to escape for many hours at least, we went back to the place where we had left the little food we had remaining, and where the air was still fresh and cool, in comparison with what it was near the shaft. To economise our food, as much as to escape from thought, we lay down and went to sleep. When I woke, I fancied I could detect an unusual dampness beneath my hand, as I rolled over to get on my feet. My sons remarked the same thing when I called them; and we rushed off together as soon as we had lighted our lamp—for, fortunately, we had matches, as most of us usually have, though it is against pit regulations—hoping to find the fire extinguished. We had not gone far before we felt the water splashing beneath our feet. It was evident the water had been pouring in for some time, and in large quantities, and the suspicion crossed my mind that the pumps had ceased to work, and that they were allowing the water to accumulate in the workings. The air near the shaft was insufferably hot, but the fire had not extended, or but very little. Unfortunately, the floor of the pit below the shaft was higher than the surrounding parts, so that the water ran off, and was fast helping to flood the mine, while the place whereon it was wanted remained uncovered. To remedy this, it was proposed that we should go to work to make a dam of coal-dust; but as it was immediately objected that the only effect of this would be to cause the water to flow through the mine in one direction instead of two, the idea was not carried out.

Meanwhile, the fire continued to rage as fiercely as ever in and about the shaft; and as it could do no good to remain near it, breathing the hot and bad air, I proposed to my sons that we should again return to our refuge, where we could contrive to keep out of the water, at all events, for a time. Alfred agreed to come, but William decided on remaining with the other miners, saying that he would join us presently. The mine was a very wet one, and the difference in the depth of the water, since we left the place where we had been working, was quite perceptible. We directly went to work, and made such a barrier as was sufficient to keep the water from reaching us, as we thought, and then sat down, sad and sorrowful enough. My thoughts ran a good deal on my wife's dream, as they had continually done since the accident, and I wondered at the singular coincidence, and whether there was any chance of our ultimate escape. As there was no use in sitting idle, we began to prepare for the rise in the water by picking away the coal from the roof; and without working very hard, we had raised ourselves in a few hours nearly level with the roof of the passages throughout the greater part of the mine. In the meantime, the water had been steadily rising; from being as high as the first joint of my forefinger, it had risen while we were at work to the height of the third. We made several journeys backwards and forwards to and from the shaft, and found it always burning, but the fire in the mine itself was growing less and less. Very few of the men had any hope of getting out now, and a good many began to complain that they were dying of hunger, though I could not help noticing that those who complained most on this score had the strongest voices. My son Alfred had noticed the same thing, and followed one of these men, and presently came to me bringing with him a huge piece of one of the ponies. This was a precious resource to us, for careful as we had been of the little food we had at the time of the accident, we had only a few ounces left.

As William preferred to remain with the other men, where they could see the light, Alfred and I were alone in our misery. We sat side by side in the darkness, our hands fast locked together, and only loosing our hold of each other when I crawled to the edge of the heap of coal we were sitting on to plunge my arm into the water to see how deep it was. In time this was useless, for when it had risen to the length of my arm, and I found the next time I tried it that my fingers would not touch the bottom, I left off doing it. Of the other men, we saw nothing after we had got too weak to wade through the water to the shaft; but some of them had come near us, driven back by the rising water, the part of the pit where we were being higher than the rest. At times, we could hear one man calling to another through the darkness, and ask him how he was. By degrees, these inquiries became less frequent, and when made, often remained unanswered. Another kept on repeating, "Lord, have mercy on us!" till his voice grew weaker and weaker at every repetition, and at last died away altogether. I shouted for my son William, and he answered, but he could not join us, not being able to find his way to the place where we were in the dark. At intervals, we called to each other, but after a while I got no answer, though whether he had perished of hunger, or had gone away towards the shaft, I could not tell, but I hoped the latter. By degrees, all these sounds died away, and as far as I could tell, my son and I were the only living beings in the pit. Slowly but surely the water continued to rise, for though I could not test its depth, it was easy to ascertain that it was creeping towards us. We had no knowledge of the passage of time, but it seemed as if years had passed, when I was roused by my son, who was making feeble efforts to put his arm round my neck. I was myself too weak to lift him, but I crept close to him and kissed him.

A little later, and he was cold and motionless. For hours, or it might have been days, I continued to hold his lifeless body in my arms. Of food, I had none, and my only support was a sip of spirits taken at long intervals.

Still the water continued to rise, till I felt it touching my feet. I spent the time in sleep mostly, and when I lay awake, I had just life enough to wonder how long it would be before the water rose above my head. I did not now feel any particular dread of this happening; I had got so familiarised with the idea that I only speculated in a dreamy kind of way on what the sensation would be like when it took place. From what I heard since, I believe I must have slept many hours at a time. I know that when I woke once, I felt that my feet were no longer in the water. I stretched them out, still without touching it, and I had to push myself forward some distance before I could reach it, and then I knew they must have got the engine at work, and were pumping out the water; consequently, the fire was extinguished. I suppose it is nothing unusual in such cases; but no sooner had I found there was a chance of being saved, than the resignation or indifference, whichever it was, left me, and instead of being able to sleep as I had done before, I became keenly alive to my situation, and sat with the soles of my feet just touching the water. It sunk so slowly, that hours, as I judged, passed before I could say with certainty that it had sunk any more. This was about the most dreadful period of my imprisonment. When I lost my poor boy, I was expecting every hour to join him, and painful as it was, it seemed as if we were only separated for a little while. Now, my thoughts were busy with home. What would my wife say when she saw me like one risen from the grave? What would she be doing when I got home? These and a thousand other wondering surmises passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness; till at last I got weary, and began to despair of getting out after all, the water sunk so slowly. I tried to forget time in sleep, but I found this was not half so easy now. Not to spin out my tale any longer than I can help, I will say nothing more of what I felt and thought, nor what resolutions I made for the future, if I only reached the surface of the earth once more alive.

At last the time came when the water barely reached my knees at a distance of several feet in advance of the heap on which I had been lying, and I decided on trying to reach the shaft, which I succeeded in doing, though it took me a long time, owing to my weak and exhausted condition. Close to the shaft, I found two of the overlookers and several of the miners at work in repairing it. They were as much startled at seeing me as though I had been a ghost, and, indeed, as far as appearance went, I might with good reason have been taken for a skeleton. When I came down into the pit, I had left the ground hard and frozen; the next time I saw it, the grass was green, there were leaves on the trees, and a bright and warm sun was shining.'

MY FRIENDS WHO SHOULD BE IN THE POULTRY-YARD.

I AM sorry to state that my house is duckling-ridden; four persons called 'Dabbleses' being brought up therein by the cat, aided by much attention and affectionate human care.

A cat, four ducks, and a kitten form the usual company upon my drawing-room floor.

It really is most ridiculous to see the utter humility which poor Puss displays. The Dabbleses are quite young masters, who coolly take Kitty's place; and they nestle up round her mother, while poor Kitty rolls outside. An evil temptation, I thought, assailed Puss one day: her paw was for a moment stretched out most alarmingly; but, shutting up all her claws, she put it down on a duckling, and licked the young intruder only with her tongue. When Puss is absent, detained by exciting mouse-hunts, my friends the Dabbleses content themselves with the kitten. They scream vociferously when they first find that Puss is gone; but when silence follows, they are found to be nestled in round that young and soft companion, awaiting Puss's coming. Puss's antecedents are to me a mystery; she came to my door repeatedly, and earnestly besought admission till it was granted; but she has been especially well educated somewhere, or she would not be so patient as she is under liberties that I should think were trying to her. Her lamb-bone has been snatched from her mouth by a week-old chicken, and when at her next meal-time she saw Squeak squeezing out eagerly from between the bars of her cage-coop, Puss remembered that lost viand, and took to her heels instanter. She evidently would avoid, though she would not resent, such injuries.

There is a fund of amusement to be enjoyed in watching any kind of animals. I do not believe there are any which are devoid of character, and I take a great interest in seeing how it crops out. My creatures are apt to be almost too tame and familiar, for I find it is difficult not to make friends of them; and when they have once been used to come to my window constantly, or to be stroked and petted, it is difficult to keep them out of the house. I was writing yesterday with the doors all open for air, and hearing a great scuffle, in trotted a large black cock. The housemaid followed, of course, in full pursuit; but I felt rather guilty, remembering that only the day before I had been stroking Dumple while he stood on my sofa crowing. He certainly is the nicest old cock possible: he was an only child, and brought up by hand indoors. Having injured his spine by a fall in early youth, I am sorry to say that Dumple is (very slightly) hump-backed, but his fine disposition makes amends for anything, and a more good-tempered generous bird no one could find, I am sure. I have known the poor bird, on a cold winter's evening, to hover about the door for the chance of getting petted just in passing, and when the door has been opened again a long time after dark, Dumple has been found there waiting still—like a dog. His generous disposition shews itself greatly also in helping others. Our minds are quite easy now as regards the troubles that occur in poultry-yards, such as strange cats appearing, or a fowl getting caught in a net; in case of any such misfortunes, Dumple forthwith runs to the kitchen window, which looks into the yard, rushing backwards and forwards, like a colly-dog, in despair, till he has got assistance.

Dumple and a duck were brought up together, and they have always, therefore, been specially attached friends; so much so, indeed, that Quacky forsook the society of the other ducks to associate solely with her dear friend Dumple. Quacky then unhappily had got into a net which was stretched before my north window to protect some plants, and to see the duck and the cock, as they rushed about the enclosure seeking a means of exit for the former, was a most amusing spectacle. I lay quietly laughing, in no haste to send to the rescue; but Dumple was much too many for me, and a very short time had elapsed before I saw him return from one of his frantic errands followed by a laughing attendant, whom he had been to fetch, and who, of course, at once extricated poor Quacky.

Feeding-time, however, is the real test of affection. Dumple has a villainous practice of scratching and calling vehemently, and then proceeding wickedly to give *me* a husk or a straw; but when Quacky is not at the porridge-bowl, then Dumple is inconsolable. He does not quite understand that, after a night's 'grubbing,' breakfast is a matter of somewhat more

importance to himself than to her; and thus when the latter reposes quietly under the wall, Dumple becomes excited, and after running twenty times between his friend and his breakfast, he has been seen at last to seize the duck by its feathers, and try to drag her with him to the scene of action. Finding resistance useless, and sleep out of the question, the duck submitted to a slight supplemental breakfast, while Dumple stood by her, I am told, not eating, but looking anxiously in the bowl to see that she had sufficient.

It is by no means unheard of for animals to use these decided persuasive measures; witness a canary of mine who, when his wife was ill, lying motionless on my dress, came and tugged at her wing to remove her, looking at her between whiles with most touching grief and surprise. The evident consideration with which poultry act, indeed, is one of the strangest things I know. It is a general feeling among the set I have, to object exceedingly to roosting alone on the floor; and if by any accident a wounded foot or wing may for a time prevent some one from perching properly, it is a matter of certainty that another will stay down with her. Last summer, one of my pullets, from weakness, could not get up, and though the others were all already roosted, one came down immediately to keep her sick sister company; and till she was quite well, one or other invariably spent the night on the floor. They changed about, but one always stayed down.

In Quacky's case, just the same thing occurred; but then, of course, it was natural that Dumple would stick to his friend; so until I had procured some other ducks, with whom at night Quacky went out grubbing, Dumple was always ready to roost on a box beside her, and Quacky positively refused to stay in alone. When the new ducks came, Quacky disdained to notice them. She had been brought up with the hens, and a hen she meant to remain. She walked about with the rest, and turned a cold shoulder to ducks. I saw Mr Dumple politely point out the water-hole, but little attention otherwise was paid to the new-comers. At bedtime, however, Quacky felt responsible. She went as usual to her own apartment, but very shortly she reappeared, and seeking out the new-comers, escorted them to the door, keeping a strict look-out, to see that they followed closely. These ducks, I presume, however, were accustomed to sit up later; so, though they were so complaisant as to go *to* the door when invited, no power of Quacky's could induce them to go *in*; and the instant she disappeared, they set off again for the grass. No less than seven times did that unhappy duck come out and fetch home her guests. Sometimes she actually got them in, but always, alas! to reappear again; and at last I was forced to send and conclude my poor Quacky's labours by having the door shut closely upon the whole wakeful party.

In illness, again, I used to have the impression that animals were bad nurses; I thought that they were apt to reckon their sick as nuisances, and to find immediate means of putting them out of the way. Experience, however, teaches quite the contrary. I have never yet seen a sick creature persecuted, except by thoughtless children, or cruel people who do not feel for animals; and in many cases it is very pleasant indeed to see the affectionate way in which the dumb things treat each other. I call them dumb, by way of polite conformity to the popular prejudice, but as to *my* feathered friends being dumb, I quite reserve my opinion.

Even the Dabbleses—to return to our ducks—are compassionate to each other. If one gets lost and screams, the others all rush after it; and when the kitten yells, they extend to her the same kindness, and paddle off to her bed. I am sorry to say that Puss finds her kitten sometimes much wetted by these amateur nurses; for if, when Kitty shrieks, the ducks *are* in the soup-plate, which is to them a pond, they do not always wait to dry themselves before they rush to the rescue. That soup-plate pond is a sad cause of trouble. The ducks *will* inveigle chickens into trying a cold bath with them; and when a delicate Hamburg is found standing up to her knees in water, while four active Dabbleses go splashing all about her, and making sudden dashes also to see how Kitty fares, it is to be expected that not only Puss but higher authorities scold. All the young animals seem to make much of warmth. I am ashamed to say it, but I *have* heard of chickens perched on the kitchen fender roasting themselves in a way that *ought* to make chickens shudder.

A duck brought up with four chicks some months ago could not bear to be shut up, but the moment he found that the chickens were safe in their basket and covered up warm with flannel, he used to take up his post on the top of chickens and all; the general effect being somewhat that of a pork-pie hat with a plump duck for feather.

At night, we have much trouble, for Dabbleses are sad rakes. A 'strawberry punnet' lined with moss is at last filled with ducklings, and a piece of flannel laid over is securely tied down with packthread. I must really not omit to mention that our poultry-yard, even in London, is not on that system which is said by some to make each egg cost fourpence. My hens have kept me supplied with plenty of eggs continually; even in the winter we have always some, and though I can't say anything of the 'profits of young chickens,' which are only pets, I certainly find the food costs a great deal less than a penny an egg, while, for my own amusement, there is no extra thing whatever.

AGAINST AGRICULTURISTS IN OMNIBUSES.

When the Rev. Sydney Smith was asked by some foolish lady in want of 'something to say,' Why the posts had been narrowed which led into the Green Park, he is said to have replied: 'Madam, you have no idea what fat people *used* to get into that park.'

Now, could not this narrowing process be applied to the doors of omnibuses, so that persons above a certain bulk should be excluded therefrom? I am not a captious person, easily aggrieved; I would allow very considerable latitude as well as gravity; but I do think there should be a limit. Say, eighteen or nineteen stone. Beyond this weight, fellow-passengers become encroaching and unbearable. They surge over their neighbours; they even overlap their *vis-à-vis*; they possess all the disadvantages of crinoline, with the addition that the crinoline is solid. It is true that this only happens once a year, during the December cattle-show, when all the great country-folk come up to town—for London does not grow its own people of this preposterous size—but why should it happen at all? Why should not the ordinary omnibus licences be suspended for that week, and arrangements made to meet the tremendous emergency? Let the number of Insides be limited to six instead of twelve, and the Outsides be similarly abated; and let every agriculturist be charged double the usual fare. It is idle to state that such arrangements would have the effect of causing these enormous personages to walk. At the worst, it can only cause them to wish to do so. They *must* ride. Nor can it with any reason be urged that such increase of the tariff will drive them into cabs. It is quite an exceptional case where two of them can be compressed into even a four-wheel cab. As for the Hansoms, a single specimen—if such an adjective can be applied to gentlemen of such proportions—not only fills a Hansom, but overflows it, and especially bulges out at the doors, which have in all cases to be thrown back. To restore the equilibrium, the driver has to lie along the top of his vehicle.

The condition of even the best cab-horses, I am assured, is sensibly affected by the Agricultural Week; and they contract a habit of looking back at a hirer (in order to calculate the probable amount of his weight), which they do not lose until the occasion has long passed by, which has thus aroused their apprehensions. The unfortunate animals cannot, of course, be made to understand the temporary nature of this infliction; they imagine that their tyrant, Man, has suddenly trebled himself, and that burdens will for the future be laid on them heavier than they can bear. They cannot read the announcements, in appropriately tremendous type, which garnish every wall, stating that the invasion is For One Week Only. They know not that all the festive preparations for receiving 'the young man from the country,' and his male relatives, at the Music Halls, the Cyder Cellars, the Pavilions, the Alhambras, and the Casinos are confined, most fortunately, to half-a-dozen nights. Something, then, ought to be done, if only on the score of humanity towards the brute creation. But, I submit, that there are reasons for action of a far more lofty and important nature—insomuch as they affect ourselves.

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we of the city are actuated by no unfriendly feelings towards our magnificent visitors. Our big brother is always welcome, except in an omnibus. We gladly acknowledge his hospitality, his good-nature, and his many other becoming virtues. We know that he would not grow himself so uncommonly fine if he could help it. There may be other theories upon this subject, but it is my own opinion that he catches it from the beasts; that having the physical increase of his own cattle for ever on his mind, and contemplating their gradual expansion, his own proportions become amplified from day to day, until, so far as size is concerned, he is as ripe for public exhibition as themselves. Husband and wife are said to grow alike, through constant association, and something of this kind seems to occur in the case of the farmer and his live-stock. There is also a very philosophical view of volition, taken by some physiologists, which would appear to point to the same result; but in a paper addressed to my bucolic brethren, any reference to such far-fetched theories would be out of place, for they are sensible people. Mr Ruskin asserts that properly to paint a tree, it is necessary that the painter should so deeply sympathise with his subject as in some sort himself to become a tree; and thus it is with the breeding of fat cattle: to produce a winner, you must qualify for the prize yourself.

It may be a fanciful notion, but as I walked in that vast hall of Islington, the other day, with an eye to men as well as muttons, I imagined I could distinguish the gentlemen who gave themselves up to Southdowns, from those who exclusively devoted themselves to oxen. The one class was Ovine—wooden, woolly, stolid, and yet apprehensive of some wrong being done upon them, such as the being violently punched in the small of their backs; the other was Bovine—patient, comfortable, 'lapped in dreamy ease,' and chewing the cud of contemplation with their eyes half-closed. There was one quadruped of the latter kind, with a bucketful of turnips before him, lying down and eating—after the fine old Roman fashion, but who outdid the luxury of the ancients by being, in addition, fast asleep. Immediately in front of him stood his owner, or breeder, or foster-father, equally large, equally sleek, and equally oblivious to the affairs of this attenuating world. He had some sort of cake—perhaps oilcake—in his nerveless hand; an irregular motion of the jaws proclaimed that there was more cake there; the palate was being gratified, while the intellect roamed at will over the land of dreams, or 'winged the lucent hyaline of the empyrean.' If I ever saw perfect enjoyment *reflected*—it shone in each of those not inexpressive countenances. *Fed on food seasoned with Thorley's Condiment*, was inscribed upon a placard midway between the man and the ox. I know not to which that statement applied, but I repeated to myself the medical dictum, 'Avoid sauces,' with a convulsive shudder. My mind wandered for a little to the doctrine of metempsychosis, but presently settled itself to the ridiculous consideration of whether, in the event of the Royal Agricultural Society making me a present of that ox, I should accept it, fettered with the condition of personally driving it home? Could I do it, or could I not do it? A friend of mine had bought a Shetland pony at the Battersea Cattle-show; after he had paid for it, the salesman coolly informed him that he must catch it himself out of the drove. The majority of purchasers would have shrunk from completing the transaction, but my friend was muscular and of a determined mind. He strode in among the Liliputian throng, and after two or three hours of distracting pursuit, he secured his shaggy steed, and carried it out *under his arm* like a toy-horse. The jeering crowd advised him to enter the little animal for the Derby, but he had gone through too much already to be moved by mere satire; and having once got his property off the premises, he suffered it to find its legs, and clutching a handful of its tossing mane, led it home as though it were a dog.

But what an easy task was the foregoing compared with the difficulties that would occur in the supposititious case of this ox being presented to myself! How, in the first place, should I ever persuade him to rise? No weapon that I possessed could inform him of my wishes in that respect; the blade of my little penknife would lose itself in fat without ever reaching a sentient locality; the ferrule of my umbrella would never penetrate his skin; as for my scarf-pin, I might just as well have stuck it in its ordinary pincushion. If even I got him up, and out of the hall, what hideous obstacles would intervene between us and Bayswater! How the populace would enjoy the spectacle of a prize-ox being persuaded by a gentleman of fashion to accompany him to his suburban home! How they would relish a drover with an eyeglass! What a crowded thoroughfare would the New Road become under such circumstances! Suppose the stupendous animal should break through into the Underground Railway! Suppose a dog should attack him, and hang on to his nose, what should I do then? What pitiful sounds would he utter under such a misfortune as that! Or suppose he caught sight of a market-cart filled with mangel-wurzel going to Covent Garden, and persisted in taking *that* direction! Or suppose he waddled off into a rather narrow street which tapered at the extremity, and blocked it completely up, without being able to turn round, what a situation would that be for his proprietor! Or suppose he expired suddenly in Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, might I sell him as he lay, by the pound, to unfashionable Paddington butchers, or would he be considered to revert to the Royal Agricultural Society, because I had not fulfilled their conditions by getting him quite home?

These inquiries respecting the removal of the wonderful Ox were purely supposititious (although, of course, he *was* got home by somebody, and I should dearly like to know how); but as respected his ally and sympathiser, the Man, they were terribly real. How was *he* to be got home? I have fixed upon him merely as a type of the bucolic class (albeit he was what the printers call 'leaded,' in larger print than the rest of them), and I demand the same question respecting them, which brings me back to the omnibus subject with which I started—How are they to be got home? To suggest pedestrianism is merely to be insulting, since that is the very exercise which would tend to diminish their

noble characteristics. Four-wheeled cabs for two are expensive, as are Hansoms for one. It is obvious that they must make use of Omnibuses, which, indeed, would appear to be the proper vehicles for persons of their (first-rate) condition. As a Sociable, which holds four, is to ordinary individuals, so is our omnibus to our agricultural friends—but what if you attempt to make that omnibus hold *twelve!* To the agriculturists themselves, this little matters, for when six or eight are in it, even the cad is obliged to proclaim that he is 'Full Inside.' He may inveigle would-be passengers as far as the step, but he knows they will never cross the threshold. They perceive the state of the case at once, and promptly descend, to seek some rival vehicle patronised by the aborigines only. Nothing happens in this case worse than the inconvenience of delay.

But supposing that persons of moderate size are already *in* the omnibus, the entrance of these gigantic folk becomes serious indeed. The original inhabitants must make up their minds at once either to endure all things or to flee; for after more than one of them has entered in, escape is impossible—you cannot *get by*—you are enclosed in a living tomb, which is also locomotive. General observations, however, fail to convey the terrors of this awful position. Let me narrate an experience, which occurred to my own half-sister, Miss Bridget Lamb, of Baker Street, on Wednesday, December 10, 1862, as related by her own lips. I will myself guarantee the truthfulness of her narration, for I know her well to be as incapable of falsehood as of invention. She is a person of the strictest principles, and has no imagination whatever.

'I arrived at London Bridge from Greenwich at about 4.30 on Wednesday afternoon. As I had no luggage, and there was still some daylight, I thought I would save a cab-fare by taking an omnibus. By help of a policeman, I escaped out of the clutches of seven cads (all of whom assured me they were going in my direction) and got into a Paddington *Royal Oak*, which I knew must pass the end of Baker Street. It was better, at all events, than trusting myself to an *Elephant and Castle*, though it solemnly averred that it would drop me at my door. Still, I did not like to hear the conductor observe to the driver, across the roof of the vehicle, that "the Old Gal would have a goodiah round of it." I could not help thinking—for I knew that the insolence of this class of person is unbounded—that the remark might have some distant reference to myself. However, there was one passenger beside me, who informed me that he was "going all the way to the Oak," and this convinced me that I could not at least be in the wrong 'bus; he was an inoffensive, pleasant little man, and by the long white roll of paper which he carried in his hand, as well as by his affable manners, I concluded him to be a civil engineer. I was quite pleased to have the companionship of so respectable a person, and that I should save eighteenpence at least, without suffering any of those inconveniences which my half-brother is always prophesying for ladies who ride in omnibuses. There was a stoppage in King William Street, to be sure, for about three-quarters of an hour, but we had a fine view of the Monument all the time. Just before we got to the Bank, the omnibus stopped for longer than the usual time—which, I think, is half a second—allowed for the admittance of a passenger; a very stout gentleman placed his foot upon the step, and as he did so, I felt the whole omnibus "tit up," so that I thought the horses must be off their legs. "Woa, woa, my lud," said he to the grinning conductor; "there's another little one a-coming." And, sure enough, another very stout gentleman, and the counterpart of the first one, followed him in. It was quite dreadful to see how light they made of their own condition. "Licensed to carry twelve on us, eh!" said one, referring to some legal notice stuck up in the vehicle; "well, I shouldn't like to be the eleventh, nor yet the ninth, for the matter of that."

'The little engineer was much depressed by the incursion of these formidable persons, and he whispered across to me that he did not understand it, but that we did not seem to be going to the Poultry at all.

"Poultry! Why no, sir, there's nothing but beastesses and such-like, as *we're* going to see," observed No. 1 stout gentleman.

"Beastesses and peags," remarked No. 2, with gravity, as though making an important correction.

"But I don't want to go to the cattle-show," exclaimed my *vis-à-vis* impatiently. "Hi, conductor, hi; I want to go to the Royal Oak."

"All right, sir, and so yer shall; only we goes to the Hangel *first*, for the convenience of these here gentlemen. It won't make scarcely any difference in point o' time. Cattle-*show!* cattle-*show!!* Whose for Islington and the fat-cattle-*show!!!*"

'The little engineer would have got out then and there, only No. 1 and No. 2 stout gentlemen were sitting exactly opposite one another, so that their respective waistcoats touched. Egress was thus rendered impossible, unless one of them could be induced to move, which was a circumstance that did not seem probable. Then we plunged through the gathering gloom into Finsbury, past the Artillery Ground (as the conductor informed one of the two strangers), a place I never thought to have beheld in my mortal life, and so along a dreadfully unfinished thoroughfare, called the City Road, to the Angel. Here, thought the little engineer and I, we shall at least be free; but although the Two got out, no less than six twin brothers of theirs squeezed themselves in, in their place; the windows were thus entirely obscured; a seventh giant, who was permitted to stand on the step until somebody should get out, filled up the doorway, so that we were in almost total darkness.

'My original companion, in whom I had begun to feel much interest, engendered by our common misfortune, would not, however, have been visible, even had there been light. His white roll of paper seemed to gleam forth from the pocket of the monster who had absorbed him. As for myself, I could breathe (with difficulty), and that was all. My steel crinoline became first spherical, and then of a diamond shape, having "given" in four places. It was shocking to imagine what an appearance I should present when I got out, but still more shocking to consider that there was no probability of my getting out at all. It was already past our usual dinner-hour in Baker Street, and my brother was the fussiest person for punctuality, as well as the most despondent in his views respecting what has made anybody late. He would be almost sure to conclude that I had been garrotted; certainly he would never imagine that I was in the far end of an Islington omnibus, with half-a-dozen mountains of men between myself and liberty.

'When we arrived at the top of Baker Street, I felt it was useless to stop the vehicle. I could not ask six gentlemen to get out in the mud, in order to permit of my exit. I was carried on with them to Paddington station, to which, as I was well aware, they were all bound. I got out there—leaving the little civil engineer like a thread-paper in collapse, but retaining his precious roll intact—and took a cab to Baker Street. Thus, beside the injuries to a certain article of apparel, to which I have already alluded, my journey home was not a cheap one after all. My half-brother, too, had already incurred considerable expenses in advertising me in the evening papers, and in driving about to the various police-offices. The dinner, too, having been much spoiled, his temper had suffered proportionally; his language was

such as it is impossible for me to repeat; and so far from sympathising with my misfortunes, he observed, with brutal vulgarity, that "it served me precious right for taking a 'bus."'

The above is the sad story of my sister Bridget. It is all true, with the exception of the last few statements. My temper was quite unruffled, and my language temperate in the extreme. I did say, however, that for a person like herself, who had actually lived in Baker Street, where the cattle-show used to be held until now, and who must, therefore, be well acquainted with the *contour* of our bucolic visitors—for *her*, I said, to get into an omnibus during the Agricultural Week, for the sake of saving eighteenpence, was the act of an economical monomaniac—of a female Elwes. Still, are these vehicles never to be placed under restrictions that may meet the periodical emergency? Can nothing be done?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ELECTRICIANS enlivened their Christmas holidays by talking about Mr Gassiot's latest experiments, which formed the subject of a paper read before the Royal Society. As the former experiments by the same persevering gentleman have been repeatedly noticed in this *Journal*, particularly those in which luminous effects were produced in glass vacuum tubes, we may with propriety take occasion to add a few particulars thereunto. Mr Gassiot's present battery consists of 3500 cells, filled with salt-water, by which he obtains an extraordinary continuity of action, and surprising effects. One of the most remarkable takes place when the ends of the wires which connect the battery with the vacuum tube dip into water. When slightly dipped, a disk of brilliant light appears in the middle of the tube, remaining stationary, dazzling the eyes of the beholder. Plunge them a little deeper, and another disk marches out, so to speak, from the electrode at the end of the tube, and takes up a position by the side of the first; and so with every successive plunge, until not fewer than thirteen disks of light occupy the central space. This is a very striking experiment; one that fascinates the eye while it interests the mind. As Professor De la Rive of Geneva has shewn, the passing of electric currents through vacuum tubes seems to afford a means for explaining the appearance of aurorae boreales and some other cosmical phenomena. Meanwhile, Mr Gassiot is pursuing his experiments, and the visitors to his next electrical soirée may anticipate an unusual treat.

At the same meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Tyndall announced that further investigation had confirmed his views as to the relation between radiant heat and aqueous vapour. This is a subject which we noticed some months ago, when first brought forward. The meaning of it is that aqueous vapour is proved to act a most important part in the interception of radiant heat; so much so, that the said vapour in the atmosphere intercepts eighty times more heat than the air itself. From this, Professor Tyndall shews that the stratum of air, say ten feet in thickness, nearest the surface of the earth may be regarded as a blanket; for the aqueous vapour therein contained, by preventing terrestrial radiation, keeps the earth warm. As was stated on a former occasion, the perfume of flowers floating in the air serves to economise the warmth of the bed beneath. We thus see that this apparently dry subject has important relations to chemistry, meteorology, and horticulture; and we are glad to hear that Professor Tyndall is at work on a book in which the whole of the interesting question will be discussed and published.

We hear that spectrum analysis, which, as many readers know, is a beautifully refined experiment, is likely to be applied in the great wholesale hardware manufactory—Sheffield. In the casting of steel, it is essential that certain gases injurious to the metal should be allowed to fly off, and it is always a delicate question as to when they are completely got rid of. This question, it is said, may be answered by observing the spectrum of the gas as it rises; and when the colour peculiar to it appears in the instrument, then the moment will have arrived for shutting down the furnace, and running off the metal. This would be as beautiful an application of a philosophical fact to practical uses, as that of optical rotation in the preparation of sugar and saccharine fluids.

Anatomists and physiologists have long questioned as to the reason why the stomach does not digest itself during life. The gastric juice is so powerful that it will dissolve steel and other hard substances, while it is perfectly harmless upon the stomach itself; except after death, and then one part of the operation of decomposition is the eating away of the stomach by its own secretion. John Hunter was one of those who examined into the question, and he came to the conclusion that the stomach was protected by its 'living principle.' This is not a satisfactory conclusion for those who believe that in the progress of physiology a more definite answer would one day be found, and many ingenious experiments have been tried, in the hope of solving the question. Among the latest are those of Dr Pavy, described in a paper read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. Having a dog with a fistulous opening into its stomach, he introduced the hinder parts of a living frog, and the ear of a living rabbit, and found that in each case the process of digestion did actually begin. Hence, it is a mistake to suppose that the gastric juice will not act on the living substance, and the popular notion that a frog swallowed by accident or design will live for years in the human stomach, is proved to be as fallacious as popular physiological notions commonly are. Dr Pavy has varied his experiments, testing one set of results by another arrived at in a different way, and the conclusion he comes to is, that as the blood in a state of health is always alkaline, so the alkalinity of the blood circulating through the coats of the stomach neutralises the action of the acid, or gastric juice. And seeing that the taking of food into the stomach excites a greater flow of blood to that organ, the protection is most active at the very time that the gastric juice is poured out in greatest quantity for the process of digestion.

Some time ago, a chemist pointed out that it would be easy to detect fraud in woven goods by means of a simple test—that is, by dipping samples of the articles into a chemical solution which would dissolve all the cotton, and leave the silk or wool uninjured. It is well known that silk and woollen goods, so called, are offered for sale which contain more cotton than is fair to the purchaser, and by this method the amount of adulteration or of substitution may be ascertained. A solution of ammoniuret of copper dissolves cotton quickly; after a time, it dissolves silk also. By this means, therefore, silk can be reduced to a pulpy state; and M. Ozanam, a French chemist, taking advantage of this fact, informs the Academy of Sciences that he is experimenting as to the possibility of manufacturing silk without the trouble of spinning or weaving. The silkworm produces a soft gummy thread which gradually hardens, and the proposal is to imitate nature, and to draw out threads of any required thickness from a mass of silk-pulp. This might be called silk-wire-drawing; and if M. Ozanam succeeds, we may expect to see silk-cloth made by a process of pouring out and passing between rollers, somewhat after the manner of sheet-lead. Other applications suggest themselves; and if the silk-pulp can be hardened on drying, it might be manufactured into ornamental and useful articles for which gutta-percha is now used. At any-rate, it seems probable that the demand for silk will

increase, and we observe that South America is about to add to the supply. Some of the lands along the Rio de la Plata and in Uruguay are well suited for the growth of the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant, on which one species of silkworm thrives to a remarkable degree; and the climate is so favourable, that six crops of cocoons may be gathered in a year.

The importance of the silk-trade may be judged of by a few particulars concerning the produce of Europe only. In an ordinary year, the silk-crop of Italy, including Southern Tyrol and the canton of Ticino, amounts to more than 100,000,000 pounds-weight, worth, according to quality, from fifteenpence to half-a-crown a pound. The total value is thus seen to be of great importance; and from that a notion may be formed of the loss arising from the silkworm disease, a disease for which no effectual cure has yet been discovered. In an average year, Lombardy alone produces 30,000,000 pounds of silk; in the year just past, the quantity was not more than 10,000,000 pounds.

The utilising of silk-pulp will effect a great economy, as all kinds of silk-waste and silk-rags can be dissolved, and reconverted.

Admiral FitzRoy, who has been doing the state good service for some time past by his storm-warnings at our seaports, has now published a handsome octavo, entitled *The Weather Book*, for the benefit of all classes of readers. The admiral is not covetous of a monopoly of weather-wisdom, and he tells us in his opening chapter that the reader need not expect to find 'abstruse problems or intricate difficulties' in his book; that it 'is intended for many rather than for few, with an earnest hope of its utility in daily life.' The subject is one in which everybody is more or less interested; how should we ever get into conversation if it were not for the weather; and those who wish to devote some study to it will be encouraged by Admiral FitzRoy's assurance, that 'the means actually requisite to enable any person of fair abilities and average education to become practically "weatherwise," are much more readily attainable than has been often supposed.' Let any one accustomed to notice signs of weather provide himself with a barometer and two or three thermometers, and inform himself as to the way in which he should observe the instruments, and take their readings, and he will soon increase his knowledge of meteorology; a word which is to be understood as expressive of all that takes place in the domain of the weather. If he reads the book now under notice, he will find all the information he can desire about instruments and observatories, and the results which they ought to accomplish; about the history of the weather in our own and other countries; about the weather peculiar to the different zones of the earth; about the effect of the moon, and the occurrence of cyclones and such storms as that in which the *Royal Charter* perished.

The present season has excited much attention among meteorologists; it has been unusually mild, and yet very windy, accompanied by unusually high tides. On December 22, primroses were gathered in full bloom in the neighbourhood of Penzance; and in London, the sun shone so warm on Christmas-day that overcoats were oppressive. Up to the first day of the new year, the temperature was seven degrees above the average. In Naples, on the contrary, the weather had been bitter, and in the north of Europe the frost was severe and unusually destructive, because of the small quantity of snow that had fallen. But in other respects, we did not escape: the fierce gales occasioned disasters round the coast; in Norfolk, the sea in two or three places regained its place upon reclaimed lands, and extraordinarily high tides pushed the salt water so far up the rivers that it reached some of the inland Broads, and killed thousands of fish, which were afterwards seen floating on the surface.

Bank-note forgeries, if provocative of ingenuity on the wrong side, do also inspire ingenuity on the right side; and now a new method of engraving and printing bank-notes is announced, which is said to accomplish all that can be desired as regards security. The printing is so curiously interlaced, the black with another colour, that copying by photography is impossible. The ornamental part of the plates is engraved from an arbitrary matrix of very intricate design, obtained by transposition after the manner of a kaleidoscope. No engraver could imitate or reproduce such a plate unless he were in possession of the matrix, which would seem to render forgery impossible; for a banker has only to hold possession of the matrix from which his own notes were engraved, in order to defeat any schemes of imitation that may be attempted. In a busy commercial community such as ours, a method which offers security to bankers will no doubt receive consideration; and it is probable that something might be made of the practical suggestions put forward by the late H. Bradbury, whose handsomely illustrated volume shewed to what admirable perfection the mechanism for engraving had been brought.

The Institution of Civil Engineers have issued their annual list of subjects for premiums. It contains forty-three articles, some of which have been suggested by the disastrous tidal irruption into the fen country above Lynn last year. For example, one of the subjects, stripped of details, is a history of the successive changes of any fresh-water channel; another is a history of any tidal river or estuary; on the modifications of the tidal wave in its passage upwards; on the construction of dams, docks, and harbours. Another class of subjects takes in the building of suspension-bridges, boring of tunnels, drainage, sewage, and water-works; on the construction of railway carriages and wagons, with a view to the reduction of the gross weight of passenger and goods trains; on the means of utilising the products of the distillation of coal, so as to reduce the price of coke. Then we have the processes of iron manufacture, and steam-engines and super-heated steam; so that any competent person having knowledge and experience to communicate, may now send in his paper to the Institution above named. The highest premium is twenty-five guineas.

Among the papers to be read at the United Service Institution, we notice one on 'The Means for Scientific Physical Training, and on Rational Gymnastics;' another 'On the Formation of Bars at the Mouths of Rivers;' on 'British Columbia and Vancouver's Island;' on 'A Proposed Plan for a wholly Iron-made Armour-plated Vessel;' and on 'The Future of Naval Attack and Defence.'

ROBIN.

Robin on the yellow bough
Sits and sings,
Puffing out his crimson breast,
And in intervals of rest,
Prunes his wings.

Robin on the yellow bough
Sits alone,
Mourning for the summer past,
For the year that fades so fast,
Perched upon the rusty rail
By the graveyard stone.

Robin on the yellow bough
Mourns the winter coming now,
Mourns the rain, and mourns the snow,
And the cruel winds that blow—
Like a little orphan child,
Calm and gentle, sweet and mild,
Singing all alone.

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HOW I FIRST MET HER.

'FIRST-LOVE is the only true love,' say some people; and 'Love is love for evermore,' adds a poet of the affections. On the other hand, there are many persons, not without some reputation for judgment in commercial circles, who assert that 'first-love is calf-love.'

I do not pretend to decide this question. But, at all events, first-love must happen to every man before second-love, and if it has not happened at all, it has yet to come. Under these circumstances, I cannot but think that the subject is of universal interest, and that any new experience of this absorbing passion will be received with rapture by the public. Variety is pleasing, but novelty is what I understand the magazines are just now giving almost anything for.* Balloon-adventures are rising, I believe, in the periodical scale; and narrations of descents into the craters of volcanoes (if active) are remunerated most handsomely. But conceive, Mr Editor, what would be the attraction of a volcanic experience, 'complicated,' as the doctors say, with an episode of the tender passion! A love-scene, for instance, *in* the crater! Vows of affection interchanged amid seas of burning lava, and with the mountain throwing Roman candles over the heads of the intrepid pair! Would not this be novel?—would not this be striking? I wish, for both our sakes (for yours, Mr Editor, and mine, that is), that I *had* met my Charlotte Elizabeth for the first time under the above peculiar circumstances. You would have hastily written, 'Name your own price,' would you not, and enclosed a blank cheque by return of post? I thought so; and *the idea gives me much satisfaction, because*† I really did meet Charlotte Elizabeth for the first time in a locality by no means inferior (in point of exceptionability) to that of the bottom of a crater—and a great deal lower down. You will not imagine this to have been a coal-mine, I hope. I *have* met very charming persons of the opposite sex—and those of the first fashion—many hundred feet below the level of the sea, and attired in a masculine garb, for the convenience of descending shafts and travelling upon all-fours; but I should not dream of sending the account of anything so ordinary to a modern editor. I am better acquainted, I trust, with the nature of his expectations than that. I should as soon think of claiming originality for laying a scene of Plighting Troth in the Thames Tunnel, which must have occurred long ago to every magazine-writer, and been rejected as commonplace. But to my tale.

In the days of my youth, and I doubt not for many years before it, there were wont to be two solemn metropolitan institutions, called the Colosseum and the Polytechnic. They professed to combine information with amusement, and science with hilarity. The electrifying machine (then in its infancy) delighted the young of that epoch at both those places, by setting their hair on end, by educing sparks from the backs of their hands, by making a crackling noise (if I remember rightly) at the napes of their necks, and by other humorous, though by no means painless, proceedings. There were melancholy conjurers, with an immense display of apparatus, every article of which is patent to the present rising generation, and would be despised by the babe of six weeks old. There were laboratories where a patronising individual, half-chemist, half-clown, made flame out of liquid, and turned green fluids into vermilion (I think) by pouring yellow upon them.

At the Colosseum, there was an eternal panorama of 'Timbuctoo under the Harvest-moon,' painted upon half a million of yards of canvas, and beheld from a gallery, out of which, as it seemed, one might be precipitated thousands of feet. I don't know how this illusion was effected, but I remember that it always made me very giddy, and that I was glad to come down in a sort of 'lift' afterwards (for which convenience we paid threepence each) instead of by the stairs. Then there was a grotto, which was cool even in August, and a conservatory that was comfortable in December; and dioramas, and cosmoramas, and glass-blowing, and lemonade, and not new buns.

At the Polytechnic, there were lectures by real professors, an electrical eel (the age of which was fabulous), solos on the accordion, steam-machinery (quite a wonder in those days), glass-blowing, and lemonade, and not new buns. We have changed all this, I believe. At the Colosseum, popular delusions are now 'exploded,' and the last arts of the latest Houdin laid bare; while at the Polytechnic, there is a gentleman who warbles like a whole woodful of

* Our contributor is amusing, but we see no reason to increase our usual rate of remuneration in his particular case.—ED.

† These hints respecting the amount of pecuniary remuneration looked for by our contributor are scattered broadcast throughout his paper, but in all subsequent instances they have been excised.—ED.

birds, and a representation of the tragedy of *Bluebeard*, that convulses the children with merriment. The boys and girls of the present day have no superstitions, as we had, but at seven are more sceptical than we used to be at seventeen.

Seventeen was just the age at which I first met Charlotte Elizabeth—*under water*. What think you of *that*, Mr Editor? Are not such circumstances of first-love new? Permit me also to add, with my hand upon my heart, that they are moreover true.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday at our office in the City (although the Early-closing Movement was not so much as heard of at that time), and I was spending it in the improvement of my mind at the Polytechnic. I had sat in that stately hall, which is something between a theatre and a dissecting-room, to behold the wonders of science; I had gazed upon that wondrous apparatus for learning to swim upon dry land until my limbs were on the point of involuntarily 'striking out' for an imaginary shore; and I had gazed upon the electrical eel to repletion, when a great bell was rung, and a sonorous voice exclaimed: 'Experiments connected with the diving-bell.' Upon this, a great rush was made from all parts of the building to that circular pond of clear green water, the excessive depth of which has always been a marvel to me. Into whose cellars does it descend? What sewers does it for ever threaten with untimely flushing? From what fountains do its pellucid waves arise? Then the intrepid diver made his toilet in the presence of the company, being loaded with heavy weights, as though he were some desperate criminal, and having on his face a helmet fixed, to be presently screwed round by the assistants, a proceeding which appeared to the unscientific eye like wringing his neck. Covered with polypi in the shape of india-rubber tubing, this monster tadpole clumsily descended by an iron ladder into the pond, the bottom of which was already strewed with halfpence; after these, we could dimly see him waddle and stoop, made more hideous even than before by the watery medium—foreshortened, at-right-angles-to-himself, exaggerated, disproportioned, slow—the most horrible picture of cupidity that the mind is capable of conceiving. Above him arose large and noisy bubbles; and now and then he would emerge as to his head and shoulders, and tap his metal helmet with the halfpence, to let us know—as though we had not watched his horrid movements all along—that he had picked them up. Incredible as it may appear, I was attracted towards this amphibious pursuit of his; I felt as though I too should like to explore those airless depths, and make my business in those mighty waters. When he came out at last, like a two-trunked sea-elephant, and bowed in his repulsive manner to the spectators, I was almost afraid that he was going to offer 'any lady or gent' the loan of his apparatus. I was infinitely relieved when I saw it put away in a cupboard, for now no unnatural temptation——

'Any lady or gent for the diving-bell?' exclaimed the sonorous voice. 'The machine is now about to descend.'

My heart came into my mouth, and then retired about half-way down my throat, as I should judge. My extremities became cold as ice, as I gasped out: 'Stop a minute: take me in, please, do.' The crowd that already surrounded the machine parted to left and right, to let me pass. There was not the least hurry, of course; but if I had not spoken at once, I should not have done so at all. I was the first volunteer for this tremendous enterprise, and an object of great public interest.

'I wouldn't do it myself for a 'underd pound,' observed one gentleman, for the purpose of reassuring me, I conclude; and a friend of his replied: 'No, nor yet for two; it's what I call fool'ardy.'

I passed the little barrier; I gave the manager the requisite shilling for the submarine passage; and I crept under the great goggle-eyed bell amid quite a popular ovation. A narrow seat ran round the interior of the machine; the atmosphere seemed close, even as it was, and the light was dim, although we were as yet in the land of the living. I perceived, however, a shining substance immediately opposite to me, which turned out to be a boy covered with buttons—the page of the establishment, whose dreadful trade it was to descend, I don't know how many times a day, in company with subaqueous amateurs. He had a rope in his hand, that hung down from the top of the bell, and which I fondly imagined communicated with the scientific authorities, so that we could be hoisted up again at a moment's notice, by signal; but this confidence was entirely misplaced. A certain round spot with a number of little holes—like the top of a sink—was the sole ornament of the apartment in which we were; and through this was to come the air we breathed. To say that I would gladly have got out again, and sacrificed my shilling, is to give a very feeble idea of my state of repentance. I would have given forty shillings to be once more gazing—under the light of heaven—at the least remarkable object of interest in the institution. All the crimes I had ever committed during a checkered life seemed to crowd in upon my recollection. I made the most ardent resolutions for conducting myself for the future after a different fashion—if I should only be permitted to emerge alive out of that bell. It is true that there was yet time for me to do so, for the director was still touting for passengers, but I had not the moral courage for such a step as this. I could not have descended amid the same crowd which had applauded my intrepidity, to experience its scornful jeers. I perceived the same feelings were actuating two other individuals who now joined us; they, too, cast wistful glances at the mouth of the bell, and were evidently contemplating in their minds the most salient points in their past wicked lives.

'You had better put your legs up, gentlemen,' observed the page; 'there will then be less chance of falling out at the bottom, when we get under water.'

'*Less* chance!' gasped I, as I hastened to obey this suggestion. 'Do you mean to say there is *any* chance?'

'Well, you must sit quite still, of course, or there's no knowing what may happen. You will be safe enough, however, like this.'

We had all got our feet in each other's laps, forming quite a reticulation of legs beneath us, so that, if we fell at all, it must needs have been all together, when the director suddenly exclaimed: 'By your leave, gentlemen, there's a lady coming.'

'A lady coming! Where on earth is she to come to?' inquired I. There was not room for a pin's head to make its way among us, and far less a lady's.

'Is there no room?' inquired one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life.

'Plenty of room, miss. Legs down!' cried the conductor.

Then a bonnet appeared, with one of the most lovely faces in it you can imagine, and a look of tender appeal upon it—at finding the Bell full of legs—which it was impossible to resist. I sidled nearer towards the page, in whom I had some sort of confidence, and made room for this charming creature on my left hand. It was before the days of crinoline, but she wore some expansive gauzy garment, which, as she took her seat, flowed over all the others, and seemed to leave her alone with me and the page—who, except as a scientific assistant, I considered as nobody.

'Is there any danger?' asked she, in soft low tones, and putting her hand upon mine in order to steady herself—for she had very little to sit upon. 'I almost regret that I ventured to come.'

'Oh, say not so,' returned I. 'Hold on to me. You may squeeze my hand as tight as you please; *that is the only way to keep yourself from falling.*'

Even in that dim bottle-green light, I saw a lovely blush steal over her damask cheek; but she *did* take hold of my hand, and held it pretty tight, too.

'What an oppression I feel about my forehead,' observed she; 'my brain seems on fire.'

'So does mine, my dear young lady,' replied I; 'and my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.'

'So does mine,' said she. 'I am told the phenomenon happens in all these submarine excursions.'

'Why, we ain't off, yet,' observed the page contemptuously, who had been (most unjustifiably) listening to our conversation. I should perhaps have rebuked him, but at that moment the awful bell swung out from terra firma, and we beheld beneath us the cold and treacherous wave.

'What a terrible situation!' ejaculated my fair companion.

'Not altogether,' returned I, with a pressure of the fingers.

'We are leaving all behind us—or at least above us,' added she, for even in that awful moment her native correctness did not desert her. 'Heaven preserve us, what was that!

A cannon appeared to have gone off immediately outside my ear, and then it went on firing a royal salute—and didn't stop then.

I trembled like an aspen-leaf, but not so much as the beautiful being who relied upon me for succour. We leaned up against one another for mutual support. With my left arm, I mechanically encircled her waist; with my right hand, I grasped half-a-dozen of the page's buttons. On one side of me was Poetry; on the other, Science.

'What are those dreadful guns?' inquired the young lady.

'Guns!' cried the page laughing, a laugh peculiar (I hope) to water-kelpies. 'That's only the tinpaniem of your ear a-busting, bless yer. It 'll get wuss and wuss, and the top of your 'ed will be like to fly off, as it seems to you, before we gets to the bottom. A-comin' up, you 'll like it better.'

'Dear girl,' whispered I, in tones of comfort, 'you will find it some relief to lay your head upon my shoulder.'

She did so, and I caught her broken tones inquiring what was that dreadful thing that kept beating against the bell, as though it wanted to get in among us. 'I hope and trust, my good boy,' said she, addressing the page with sudden animation, 'that it is not that electrical eel!'

I do believe, if I had not had fast hold of that boy by his buttons, that he would have fallen off his seat into the water, in a paroxysm of mirth, and left us without any protector. 'Lor' bless ye, miss,' replied he, when he got breath enough to do so, 'that's the beating of the hair-pump, that is: if that was to stop for arf a minute, it would be all Hookey with us in this 'ere bell.'

'Hookey!' ejaculated the terrified young creature. 'What dreadful language he does use!—You haven't got a waterproof coat on, have you, sir?'

I trembled as the dear girl made this extraordinary inquiry, for I thought that terror was depriving her of reason. Could she imagine that a Mackintosh would save us, ever so many fathoms under water as we now were!

'Alas, no,' said I, thinking it best to humour her; 'I left my waterproof coat up above, and also my umbrella.'

'I asked,' returned she, 'because I seem to breathe nothing else but india-rubber.'

Perhaps it was this peculiar atmosphere which erased her words, as it were, as soon as she had uttered them, that compelled me to keep my cheek quite close to hers, to catch the precious tones.

'They pump the air through india-rubber tubes,' I answered.

'How wise you are,' said she admiringly; 'how nice it must be to know everything.'

'Very nice,' said I; 'please to tell me, therefore, what name you bear in the upper world. I have read of sirens and mermaids—— How dare you touch that lady's dress,' cried I with excessive indignation, as the scientific page made a sudden snatch at her petticoats.

'They was a-gettin' into the water, that's why,' returned the youth with sulkiness. 'Don't you go a-hollerin' at *me*. It's my duty to take care of all as comes down here, and I have my orders about their petticoats.'

'My good boy,' said I, 'here is half-a-crown for you. I am sorry I spoke so loud, because water conducts sound with great facility, and they may have heard me up above. All that passes among ourselves here should be respected, as being of a private nature.'

'Mum is the word,' observed the page, and he winked with an air of supernatural and submarine cunning at the unconscious Charlotte Elizabeth—for it is needless to say that the enchanting young mermaiden was she.

Almost immediately afterwards, we began to ascend; every instant the guns fired with less distinctness, and we became more like our usual selves. But during the few minutes that we had been immersed, I had experienced a complete metamorphosis—I had 'suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange.' I had descended fancy free, I arose a captive to the Diving Belle.

The rest of the courtship was of the ordinary description, and terminated in the usual way.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

We are all just now interested in the welfare of a young Prince, whose relations to the Queen, to the nation, and to a Danish princess, all combine to place him in a remarkable position. We shall ere long know what provision parliament will agree to make for the Prince of Wales. Marlborough House is to be his town residence; and we hope and believe that it is destined to be a purer home than that which the Prince Regent maintained at another mansion in the same street half a century ago. As regards pecuniary resources, there is a revenue coming to the Prince of Wales of a kind very little known to general readers, and worthy of attention. The Prince is Duke of Cornwall, and that dukedom is worth a good round sum of money to him annually. It is unlike any other duchy or dukedom in England, owing to its peculiar relations to the tin-mines on the one hand, and to the heir-apparent to the throne on the other. The duke, too, is a sort of judge, for he is 'Lord Warden of the Stannaries'—a judicial position known only in the tin-mining districts.

The stannary laws may be thus briefly explained. As to the word itself, it is evidently derived from the Latin name for tin, *stannum*. Sometimes, in past days, stannary denoted a tin-mine; sometimes all the tin-mines in a particular district; sometimes the royal or ducal rights in reference to tin. At present, however, stannary is a general word of very wide acceptation, denoting at once the tin-mines within a particular district, the miners and tinners employed therein, and the customs and privileges applying both to the owners and the tinners of the mines. The stannary of Cornwall (using the term in its large sense) was first established when the duchy of that shire was granted in perpetuity to the Princes of Wales: Edward the Black Prince being the first possessor. Under the general laws of England, the crown is

deemed to be the owner of all precious metals found beneath the surface in this realm, whoever may be the owner of the surface itself; the precious metals being gold, silver, and any alloy in which gold or silver exists in greater value than the inferior or baser metal. A special extension of this right exists in Cornwall and Devon, where, from a very remote period, tin has been included among the royal metals. When, therefore, Edward III. created the dukedom of Cornwall, and gave it to his son, the Black Prince, he made over a goodly revenue with it. The Duke of Cornwall has never been supposed to mine the tin by his own resources as an 'adventurer;' he allows others to do this, and claims a rental or royalty in lieu of his profit on the proceeds. Hence, there has always been needed a regular system for the ascertainment and enforcement of this rental. The tinners, however, are not left to the mere will of the duke in this matter; they have for nearly seven hundred years held by charter a *right* to dig for tin, let the surface-ground be held by whom it may, provided they satisfy certain claims on the part of the duchy and the landowners.

There are stannary courts in Cornwall to regulate all these matters. The name of *wastrel* is given to any land in the shire which is open or unenclosed; and the establishment of *tin-bounds* or mining rights in such districts is effected in the following curious way: An agent (generally of some mining company) goes to the spot, digs up the surface-turf over a certain area, and marks the four corners of a square by little pits dug east, west, north, and south. Having thus defined the *bounds*, the agent draws up a paper describing the situation of them, naming the day when they were marked, the persons by whom, and the persons or company for whom they were so done, and declaring that the ground was free from any other bounds. These particulars are transferred from paper to parchment, and are submitted to the next stannary court. The court makes the matter known in some public way, and a minute of the transaction is prepared. Methods are taken to ascertain whether any well-founded objection to the claim of the agent exists; if not, judgment is given, and the agent is placed in lawful possession of the *tin-bounds* thus defined. That is to say, the company which he represents may dig for and carry away all the tin found under that portion of surface, paying a royalty of one-fifteenth of the proceeds to the lord of the soil; the company is as much owner beneath the surface as the lord is at the surface, for the time being. The bounds must, however, be renewed annually, or the lord will be entitled to re-enter possession. Where the land is enclosed or cultivated, or not wastrel, the amount of royalty is determined by agreement, and generally varies according to the supposed richness of the ore; but in this as in the other case, the stannary courts constitute the tribunal by which the agreements are enforced. The claim of the duchy, in reference to the original ownership of the tin, has long since given way to a sort of composition in the form of tax, fee, duty, or percentage, well understood by all. Formerly, for the redress of grievances, and the general regulation of the stannaries, *stannary parliaments* were occasionally convened; consisting of tinners summoned by the Lord Warden of the Stannaries in the name of the Duke of Cornwall. These parliaments passed laws which were binding in that particular shire. None such have been held for a long series of years, the laws having been gradually brought more and more within the jurisdiction of the imperial legislature; nevertheless, the stannary courts exercise a very peculiar power, scarcely at all understood by the general public, except in Cornwall and the western part of Devonshire. The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, of course does not give judgment in person; he no more presides actually in Cornwall, than does the Queen sit on the Queen's Bench in Westminster Hall.

From the peculiarities in our reigning families, it has happened that there have been comparatively few Princes of Wales, and that the Cornish revenues have, in consequence, very often fallen to the privy purse of the king or queen. Until Edward I. conquered Llewellyn and David, the last native Princes of Wales, the eldest son and heir of the king of England was usually designated the Lord Prince; but when the principality became wholly annexed to England, the princedom of Wales was assigned to the heir to the throne. There is this specialty, however—the title is not inherited, but is bestowed by special creation and investiture. Edward I.'s son became Prince of Wales when he was one year old; Edward II.'s at ten years; and Edward III.'s at thirteen years. The last named was the Black Prince, who, as we have stated, was the first Duke of Cornwall invested with the revenues arising from that shire. There had been Earls of Cornwall for many generations, but he was the first duke. If, through lack of issue, there be no heir-apparent, the duchy lapses to the crown for the time being, for the heir-presumptive has no claim to it, it being always reserved for the eldest living son and heir-apparent. When the Black Prince died, Edward III. made his (the Prince's) son Prince of Wales. During the troubled times of Henry VI., the Prince of Wales was on one occasion *not* the eldest living son and heir-apparent of the king; but this was quite an exceptional case. Among the peculiarities of the title may be mentioned the fact, that Henry VIII. created his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, successively Princess of Wales; Mary, because she was the eldest child and heiress-presumptive; and Elizabeth, because she became heiress-presumptive when her sister was illegitimated; but on the birth of a son (afterwards Edward VI.), the princedom reverted to him as heir-apparent. Those who follow the current of English history will be able to see how it happens that there have been so few Princes of Wales during the last three centuries, through female sovereigns, childless sovereigns, and changes of dynasty. When the present Queen's eldest son was born in 1841, we renewed our acquaintance with the title of Prince of Wales, after it had been long in abeyance. The royal infant became also Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Earl of Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland.

It is only under the title of Duke of Cornwall that we have to do with the Prince here. A few years after the accession of our present Queen, the revenues of the duchy underwent remodelling. Up to that time, the duty on tin had been collected in a way that interfered somewhat with the conveniences of trade. It was therefore determined that a tax in some altered form should be collected by the government, and that a regular annual payment in substitution for it should be paid out of the Consolidated Fund to the duchy of Cornwall. The question then arose, How much should that payment be? It was agreed that the average of the ten preceding years should be taken as a basis. It was found that the duchy dues had amounted to about L.170,000 in the ten years 1829 to 1838 inclusive, giving an average of L.17,000 a year, reduced to about L.16,000 after paying expenses. And this nice little income was made over to her Majesty as Duchess of Cornwall, free from all trouble of collection. Three or four years later, after the birth of her eldest son, the requisite provisions were made for managing the duchy during his minority, the Queen receiving the revenues until the Prince of Wales could take his proper position as Duke of Cornwall.

That position was assumed in November last, when the heir to the throne completed his twenty-first

year. With his household and officers as Prince of Wales, we have nothing here to do; but as Duke of Cornwall he has a separate establishment, wholly disconnected from the rest. There is a 'Duchy of Cornwall Office' in the immediate vicinity of St James's Park; and the official directories tell us of the 'Prince of Wales's Council,' a sort of privy-council for the affairs of the duchy, consisting of six or eight noble and distinguished persons. Indeed, the whole establishment has a very royal sound about it; for, besides the Prince's Council, there are a 'Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Chief Steward of the Duchy,' a 'Secretary to the Lord Warden and Keeper of the Duchy Records,' a 'Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal,' a 'Surveyor-general,' an 'Attorney-general,' an 'Auditor,' a 'Receiver,' a 'Vice-warden of the Stannary Courts,' a 'Mineral Inspector,' a 'Land Agent,' a 'Ranger and Master Forester,' a 'Constable of Launceston Castle,' several 'Stewards of Estates and Revenues,' and a staff of subordinate officers and clerks. Some of these officials have the management of the revenues of the duchy, while others execute the very peculiar judicial functions of the duke in Cornwall. The late Prince Consort, during nearly the whole of the minority of the Prince of Wales, held the office of Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Chief Steward of the Duchy; and there can be little doubt that that clear-minded and conscientious man superintended the affairs of the duchy with scrupulous exactness.

It may be asked why, if the Duke of Cornwall has only the pleasant office of receiving some sixteen thousand pounds a year from the Consolidated Fund, in lieu of dues formerly collected in a direct way, he should require all this official machinery. The answer is—it is not *only* thus. The duke is a land-owner, a forest-owner, a house-owner, a man who grants leases, and accepts fines or bonuses on their renewal; and arising from all this, his net revenue is a great deal more than sixteen thousand a year. The duchy, when conferred upon the Black Prince in the year 1333, was declared by the charter of bestowal to comprise all the 'tin wilds,' ten castles, nine parks, fifty-five manors, thirteen boroughs, nine of the divisions called 'hundreds,' and a deer forest. These, or many of them, yielded annual revenue; and such revenue has continued, in more or less altered form, down to the present day. At first, however, the amount was only small. The Duke of Cornwall had no power to grant definite leases of manors and farms, because the tenure depended on the life of the sovereign; and therefore there was very little leasing or letting. It was not until 1622 that an improvement was wrought in this matter. James I. obtained the consent of parliament to remodel the affairs of the duchy. A statute was passed, whereby farms might be held in perpetuity by renewable leases; and an inducement was offered to the duke to improve the land by drainage or otherwise, as a means of increasing the rental.

What, then, is the revenue which our young Prince, who bears with him so much of the good-will of his countrymen, derives from that said duchy of Cornwall, into which he has recently entered possession? An annual Blue-book tells us all about it. The revenue for 1862 was about equal to that of 1861, and 1863 will probably exhibit figures nearly analogous, so that the amounts for 1861 will suit our purpose. There was the annuity of about L.16,000 a year, in lieu of the tin duties already adverted to; there was L.7000 for 'royalties and reservations of dues and rents of mines and quarries;' there was L.32,000 for 'rents and profits of courts'—derived in considerable part from estates held by the duke in the counties of Surrey, Hertford, Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Berks, and Devon, as well as in Cornwall; there was L.3000 for 'produce of the royalties of coal-mines in the county of Somerset;' and L.3000 for 'dividends and interest on cash in hand'—making a total of somewhat over L.60,000 for the year. On the other hand, the repairs, permanent improvements, property and other taxes, tithe rent-charges, superannuation allowances, salaries, surveys, valuations, plans, &c., absorbed about L.15,000—leaving to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales about L.45,000 a year, destined in future to help to support himself and his young Danish bride in a style befitting his position as heir-apparent to the throne.

COUSIN FRANK.

FRANCIS DAYRELL was my first-cousin; we had been much together in childhood; and I, as well as his other near relations, invariably spoke to him and of him as 'Frank;' yet the word was a gross misnomer, as names often are. The phrase conjures up the image of a brave, candid boy, with blue eyes, fair hair, and an affectionate but headstrong nature; whereas the real Frank Dayrell was very dark, slender, and taciturn. Handsome enough and clever enough, my cousin certainly was; but he had one of those dispositions, at once moody and sensitive, which confer anything but happiness on the possessor. Thus, he let duller lads beat him at school, and duller men beat him at college, and all his unquestioned abilities ran to seed in dreamy poetry or Byronic moroseness. Such has been the fate of many a more brilliant youth than my wayward relative, and people soon began to shake their heads when Frank's name was mentioned. Some old gentlemen, friends of the family, confessed that 'they had thought better things of the boy;' others, more clear-sighted or less delicate, boasted that they had known all along that he was incurably idle, obstinate, and useless. Meanwhile, the young man himself cared not a jot for these angry or mournful comments on his character, but pursued a desultory course of conduct, rambling aimlessly about, reading by fits and starts, or lying for whole afternoons on the sunny beach before a summer sea, lazy and self-satisfied as any Neapolitan.

I now feel assured that the policy pursued towards this truant from the working-world was an injudicious one. He should have been humoured, indulged, treated with gentleness, and gradually tempted into emulation or shamed into exertion. The wild colt should have been coaxed by degrees to submit its neck to the collar. Under such treatment, many more wilful personages than Francis Dayrell have been brought back to ambition and duty, and played their part manfully in the battle of life; but in my cousin's case, the well-meant efforts of his nearest and dearest terminated as ill as well-meant efforts often do, where discretion is lacking. His mother was extravagantly fond and proud of her gifted son, and his disappointment of all her early hopes for his advancement had given her exquisite pain and annoyance. His sisters, taught from the nursery to love and admire their only brother, were as vexed at his inglorious abandonment of the bright career their fancy had chalked out for him, as ever was a heathen at the silence and callousness of the idol he worshipped. All the family—mother, sisters, brother—had what is called a proud spirit, quick feelings, and a fair share of talent; hence arose one of those petulant wars that are often not uncommon round what should be a happy hearth—a war of words, of sneers, and taunts, and reproaches, and truces soon to be broken, and skirmishes ever renewed. There was no father to interpose between the loving but querulous disputants. Dayrell's father had died before his son was five years old, and he had grown up the spoiled darling of a household of women. Thus, I was hardly surprised to hear that Cousin Frank had ended all the bickerings and arguments by abruptly going abroad. The news reached me through an indirect channel. I was in the Temple then, working double tides, after the fashion of young men who have a

natural aptitude for labour, and who have not yet learned that the woolsack is to be reached, if at all, by patient plodding rather than seven-league strides. Frank and I had been the best possible friends; but latterly, our paths had diverged pretty widely. At his mother's entreaty, I, as well as other connections, old and young, had spoken to Frank with reference to his deliberate waste of the golden hours, and his refusal to embrace a profession; but I had failed, as I expected to fail, and had had to draw in my horns in time, before the debate warmed into a quarrel. So, when I heard that the family Timon had gone abroad in the sulks, I heaved a momentary sigh of regret over the wasted life of one to whom I had once been much attached, turned another page of Coke or Blackstone, and forgot my cousin in the intricacies of British law. This was in the spring; and it was not until the week preceding the Christmas of the same year, that I heard anything with regard to my relations the Dayrells. Then Aunt Dayrell wrote a kind letter to invite me down to the manor-house in Yorkshire.

I had not been there for nearly three years, but I well remembered, when a boy, how my heart leaped at the idea of a delightful holiday at Dayrell Manor, where there were ponies, boats, keepers, guns, dogs, and all that boys dote upon. My own mother had been a Dayrell, a sister of Frank's dead father; but I was myself a member of a much poorer family; and I enjoyed the field-sports and rural pleasures of those visits all the more heartily from the contrast they afforded to the habits of the decaying town where I was reared. 'Well,' said I, as I sat in my lonely chambers, high up in Fig Tree Court, 'I may as well accept. Law is a noble study, to be sure, and I want to master the whole theory of entail in all its bearings, but—I am a *leetle* tired. My eyes ache, my temples throb, and my shoulders are getting rounded with everlasting stooping over my books. I'm as pale as vellum, and the dust of all these legal folios is getting mixed up with my blood, and drying me into a mummy. Yorkshire will freshen me up. I'll go!' So I wrote an acceptance, and began to ransack my trunks and chests of drawers, and hunt up various long-neglected articles for evening wear. 'There will be charades, and dances, and all sorts of hospitable tomfoolery, from dinner-parties to a "lawn-meet" of the hounds,' muttered I, as I tossed over my linen in search of some embroidered shirts. 'All this will do me good, for I have grown into a sort of hermit crab, and should be as awkward as a raw school-boy if I had to dance with any sprightly young lady. Too much study has done for me what too little has done for Frank—the hare and the tortoise, as the poor fellow used to call us.'

Then I remembered, while groaning over the obsolete cut of my best waistcoat, that my trouble was most likely gratuitous. Frank was still away; so I concluded from the fact that my aunt's letter contained no mention of his name. It was the first I had ever received from the proud mother without a mention of her son's name. I bethought me, therefore, that with the wayward hope of the house in self-imposed exile, and on bad terms with his family, Dayrell Manor was likely to be but a melancholy abiding-place. Never mind; I would take the embroidered shirts and white chokers all the same. Besides, how could I tell what might have occurred? The prodigal—not that poor Frank was vicious or extravagant, but merely a poetic drone and crotchety enthusiast for German æsthetics—might have come home, and if so, I could guess with what eagerness of joy the fatted calf would be killed in his honour. But no; Mrs Dayrell could never have kept back news so all-important to her and hers: her kind letter breathed no maternal exultation, but rather a quiet sadness. I did not expect, as I placed myself and my portmanteau in a cab, for conveyance to the Great Northern terminus, that I should see anything of my cousin, Francis Dayrell. How fast I was whirled along the iron-way northwards, and how that rapid flight contrasted with the rough weather gaily faced, the hardships blithely borne, and the exuberant mirth and frolic of my old coaching-journeys as a boy! I reached the station at last, found a carriage in waiting, and was swiftly driven over the thin crust of hard-beaten snow to Dayrell Manor. The house was a fine specimen of its class. It consisted of stone sufficient to have built a cathedral, much weather-stained and moss-grown. It had been begun just before the Elizabethan style came in, and the architect had but partially adapted the structure to the new fashion; hence it had real towers as well as turrets, and a great hall and gallery, as well as gables and fantastic porches. I never saw finer elms than those of the park, nor bigger sycamores and pines, nor so venerable and clamorous a colony of respected rooks. But with all these objects I had been familiar long ago. Somehow, the grand old house looked much more dismal, rising brown and gaunt above the snow, than I had ever seen it look before, and yet I had often been a visitor there in the merry Christmas-time. Perhaps the place was unaltered, and the change was in the eyes that looked upon it. My aunt and cousins received me with their accustomed kindness. There was the usual burst of questions, reminiscences, and remarks, with which we generally hail a guest who was at one time on very intimate terms, but has been long absent; and then came the reaction.

I could not but observe, when the first pause in the conversation allowed me to look about me, that Mrs Dayrell was careworn and depressed, and that the girls were by no means so light of spirit as was the case three years ago. It was with some awkwardness that I ventured to mention Frank. 'Had they heard from him lately?' The question was put in a careless tone, as if the reply to it were the merest matter of course, but I suspected that no tidings had been learned of the truant. My aunt looked wistfully at me for a moment, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and broke into a sob. 'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, looking to my cousins, 'I hope there has been no bad news?' Caroline Dayrell said: 'No; no bad news. Indeed, we have not heard, but we have written, and expect a letter every day.' But the fond sister's voice quivered as she spoke, and she left the room abruptly, no doubt to hide her tears. Helen, the elder and prouder of the two, had more self-control; it was from her that I learned what steps had been taken towards tracing the wanderer. Mrs Dayrell, despairing of getting any reply to the many letters she had addressed to her son, and which, owing to his eccentric and devious course through Europe, had never reached him, had endeavoured to track him by other means. Bankers, consuls, secretaries of legation, had been applied to in turn, at all the great centres and starting-points of continental travel, in the hope of discovering Francis Dayrell through his passport or letters of credit, but had all failed to throw much light upon Frank's movements. If, here and there, a trifling clue had been afforded, it was very soon utterly effaced. There was even reason to suppose that Frank had purchased or otherwise obtained a foreign passport, and was travelling under a borrowed name and nationality, the better, perhaps, to shun observation or comment. He had drawn a thousand pounds out of his agent's hands before starting: and it was ascertained that he had converted this large sum into foreign gold and notes. He had not demanded a fresh supply since his departure, though the agent held considerable amounts in trust for him. Frank, I should observe, although not yet the master of Dayrell Manor, which was unentailed, and had been left to his mother for life, was wholly independent as to his pecuniary means. He had inherited a good deal of funded property, and large

accumulations of rent. He had never been extravagant to any great degree; and with his retired habits, the sum he had taken with him might last for a long period.

It seemed that the family at Dayrell Manor, growing daily more and more sick with hope deferred, had cherished great ideas as to what 'Cousin William's' worldly knowledge and tact might effect. The poor girls in especial seemed to think that a lawyer, even a sucking lawyer, could do anything. It went to my heart to disappoint them; but what could I do? The few things I was able to suggest had already been essayed in vain, or there was some good reason against their efficacy. An advertisement in the *Times*, in *Galignani*, in the chief foreign papers? Futile hope! Headstrong, fastidious Frank Dayrell was not to be beckoned back in so primitive a fashion. A detective to be sent in pursuit? Such a course was more likely to irritate than to soothe and reclaim; Frank was lord of his own goings and comings, and there were no *lettres-de-cachet* obtainable now a days, even in Russia. But perhaps a painstaking person, who was expert in spy-work, could discover the young man's address, at anyrate, and then my aunt could write—— 'Write! I would do more than write! I would hurry there, and beg him, oh, beg him so hard to return to those that love him, that if his heart were stone, he could not refuse me. Perhaps—when he saw his old mother on her knees—and I *would* kneel—to my boy—to beg him to love me.' Thus spoke the proud mother, quite humbled now, poor thing, by grief and carking care. Her voice was broken by sobs, her hair was getting quite gray—hair that had been glossy and dark three years ago; she looked quite old and broken. I thought to myself, as the girls pressed about their mother's chair to try and comfort her by caresses and fond whispers of endearment, that if the rover could have had one glimpse of the home he had abandoned, he would have come back an altered man. I am sure he would. Frank's heart was by no means a hard one. Those are not always the most selfish or insensible persons who cause bitter pain to those who love them. I believe it was because Frank felt so much what just blame attached to his careless, wasted life, that he winced so nervously under the injudicious reproaches of his kindred. He took into his warped, clever head, that mother and sisters, along with that shadowy impersonation the world, were in league against him. Mankind, or at least Mrs Grundy, had conspired to vilify and blight Francis Dayrell, and his own flesh and blood had shared in the plot to harass and torment him. They would not even, he complained, let him dream away his life in peace. He molested nobody, but he was exposed to continual vexation. I read his last letters; they were steeped in morbid feeling, full of cynicism, and unhealthy sentiment, and sneers. And yet, every now and then, would break out, even in those bitter letters, some flash of the man's true spirit, some glimpse of his kindly heart. He would say something that shewed an innate sympathy with what is good, and pure, and bright—with self-devotion, and genial industry, and those gallant workers for a world who bear the brunt and heat of the day. Or, at other times, would drop out, as if unconsciously, some passionate word of tenderness, some sign of the love for those at home not yet dead in him—words that were balm to the poor mother's anguished heart, on many a sleepless night of weeping and vigil.

It was but a sad evening that we spent in the noble old room that had rung with so much merriment and so many cheery voices of young and aged, on jocund Christmas nights in the blithesome past. Now, all was altered. There was no pleasant assemblage of guests, no houseful of visitors. The conversation flagged, and had ghastly gaps in it, when the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece was distinctly heard. There was snow without, as of old, but no longer the same joyous spirits within. There was a great wood-fire, however, burning, and as the seasoned logs sent forth a broad ruddy glow, the scarlet holly-berries, set here and there in honour of Christmas, seemed to wink and glitter reproachfully at the melancholy group round the hearth. We spoke but little, after the first confidences and the almost useless consultation. We gazed a good deal at the fire, at its heaps of red-hot embers, bright as carbuncles, at the fringe of white feathery ashes, the fiery caverns, the burning logs, and their curling spirals of flame, and the yet unkindled wood. The blood-red light flashed lurid up the cavernous mouth of the old-fashioned chimney, the chimney at which I had marvelled as a boy fresh from sea-coal and small grates, but I had never seen it under circumstances so saddening. I can guess what the thoughts of my aunt and cousins were; they were doubtless busy with the time when Frank was the life and soul of a gay party in that very room, not so long ago. As for me, I was fairly haunted by the ghosts of dead pleasures. How slowly the evening went! The time came at last to go to bed. I felt as if the old butler, in bringing the flat candles and that old-world tray of wine and water, and other things, had done me a personal favour. 'Where are you going to put me, Spice?' I asked in some surprise, as the old servitor turned to the left instead of the right, after solemnly conducting me to the top of the broad staircase of polished oak. I had no particular 'own room' at Dayrell Manor. I had never before been there, except at Christmas or in early autumn, or at anyrate during a late midsummer holiday. The house had always been crammed with gay company; and a youngster like myself, hardy of constitution, and a kinsman to boot, had naturally been quartered in very lofty lodgings indeed. I had slept in attics, turret-rooms, and so forth, until to stop on the first floor instead of continuing to mount, seemed to me a remarkable proceeding. I had dressed for dinner, to be sure, but it had been in a little room with a small hot fire, which had been a study in the days of my Uncle Dayrell. So I asked Spice, with some astonishment, why he turned to the left, as he guided me along with his flaring candle and his respectable squeaking shoes.

'Green room, sir—Master William. Beg your pardon, Mr Miles, and you a counsellor now!'

Spice had called me Master William since I was but a tiny guest indeed, but now he evidently feared he had affronted the Templar's dignity. 'Master William, as long and as often as you please,' said I; 'it reminds me of old days. But the green room? I thought it was seldom or never used.'

Spice replied, with a certain tremor in his kind old voice, that it was 'Master Frank's room.'

Master Frank had taken a curious fancy to this chamber a year before he went away; and Mrs Dayrell had ordered that the room should be prepared for my reception on the occasion of my visit, although everything it contained had hitherto been kept, with an almost religious care, in precisely the same condition under which the missing heir remembered it. There was a good fire burning in the green room, not a coal-fire, for the introduction of a grate into a chamber so ancient and characteristic would have been held as a heresy, but a blazing fire of wood. The room itself was very large and low, the walls were panelled with oak almost as black as ebony, and the hangings were of well-preserved tapestry on a green ground, which gave its name to the room. Two great beams of oak crossed the ceiling; the mantel-piece was of the same dark wood, carved in the grotesque taste, and with the patient minuteness of days long gone. There was a tradition—which I do not in the least believe—to the effect that Queen

Elizabeth had once slept in that chamber, and in that identical antique bed under whose tester I was to repose; in token of which, a royal crown, and the words *Eliz. Reg.*, had been embroidered on the damask curtain at the head of the couch, in gold thread, long since tarnished to blackness. I never saw a more superb apartment in my life, nor one so calculated to depress the spirits of its occupant. While Spice was lighting the wax-candles on the dressing-table, I was surveying the room with anything but pleasure, and should certainly have attempted to negotiate an exchange, even for the worst bachelor-chamber in the house, when the old butler spoke again.

'It was the pink room, Master William, that Mrs Betts, the housekeeper, meant to get ready for you; but Madam Dayrell desired particularly you should have Master Frank's room; and she came up half-a-dozen times to see if it was all comfortable for you, and the sheets aired, and a good fire. No one has been allowed to sleep here since my young master went away; but I daresay madam felt it a comfort to put you here, sir, seeing you and Master Frank were just like brothers when you were boys together.'

My exchange was nipped in the bud. I could not throw out even a hint that I should like to change my quarters. Poor Aunt Dayrell! certainly people in grief, and mothers above all, have strange fancies. Yes, I daresay the poor lady found some pleasure in giving me Frank's room, knowing that Frank would sooner have parted with it to myself than to the majority of guests. He was always pressing gifts upon me, a dozen years ago, which it would have ruined my poor father, a hard-worked, under-paid clergyman, to accept. Didn't he want to make me a present, in turn, of every pony he had for his own riding, the black Shetland, the gray, the cream-coloured one with the long tail? And his new gun, and the bay mare, and the pinnace on the river, I believe, and all sorts of dogs and live pets! There never was a fellow with such a mania for giving: a good fellow, too. Poor Frank! So this is his favourite room. For all that, I felt rather melancholy when Spice wished me a respectful good-night, shut the door softly, and creaked his way down the corridor.

I opened my portmanteau, took out a few things, and settled myself for the night. Then I took a survey of the apartment. There were three candles burning, besides a bright fire, but the room was almost dark. There was but a sullen glimmer reflected from the polished wood of the wainscot; the green hangings would have swallowed up the light of a moderate illumination, and the whole of the furniture was of a solid, serious cut and colour, partly ancient, partly imitated from antiquity. There were half-a-dozen pictures of long dead ancestors and ancestresses, not very well painted, but with tints mellowed by age; and one new picture—Frank's portrait. A skilled artist had taken it, and had been very happy in catching the likeness and the prevalent expression. The ample forehead, the sweep of the hair, the eye, half-sleepy, half-defiant, the slight curl of the lip: it was Frank's own face, accurately rendered as by a looking-glass. Above it hung a water-colour sketch, Frank's own handiwork, and on the right was suspended Frank's favourite fowling-piece, and there were silver-mounted pistols, and a whip, and a pet fishing-rod, and a shelf of rare old books—all mute tokens of their former owner's presence. I put a fresh log on the cheerful fire, and slowly undressed. There was not a sound throughout the mansion. Without, nothing was to be heard, not the baying of a dog, not the hoot of an owl; dead, solemn silence everywhere. Even after I had laid my head upon my pillow, in the bed sacred to Tudor majesty, I tossed and tumbled a good deal, I, who was usually a pattern sleeper. I looked round me; I had extinguished the candles, but the fire-light flooded the room, all but some darkling corners where shadows brooded. The ruddy gleam was reflected with a strange lurid effect from a huge circular mirror, whether from Venice or Wardour Street, I know not, but which had perhaps imaged back the features of the Virgin Queen herself. The portraits, the gentlemen in ruffs, and their grandsons in periwigs, and the ladies in farthingale, and sack, and hooped brocade, seemed to move uneasily in their gilded frames, as the light flickered. 'Confound this musty old den!' I growled peevishly, as I turned for the fourth time in twenty minutes; 'just what a haunted room should be. A nervous fellow, now, would conjure up a score of goblins. This is just the sort of chamber wherein to make the acquaintance of the small old woman in satin, with the high-heeled shoes, and the queer head-dress, who sits on your bed, and grins and leers at you till she drives you mad. Or perhaps I shall see the beautiful girl in white, or in green, with the ghastly face, and the long light hair, and the blood oozing from the stab in her white bosom, or her clothes wringing wet with water from the pool where my brute of an ancestor drowned her. Or shall I see the murdered child with the blue eyes—— By Jove! I must get to sleep: I feel a gooseskin creeping all over me.'

So I screwed up my own eyes very tight, and thought of all the proper things—of the sheep leaping a gap in a hedge, in regular order, white fleece after white fleece—of the gently bending phalanx of waving golden corn—of the multiplication table, and the nursery rhymes; and then I thought suddenly how awkward it would be if the regal ghost of Queen Bess, in ruff and farthingale, and rustling robes of Padua, should stalk in to claim her couch, on her rounds from room to room all over England, in a grimly royal progress; and I laughed at the notion, and so went satisfactorily to sleep. Then I dreamed a very curious dream. Methought I saw a great forest, where the pine-trees shook their black foliage overhead so thickly as almost to exclude the sun, and where the ground was strewn with withered needles of dead fir-leaves, and was full of gnarled roots peeping up out of the earth, like the tell-tale bones of an ill-buried giant. Distinctly I saw the forest: I heard the sharp twang of the million boughs as the wind swayed them; I scented the peculiar odour of the gums and resins that exuded in bright yellow and brown drops from the scaly trunks of the uncounted pines. There was one huge gray rock, all over moss and parasitic plants, and surmounted by a waving birch, and this rock stood in a little clearing, with a patch of bright pure sky overhead. The waters of a natural spring bubbled like a fountain from the crevices of this rock, and ran down its slippery face, and were gathered in a little stone cup, over whose mossy lip they flowed, and fell into a tuft of fern and blue flowers, and so were lost in a moist green lawn. There was an inscription on the rock, but time and water had rubbed out the letters; I could only read one word, 'Hildegarde.' A man came sauntering down the glade, and stood before the fountain musing. His face was averted, but I knew the gestures, the figure, the shape of the head—Frank! Slowly he turned his face towards me. Yes, Frank it was, Frank Dayrell. Very ill he looked, very haggard, with hollow cheeks, premature lines on his brow, and bright prominent eyes. His dress was slovenly, as if he had learned to neglect his appearance, and his lip quivered in a way that told of unstrung nerves and morbid discontent. Poor Frank! he was not happy in his hermit-life, that was evident. He turned away, repeating a snatch of poetry, some scrap of Spenser, I think, and began tracing with his finger the almost effaced inscription on the dripping rock, and clearing away the moss that clogged the letters. A rustle among the dry needles and pine-cones that strewed the hard ground! I heard it, though Frank did not. I looked, and saw, behind a pine-tree, the crouching

outline of a human form; it moved cautiously, and I saw a tall man, dressed in shabby and ill-fitting clothes, rise from a stooping posture, and level a rifle at unconscious Frank. I saw it all: the brass mountings of the gun, the rust that lay in dark blotches on the barrel, the brown, lean hands that grasped the weapon. I saw, too, the man's face—a very peculiar one: the long, keen face of a man of forty, very shrewd, but with eyes too close together. The black hair hung in tangled elf-locks all over the narrow forehead and the high cheek-bones; the mouth was opening in a sinister smile, and shewed teeth as white and strong as a wolf's, filed till the points were sharp and isolated. Such was the person who now levelled his rifle at the unwitting traveller, idly tracing the inscription on the rock. I remember that I tried to scream aloud, to warn Frank of his danger, but some gigantic pressure seemed to benumb my lungs; I panted in vain for breath; my voice was gone. Too late! I saw the red flash, I saw the smoke curl upwards, and mingled with the crack of the piece was a triumphant laugh from a harsh voice I did not know, and a gurgling groan—Frank's voice! I awoke with a start—awoke, to see the last gleam of the dying fire leap up, throw a crimson tinge upon the mirror, and sink away into shadow. I tried to rise, I tried to stir—in vain; there was a strange drowsiness upon me. It weighed me down in spite of my own will. I had been much agitated. There were heat-drops standing thickly on my brow; my heart was beating feebly and fast. But a lassitude that seemed irresistible chained my limbs to the bed, and my head to the pillow; my spirit resisted in vain, and after a short struggle to shake off the nameless influence, something like a dark wing seemed to brush across my eyes, and I slept.

Again *that* dream. I had known it would be so; in my half-waking state, my volition had fought against it. I knew I should dream that dream again—the same forest-scene, the pines, the fountain, the rock. But there was a change. The man—the murderer—had just finished his task of filling up a hastily-made grave, dug in the soft green meadow where the waters of the spring vanished. Beside him lay a spade, and by it was the rifle. The grave-digger had worked hard; he panted, and his forehead reeked with heat, but there was a hideous grin of exultation mingling with the fear written in his face. He stamped down the crimson sods with his heavy foot, he laid over the place a fresh turf, all spangled with daisies, and he laughed a cruel laugh as he trimmed and smoothed the edges of the grave. Then he bent over the fountain, and washed the stains of earth, and worse stains than those of earth, from his hands; and he looked cautiously about him, scanning every tree and bush, and then I heard the chinking of gold as he thrust one hand into his breast-pocket. He was turning away, when his eye fell on the tuft of blue flowers, mixed with fern, through which the falling water trickled. There was a guilty blot on those innocent flowers now, a deep damning stain of blood wickedly spilled. I saw the broad dark blotch lying all wet among the fronds of the fern, and among the starry wild-flowers. The assassin swore an oath, and he began to tear at the fern, but stopped, and carefully laved the leaves and flowerets with water daintily sprinkled, until the accusing stain was gone. Then he shewed his white teeth again, picked up his spade and gun, and slunk away into the dark wood. And then thick sleep fell upon my eyes—sleep of that dreamless depth that gives us nothing to remember beyond the blankness and blackness of it; and when I awoke it was eight o'clock, and Spice was creaking about as he brought hot water, and hinted that breakfast was at nine.

To say that the dream did not make a very powerful impression upon me would be to affirm an untruth; but I was slow in acknowledging this, even to myself. I fought against my own boding fancy. I quoted grave authorities, ay, and facetious authorities, against myself, and finally proved to my satisfaction that my journey, my late dinner, and the grief of the family, had combined to excite my nerves unduly, and to hand me over as a helpless prey to the witch Ephialtes, or Nightmare. But for very shame's sake, I should have changed my room, but this could not be done without some explanation. However, though it was with fear and trembling that I committed myself a second time to Queen Elizabeth's bed, I beheld no more visions worthy of a record. Either my nights were dreamless, or my dreams were those airy trifles that evaporate at dawn, leaving not even a memory behind them.

My visit was not a very gay one. The kindness of the family was unfailing, and my poor aunt even roused herself so far as to invite the neighbourhood to three or four social gatherings, as of old. But the dinners were slow and heavy, the dance not what it had been, the charades were tame, and the games of forfeits devoid of the old hearty laughter and mirth. People cannot be very merry when their entertainers are unable to share the merriment; sadness is dreadfully contagious. It was evident that the best days of Dayrell Manor had departed. I went back to London in due time—back to the Temple, my law, and my laundress; and I read and thought, and the days sped swiftly over my occupied head. Now and then, I got a letter from one or other of my relations in Yorkshire. Nothing had been heard of Frank. An advertisement had been tried, and it had failed, as I had predicted. Mrs Dayrell was very anxious to go abroad, in hopes of discovering her son's abiding-place. The girls hoped little from such a measure, but thought it might serve to distract their mother's thoughts; her mind was continually preying on itself, and her health failing. They went abroad in the spring, and travelled far and wide, but were not successful in gleaning any tidings of the lost one. It was deep in the summer, when I received a letter from Caroline Dayrell, saying that my aunt and cousins were at Baden, and suggesting that I should join them. Helen and Caroline would take it as a great kindness if I could contrive to come, even for a week or two. Their poor mother was very ill, and what was worse, there was reason to fear that her once calm mind was now become diseased. She had all kinds of wild and morbid fancies, saw her son in dreams, and was so shaken in her intellect by long distress, that her medical attendant feared the worst. I wrote at once, saying I would hasten to Baden; made my few preparations, and started. I knew the languages of Central Europe pretty well, having received a part of my schooling in Germany, but I had never had leisure or opportunity for an extended course of travel. My purpose was, after spending a few weeks with my relatives at Baden, and doing what I could to be of service to them in their affliction, to make a short tour, and visit such renowned places and prospects as lay within the compass of a student's purse. At Paris, however, I found a note from Caroline, informing me that the gaiety and turmoil of Baden, filled as it was with its usual fashionable multitude, had produced a bad effect on Mrs Dayrell's mental condition. She had expressed a longing for quiet, and had therefore been removed to a rustic little watering-place called Badenweiler, not much frequented by any one, and all but unknown to English tourists.

Two days afterwards, I was on German ground; and finding that by a little lengthening of the route, I might contrive to traverse some of the most picturesque scenery of the Black Forest, I determined to complete the journey on foot. I had always been fond of pedestrian travel; the old knapsack and pocket-compass which I had carried through Wales and Cumberland formed part of my travelling

equipment. I sent on my portmanteau by *eilwagen*, bought a spiked staff and a brandy flask, and started. The weather was magnificent; but I have neither space nor inclination to dwell upon the raptures of an inexperienced voyager. The sun was going down as I came to a spot in the forest, where four roads met. Three of these might have served, but I had no means of ascertaining the proper one. A guide-post which stood in the midst had been so dilapidated by age or mischief as to afford no help. My compass could not aid me, as I had forgotten to inquire the bearings of the village where I was to pass the night. I chose the broadest road, but this choice was not lucky. The road soon grew narrow and rough, dwindling to a mere track between pine-covered hills of a steep and stony character. What could I do? Go back, or go on? I persevered, and presently emerging from the ravine, found myself in an immense tract of deeply wooded country, here swelling into peaks and bluffs, there flat as a table. On I went, over the dry needle-like leaves that rustled crisply under my tread; on, among the fantastic roots projecting from the ground; on, among the black-crested pines. The sweet smell of the pinewood recalled a vague but painful association. I tried to shake it off, and struck up a sturdy English song. The sun was getting low; I did not want to sleep in the forest; I strode quickly on, and all but tumbled over a man who was sitting at the foot of a tree, with his head buried between his hands. He was dressed in very good clothes, such as the richer classes of citizens wear, but he sat so still among the projecting roots that I did not see him till I touched his shoulder.

'I beg your pardon, Mein Herr,' said I, pulling off my hat with a flourish.

The man spoke sullenly, without removing his hands: 'Curse you, clumsy hound! Isn't the wood wide enough for us both?' He spoke in the Black Forest patois, not much like the pure German I used to hear in Saxony as a boy, but I understood him. I should have left him for a dull drunken savage, but I wanted to know my way to the nearest inn, so I spoke him fair.

'I assure you, I had no intention to offend you,' said I; 'I am a foreigner, and'——

He cut me short by exclaiming: 'An Englander! *another* Englander?' And he sprang up, and faced me. Then it was my turn to start. The man I saw in my dream! the man who crouched in the ambush, who fired the gun, who stamped down the sods upon the grave, and washed his bloody hands in the water of the fountain! Himself—Frank's murderer! I knew him by his thin sunburned face, with the high cheek-bones, and the black eyes set so close to the beak of a nose. I knew him by the tangled black hair that fell almost to the collar of his coat, but most of all by the white teeth, pointed as a shark's, that glistened through his parted lips. So perfect was the likeness, so strong the conviction, that I made a stride forwards to grapple him by the collar, before I stopped, ashamed. What had I against this man? A remarkable likeness, and a curious dream. Pshaw! Not a tittle of evidence. I did not even know that my cousin was dead, or, if dead, slain by illegal violence. Nor had I any reason to suppose that Frank Dayrell had ever been in that part of Germany. He might be alive and well, a thousand miles away. So I held my hand, just in time. But why did the drunken, gaunt fellow —he *was* drunk, and the bosom of his shirt was stained with wine—why did he wince so palpably before my gaze? He did wince, his limbs trembled, his staring eyes were full of a vague dread, and his tanned face flushed red, and then paled again. But as I stood irresolute, I saw the terror in his eyes give place to a defiant scorn: he steadied himself on his feet, and turned on his heel, snapping his fingers in derision. I watched him till I could see no more of him, and then went on—on to a little clearing among the trees, where the grass grew soft and green. Overhead was the blue sky, and the sun threw a red ray on a gray rock, and a green birch that waved above it, flag-like, and the mosses and brambles that half hid the stone. A fountain bubbled up among the crevices of this rock, and the waters united in a little stone cup, moss-lipped, and then tumbled over into a tuft of tangled blue flowers and feathery ferns. The fountain of my dream! My heart almost stopped beating. I rubbed my eyes. Yes, rock, and birch, and moss, and springing water, and flowers, all were there, as I had seen them in sleep at Dayrell Manor! My pulse beat like the strokes of a sledge-hammer as I advanced. Yes, there was an inscription, rubbed out by weather and trickling water. One word was legible; and that word? I read it out, and repeated it with a sort of scream—'Hildegarde.' The word I had read long ago, in a dream, in the old English house. I looked over my shoulder, fearfully, towards the spot where the grave had been dug in my vision; I almost dreaded to see the wan face of the victim meet my gaze. I saw only the emerald green-sward, starry white with daisies; only that, and one thing more—the drunken ruffian I had lately met. Yes, he was moving among the trees with stealthy, tigerish tread, watching me. When I turned to confront him, he shuffled off, and I lost sight of him.

'*Guten tag, Mein Herr!*' The words were spoken in a deep manly voice at my elbow. I looked round, and saw a burly, bronzed man, wearing the green uniform of the Grand Duke's foresters, with his heavy rifle slung across his back. One glance at the broad face and the frank eyes shewed me that I had to do with an honest man. 'Seeing you were a stranger, Herr Englander, I feared you might be lost in the woods. Can I direct you?'

'You can, if you will be so kind as to point out the way to Sigzindorf,' I answered. The forester smiled pleasantly; he was going there, and would be happy to shew the Herr the way. We walked together.

'It is well I met you, sir,' said the keeper; 'a night in the woods is not good for delicate folks, not that the wolves are troublesome in summer.'

'There are other ugly customers besides wolves,' said I with a laugh. 'Did you happen to see a man, a drunken fellow, in the woods just now?'

The keeper slapped his gun-stock. '*Sapperment!* yes. I saw a face that ought to be in the penitentiary: the money-grubber.'

'A man with sharp white teeth, filed to a point'—— I began.

'The money-grubber!' cried the keeper; 'Joseph Stromnitz, the vagabond. Figure to yourself, Mein Herr, a vermin who never did anything in his life but poach the Grand Duke's game, and dig and poke for buried treasure among the ruins of old camps and castles. He was the son of our pastor, and he robbed the old father of all his savings, and squandered them at Strasburg, so that the poor parson broke his heart in poverty and grief. A wretched cur. Let me only catch him among the roebucks, that's all!'

I remarked that the man was not dressed like a villager.

'O no; those are some of the fine clothes he bought last year,' said the forester. 'It seems his sorceries and money-grubbings brought a prize for once, for he went off to Carlsruhe, and rioted for a while, and came back here with florins enough to swim in—the brute! But he bears so ill a name here, that no one will drink with him, save Herman the Jew, and Karl the shoemaker, two tipsy scamps, who would hob-and-nob with Beelzebub himself, if the score was paid. They say he talks of things in his cups that even Herman and Karl cannot stomach.'

My pulses were beating very fast. I began to put two and two together, and to see my way a little. I asked, as carelessly as I could, *when* the money-grubber had had this stroke of good-fortune. 'In the summer of last year—about a twelvemonth back.' That was all the keeper knew about it.

'Had he noticed any young English traveller in the neighbourhood about that time?'

'No; travellers were scarce, except pedlers and students. He had seen no foreigner, to his knowledge.'

We arrived at Sigzindorf. The inn had a decent bedroom vacant, and this I engaged. Then I began, cautiously, to make inquiries. The host and hostess had seen no English for two years, except a couple of stout, middle-aged men, who had passed that way three months ago.

'Yes,' cried the eldest daughter, lifting her plump, rosy face from her eternal knitting; 'there was the young Englishman, last autumn, who stopped a week.'

Her father said he had forgotten that traveller till the girl mentioned him, but thought him French or Italian. 'He was too slim and dark for an Englishman.'

'He left a book behind him,' said the daughter; 'I am sure it is English. I'll go and look if it is still in the cupboard.' She brought the book. On the fly-leaf was written, in well-remembered characters: '*Francis Dayrell, from his Sister Helen, on his seventeenth Birthday.*' My worst suspicions were confirmed; indeed, I may say that I believed myself an instrument appointed to discover a great crime. I set about my work at once. Luckily, the Protestant pastor of the village proved to be a sensible man. He heard my tale, and went with me to the nearest magistrate. The bad repute of Joseph Stromnitz, in the magistrate's opinion, warranted a search of his house. I went with the police. The dwelling was empty. In it, however, in cupboards and drawers, we found letters and papers in poor Frank's handwriting, also his watch and seal, and two rings, and a pocket-book. In addition to these, some of the articles being spotted with blood, there was a small knapsack of English make, some clothes which I had seen Frank wear but a few weeks before he left England, and a quantity of gold and silver coin, and bank-notes. A warrant was instantly issued for the apprehension of Joseph Stromnitz. We then repaired, a strong party, headed by the magistrate, by torchlight to the clearing in the forest.

'There is a man asleep on the turf!' cried a gendarme.

There was. On the turf that covered the grave lay Joseph Stromnitz, in drunken slumber, with a half-empty flask of spirits at his side. A policeman shook him roughly by the shoulders. He awoke slowly, struggled to his knees, staring at us with bloodshot eyes, then howling out: 'No, no, you shall not touch it!' he clutched the turf with his strong hands, as if to guard the secret hidden below; nor did he cease to vent his fierce curses and threats even after the gens d'armes had bound him to a tree, and the spades were tearing up the earth before his eyes. A great cry arose from the bystanders. For my part, I felt my knees tremble under me, and my sight grew dim. Poor Frank's body. It was much decayed, but still recognisable. The dried blood which had flowed from a gunshot wound in the neck was still visible. Poor Frank, so gifted and so beloved, to come to so sad and ghastly an ending! His poor mother—Caroline—Helen—I groaned aloud. For many days, and through tedious interrogatories, the wretched murderer refused to confess his guilt; but he was found guilty, and condemned to die. Then he yielded to the importunity of those ministers of religion who attended him, and admitted that he had marked the young traveller on his arrival at the inn; that he had accidentally learned his possession of a large sum of money, and hence the crime. It was done on an August day, under the precise circumstances of my dream. Mrs Dayrell bore the dreadful news better than I had expected. 'I shall soon see him again,' she said; 'the poor boy knows now how his mother loved him.' She died within the year, but her reason was clear in her last days. The sisters have now happy homes of their own. The last time I saw the wretch Joseph Stromnitz was in the Platz of Carlsruhe, bound in a strong chair that was planted on a scaffold, in front of a great, silent crowd of gazers; and behind him stood a thick-set man, dressed fantastically all in red cloth or serge, with a great sword naked in his hand, and both his brawny arms bare to the shoulder. And I saw him lift the great sword high above the criminal's bare neck, and swing it back for the fatal blow, while a gasp, as of thousands panting for breath, ran through the vast throng. I looked aside; and when I looked again, there were men carrying away a rude coffin, and others were throwing fresh saw-dust upon the scaffold.

A POET WITHOUT A PUBLIC.

It is probable that no man of our times has written so much and so well without general acknowledgment as Robert Browning. The poet whom poets love best often lacks the favourable voice of the public; but although his more ambitious efforts may be unknown to them, some song, or graceful line, at least, of his, is usually familiar in many a mouth that cannot tell from whom they come. It very rarely happens that *everything* a writer of genius pens is '*caviare* to the multitude,' but it happens sometimes, and it has done so in the case of the author we have mentioned. Mr Browning is the poetic idol of men who give laws to cliques and coteries. The *Athenæum* 'kotows' to him. Mr Ruskin quotes from him at length in obvious admiration. Even at the university, where new poets find little acceptance, his exquisite verses are set by enthusiastic professors to be rendered into Greek by the candidates for the Classical Tripos. And yet we are afraid that not one in ten of the people who subscribe to *Mudie's* have ever read a word of his writings. The reason of this is certainly not that they are not worth reading. They have great beauty, undoubted originality, and a dramatic vigour that is equalled by no poet living. The obstacles to his popularity are, on the other hand, manifold. He has chosen to make his dwelling in Italy, and to select from thence the subjects of his muse. His preference for that spot is undisguised, and, to Englishmen, almost repulsive. At all events, under such circumstances, a poet can scarcely expect to be accepted in his own country.

His topic being thus alien, to begin with, he takes pains to deprive it still more of interest by selecting the period of action two or three hundred years back or so, his favourite century being the sixteenth. Finally, he strains off his possible audience—select enough already—by writing in as involved a style as he can, with passing allusions to the most recondite matters—after the manner of Carlyle in his *French Revolution*—which he chooses to take for granted everybody must know all about. There is a story told concerning one of his most unintelligible poems, *Sordello*, and Douglas Jerrold, which illustrates this objectionable feature very aptly. Jerrold was at Brighton, ill, fearful for his brain, and forbidden by the Faculty even to look at a book. Still, the books came down, as usual, for review, and the sick literary workman could not refrain from 'smelling the paper-knife.' Among others came Browning's *Sordello*, and the perusal of the first few pages filled the luckless critic (as well they might) with renewed terrors for his imperilled intellect.

'My dear,' observed he to his wife, as calmly as he could, 'would you cast your eye over this volume, and tell me what you think of it?'

Then he sat up in his bed, and watched her knitting brow and puzzled eyes with fluctuating hope.

Presently, the lady laid down the book.

'I cannot understand,' said she emphatically, 'one single line of it.'

'Nor I either!' exclaimed Jerrold in a joyful frenzy. 'Thank Heaven, it is not *I*, then, that is mad!'

Sordello is perhaps the worst example of our author's style; in that poem he seeks for the obscurity which he is never careful to avoid. But he has written not a few things, speckless, flawless, innocent even of this his favourite defect. His admirers have so often regretted the persistent obstinacy with which he has thus stood in his own light, that the appearance of the present volume of selections from his works,* is what we have expected for years. Even now, Mr Browning himself seems to see no necessity for it, declines to edit it, is 'in no respect responsible for the choice of the particular pieces.' We are obliged to him for his consistent perversity. The two disciples of his who have undertaken the task of introducing him to the reading public have acquitted themselves in this matter better than their master could have done. The Selection is very various, and from it may be gathered a pretty complete idea of this poet without a public. In the present pages, we cannot, of course, give any example of his dramas, but this is the less to be regretted since two of them at least—*The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday*—have been made familiar to many by representation on the London stage. Here, however, is a sample of the Dramatic Lyrics, which cannot fail to delight not only lovers of poetry, but a much larger audience, all men who are accustomed to the saddle, and know what a horse is, and what he can do:

'HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.'

[16—.]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with: 'Yet there is time!'

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris: 'Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

The great majority of these Selections are so complete in themselves, that to extract any portion of them is as barbarous as to make a torso of a statue in order that it may fit a niche on one's staircase. *Fra Lippo Lippi*, and *Pippa Passes*, are of this kind; and such is *The Bishop* [Rome, 15—] *orders his Tomb at St Praxed's Church*—an admirable picture of the disbelief, dilettanteism, and ecclesiastical pride of that licentious and artificial time. The dying mandate of the selfish priest to his so-called 'nephews,' that they should give him a stately tomb,

Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe,
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse,

and especially one richer than that of his old rival in love, as well as in church preferment,

Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him,

is almost too delicate to bear removal; still, here is a portion:

The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
St Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!

* *Selections from the Works of Robert Browning.* Chapman and Hall.

Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not St Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!

The portraiture of selfish egotistic men was never taken in hand more successfully than by Robert Browning. He commonly selects them from exceptional orders of society—monks, kings, or nobles of high rank—but the features are strongly marked, and recognisable enough by all attentive readers. Here is a pretty speech for a widower Duke to make to the ambassador who comes from him whom His Grace hopes to call father-in-law.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say: 'Her mantle laps
Over my Lady's wrist too much,' or: 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat;' such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years' old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such a one, and say: 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir! Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

Who does not pity the future Duchess, although we never hear her name, or know whether she be beautiful or young?

Of the supposed evil passions of the Cloister—like enough, however, to exist, where antagonistic natures are forced into close companionship throughout existence—there has been surely never painted a more terrible picture than this which follows—*Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.*

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for 'parsley'?
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L. for our initial!
(He, he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank,
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs
—Can't I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it shew!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I, the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp!

Oh, those melons! If he's able,
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,
Keep 'em close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.

If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel,
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his greengages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . .
'St, there's vespers! *Plena gratiâ*
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!

Singularly enough, this bitter satirist of men and morals, with so evident an enjoyment in the use of the lash, can be as charmingly humorous as Dickens himself; and we instance that author designedly, since inanimate objects and animals are by both writers as often made the subjects of humour as human beings. In the famous story of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, whose dulcet strains led all the rats that plagued the town into the river Weser, Mr Browning assures us that there was one rat, stout as Julius Cæsar, who 'swam across and lived to carry to Rat-land home his commentary.' This fortunate creature describes the rat-paradise which the deceptive musician conjured up to allure his four-legged brethren to destruction.

At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out: O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said: Come, bore me!—
I found the Weser rolling o'er me.

Throughout many of Mr Browning's poems there runs a sardonic vein of thought, which has application enough to modern and home matters, though evoked by an old-world or foreign subject. There is (or was but lately) a political sect in this country, who might, for instance, have seen an admirable reflection of themselves in this passage from *The Flight of the Duchess*.

And he came back the pertest little ape
That ever affronted human shape;
Full of his travel, struck at himself.
You'd say, he despised our bluff old ways—
Not he! For in Paris they told the elf
That our rough north land was the Land of Lays,
The one good thing left in evil days;
Since the mid-age was the heroic time,
And only in wild nooks like ours
Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,
And see true castles with proper towers,
Young-hearted women, old-minded men,
And manners now as manners were then.
So, all that the old dukes had been, without knowing it,
This duke would fain know he was, without being it;
'Twas not for the joy's self, but the joy of his shewing it,
Nor for the pride's self, but the pride of our seeing it,
He revived all usages thoroughly worn out,
The souls of them fumed-forth, the hearts of them torn-out.
And chief in the chase his neck he perilled,
On a lathy horse, all legs and length,
With blood for bone, all speed, no strength.—
They should have set him on red Berold,
With the red eye slow consuming in fire,
And the thin stiff ear like an abbey spire!

Without wishing to draw a comparison between two great poets (and, indeed, for our own part, quite agreeing with the public voice as to which is the greater), it is observable that Browning most succeeds where Tennyson most fails. The satire of the latter is feeble by the side of that we have quoted, while he has scarcely any appreciation of the ridiculous, and could no more have written such a poem as that which follows than could Calvin or Louis XIV.

Plague take all your pedants, say I!
He who wrote what I hold in my hand,
Centuries back was so good as to die,
Leaving this rubbish to cumber the land;
This, that was a book in its time,
Printed on paper and bound in leather,
Last month in the white of a matin-prime,
Just when the birds sang all together—

Into the garden I brought it to read,
And under the arbute and laurustine
Read it, so help me grace in my need,
From title-page to closing line.
Chapter on chapter did I count,
As a curious traveller counts Stonehenge;
Added up the mortal amount;
And then proceeded to my revenge.

Yonder's a plum-tree, with a crevice
An owl would build in, were he but sage;
For a lap of moss, like a fine pont-levis
In a castle of the middle age,
Joins to a lip of gum, pure amber;
When he'd be private, there might he spend
Hours alone in his lady's chamber:
Into this crevice I dropped our friend.

Splash, went he, as under he ducked
—I knew at the bottom rain-drippings stagnate;
Next, a handful of blossoms I plucked
To bury him with, my bookshelf's magnate;
Then I went indoors, brought out a loaf,
Half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis;
Lay on the grass, and forgot the oaf
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

Now, this morning, betwixt the moss
And gum that locked our friend in limbo,
A spider had spun his web across,
And sate in the midst with arms a-kimbo;
So, I took pity, for learning's sake,
And, *de profundis, accentibus lætis,*
Cantate! quoth I, as I got a rake,
And up I fished his delectable trentals.

Here you have it, dry in the sun,
With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blue spots where the ink has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister
O'er the page so beautifully yellow—
Oh, well have the droppings played their tricks!
Did he guess how toadstools grow, this fellow?
Here's one stuck in his chapter six!

How did he like it when the live creatures
Tickled and toused and browsed him all over,
And worm, slug, eft, with serious features,
Came in, each one, for his right of trover;
When the water-beetle with great blind deaf face
Made of her eggs the stately deposit,
And the newt borrowed just so much of the preface
As tiled in the top of his black wife's closet.

All that life, and fun, and romping,
All that frisking, and twisting, and coupling,
While slowly our poor friend's leaves were swamping,
And clasps were cracking, and covers suppling!
As if you had carried sour John Knox
To the playhouse at Paris, Vienna, or Munich,
Fastened him into a front-row box,
And danced off the ballet with trousers and tunic.

Of our selections from these *Selections*, there would be no end, if we extracted all that pleased us; but it behoves us already to apologise for the length to which they have run. We have surely set forth samples sufficient to shew the richness and variety of the mind of Robert Browning. He has uttered dark sayings on his harp, long enough, and it is fit that all should begin to understand what he has got to say worth hearing. Never did oracle more need a prophetess, than did Robert Browning an interpreter, and these sibylline leaves will doubtless flutter far and wide. For our own part, we have done our best to draw the tardy attention of the Public to the words of a true Poet.

SOLAR CHEMISTRY.

THE connection between the two words written above may be new to some of our readers; but a comprehension of their meaning, as they are thus joined together, and an appreciation of the results they have to tell us, will well repay any one for the trouble of examination.

It is known to most persons of ordinary education, that one of the main objects of the science of chemistry is to detect the presence of one or more of the various known elementary substances in any compound supposed to contain them, though in quantities too small to be detected by the unassisted senses; and to ascertain the presence of these elements, various tests have been discovered, more or less reliable in their operation. Whatever, therefore, increases the number, variety, and accuracy of these, forms a very important addition to the utility of the science of chemistry. These tests have hitherto been mainly the employment of known elementary substances, whereby certain reactions have been produced, indicative of the presence or absence of the particular elements of which the analyst is in search; or new and known combinations have been formed by the introduction of the testing element, whereby is indicated the presence of the desired constituents.

But of late years the attention of chemists has been drawn to another test of a totally different nature: it is one dependent upon the properties of light. To make this clear, we must briefly refer to the experiment by which Sir Isaac Newton first established the truth of the composition of white light. It is pretty generally known that this great philosopher, upon allowing a small portion of sunlight to enter into a dark room through an orifice in a window-shutter, and pass perpendicularly through the edge of a prism, found that these rays of light, after emerging from the second side of the prism, were bent upwards and dispersed, producing no longer a mere pencil of white rays, but a series of coloured ones, which being received upon a white screen on the opposite side of the room, gave the appearance of the colours ordinarily seen in a rainbow. The boundaries of these were not very accurately defined, but they could be roughly divided into seven different colours; namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, which are popularly termed the prismatic colours. The result thus visible upon the screen is termed the solar spectrum.

More accurate students of the science of optics were not content with this somewhat rough classification, and they subjected the spectrum to closer examination. For this purpose, the light was admitted through a very narrow slit in the shutter, instead of through a circular opening, so that the light might proceed from only one portion of the sun. The spectrum was also made to fall upon a refracting telescope, so placed that the image of the spectrum should fall upon the common focus of the object-glass and eye-piece. Then there appeared no longer the mere colours, but certain well-defined dark lines, at various intervals and various breadths, and formed into groups containing from one to sixty. A German, named Fraunhofer, was, in 1815, the principal observer of these lines, and noticed the position of about six hundred of them. From him, they have been called Fraunhofer's lines. Since his time, other scientific men have given increased attention to the solar spectrum, especially Professor Kirchhoff of Heidelberg. This *savant* having viewed the spectrum under superior instruments, and with increased dispersion, by having made the light to pass through *four* prisms, has been able to make out about two thousand lines, and mapped these out both in position and brilliancy in an engraved representation of them, which is said to be beautiful beyond description.

Besides receiving the light direct from the sun, it was observed that if the sun-light be reflected, as from the moon or Venus, and a spectrum be obtained from either of these bodies, there is found to be the same arrangement of dark lines as when the spectrum was obtained by direct solar light. The spectra of some of the most brilliant of the fixed stars were then examined, and it was found that there were dark bands seen different from those in the solar spectrum. The difficulty of observing these spectra is of course very great; but this part of the subject has been taken up by the astronomer-royal, and no doubt further results will be obtained.

Experiments were also tried with lights produced from the gases of various elementary substances; and when from the light of any one of them, as sodium, for example, a spectrum was obtained, there appeared this remarkable phenomenon: it was found not to contain Fraunhofer's lines, but two very fine bright yellow lines. These exactly occupied the position of two conspicuous dark ones in the solar spectrum, and the rest of the field was perfectly dark. The presence of these bright yellow lines was found to be invariably the test of the presence of sodium in the vapour; and such is the delicacy and perfection of the test, that it has been proved by Professor Kirchhoff that the presence can be detected of even so small a quantity as the one-hundred-and-eighty-millionth of a grain in the gas which colours the flame and produces the spectrum. Indeed, the minuteness of this test enabled the professor to discover two new metals, which, from the bluish-gray and red lines which they respectively emitted, he called *cæsium* and *rubidium*. Ordinary analysis had never even suggested their existence. Similar experiments have been tried with other metals, such as platinum, iron, &c.; and in all

cases it has been found that the light given off by the vapour of each metal furnishes its own peculiar spectrum, and produces bright lines exactly tallying in position with some of the known dark lines in the solar spectrum, but not interfering with any of the bright lines produced from the light of any other metal. If two elements be brought at the same time to influence the light which is to produce the spectrum, the spectrum resulting from both will contain precisely the same bright lines that were found in the spectra produced from the separate metals.

In order to shew the exact coincidence, in position, of the bright lines in the spectra from metallic vapours with the dark lines of the solar spectrum, the experiments which have been just described were so arranged that the solar spectrum might occupy one half, and the metallic spectrum the other half of the field of view of the telescope: it was then found that there was a perfect coincidence of the bright lines in one with certain of the dark lines in the other, so that the one set seemed, as it were, a mere prolongation of the other.

Again, when a tolerably bright solar spectrum was formed, and a sodium flame was interposed between the aperture for the admission of the light and the prism, the two bright yellow lines of the sodium spectrum completely overlapped the dark lines of the solar spectrum. Upon admitting, however, the full intensity of the sun-light to shine through the sodium flame, the dark lines then appeared through the sodium lines with great clearness. The professor then exchanged the sun-light for the oxy-hydrogen or Drummond-light, which, as many of our readers may have seen, gives a most intense light by the combustion of a piece of lime by a flame produced by the ignition of hydrogen and oxygen mixed in due proportions, meeting in a small chamber, and passing through an aperture about one-tenth of an inch in diameter. This light gives of itself a spectrum containing no dark lines; but when its light was allowed to fall through the sodium flame, dark lines were seen on the spectrum in the position of the yellow sodium lines. How was this? A theory soon suggested itself to the professor, which, if true, would quite account for the above phenomenon; and it was this—that the same sodium flame which has the power of emitting bright lines upon its spectrum, has also the power of absorbing rays of the same degree of refrangibility as those which it emits, and while allowing all other rays to pass through, leaves dark lines in the spectrum, in lieu of the rays which it has absorbed. In confirmation of this theory, Professor Roscoe, the translator of Professor Kirchhoff's work, in giving a course of Lectures on spectrum analysis in the Royal Institution of London, exhibited the following experiment. A glass tube containing a little metallic sodium was exhausted of air, and then closed. When the tube was heated, the sodium rose in vapour, and filled part of the empty space. When the vapour was viewed by ordinary white light, it appeared quite colourless; but when seen by the yellow light of a sodium flame, the vapour cast a deep shadow upon a white screen, thus shewing that it did not allow the yellow rays to pass through.

We now come to the main deduction from these facts, and to the theory which gives the name of our heading, 'Solar Chemistry.' For if the interposition of a sodium flame in a Drummond-light, which gives no dark lines in its spectrum, produces dark lines where the sodium would of itself produce bright lines, thus indicating the absorption by the sodium of certain rays proceeding from the Drummond-light, may not the presence of the dark lines, which in the solar spectrum occupy the position of the sodium yellow lines, be similarly accounted for, namely, by their having been absorbed by the interposition of a vapour containing sodium between the body of the sun and the surface of the earth? In like manner, the vapour of iron gives a very large group of bright rays, which, when compared with the lines of the solar spectrum, tally most completely with a familiar group of these lines. Hence, we conclude that the rays of light from the sun, which contained iron, and would, if uninterrupted, have made bright lines in their spectrum, have been intercepted by the vapour of iron, and have suffered absorption, so that they produce dark lines in the very spot where the light from the vapour of iron would have produced a similar series of bright lines. Where, then, are these vapours of iron, sodium, &c., which thus intercept certain rays proceeding from the body of the sun? That they are present in our own atmosphere, at least in sufficient quantities to produce the observed effects, is *à priori* improbable; especially when we know that these dark lines of the solar spectrum do not appreciably alter when the sun is near the horizon, and when, therefore, its rays must pass through a larger portion of our atmosphere than ordinary. We hence conclude that the vapour of iron, sodium, &c., is in the solar atmosphere. Similarly, it can be proved that there are present in the solar atmosphere the vapours of all other metals, whose spectra give bright lines corresponding to some of the dark lines in the solar spectrum. This is found to be the case with calcium, magnesium, sodium, and chromium. Nickel is present also, but not so strongly marked. Cobalt seems undetermined. Barium, copper, and zinc appear only in small quantities; but the following have been sought for by the same methods, and not found to be present, namely, gold, silver, mercury, aluminium, cadmium, tin, lead, antimony, arsenic, strontium, and lithium.

Hence we arrive at a considerable knowledge of the constitution of the sun. We may add, that though it is not thereby proved, yet it is rendered very probable, that, according to the nebular hypothesis, the body of the sun has been cooling down from the state of vapour to a state of comparative solidity; for, upon this supposition, the body of the sun would contain the same elements as the vapour by which it is surrounded; and this, as we have seen, would exactly explain the very interesting spectrum phenomena to which we have called attention.

DROWNED IN HARBOUR.

No more the music of the summer wave,
No more the foam-white sea-gull sailing by,
Calls back the smile that boyish beauty gave,
Or wakes the slumbering brightness of his eye.

Yet though no flowers of spring may blossom there,
The coral clasps him in its rosy arms;
The pearl-drop twinkles in his briny hair,
And many a bush-weed wreathes its wavy charms;

And oft as Twilight drops her starry veil,
The toiling fisher, as he homeward rows,
There rests awhile to tell the tearful tale,
And point where youth and innocence repose.

So early gone, and yet so early blest!
With us he needs not now the churchyard sod;
We have our storms to meet, and earth's unrest,
But he is in the haven with his God!

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HOW THEY SUPPLIED THE OBVIOUS VOID AT DR SWISHEM'S.

IT is not generally known among mathematicians, that the fuller a thing, the more obvious is the void therein, and the more pressing the necessity for immediately supplying that void. This is a fact, however, well understood by the proprietors of new periodicals. The air has long been darkened by their flying columns, and yet projectors of fresh serials are ever found to exclaim, with the heroic Greek: 'What of that? Let us fight in the shade.' This sort of literary property is still by courtesy called Popular, notwithstanding that to be popular, in a strictly grammatical sense, it is essential that the periodicals in question should possess a circulation. Their number is always on the increase, although they are individually very short-lived. The general issue is continuous, but a solution of continuity rapidly occurs in each particular case. The public of the *Bi-weekly Butterfly*—that is to say, the hundred and forty persons who take it in—are left after its eleventh issue, or so, without any literary organ, and with a mystery upon their minds which not even time itself will unravel. They will never know, for certain, whether Sir Bohan de Blublases *did* succeed in carrying off Alice Harebell from the arms of her poor but honourable lover, Walter Two-shoes, or not. They may conjecture what they like, but they will never be informed by the only person who is in possession of the actual facts. That gentleman has been already retained to write another romance of startling interest for the *Tri-weekly Tadpole*, which will, in its turn, try weakly for existence for a month or two, and then perish with equal suddenness, or be amalgamated with the *Nightly Novelist*, profusely illustrated.

This is hard upon the little band of readers, but how much harder for the Author! What encouragement is there for a writer of fiction to go to work artistically—keeping his plot in the background for the final catastrophe, holding his villains well in hand for some great *coup*, or foreshadowing some far-off calamity for the gentle Isidora, which shall harrow every soul—if there are grave doubts as to whether any of these things will be printed? My friend, Tommy Fitzball, the great half-penny *feuilletonist*, assures me that he has written the beginnings of no less than four-and-thirty novels, and only reached the middle of one of them. 'What's the use of bothering one's self with a *dénouement*,' says he—and, I must say, with a great deal of reason—'when nobody will ever know anything about it? I don't care a farthing about the *dénouement myself*. All the good people might be put to death to slow music, and all the bad people inherit the titles and estates, for what I care. As for the virtuous Florinda, I have no very high opinion of her, for my part, and would just as soon that she were garrotted as not. My readers may have their aspirations about these matters, but I confess I have none. However, matters have never gone nearly so far as this with any of my productions. For *beginnings* of novels, mind ye, I don't knock under to any man in England, or for bringing in an illustration, when your proprietor may wish to make any wood-cuts useful he may have by him; but I can't say what sort of hand I should make in the winding-up of a story, because I never tried. The four-and-thirty popular periodicals with which I have been connected perished young.'

And at this Fitzball will put his handkerchief (if he happen to have one) to his eyes—for he is not without some humour—and ask whether I have seen the only hope that is now left to him—a little bantling, born but yesterday, and named the *Bi-daily Bodkin*, a family organ, devoted to useful recipes and tales of terror.

There is law for everything, and surely an action ought to lie for restitution of literary rights on the part of readers who have thus been deprived of their narrative. It is true that the proprietors of the deceased periodical are ruined men, but they were probably that before they started it, and because a man is ruined he should not be permitted to commit an intellectual fraud. Who pays for all these clouds of serials? Certainly not the public, for they don't take them in; certainly not the proprietors, for they rarely have any money. My own belief is, that they are somehow persuaded into being by the buttermen, who eventually purchase the entire issue at some infinitesimal price.

Does anybody desire to see a new periodical? Would anybody weep if nineteen-twentieths of those which at present exist should perish simultaneously? Why, then, O why, are we every week informed that a serial publication has been projected to supply an admitted want in cheap literature, and will appear on the first Saturday of the ensuing month. Of course, it supplies nothing of the kind; of course, it is the merest imitation of one or other of the classes already

existing in absurd profusion; of course, it perishes in obscurity, or, if it does reap a little notoriety, the harvest-field of its reputation is the Bankruptcy Court. But why is anybody found fanatical enough to project it?

Why? Because of the Obvious Void.

The projector sees it, although nobody else sees it. And this is to be said with regard to the starting of a cheap periodical with the O. V. in view, that the speculator, if he has any money at all, absolutely comes up with this will of the wisp; he lays his hand on this machine for the perpetual motion; he clutches this Philosopher's Stone; he discovers the Obvious Void at last—in his own pocket.

'But all this,' it is here urged by some of those pestilent persons who are ever on the look-out for facts and nothing else, 'is known already; if you could give us an instance, now, of a new periodical which has *succeeded* in supplying the Ob'——

Gentlemen (you observe I keep my temper), that was the very thing which I was about to do when your brutal and uncalled-for interruption took place. There lies before me at this moment a letter, which chronicles in unmistakable characters—in largish round-text hand—the complete success of a periodical started more than seven weeks ago at Dr Swishem's Academy for Young Gentlemen at Bimbledon. The facts are indisputable, and here they are in my nephew's own simple language, a guileless lad of only thirteen years of age, but with a turn for literature so genuine and so decided, that it might be pronounced well-nigh miraculous, were it not hereditary.

'My dear Uncly-buncly—I have not written to you for a long time, I know, not because it was early in "the half," and I was in no need of pocket-money—as I know you will say—but because I have really had no time. I have been very hard at work indeed, even out of school-hours. There—now you have taken snuff in your incredulous manner; but I don't mean hard at work with Euclid, or Tacitus, or Quadratics, all of whom are as little agreeable to me as ever, but in editing a popular serial. The demands upon my time have been unceasing. I wish I could add, as other editors do, upon my space, but unfortunately I am obliged to compose almost the whole of the periodical myself, except the poetry. One must stop somewhere, and I have not tried my hand at *that* yet, and I never will, although Bigshaw threatens to lick me if I do not produce some humorous verses by next Saturday, which is our day of publication.

Bigshaw is my proprietor. He supplies the pens and paper, and collects the subscriptions. Nor must it be supposed that the latter employment is a sinecure. Nobody but a very big boy could fill this office. It was his own size and physical strength which suggested the idea of a periodical to Bigshaw in the first instance; he has no literary tastes whatever, but reading so much upon the walls (as no one can fail to do) about supplying an Obvious Void in serial publications, and reflecting that he had a considerable Public under his thumb, he determined that Acacia House should have a weekly organ. There are one hundred and eighty of us altogether, so that, *since he can thrash two-thirds of the school*, he could count upon one hundred and twenty subscribers at least. Besides this, there is a considerable margin of boys about his own size, whose subscription has to be obtained by single combat. Bigshaw is a beast in many points of view, but I will say for him that on this matter he has behaved like a man. Many a "tuppence"—the amount of weekly investment required—has been obtained for us at the cost of a black eye to Bigshaw; and more than once he has been knocked about, especially on the nose, for hours together, and never obtained the desired tribute for *King Pepyn* after all. Why our magazine should be called *King Pepyn*, I cannot tell you. When my proprietor applied to me for literary assistance, he had settled what the title of his ambitious venture should be, and he is not the man to be contradicted. Talk about Grub Street, and the state of thraldom in which authors of genius were once held by *their* proprietors—you should just hear Bigshaw go on at *me!*

"Now, look here," said he, when unfolding his great literary enterprise, in a private walk upon Bimbledon Common, about two months ago; "you are a facetious young beggar, you are, and you shall write the funny articles—a farce, or a burlesque, or a parody, or riddles, or something of that sort. Now, Jones—I can lick Jones too with one hand—he shall do the Murders with Circumstances of Peculiar Atrocity—that must be a leading feature, that must—and Robinson shall illustrate them profusely, or I will know the reason why."

"Robinson has been learning boxing lately," remarked I dryly.

"He may have been learning, but he has not *learned* it," growled Bigshaw: "I tried him yesterday, *on purpose*, in the back-yard, and he gave in at the third round; only he won't be able to draw so nicely as usual for a week or so, I am afraid, for he damaged his hand a little. Then there's that little fool Brown, who does everything so neatly, and got the prize for plan-drawing last half, he shall neatly write out all the copies—for, of course, we can't afford to put them into type."

"Why, he would take a month to write a single weekly issue," urged I.

"Very likely," returned the great projector; "but, you see, one or two copies will do for the whole of the juniors. They can look over one another, or humbly promote the Scheme of Universal Happiness by circulating *King Pepyn* from hand to hand."

"Then they mustn't lend it to non-subscribers," said I, "for if it is found that it can be read for nothing, nobody will ever give tuppence for it."

"No junior will ever lend *King Pepyn* to a non-subscriber *twice*," remarked the projector, spitting on the palms of his hands, and working his fingers, at the mere suggestion of such a fraud upon his majesty's revenue.

"Now, let us consider our financial prospects." [I was glad to hear Bigshaw say "*our*," for I thought the creature quite capable of making us all work for nothing.] "One hundred and twenty tuppences is two hundred and forty pence, which is one pound exactly *per week*, which is a nice little income of fifty pounds a year."

"But you can't make the fellows take the thing in in vacation-time," exclaimed I, astonished at the impudence of this grasping speculator.

"Well, no, I suppose not," assented Bigshaw moodily; "we must make up the difference somehow in extra numbers. Fifty pounds a year I have fixed upon, however, as the gross profit. From this must be deducted a few shillings for large-sized foolscap, a sheet of which will form a 'Number,' and that will be all our outgoings."

"Then the payment to contributors?" hinted I, with some hesitation. "Jones the melodramatist, and Smith, and Robinson?"

"They will receive no pecuniary recompense," observed this literary Bashaw with the air of a man who has made up his mind. "They will be permitted to have the first read of their own productions, and, moreover—yes, I think that will be but fair—*they will not have to subscribe.*"

'After this statement, my enthusiasm for *King Pepyn* sank on the instant below freezing-point, so that even the egotistic and despotic Bigshaw perceived that some sort of conciliation must be used.

"*Your* case, my boy," observed he, "is of course a very different one from that of your *collaborateurs*. You will be the editor, the presiding genius of the whole concern; *King Pepyn* will owe to you its vitality."

"I should like it to owe me something else, and to pay it too," said I warmly, for I felt that now or never must the blow be struck for independence.

"I did not expect this avaricious spirit in you, Smith," observed my proprietor, endeavouring to counterfeit the tone of one who finds his confidence in human nature has been misplaced; "your motives are mercenary and mean beyond credibility. But you shall have a halfpenny on every copy sold—*there*. Now, don't let us have another word about business matters between friends."

"But the humorous articles?" urged I.

"Don't, *don't* let us have another word," bawled the Bashaw in a furious passion, twining his fingers in my neckerchief, and compressing what is now called "the garrotted artery" until I was black in the face. I took this reply as final, and accepted the editorial office, with its possible emolument and certain responsibilities, forthwith. The staff was settled as proposed (by arguments, I doubt not, similarly forcible), and the Obvious Void in periodical literature at Bimbledon was supplied upon that day fortnight by the appearance of the first number of *King Pepyn*.

'Of the merits of that magazine, my dear Uncly-buncly, it is not for me to speak. I send you a copy, so that you may judge for yourself, and in case of your wishing to subscribe, please to send *me* the money. I am only responsible to my proprietor for the intramural circulation. The amusing sketch called *Boots at the Lion* has been "continued," with great success, for several weeks; it is the production of your humble servant. The *Gore-spotted Goblet* is of course by Jones. I hope you will find Robinson's illustrations spirited; he copies them out of the *London Journal*, I believe, only altering the features of the principal villain so as to resemble Bigshaw as much as possible. The unhappy Smith has the hardest work of it, his half-holidays and Sundays being entirely taken up with the transcribing. My proprietor munificently gave him an apple on Friday last, to encourage him to renewed exertions, but I doubt whether he will hold out much longer. We shall probably have to purchase a Hoe's machine. We have one hundred and forty subscribers, besides three who have not quite made up their minds on the subject, their encounters with B. being rather undecided. The circulation may, of course, be said to be in some degree "forced," and there is a great deal of jealousy excited by it. I have been even threatened with personal violence for my involuntary share in the matter, but *magnus est Bigshaw, et prævalebit*. I refer all captious persons to my proprietor.

'We have a great difficulty, by the by, in filling *The Poet's Corner*, which has been the cause of words—and more than words—passing between Bigshaw and myself, or rather from him to me. You don't happen to have any verses *by* you—I mean in your library, for it doesn't so much signify about the authorship, so long as they are not very well known, like *Rule Britannia* or *Toll for the Brave*. There is a little idiot here called Montgomery, who, Bigshaw took it into his obstinate head, must surely be a poet, since he was always moping, and keeping to himself; but he has never given us anything, although B. stood over him the other day with a wicket for nearly half an hour. He wrote to his father, instead of for *King Pepyn*, and there's been a precious row. However, that's all blown over. There have been one or two essays signed *Caustic*, which have been very popular, except with the fellows against whom they were directed. A little spice of personality is greatly relished; only the victims—when endowed with physical strength—have a habit of calling upon me, as editor, to give up the name of the writer. If B. can lick them, I am authorised to reply "Bigshaw;" but if the injured party is more than he can manage, I have to reply that it is inconsistent with the character of a journal constructed upon the principles of *King Pepyn* to surrender the name of a contributor. Then I suffer for my Roman fortitude, which, however, I may confess to you, is not so noble as it looks, since I "do" all the sarcasm myself. However, pecuniary success and popularity (in its best sense, *i. e.*, Circulation) cannot be looked for without some drawbacks. We flourish beyond expectation. I delight in my new position, and when the governor asks me what profession I have fixed my mental eye upon, I shall know which to choose. My youthful aspiration of becoming a Merchant (caught from the *Arabian Nights*), and trafficking in ivory, precious stones, and beautiful female slaves, worth hundreds of purses of sequins, has vanished before the realities of life. I shall conduct a popular periodical. You have no conception of the fun of it. There is quite a rage for voluntary contribution at Acacia House, although we mainly depend upon our *staff*. Naggit, a fourth-form boy, distrustful of his own literary powers, but anxiously desirous of appearing in print, even by deputy, proposed to us to publish his mother's letters, of which he gets three a week. Without hurting his feelings, by pointing out the want of interest for the general public in such domestic contributions (for the fact is I am under obligations to Naggit to the extent of three bob and a tizzy), I explained to him that the state of the law forbade our taking advantage of his very honourable proposal without Mrs N.'s consent.

'There is an average of five sonnets, weekly, addressed to Lucy, the least objectionable-looking of the five housemaids: "To Lucy, washing my Feet," is the title of one of them just received, and written by a youth of ten, who enjoys the privilege, which he has thus celebrated in song, every Saturday night. Ah me, Uncly-buncly, I sometimes regret that I am no longer a small boy!

'We have only once been regularly taken in, in our editorial capacity. Tallboys, a sixth-form fellow, sent us in twelve riddles, guaranteed to be his own composition, "the answers to appear in our next." The riddles, so far as the questions went, were admirable, but they unfortunately went no further. When we sent to Tallboys for "copy" for the ensuing number, he laughed in the face of little Snooks (our printer's devil), and told him that he had asked the questions merely for information.

'We had a serious difficulty, too, with our leading novelist, Jones. He has high connections in the school—a first-cousin who is a Monitor, and a boy who has borrowed his paint-box in the sixth form—and these put him up to a wicked trick upon us, and stood by him afterwards, so that reprisals were rendered impossible. He first worked up the *Gore-spotted Goblet* to a dreadful degree of mystification—leaving the public quite in the dark as to who was who, and especially who was the Villain—and then suddenly struck work; declined to unravel the tangled skein without pecuniary compensation. We had to pay the little ruffian one-and-ninepence and a knife with six blades before he would resume his pen. The interview between Bigshaw and himself and friends (without whom he never stirs) was something out of the common way of literary negotiations.

'I have read somewhere that the bane of editors are the people with grievances, and I can well believe it. If Dr Swishem canes the wrong boy (and between ourselves, he is not particular as to identity), or if our usher sets an imposition longer than is humane, *King Pepyn*, forsooth, is appealed to, to set matters right. "Your sense of justice, Mr Editor, will cause you, I am convinced, *at any risk*, to right the oppressed and to scourge the tyrant." Now, that may do very well for the *Daily Telegraph* and the world at large, but in the case of *King Pepyn* and Acacia House, the scourging would come from the wrong quarter; a *lettre de cachet* would lodge my proprietor in the black-hole, and there would be an immediate

arrest of our circulation. These things, however, are but as spots in the sun of our prosperity, Uncly-buncly; and that you may be only half as jolly as myself, is the earnest wish of your affectionate nephew,

EPAMINONDAS SMITH.

'*P. S.* Knowing your objection to my running into debt, I just mention that in addition to my little liability to Naggit, I owe 14s. 6d. to the cake-man. A sovereign would cover everything, with a little margin.'

I had transcribed my nephew's letter, word for word, as above, and was only hesitating as to sending it to the printer from the consideration that the success of *King Pepyn* might cause fanatical persons to perceive more Obvious Voids in periodical literature than ever, when there came a postman's knock, and behold a second missive from Acacia House, in the same fine round hand. I append the mournful production, as a warning to literary speculators, and a healthy antidote to the delusive hopes which may have been awakened by the preceding narrative.

'MY DEAR UNCLE—Please to send me the skiv [L.1?] by return, for I sadly want some comfort. When I wrote to you three weeks ago, I was happy and prosperous; now I am wretched and ruined. *King Pepyn* was (mark the tense) a decided success; your nephew was an editor, revered and in clover. Now he is nothing, for there is no periodical for him to conduct. We have been destroyed by the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated system of competition. An Obvious Void was perceived in Acacia House serial literature by certain miscreants, and they started a magazine, and ran it against *King Pepyn*, to the destruction of both. They had the vulgarity to call it *Ribston Pippin*. They parodied my inimitable *Boots at the Lion* by a ribald work, illustrated in the sensational style, and entitled *Shoes at the Tiger*. They turned the *Gore-spotted Goblet* into (I must confess, well-merited) ridicule. They exhibited the back numbers of the *London Journal* from which we had borrowed our "original cuts." Their malignity was equalled, however, by their stupidity. They would have had no chance whatever of imperilling our existence, if merit was to decide the question, but unhappily it was not merit, but tuppences. The proprietor of our rival happened to be the Monitor who is intrusted with the duty of giving out the weekly pocket-money allowance of sixpence apiece to the whole school. Some of this is generally stopped for broken windows (Dr Swishem's windows are more expensive than most people's, I have observed), but there is always threepence to be distributed to everybody. Now, the proprietor of the *Ribston Pippin* stopped twopence of this at the fountain-head, as it were, for subscriptions to that miserable print. He milked the cow before our pail could approach the animal. Bigshaw might thrash the juniors (and I must confess he did his duty in that respect), but he could not punch two pennies out of one. His endeavours to do so only provoked public indignation. The being compelled, upon one hand, to subscribe to a periodical which was rubbish, and, on the other, the being licked because they had thereby no money left to subscribe to a second (excellent though it might be), aroused the angry passions of the one hundred and twenty little boys of Acacia House. The big boys (not engaged or interested in either serial) rather encouraged this impatience of taxation, by which, as I read in history, my fellow-countrymen disgraced themselves once before in the case of the royal martyr Charles I. Nor were the catastrophes totally dissimilar. At the distribution, or rather the appropriation of pocket-allowance on Saturday last (which may be compared to the ship-money affair), the five lower forms rose as one boy, and effected a revolution. They did not cut off our *heads* indeed, as in the historical case above alluded to, but they severely maltreated (with knotted handkerchiefs with a pebble inside them) our other extremities. I speak only for self and proprietor, but conjecture that the staff of the *Ribston Pippin* got "toko" likewise. I observe at least that they write at the standing desks in preference to using the forms, and utter exclamations of pain as they take their seats at meal-times. Proprietors and editors are condemned to surrender their own weekly allowances, to supply what may be wanting in the way of wickets, bats, or football for the general use, for the remainder of the half: while the whole of our valuable "plant"—comprising a box of *magnum bonum* pens, half a ream of foolscap, a Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary*, and all the back numbers of poor dethroned *King Pepyn*—have been consigned to the flames.

'Hoping to hear from you soon—*with the enclosure*—I am, dear Uncle, your affectionate

EPAMINONDAS.'

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

IN the present day, in spite of the recent disclosures at the Sheffield Cemetery, a man may have reasonable hope that his body will be allowed to rest quietly in its appointed grave. But it was not so formerly; and men who would hardly like to be considered more than middle-aged, can recall the days when the *Resurgam Homos*, as they styled themselves, or Body-snatchers and Resurrectionists, as they were called by the outer world, carried on a flourishing trade.

In the ancient practice of surgery, anatomy was little regarded, and the corpses of murderers and other criminals afforded a sufficient supply of 'subjects' for the few students who held that examination of the dead human body was absolutely necessary; but towards the close of the eighteenth century, the progress of surgical science on the continent, and the discoveries of John Hunter in England, caused men to turn their attention more and more to the study of nature; hence arose an increased demand for subjects, and the resurrectionists came forward to meet it.

The graveyards in the more outlying parts of the metropolis were their usual haunts, and from these, in spite of every precaution, they carried off bodies innumerable. In many instances, the grave-diggers, sextons, and persons appointed to take care of the burial-grounds, were in the pay of the body-snatchers, and would leave their gates unlocked, and turn their backs when the deed was being accomplished. So little confidence had the public in these official guardians, that in many instances the friends of the deceased person were wont to keep watch, night after night, by the side of the grave, until such time had elapsed as to render the body no longer fit for the purposes of the surgeon. Even their kindly vigilance was too often baffled. A very short period of inattention was sufficient for the resurrectionists, whose boast it was that they could remove a body from a grave of the ordinary depth in forty-five minutes. They never removed the whole of the earth from the grave, but simply dug a hole at the head of the coffin, until it was bared to view. Inserting a peculiarly shaped crowbar between the lid and the coffin, they prized up the lid, which generally broke in two from the superincumbent weight of earth. The body was then drawn out, stripped of its clothing, and carried away in a sack. The body-snatchers were most particular in replacing every article of clothing in the grave, and merely carried off the naked corpse. The reason for this was, that body-snatching was by the law of England merely a misdemeanour; but taking the clothing was felony, and would have subjected them to transportation. They were extremely careful also to replace everything in the grave in the same order as they had found it. The friends of the departed were in the habit of putting private marks on the grave, to discover whether it had been desecrated; such as a

piece of stick, a flower, or an oyster-shell. These were replaced with the most rigorous exactitude; and consequently many a mourning survivor fondly believed that the grave still contained the remains of his beloved one, while in reality it was only tenanted by an empty coffin. Spring-guns were occasionally set in the churchyards, but without avail. During the daytime, the resurrectionists sent a female member of their fraternity into the place, for the purpose of observing where the pegs were fixed to which at night the wires would be attached; therefore, when night came, they easily found the pegs, and feeling their way cautiously along the wires, they removed the loaded weapon, and pursued their avocation in security.

The surgeons were not without their share of risk in these affairs, as they frequently had to take the bodies from the houses of the resurrectionists to the hospital. On one occasion, a student was conveying a subject, carefully packed in a hamper, in a hackney-coach, from one hospital to another. To his surprise and alarm, the coach stopped in Bow Street, in front of the police-office. The coachman descended from his box, and putting his face in at the window, said in a low but significant tone: 'Sir, my fare to the place you want to go to is a guinea, unless you wish to be put down here.' The student took the hint, and paid the money.

The leading men among the resurrectionists were wont to strut about the dissecting-rooms, and give themselves no small airs. At the commencement of a certain session, one Murphy, a noted character, presented himself before the house-surgeon. After some unimportant conversation, he said: 'Well, doctor, this season I must have twenty guineas down, and nine guineas for every "thing" I bring you.' ('Thing' was the cant phrase for 'body.')

'Nonsense,' replied the surgeon; ''tis downright extortion. I shall employ some one else.'

'Very well, sir,' said Murphy turning on his heel; 'but you won't be able to do without us.'

The event proved that Murphy was right. The new men were either bribed off by the old gang, or else were exposed and detected by the police; so the doctors, in despair, were obliged to re-employ Mr Murphy.

Here is a genuine extract from a diary kept by one of this gentleman's fraternity. '*Dec.* 24, 1811.—At twelve midnight, party went to Wygate—got three small. Came back, and got two large at Newington. Came home, then settled at Ben's. Each man's share, L.8, 16s. 8d. *Friday* 27.—Went to look out. Came home; met Ben and Dan. Went to Harp's; got one large; took it to Jack's house. Jack, Bill, and Tom met with us, getting drunk. *Saturday* 28, 4 A. M.—Whole party to Guy's and St Thomas's crib; got six; took them to St Thomas's; packed up three for Edinbro'; took one over to Guy's.'

The two kings of this unhallowed craft—for it was in but few hands—were the above-mentioned Murphy and one Patrick. The following story is told of the latter, as a specimen of his untiring activity.

He was one day strolling about Sydenham, with nothing particular to do, when he heard that a female body, supposed to be that of a pauper from Woolwich workhouse, had been found in the canal, and was then lying in the stable of an adjoining public-house. Having always an eye to business, he entered the public-house, called for a glass of ale, and entered into conversation with the stable-boy, who remarked: 'Catch me sitting up with another dead body.'

'Why not?' asked Mr Patrick.

'Because, last time, the parish-officer gave me next to nothing for my trouble.'

Patrick chuckled inwardly, and apparently out of pure absence of mind, began playing with the lock of the stable-door. He presently left, and went straight up to London. He returned the same night with a trusty friend and a bunch of keys.

Next morning, a jury of twelve honest fellows was impanneled by the coroner. After hearing a certain amount of evidence, the coroner said: 'Now, then, gentlemen, if you please, we will view the body.' The boy led the way into the stable; a cloth which covered some object in an empty stall was removed, and disclosed to the eyes of the astonished jury a truss of straw!

On another occasion, a footman, who was acquainted with Patrick, informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something could be done with the body. Patrick declined to have anything to do with the affair, until the coffin was screwed down, which was accordingly done on Saturday night, the funeral being ordered for the following day. The footman and Patrick then removed the body, placed it in the garden, and filled up the coffin with earth. Patrick actually attended the funeral, and afterwards stated that he could not help smiling when the clergyman alluded to 'our dear departed brother.'

A number of persons who died in the metropolitan workhouses had no relations or friends near at hand, and Mr Patrick took advantage of this circumstance to assume a variety of disguises, and boldly claim the bodies of the deceased. He was aided in this scheme by one Conchman, a strong, broad-shouldered fellow, who was employed by Patrick to carry the subjects to the hospitals. This system had been carried on at St Giles's workhouse with great success for some time, when Murphy, the rival monarch of the *resurgam homos*, grew jealous at Patrick's prosperity. By plying Conchman with drink, he wormed out the whole of the secret from him, and advised him to inform the Board of Guardians of the affair, as they would reward him handsomely. Conchman accordingly turned traitor, and Patrick was arrested by the police, but eventually discharged, for want of sufficient evidence.

On another occasion, Murphy and Patrick were working amicably together as partners in a most lucrative undertaking. There was a private burial-ground belonging to two old women who resided in a cottage hard by. They employed one Whackett as grave-digger and watchman. Messrs Murphy and Patrick concluded an arrangement with this man, by which the graveyard was placed at their disposal. Whackett used to leave the gate unbolted, provided them with a private key, and even made secret marks on such graves as he deemed it advisable to rifle, for the purpose of guiding them in their nightly rambles. Unfortunately, however, two rival resurrectionists, named Vaughan and Hollis, got scent of the affair, and calling one day upon Whackett, threatened to expose him unless he gave them a share in the job. Whackett made no reply, but crossing immediately over to a public-house which was full of labourers, shouted out to the assembled company: 'Do you see those two men? They are body-snatchers, and have come to bribe me to let them rob the graveyard.' The labourers, excited to fury by these words, rushed out, and chased Hollis and Vaughan for their lives. The baffled scoundrels, in revenge, went before a magistrate, and told him that if he examined the burial-ground at Holywell Mount, he would find the graves in numerous instances despoiled of their dead. The rumour spread, crowds of people assembled, the graves were opened, and found tenantless. The mob were enraged beyond measure; they gutted Whackett's house completely, dragged his wife and children through a horse-pond, and seizing Whackett, attempted to bury him alive. The miserable wretch was half suffocated when he was rescued by the constables. Even the two aged proprietresses, who were totally innocent of the whole affair, had their windows broken.

A few particulars in the biographies of some of these men are worth noting. Besides following this repulsive occupation at home, two of them, named

respectively Hamett and Crouch, pursued the not less abominable trade of camp-followers during the Peninsular campaigns. They took out licences as sutlers, by way of blinding the eyes of the authorities to their real business, which was that of stripping the bodies and drawing the teeth of the slain. Heaven and their own consciences alone can tell whether they scrupled to put the wounded to death for fear their cries should be heard! For a period of three months this worthy couple, the Pylades and Orestes of the carrion-field, missed each other. Each thought his friend had fallen by some stray bullet, and lamented him after his fashion. One night, Mr Crouch resolved to plunder a deserted château. He was cautiously groping his way in the dark through the forlorn apartments, searching for prey, when he heard another pair of footsteps advancing. He drew back, and prepared for a struggle, but listening, he recognised the peculiar, hard, asthmatic breathing of his long-lost crony. We leave the scene of their happy meeting to the reader's imagination, and conclude Crouch's history. He returned home rich with ill-gotten spoil, and took a hotel at Margate. For a while he prospered, but soon his former course of life was discovered. His customers deserted him; he lost all his money, robbed his old mate Hamett, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and was at last found seated in a public-house in Tower Hill, stone-dead!

Hamett also caused the downfall of another of his old companions—namely, Hollis, whom we have already mentioned. This Hollis was originally a sexton, then a body-snatcher, and after the Anatomy Bill had done away with the *resurgam homoe* fraternity, a hackney-coachman. On one occasion, Hamett landed from France with his daughter, having in his possession a box filled with teeth, worth several hundred pounds, the result of his travels. Meeting an acquaintance at Tower Stairs, Hamett put his daughter and the baggage into a hackney-coach, telling the man to drive to his house at Deptford. On arriving near the house, the coachman, whose name was Haydon, told Miss Hamett that by alighting at that spot she would save a turnpike toll. The girl got out accordingly, and hurried off with her bundles, forgetting all about the box of teeth, which was placed under the coachman's seat. Haydon was ignorant of the contents, but guessed from the weight of the box and something he had overheard from Hamett that it contained valuables. He drove hastily away, and on reaching home opened the box; he was sorely disappointed to find it filled with teeth, of the value of which he knew nothing. He shewed the box to his friend Hollis, who, with affected unwillingness, but secret joy, offered him five pounds for the bargain. Hollis sold the teeth in small lots to various dentists from time to time. Hamett, who was inquiring in every direction for his lost treasure, called upon the dentists who had been his former customers. He identified portions of his own property, and caused Hollis to be arrested. Hollis was tried, but, through a defect in the evidence, found not guilty. He then became a horse-stealer, and turned king's evidence against one of his own accomplices, who was in consequence brought to the scaffold. After this, he was shunned by the lowest scoundrel of his acquaintance, and eventually died in the depths of poverty and wretchedness.

Bad as body-snatching was, there was in the lowest depth a deeper still. In the year 1828, the whole kingdom was convulsed with horror on learning that a couple of miscreants at Edinburgh, on their own confession, had sent fifteen of their fellow-creatures out of the world, for the purpose of selling their dead bodies to the surgeons. The crime introduced a new word into the English language, which is still in use, though happily only in a metaphorical sense. But thirty years ago the word 'Burke' was a name of terror; and those who are old enough to recollect the murder of the Italian boy by the notorious Bishop and Williams, will remember the horror they experienced when walking at night through the more lonely suburbs of London, lest suddenly a pitch-plaster should be clapped over their mouths.

The hideous atrocity of these crimes at length aroused the attention of our sluggish legislators, who ought to have settled the affair long before. In the session of 1829, Mr Warburton introduced an Anatomy Bill, which was passed by a large majority in the Commons, but was thrown out by the House of Lords. Then came the hurricane of Reform, and all smaller measures had to bow their heads before the blast. In 1832, Mr Warburton again brought forward his bill somewhat amended. It was discussed in extremely thin houses, fifty members only being present in the Commons at the second reading, and only fifteen peers in the Lords on the same occasion. However, it passed into law, and, thanks to its beneficent influence, Body-snatching and Burking have become tales of the past, while the schools of anatomy are better supplied with subjects than they ever were under the old system.

It is amusing as well as instructive to turn to the debates on the bill, and note how at all periods of the world's history obstinate prejudice opposes improvement. Colonel Sibthorp attacked the measure with the utmost violence. Henry Hunt, the orator of the people, and hero of Peterloo, assailed the bill bitterly, declaring it was an inroad on the privileges of the poor, and threatened to move that the bodies of all placemen and pensioners should be delivered up for dissection. Mr Macaulay took the other side, and proved with much force that the bill would protect the poor far more than the rich. He said:

'An ordinary murderer hides the body, and disposes of the property; Bishop and Williams dig holes, and bury the property, but expose the body to sale. The more wretched, the more lonely any human being may be, the more desirable a prey is he to these wretches. It is the man, the mere naked man that they pursue.'

Then speaking of the inestimable benefits surgery has derived from anatomy, he said:

'The horse of Leopold, Duke of Austria (who imprisoned our Richard Cœur-de-Lion), fell under him and crushed his leg. The surgeons said the limb must be amputated, but none of them knew how to amputate it. Leopold, in his agony, laid a hatchet on his thigh, and ordered his servant to strike with a mallet. The leg was cut off, and he died of the gush of blood. Why, there is now no bricklayer who falls from a scaffold in England who cannot obtain surgical assistance infinitely superior to that which the sovereign of Austria could command in the twelfth century!'

The argument contained in this story is conclusive, and the only wonder is that our legislature did not pass the Anatomy Bill fifty years sooner. Surgical science would have advanced with swifter strides, and the pride of the English people would have been spared one of the most humiliating chapters in our social history.

A DAY IN THE QUEENSLAND BUSH.

Roused by the indescribable cackling of a pair of laughing jackasses, I turn over on one side with a long wide yawn, and stretching out my arms, gradually raise them until I place my hands under my head. The touch of earth and grass startles me; then I become conscious of the chirp of the cicadas, and the cry of the leatherheads, who are busy among the scarlet blossoms of the tea-scrub down in the river-bed below me. Slowly I become aware that I am awake, that I am in the bush in Queensland, and that it is just daybreak.

The fire has burned itself out, and the morning air

is rather chilly; the river-bed is hidden by a thick mist, fated soon to disperse before the rays of the sun, which already gleam on the top branches of the gum-trees and iron-barks around. There is no breeze; and but for the cicadas, the leatherheads, and one crow pheasant, whose long, monotonous note is heard every few minutes, the silence would be complete. Throwing my blanket off me, I stand upright, thereby disturbing the repose of my dog Belle, who follows suit by a long stretch and a longer yawn, then wagging her tail, looks at me as plainly as if she spoke it —'Good-morning.'

The first natural impulse is to look round for the horses: the eye glances through long vistas of trees, for although the country is thickly timbered, the trees do not branch out till they attain some height, and the range of view is considerable. Finding no appearance of the animals, I conclude that they have strolled up the river-bank whilst feeding, and start off in search. The dew on the long grass soon soaks through my boots, but it matters not, for the sun is rising, and wet feet two hours hence would be a luxury. There is a little hillock a few hundred yards off, and hoping to see the horses from the top of it, I stride along, crossing many a fallen tree, and brought up at last by a deep, narrow creek, with more mud than water in it. Jumping across, I whistle to Belle, but she does not heed the call; her nose and fore-paws are busy at work in a hole by the side of the creek. From the uproar she makes, yelping and scratching at the hole, I feel sure she has a bandicoot before her; and having found, after jumping back, that the earth is rotten and easily worked, I pick up a stick, and help her to tear away the creature's cover. In a few minutes, the bandicoot thinks it proper to 'clear out;' there is a rush, a scuffle, and Belle holds in her mouth a dead animal, somewhat like a rat in appearance, but as large as a rabbit. Her sharp, bright eyes look at me through a thick cloud of dust, and I know she wants to ask whether she has caught her own breakfast or mine. Bandicoot is too good fare for a dog, so I take it from her, and hang it up in a tree, to remain there till my return.

Crossing the creek, and reaching the top of the hillock, I see, at the distance of half a mile, the whisking of a tail, which I recognise to be the property of old Molly, a mare of a sedate and thoughtful appearance. The conviction is increased when, slowly from behind a couple of trees, emerges Button, a cob of moderate size, but well put together, and, in colonial language, a little nugget. Button is quietly feeding, and merely raising his head a moment to look apathetically at Belle and myself, resumes his researches into vegetation. Both animals are hobbled, and, after a long day's journey, are not likely to stray at night, especially as they are in a country strange to them, and they have water close at hand. I drive them slowly up to the camp, for wherever one sleeps at night is called the camp, whether a tent is used or not. Then collecting some bark and dry gum-leaves, I make a fire, heap dead-wood on it, and commence operations on the bandicoot. Having skinned and cleaned it, I place it carefully among the ashes, and taking a towel from my valise, walk down to the river for my matutinal bath. The sun has dispersed the mist completely, and the branches of the tea-trees, which project into the stream, have numerous large water-lizards on them, which, hearing my approach, scuttle out to the end of each branch, and fall with a plop into the water, exciting Belle to supercanine efforts to catch them. Finding a deep water-hole, I undress, and dash in head-foremost; Belle follows; and for five minutes we have a good time, swimming and splashing about, Belle every now and again going ashore only to shake herself, and plunge in again. Swimming to the bank, I give myself a good soaping, take another dive, have a hearty rub with a coarse towel, and then putting on flannel shirt, socks, breeches, boots, and cabbage-tree hat, feel ready for breakfast and the day's work.

Filling my tin quart pot with water, I place it on the fire to boil, and taking a lump of damper from my saddle-pouch, commence with a good appetite to discuss the warm and tender bandicoot. In a few minutes the water boils, and taking it from the fire, I throw a handful of tea into the pot, and place it on one side to cool. This simple process represents the whole art and mystery of tin-pot tea-making in the bush; most people carry sugar with them to flavour the infusion, but for many years I have been accustomed to take my tea *à la Chinois*. Unfortunately, all pleasures are fleeting; breakfast is finished; and after packing one horse with blankets and valise, and saddling the other, I light my pipe, and start on my journey. The track which I follow is not so well defined as a dray-road, nor yet so difficult to follow as a common bush-track, where there is nought to guide one save blazed trees at long intervals; it is, in fact, a medium between these two extremes. Drays have passed over it long since, but tall grass conceals their wheel-ruts, and at six feet distance from the track on either side, no trace of it is visible, so that it is requisite to be incessantly watchful in order to keep to it. The first few miles pass without any incident, when arriving at the top of a little hill, there rises suddenly close before my horse a large kangaroo; then a second and third; they stand for a moment with their large soft eyes wide open, and their huge ears erect, then turning, rapidly bound off, clearing bushes and logs in their flight, their long tails straight out behind them at each leap, and Belle in full cry after them, with as much chance of overtaking them as a Dutch galliot after a screw steam-sloop. Belle finding herself quite distanced, makes an excuse for leaving the chase, by pursuing with frantic howls a large iguana, and when, by darting up a gum-tree, the creature escapes her, Belle stands at the foot with her eyes upon the lizard, and ears and tail straight on end; evidently anxious to convince me that she thinks iguana much better than kangaroo—in which opinion, having eaten both, I quite coincide with her.

Leaving the lizard up its tree, I follow the track, which leads me up a steep range of hills, over extremely rough ground, where the quaint-looking grass-tree flourishes luxuriantly, sending its tall, straight seed-rods five feet into the air. At the top of the range, I find handsome heaths, three feet in height; a few trees, with bright yellow flowers, almost like a hyacinth in shape, and others with scarlet blossoms—forming a great contrast to the brilliant green of their leaves, so different to the dull dead green of those of the gum-tree. Round these blossoms hover large and gaudy butterflies, and to and from the trees fly parrots and paroquets of most varied plumage, from the gorgeous red-wing to the little green love-bird. White and black cockatoos fly past, uttering their harsh discordant cries; and a select party of laughing jackasses, snugly perched on the branch of a blue gum, practise a laughing chorus. Belle is in clover; she starts a wallaby, and watches his long leaps in astonishment; she finds something on the ground, and keeps going round it in circles, barking furiously, till I, expecting a snake, ride up, and find her facing a large jew lizard, which, with huge open mouth, keeps turning round and round as she turns. I kill the hideous thing with my whip, and we go on down the range. As we descend the steep hillside, I can see that there is a river before me, and I know that when I cross I shall have only twelve miles more to my destination. But it proves a long way to that river; the sun gets high, and my poor beasts are sadly thirsty and fatigued. Belle trots along with her tongue out and her sides panting; an iguana runs across the path, and up a tree, but Belle, with one careless glance, drops her

head again, and pushes on. There is a rising-ground about a mile ahead, and I feel sure the river will be visible on the other side; but on reaching and surmounting it, another long stretch of bush-country is before us. Wearily we plod along, the sun seeming to get warmer every minute, when, almost to my surprise, I find myself suddenly on the river-bank; and not to my surprise alone, for from a water-hole, two large white pelicans take wing; black ducks rise from the water, and wood-ducks from the banks; ahingas or darters, perched on dead trees near the surface of the water, protrude their long, snake-like necks; and the usual plop-plop of the lizards is heard as they drop into the flood, to appear the next moment with their heads only above water, and their great mouths wide open.

The poor horses bury their noses in the stream; and after they have somewhat quenched their thirst, I lead them to the best patch of grass within view, hobble them, and the saddling, take from the pouch a good chunk of damper and slice of cold beef; these, with numerous hearty drinks of the pure water, and then a smoke in the shadiest spot I can find, considerably comfort the inner man. Pipe finished, and body refreshed, I rise, saddle the horses, and proceed to ford the river. It is some two hundred yards in width from bank to bank, but in the present dry season has a large bank of shingle uncovered in midstream, so that I get across without swimming, and am only saddle-deep in one or two places. The rapidity with which rivers in Queensland rise and subside is one of the most striking phenomena found there. A week's rain would raise this stream, which I now so easily ford, some ten or twelve feet, and convert it into an impassable torrent.

Mounting the steep bank on the other side, I have but little difficulty in finding the track, which leads me along the edge of a dense scrub, thick almost as an Indian jungle, but neither so impervious nor so variegated in colour. About the edge of it, wallabies and paddy-melons are playing, and they rush in by the half-dozen on my approach. On the branches of trees which project above the scrub are a few fine fat scrub turkeys, and their deep note to each other of 'tock-tock' mingles with the calls of the wonga-wonga pigeon, the screams of the cockatoos, and the everlasting chirp of the cicadas. My path does not lead through the scrub; for some few miles I coast round it, and then enter a wide, well-grassed plain, almost free from timber, and most refreshing to the eye; it is, in fact, a sensation quite peculiar, though somewhat resembling the feeling of arriving at an oasis in a desert.

The dread monotony of gum-trees in the Australian bush has to be felt to be appreciated. A gum-tree is a pleasing and pretty object, in its way, be it red, white, or blue gum-tree; but gum-trees from morning to night—gum-trees by tens, hundreds, and thousands of thousands, create a feeling more tiresome, more fatiguing, and more monotonous than anything else I know. After riding all day through these gloomy yet shadeless forests, one sees with pleasure a river, creek, or wall of scrub—anything to cause variety; but an open grassy plain is something glorious indeed. The horses feel it, their bush-trot is changed to a canter, and over the rough, though soft soil, we gallop merrily on. There they go! one, three, five emus, splendid birds, running in Indian file, with their long necks at full stretch. Even as they run, each bird stands four or four-and-a-half feet in height, and I look to Belle to see whether she is mad enough to pursue, but, poor creature, the hot day's work has told on her, and she is evidently 'working her passage,' for her head is low, and her tongue hangs out. Turning in the saddle, I watch the superb birds as long as they remain in sight, wishing for a fresh horse and a rifle; and when I look once more ahead, find that I have approached closely to a group of five or six large bottle-trees, whose strangely swollen trunks bend at different angles towards each other. A few squatter pigeons and a flock of bronze-wings, roused by Belle, dart, with flapping wings, into the tuft of green which so oddly crowns the quaint, dropsical-looking bottle stem. Over the long grass, a long neck, with a bird's head on it, rises, and then disappears; at a hundred yards' distance, another such head is raised, and suddenly pulled down, as if there was a wire fast to it. The birds are almost large enough to be emus, but I recognise the great bustard, or, as it is here called, the plain turkey—in contradistinction to the scrub turkey, which, though much smaller, is better eating than its large namesake. The turkeys run rapidly away, darting up the head now and again; but, keeping a sharp eye on the track, I move steadily on. The grassy plain is passed, and for a long way the country is of the regular bush character; but at last a space of burned grass, and the tracks of sheep, inform me that I am in the vicinity of a station; and erelong I come upon a wooden shanty, standing at the side of a pretty large sheep-pen, and having a small patch of pumpkins and tomatoes in front of it. But there is no living creature about; the shepherd is still out with his flock, and will not drive them back to the yard till sundown.

Searching about, I soon find the wheel-marks of the light cart used for conveying rations to the out-station from the head station; and leaving the track which I have all day followed, I follow the faint wheel-tracks over a rocky hill and across a pretty streamlet, reaching at last a well-marked bush-road, the fresh and deeply cut dray-ruts shewing that very lately wool has been sent down towards the coast, or stores carried up to the head station. After ten minutes' riding along this road, I hear a human voice, and a hearty one it is; a few more paces, and there is the smoke of a fire and a black pot or 'Billy' standing beside it, evidently containing tea. A bushy-whiskered, red-shirted human starts up, shouting, 'Hullo! what cheer, mate? Have a pannikin? Well, your brutes *are* baked. Where do you come from?' Before replying to these questions, I carefully empty the pannikin of hot tea which he has handed to me, and then learn that the hut I have just passed is the five-mile station, so that I may expect to reach the head station in less than an hour. A few minutes' conversation with this worthy, and, lighting a pipe at his fire, I continue my course. The road becomes more and more deeply marked, the sheep-tracks more numerous, and soon I hear the cracking of a bullock-driver's whip, and pass the heavy-laden dray with its eight bullocks tugging the broad wheels through the deep ruts of the rough road; then comes the barking of a dog, and the scampering of a flock of fine wethers, well fleeced, and ready for the shears.

The last two or three miles seem very long, though many objects present themselves to divert attention: the creek close to which the road runs is narrow, but has a succession of long and deep water-holes; one of these has been selected for sheep-washing, and men are busy putting up yards and fences; from them I learn that they commence washing on the next day. And now at length I get in sight of the head station, which consists of four or five low wooden houses, roofed with bark, and one long and more substantial wooden building, covered with shingles, yet having a somewhat imposing appearance compared with the other erections. This is the wool-shed, where the sheep are sheared, and the wool pressed into bales and stored, till it is despatched on drays to the coast. Passing a large paddock and some half-a-dozen *gunyahs* or bark wigwams, beside which a few naked gins are cowering round a fire, I ride up to the house which I judge to be that of the owner of the station, and dismounting, walk up to a little verandah, well shaded by a creeper loaded with passion fruit, purple and green.

Now, to understand the manners and customs prevalent in this part of the world, it must be mentioned that the gentlemen whose hospitality I am about to thrust myself upon are utter strangers to me; I merely know their names, and they never heard of me before. But, following the rule of doing at Turkey as the turkeys do, I approach the verandah, and seeing two men lounging on chairs, I inquire of the eldest whether he is Mr Blank. He acknowledges the name; and I briefly inform him that I am Mr Soandso, that I have ridden over from Kangaroo River, and am on my way to Platybus Creek. Whereupon they assist me to place my saddle and other fixings on the verandah, and my host gives a coo-ee, which is answered in person by a black gin, of whom all I can say is that she is *not* naked. She answers to the name of Jack, and obeys orders by taking my horses off to the paddock; after which Mr Blank, in the most hospitable way remarks: 'You must have a jolly appetite; tea will be ready in half-an-hour; meantime, try a glass of rum and water—'tis the only drink we have here.' So, over a glass of grog, we have a social chat, turning over in succession the price of wool, the chance of rain, the late murder of Wills' party, and the possibility of the blacks becoming dangerous in the immediate neighbourhood, the merit of various horses, and the latest news from Europe; in fact, all the usual bush-chat; till at last in comes the tea, carried by a hearty-looking Englishwoman, who, with her husband, have the general care of house and garden. Tea, beef-steaks, and sweet potatoes disappear in a marvellous way; after which we lie down on the verandah with all our pipes alight, and conversation never slackening.

The bright stars twinkle in a sky of perfect blue, the cicadas and frogs rival each other in noise; and, after arranging to stop a few days at the station, to see the shearing and have a day's shooting in the scrub, I lie down on a hard bed, and fall into a deep and refreshing sleep.

THE BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE IN THE DELL.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It stood alone in the dell, a sure object for the stranger's eye to rest upon; and though I have called it the black and white house, under which title the curious were won't to make inquiries respecting it, both house and dell bore the name of Raventree. Of course, there was the usual story of a raven's nest defunct to account for the name, and the big elm of the ravens stood in the coppice, which clung to the house on one side like a demi-belt. There, too, waved the delicate leaves of the acacia with its white blossom, the red-tinted bunches of the sycamore and the ash, and the rich dark-green of the beeches.

I saw the place for the first time in all the beauty which summer could hang about it, and I was going to it as my home henceforth. It had become the property of my stepfather, Geoffry Fernham, on the death of his cousin; and when I was in my twentieth year, there being no longer any pretext for keeping me at school, I received a sort of grudging permission to go home to Raventree. I had not seen my stepfather for five years, but I remembered every feature of his face and tone of his voice; and whenever I thought of him, I heard that voice, worried and fussy, saying: 'There, there; keep out of the way, keep out of the way.' And as in those old days, when he was poor and extravagant, and perpetually harassed with debt, there had never existed any show of affection between us, so I knew that there would be none now. I knew, too, that my life at Raventree must be lonely, for Geoffry Fernham, who had at first lavished his new wealth with all his old prodigality, seemed suddenly to have been struck with a penurious fit. He caused the greater part of the old house to be shut up, changed his habits entirely, and instead of the establishment which the master of Raventree might fairly be expected to keep up, he retained one woman-servant only, dismissing all the others. Moreover, the black and white house was haunted, of course. Through the coppice skirting the house, and thence to the silver willows by the red pool, lay a path which tradition said was kept bare by no mortal feet; it was the ghost's walk.

When I entered the house on this summer evening, it struck me that the sunshine left me at the door; and when I stood on the oak floor of the room which my stepfather chose to occupy as dining-room, drawing-room, and library in one, I looked at the low ceiling with its heavy beams, and felt as if I had the nightmare. My stepfather was seated at a table with some papers before him. As I entered, he looked up quickly, and nodded to me; but it was not the coolness of his greeting that made me stand there silent and motionless, as though I had been born dumb; it was partly the great change which had passed over him, and partly it was a portrait which hung on the wall behind him; a large, fierce, importunate portrait, with eyes that watched your every movement in dumb disapproval. It looked as if he had turned his back upon it on purpose, and as if, even with his back towards it, he could not forget that it was there. It was the predominant feature in the room, and its colours only made the man sitting below it more faded and haggard. As to the man himself, my stepfather, remembering him as I did, a hale, active man of forty-five, I should not have recognised him now. He had the snows of extreme old age on his head, his jaws had fallen in, his shoulders were bent, and his restless eyes were hollow and sunken. Only when he spoke was there anything familiar about him, for his voice had been spared in the general change.

'Well, Alice, you are come home; and I hope you will do as Martha bids you—that is to say,' he added, with a sudden recollection that I was no longer a child, 'I hope you will give as little trouble as you can, and—hm'——

'Keep out of my way.' I supplied the hiatus mentally; the speech was so like his old speeches. So that was all I had to do: mind what Martha said to me, and keep out of my stepfather's way. I might have asked who this Martha was, and where, in all the unknown dreariness of the house, I should find her, but I did not; I preferred beginning at once to look about for myself. I went back into the hall, and found my way from thence into a long straggling kitchen, which looked as if it had got the mildew. Long, damp, and uninviting as it was, I hesitated to enter. The very clock held its hands before its face in a stand-off manner, as though it would say: 'Don't come—we want no one; we are all mouldering away in peace here; don't disturb us; keep out of the way.' The tables were worm-eaten, and the chairs, and the clock-case; and when I looked at a long lean woman, who sat knitting by the fire, I started at the thought that she was worm-eaten too. I did not wonder that she sat by the fire this June day, for the kitchen was like a well, or a vault, where the dead bodies of chairs and tables were gradually crumbling to dust. The lean woman got up, still working away with her four knitting-needles at a stocking of gray worsted, but with her eyes fixed on me. They were curious eyes; moist, like everything in the place, having a look of perpetual tearfulness, and with the upper lids heavy and seemingly swollen. I spoke to her, but I

got no answer. Then I told her who I was, to which she returned the query, Who else should I be? And then she led the way to a room, which I took for granted was to be mine, since my luggage had been already conveyed into it from the hall. And since it was clear that if my gift of speech were ever to be used in the house, this Martha must be my respondent, I turned to speak to her again, and saw that the door had closed noiselessly, and I was alone. I went and leaned out of the window, feeling angry. By and by, my anger collected into a choking lump in my throat, and an unreasoning fit of depression came over me. All around me, there was the beauty of waving woods and green fields; beyond them rose up the tall spires and the dark red chimneys of the town, and looking at these, it seemed to me that I could almost hear, like a faint echo, the din of busy streets, and the bustle of life; but that life was far away. I could see, too, an opening in the trees, where the people from among those spires, coming down out of the smoke, used to hold picnics, but no one was there now. And I saw the silver willows which hung over the red pool, and dipped their branches in it, and beyond them a little curl of smoke from the red pool cottage. As fair a view, perhaps, as ever worshipper of scenery could wish for, but its very beauty and stillness filled me with a desperate wish to get away. I had never been accustomed to solitude, and at first sight it was intolerable. I could not bear to think that when I turned my head into the grimness of the chamber behind me, there would be no voice to answer mine, no presence to take away from the loneliness. The change was so sudden and total, that, as I looked into the future, the dim possibilities and hopes which used to lurk there were gone, and it held out in reality nothing for me but this—to do as I was bidden, and keep out of my stepfather's way.

CHAPTER II.

'Looking at the black and white house, miss?'

I know a time when I should have spurned the idea of nervousness, nevertheless, I turned round nervously at the sound of a voice in the silent wood speaking to me; but I saw only a red-faced old man eating his dinner on a tree-root, so I answered the question.

'Yes, I am.'

'Most folks does. Some draws it too.'

And here he looked at my hands, which held no appliances for sketching, and grunted, whether in satisfaction or the reverse, I could not tell.

'The black and white house,' he repeated slowly. 'That's Raventree. Man and boy, I've knowed it fifty years, and my father he knowed it longer before me. But he's gone, and the old house is going.'

'Do you mean that it is decaying from age?'

The old man wiped his big knife across his leg, and then shut it meditatively before he spoke again.

'Well, something of that it might be; there's no saying. But it's the family that's going; wore out. When there begins to be a looking after next heirs among cousins and second-cousins, then a family's on its last legs, I say. They tell me there is but one of the name left after the squire, and the squire he's never been the same man since he had that fit.'

'Fit?'

'Ah! He'd been out to dinner; never been out since. It's two year ago now; and he got up from his bed a changed man: wouldn't have anybody near him but the housekeeper, and turned all the servants away. Curious, wasn't it? May be he saw the ghost. Anyhow, I've never been in the house myself since, no further than the kitchen door, and I'm the gardener.'

'Are you the gardener?'

The old gentleman nodded.

'But I can't offer to shew you so much as the garden, for the squire ——

'Thank you all the same, but I come from Raventree myself.'

'Ask your pardon, miss.'

And then I turned away, and I knew that he was watching me curiously, mumbling something to himself, and I had to conquer a strong wish to turn back and talk to him again. I began to picture to myself that night two years ago, when the strong man was stricken down suddenly, and his strength left him for ever. It was not wonderful that I had known nothing of the fit which had so changed him, for who was likely to tell me in that dumb house, where the very sound of my own voice was beginning to strike me with a spectral strangeness? Neither did I know anything concerning the ghost whose walk lay before me. Yet, I can scarcely tell how it was, that in the first long days of my life at Raventree there had come up by degrees out of my solitude a senseless fear of something, I knew not what. It followed me like a shadow through the passages, and hovered in the corners of my room at night, though I could not tell what it was I feared. I know that superstitions do grow up before the eyes of those who live apart from the busy realities of the world; I could detect in my stepfather many an evidence of some secret fancy or strange imagining, but it was yet early for the demons of isolation to hover about me, and besides, my shadow was not like the shadows of superstition. It was a sort of intangible back-thought, and the click of those everlasting knitting-needles in the kitchen seemed to mix with it like a dim accompaniment. It was the presence of something in the house which I could not understand, and having said thus much, I have said all that I knew myself concerning it. When you were a child, my friend, you saw the fierce eyes of lions and tigers in some dark passage as you walked along it; and in the hall below, if there were no light, impossible bears and dogs lurked in the jungly corners, to spring upon you unawares from behind. By some such shadowy terror of a thing unseen, my footsteps were dogged, not only at night, but in the broad daylight; and it was this very shadow which impelled me, in my rambles among the woods, to turn every now and then, and look back at the house—as I had been looking when the old man accosted me—that I might be sure there was nothing terrible to be seen about it. My position at Raventree was rather a strange one. Vague thoughts of ruling a household might have flitted through my mind some time ago, but they had been exorcised. No one came to me for orders of any description, neither was my opinion nor convenience consulted upon any subject. I went and came as I chose, and did as I liked, but Martha ruled.

How my stepfather occupied his time, I never knew, except that he had a curious habit of playing chess with himself. My formal good-morning sometimes called forth a nod from him, directed towards the table, and sometimes, by a very great chance, a muttered response of 'morning;' but that was the extent of our daily intercourse. When I went into the house, with the old man's talk still in my mind, I sat down in my usual seat, and watched my stepfather. He had a pen in his hand, and paper lay before him, but he was not writing. I noticed that he sat, as he always did, with his back towards the portrait; he had a nervous trick of glancing back over his shoulder at that when anything startled him. I could have imitated the trick myself, for I never came into the room without being irresistibly impelled to look at the portrait, and when I could not see it, I never lost the sense that it was there.

While I sat at the window idle, Martha crossed the room, and took money from a purse that always lay on the mantel-piece. I heard her say 'For Jones the gardener,' in a tone that made me look up quickly. And when I looked up, I met the eyes under those

swollen lids fixed upon me, and felt that the gardener's conversation with me had all been repeated, and that I could not lift my finger without Martha's knowledge of it.

When I went up to my room at bedtime, I was still busy with that night two years ago, and I thought of the old man's words, 'May be he saw the ghost.' I wanted to know the history of this ghost. I associated it vaguely with a long dark gallery, into which two steps outside my door formed the entrance. I led it noiselessly down into the hall, and from thence to the coppice; there it must have met my stepfather on his return from that dinner-party. I began to see a white phantom gliding about amongst the thick trees, which grew strangely confused, and ran one into the other *pêle mêle*. Then, before my sleep had become sound and dreamless, while it seemed to me, in fact, as though I had been sleeping but a minute, I was broad awake again, listening to footsteps in the long gallery outside my door. There was a sound like a hand passing quickly backwards and forwards along the wall at my bed-head, and a clink, not indeed of rattling chains, but which sounded like a heavy key against a candlestick. For five minutes, my heart did its work in painful thumps; and then, as I began to smile at the absurdity of my own fears, a clock in the distant town struck one, and they revived. Instead of a minute, I must have been sleeping for nearly two hours. Was it likely that either of the other occupants of the house would be still up, and even if they were, what could they possibly want in that gallery at such an hour? I knew that it led only to rooms disused and shut up; and I began to think of the situation of those rooms, and to remember that they must of necessity look out into the coppice, where the ghost's walk took its rise.

It was midnight, and I was alone; moreover, my life at Raventree had been little calculated to strengthen me against such thoughts as came upon me then, and the shadow that lurked underneath the fine reasonings with which I sought to satisfy myself, gave the lie to their efficacy. Unexplained stories came before me at this untoward season, and on the threshold of problems which have never yet been solved, and to the consideration of which both the daring and the timid bring a certain awe, I halted. I could not at that hour affirm distinctly my disbelief in ghostly visitants, though I might have done so in the morning light. If, indeed, I argued, no such appearances were possible, how was it that from the remotest ages of man, the very air around had been endued with a subtle power to threaten the living with the dread presence of the dead?

The very fact of Geoffry Fernham's sudden change from prodigality to penuriousness became invested with a certain tragic interest, as I thought of it then, in connection with its mysterious cause. There was, however, something about my stepfather himself which repelled interest. Absent from him, one might think of him with a sort of sympathy: in his presence, the thought uppermost in my own mind was always 'Keep out of his way;' and when morning came, and I saw him silent and ungenial as usual, I forgot the dignity which last night had thrown about his story.

To the fact that I had counted the hours, as they struck in the distant town, with sleepless weariness till daylight, might be attributed the heaviness and oppression which hung over the whole day. I rose with a load at my heart; I went past the entrance to that gallery with a shudder; I stood at the hall door, and the sun was shining over the dewy lawns, but I looked from them to the dark coppice, with its rank vegetation, and its impenetrable depths of gloom; and said to myself again and again: 'If I could but get away from this horrible place!'

In the evening, I went to the red pool; I sat watching the silver willows dip their branches into it, and thinking how dark and cold it looked, till at last a phantom figure seemed to glide from amongst the acacias and beeches and come towards me. It was growing late, and I went home. A glance at Martha's face, as I met her in the hall, told me that something unusual had occurred, and, to my astonishment, she spoke.

'Mark Fernham is in there.'

'Who is Mark Fernham?'

'Your friend the gardener might have told you,' said Martha. 'But you are right to look surprised; it *is* unusual for Raventree to be honoured with a visitor. Mark Fernham is the next heir—come to see how long his enemy can last.'

'Is he going to stay here?'

'No visitor sleeps in this house.'

I followed Martha to the kitchen. I did not care then about Mark Fernham, I wanted to get out of my own thoughts and the ghost; I wanted to hold some kind of communion with a living woman like myself.

But Martha sat down to her knitting without manifesting either surprise at my presence, or inclination to attend to me.

'I am cold,' I said, leaning over a chair-back, and looking at her. 'I wonder if you know, Martha, what a strange dismal life this is at Raventree, or has long habit robbed it for you of its dreariness?'

For a moment, the heavy lids were lifted, and the cold eyes fell upon me speculatively.

'Dismal!' repeated Martha.

'Yes, dismal,' I said boldly; 'I am used to merry companions; I don't like solitude; and besides, you know Raventree is haunted.'

The dull speculative look changed into one of sheer amazement as I finished my speech, and the knitting-needles worked away faster than ever.

'Haunted!' ejaculated Martha at last, just in the same tone as her former exclamation.

'Did you ever see the ghost?' I asked.

'I have seen nothing worse than myself,' said Martha scornfully. 'As for your merry companions, hadn't you better go and talk to Mark Fernham there?'

'No, I would rather talk to you.'

'But I have nothing to talk about,' responded Martha, looking down decidedly at her work; 'and I am not fond of being talked to either.'

I turned away, and went to my own room. Before I reached it, there were voices in the hall, and I heard my stepfather say rather gruffly: 'Yes, you can shoot as much as you like; I haven't the least objection to that.' And then the hall-door closed, and all was quiet.

CHAPTER III.

'We are in some sort related, you know.'

'You forget that I am not a Fernham.'

'Related by courtesy, then. Is this a public foot-path?'

'You of all people should know better than that. This is the ghost's walk.'

'The ghost's walk?' Mark Fernham repeated the words with a smile, but even then I did not care to jest about it, so we walked on in silence to the gate, which he held open for me. I had met him by the red pool, and as each of us knew perfectly well who the other was, there had been no need of an introduction. But Mark waited in vain for the invitation which I did not dare to give; and it was with some apprehension as to the result that I saw him deliberately close the gate, and walk on after me.

His apologies for intrusion were received as though they were considered necessary; my stepfather put on his most impenetrable exterior, and Martha's face grew bitter beyond expression as she condescended

to wait upon us at the dinner-table. But Mark was at his ease; he looked, talked, and acted like one who took for granted the courtesy which he knew he should have exercised himself, had the circumstances been reversed. There was something, however, about that importunate portrait behind my stepfather which attracted him too; he could not help looking at it, as though some faint resemblance had struck him which he was endeavouring to trace out. And turning his head from one of these glances of inquiry, he caught my stepfather's eye watching him.

'Is it a good likeness?' said Mark involuntarily.

'Yes.'

'He must have changed a good deal after that was taken, though.'

'Possibly.'

'It is not a pleasant portrait,' said Mark. And then he added, laughing: 'Of course, you know the superstition amongst some of the poor people round here, that he is not dead after all, but may come back any day to astonish the world?'

The fingers of the housekeeper paused for a moment in their task; the heavy eyelids were raised, and a single flash came from under them; it was directed towards my stepfather. There was that sudden nervous glance of his over his shoulder, and his face had turned a sickly yellow.

'They are very wise,' he said with an effort. 'The boy that left them twenty years ago would be scarcely recognisable here now, if he were alive.'

'I have heard it talked about,' said Mark. 'He went away as soon as he was of age, I think?

'Yes.'

And then my stepfather changed the subject, and his manner changed with it. He grew eager and excited; he talked fast, and his fingers moved restlessly, and clasped each other, as though they would keep steady that constant twitching of his head in the direction of the portrait.

I went away to my own room; and from behind the curtain, I watched Mark Fernham as he passed slowly down through the shrubbery, looking back at the windows with a discontented air of seeking something. I watched him on into the woody lawn. I thought it strange that he seemed so studiously to take every step of the ghost's walk. I saw him stop under the silver willows; and then I drew back into the solitude, which was already lightened of half its dreariness. I had seen one out of the living world; words of unaccustomed consideration came back and touched me with the consciousness that I was young, and in the future that lay before me, hope had yet power to paint bright pictures. This man, who was like others, had roused me as I was sinking into the pattern of Raventree. Life might not always be what it was then; and in the meantime, I must find something to do that would keep me from stagnation. Full of these thoughts, I went to bed, and slept. I was roused suddenly and totally. In my room, all was quiet; the window remained slightly open, as I had left it, and the stars were shining: it was the old story of the ghost's walk—the shuffling footsteps down the gallery, the see-saw of the phantom hand on the wall, and then the steps dying away in the distance. I followed them in my imagination to the coppice, along the dreary walk under the raven's tree, and to the red pool. I measured the tramp, tramp of the steps, counting the time they would take to reach the pool, and wondering if they would come back again. But the night wore on, and I heard no more of them. I thought if ever I saw Mark Fernham again, I would tell him this, and hear what he thought of it; and then out of a far-off world into which I had wandered before, not so long ago, came other fancies and other dreams to cover and hide with fresh-springing fragrance the grave of the dead.

I did see Mark Fernham again, but I never spoke of the ghost; something always drove the subject back, if it occurred to me. Mark himself was so full of vigorous life, that it seemed to me as if he would have no sympathy with what he might call fancies.

'You think it dreary,' he said one day, looking round more gravely than usual, 'and so perhaps it is for you now. But consider how long the place has been neglected. The man living in that cottage,' he added, pointing to the gardener's little white mansion, 'could tell you of a time when Raventree was gay enough. And so it might be again. It is capable of immense improvement.'

'It is not the place, so much as'——

'Well?'

'Talk about something else. You would only call me idle, and laugh at me.'

Mark turned round suddenly with a vexed look on his face, but he did not speak.

'I did not mean exactly that you would laugh at me,' I said, 'but simply that you would not understand the dismal loneliness of my life at Raventree.'

'Is it so lonely?'

'Strong men like you have little toleration for a woman's fancies. But don't let us talk any more about that; I want to ask you something. Do you think it possible that there is any foundation for that superstition or supposition respecting—my stepfather's cousin?'

'Foundation; certainly not.'

'How did he die, and where?'

'He was last heard of as embarking on board a vessel which never reached its destination. He was a desperate fellow, which, being interpreted, would, I fancy, mean a scamp—mad after adventures of all sorts, lawful or otherwise. Why are you so much interested about him?'

'I don't know that I am, but his portrait worries me. I never go into that room without meeting those fierce eyes fixed upon me.'

Mark looked at his watch without answering, and said he must go. His visit was by this time a thing of daily occurrence, but he rarely came any further than the garden; and if he did occasionally stand a few minutes inside the hall-door, it was with a face that shewed his full perception of my stepfather's incivility. I had taken to busy myself amongst the shrubs and flowers, and persuaded myself that in my new contentment I had found only the reward of industry. But the day after that conversation, I did not work; we had both been watching the buds of a new flower which Mark had given me, and when I went to look at it that morning, I found two full, brilliant blossoms. I gathered one, and ran down to the gate, when I saw him coming, to shew it to him. But he was absent and strange; he took very little notice of me or of the flower; and when I drew back disappointed to let him pass, he went on straight into the house. By the time he came out again, I was back amongst the flowers, wondering what I had done, and whether he would go away without speaking to me; and I would not look up when he came across the lawn slowly, and stood watching me.

'I have been bidding my kinsman good-bye,' he said, kicking away a weed which my lazy fingers had just uprooted.

'Are you going, then?'

Mark thrust his hands into his pockets, and looked at me, biting his lip.

'Yes, I am going away.'

Because I did not know exactly what to do, or how to hide the fact that this was unexpected and unwelcome, I began walking along the path towards the gate of the shrubbery, by which he would have to go out. Mark moved on also, and we reached the gate in silence; then he turned, and leaned his back against it.

'I have been in the neighbourhood just a month,'

said he, 'and it is a miserable thing to go away now. I wish I wasn't going.'

'Why do you go?'

'Because I am not my own master.'

'You spoke of my stepfather as your kinsman; I don't know what the relationship is.'

'And it does not matter,' returned Mark impatiently. 'The relationship is distant; but because I am the next heir, he hates me, according, I suppose, to custom in such cases.'

'He is getting an old man, and does not like strangers.'

'Old!' repeated Mark; 'and strangers! It is hard that you should call me a stranger.'

As he said this, I saw the hall-door open, and my stepfather come out and stand in it. Mark saw him too, and turned to me quickly.

'He does not like to see me here; he grudges me even this. Well, we will not irritate him. We are friends, you and I, are we not?'

'I hope so.'

'I would not have called *you* a stranger,' said Mark, reverting to the word bitterly; 'I would—— Never mind. This much, however, I will ask. Your stepfather has given me no invitation to his house; he has been barely civil to me; but if I come into the neighbourhood again, may I see you? *He* will have no welcome for me, I know, but will you?'

I looked from Mark to the figure of my stepfather in the doorway, and could not answer. He seized my hand for a moment with a reproachful sentence, and then dropped it, half laughing, and said: 'Well, give me the flower, and don't forget that I taught you gardening.'

That was how we parted. I did not dare to watch him through the lawns, for my stepfather was still at the door, beckoning to me.

'I don't know how it is,' he began, coming to the point at once as I reached him, 'that Mark Fernham has chosen to make a sort of private hotel here. You and I, Alice, are well aware of our respective positions; I am careful for your welfare, and I deny you nothing reasonable; but if you have taken upon yourself to invite any one to my house'——

'I never invited Mark Fernham here,' I said quickly: 'and he is gone now; is not that sufficient?'

'To invite or encourage,' went on my stepfather, disregarding my interpolation, 'any one here, I tell you plainly, is forbidden. I will not have people coming about my house to play the spy. That is all I have to say to you, and now we understand each other?'

Seeing that he waited for an answer, I said: 'Yes, I understand;' and he nodded to me, and went into the house.

I felt that it was no use to argue the matter with him, or indeed with myself. I might have no more opportunities of encouraging visitors, even if I had wished to do it; and I had a dreary idea that things must take their course, whatever I might say or do. Nevertheless, foolish as it was, I wanted to see Mark again; I wanted him to know that it was no fault of mine if he received a scanty welcome at Raventree. I thought he must know it, but for all that, I wished I had told him so in words.

All through a dismal rainy fortnight, I thought of him, and could not help myself. I went over every word of his and every gesture that I could remember, and I wondered at my own stupidity in not waking up before to the consciousness of what I knew well enough now.

The ghost's walk was sodden and dreary, and the mournful pit-pat of the rain-drops outside my window might have passed for the ghost's footsteps in a perpetual tramp up and down to keep it bare; but I had other things to think of.

The October sun shone out again over the lawns, and Mark Fernham came back. I knew he would come; I could not even feign surprise; but yet when he really stood beside me, I dared not lift my face lest he should see the gladness in it, and I feared to hold out my hand because it was trembling.

'I told you I should want to come back,' said Mark; 'and now I am come, you won't even shake hands.'

I threw down my soiled gloves and the little garden-fork I had been playing with, and he said, watching me: 'You *are* glad to see me then?'

'Yes, I am; but I ought not to be. I cannot ask you to stay, or even to enter the house. I ought not to be talking to you here.'

'And I am a truant for your sake; I have no business here either. But I *must* talk to you, and I did not come to stay, or to enter the house. You know very well what I came for. I want you to promise to be my wife—will you?'

We had been walking slowly towards the house, but when Mark said that, we both stood still by a common impulse, for there stood Geoffry Fernham in the very position he had taken up the day Mark went away.

Mark looked at me for his answer, but I was not going to shrink from him then, and drawing my hand within his arm, he faced his kinsman bravely.

'If you have heard what I said, sir, there is no necessity for me to repeat it; all I have to ask is your approval.'

My stepfather looked from Mark to me, but there was no approval in the look.

'Alice knows that she is penniless. To what purpose would be the mockery of such a compact between you two?'

'Mockery!' repeated Mark reddening.

'Take no offence where none is meant. You are both young, and Alice at least has had no opportunity of judging you by comparison with others.'

Mark half loosened his clasp of my hand, but I did not take it away.

'Ah!' exclaimed my stepfather grimly; 'I see.'

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and his manner changed to a sort of nervous eagerness.

'You have no *present* prospect of being able to marry?'

'At present,' began Mark, 'you know as well as I do'——

My stepfather's face fell again, and he broke in abruptly: 'Of course, I know. I hold long engagements to be not only silly, but pernicious. Having said this, I leave you both at liberty to please yourselves; I am sorry to be obliged to add that I will do nothing to further a foolish engagement, neither can I offer you, Mark, any encouragement to come to Raventree; you understand? One word of warning.' Here he paused to throw that nervous glance over his shoulder at something which had no existence. 'If you are reckoning on a speedy possession here, remember that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, Mark Fernham, and you may drop into your grave yet without touching a farthing of the Raventree rental. Take my advice; say good-bye, and forget each other.'

When he was gone, we walked up and down that path by the coppice silent, till Mark turned to me and said: 'It is true that I can only ask you to wait for me, Alice. Perhaps it is selfish in me, but then I shall have to wait myself, which is as hard. A generous man would give you back your promise, but I don't feel generous. Do you care for me enough to wait?'

'I think I do.'

'You think?'

'I am sure, then.'

'It is hard that I am never to see you. Is there no chance?'

'None.'

'But you will answer my letters?'

I promised that. The evening air grew chill, the stars began to peep out, and a pale moon looked down upon us before Mark stopped at the shrubbery gate, opened it, and passed through; and I went into the house alone.

CURIOSITIES OF PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

PALEY pronounces ready money to be a great check on the imagination. If it be so, the British taxpayer ought to be one of the most imaginative personages on the face of the globe. He has never done paying, and paying under protest too. He loses no opportunity of expressing his decided and indignant opinion that the national expenditure is ridiculously large; that there is a war taxation in a time of peace; that the government must do something, and that if they do not, the country will not stand it much longer. At the agricultural gatherings held during the recess, county members preach economy. When borough representatives invite their constituents to hear them give an account of their 'parliamentary stewardship,' they quote statistics by the column to shew that ten years ago we did everything for much less money. When parliament reassembles, the royal speech informs the 'faithful Commons' that 'the estimates will be framed with a due regard to economy.' When these economical estimates are laid upon the table, there is a considerable amount of grumbling; but this grumbling only deals in generalities; it eschews details. It comes to nothing; and ministers always knew that it will not. It is directed principally against the war expenditure, and is silenced by a list of the iron ships which the Emperor Napoleon is said to have always ready to launch.

There are, however, a few honourable members given to calling for 'bills of particulars,' and to dividing on particular items in a vote. Defeat awaits them almost invariably; and after taking 'the sense of the House' some score or two of times, and finding it on each occasion decidedly against them, they give up the struggle; after which, votes amounting to many millions sterling in the aggregate, though made up of comparatively small items, are passed almost unchallenged in the course of a single night. This is more especially the case with the Civil Service Estimates; and some extremely curious payments are made under that general head, without ever meeting the eye of any one not devoted to the perusal of 'blue' books.

It is generally supposed that the 'Garter,' the 'Bath,' &c., are distinctions expensive only to those on whom they are conferred. But, on the motion of some inquisitive member, a return was presented to parliament in 1860 from the Lord Chamberlain's office, shewing the particulars of a sum of L.3541, 16s., paid for knights of the several orders and for sundries, under the head of 'Civil Contingencies,' between the 1st October 1858 and the 30th September 1859. From this document, it appears that the British public have the honour of sharing in the expenditure rendered necessary by these distinctions. One of the items was 'an insignia and ribbon of the Order of the Garter for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and a banner in St George's Chapel, L.180, 3s. 6d.' A banner for his majesty the king of Portugal was charged at L.27, 17s. 6d. The mantle of the Order for the Earl of Derby cost L.67, 15s.; and a similar national charge was incurred for the Earl of Harrowby, on that nobleman's installation. We are not, however, without evidence that due regard is had to economy in this department. Garters and stars of the Bath are kept 'in store;' and we have a sum of L.8 paid for the repairs of two old collars, to make them do for reissue. That other departments are not above seeing to repairs is shewn by an item in the estimates of L.23, 6s. for repairs to the maces of Lords and Commons.

What we spend on heraldic decorations does not amount to anything very formidable; but the same cannot be said of the items under the heads 'Conveyance and Entertainment of Distinguished Personages,' and 'Presents.' The 'entertainment' of the king of the Sandwich Islands and suite, during a passage on board H.M.S. *Calypso*, cost L.57, 15s.; and on their passage from Hong-kong to Japan on board H.M.S. *Sampson*, the Japanese interpreters ran up a small bill of L.153, 15s., which was duly honoured at the British Treasury. The purser of the *Hannibal* has charged L.17, 10s. for the 'entertainment' of the Rev. J. Costa, a political refugee, during his passage from Naples to Malta in January 1861. The 'entertainment' of the Grand Duke Constantine and suite on board the *Osborne* amounted to L.51, 13s., and that of part of the Empress of Austria's suite on board the same ship, between Madeira and Trieste, to L.114, 8s. 2d. It appears that we pay travelling expenses for the widows and orphans of foreign potentates, even when our civilities cannot be taken as 'a lively appreciation of favours to come.' The 'passage expenses on board the *Melpomene* of the Princess Darinka, widow of Prince Danielo of Montenegro, and others, from Corfu to Malta,' are charged at L.30.

In the matter of 'presents' we are still more generous. We have expended L.2121, 19s. 10d. on a lantern and dioptric-light apparatus for the Bey of Tunis. Our presents to the Rajah of Travancore and the Newab Nazin of Bengal, whoever they may be, stand us in L.400. There is an item of L.717 for state portraits and frames sent to foreign courts. The cost of a traction-engine and gun-carriage, which we presented to the Pacha of Egypt, was L.1886, 18s. 9d. Let us hope that the odd ninepence in the account is a sufficient proof of the rigid economy observed in the manufacture and transmission of these articles.

'Special missions, outfits, and conveyance' form a very respectable sub-total under the wider head 'Civil Contingencies.' The sum taken for them this year is L.38,884. The special mission of the Earl of Clarendon to the king of Prussia, on his majesty's coronation, cost L.6000; and that of the late Marquis of Breadalbane to invest the same monarch with the Order of the Garter, L.535, 9s. 3d. A special mission of Earl Cowley to the court of Vienna is charged at L.495, 7s. 11d.; that of Sir J. W. Ouseley to Central America at L.7000; that of the Honourable H. G. Elliott's to Naples at L.600. As compared with any of these, Mr Gladstone's mission to the Ionian Islands was a cheap one; his bill being only L.297, 6s. 4d.

'The official allowances on appointments at home' are on a very liberal scale. The outfit allowance to a Lord Chancellor is L.1843, 13s., as appears from the sum paid to Lord Campbell; and the equipage-money to the Earl of Carlisle, on his last appointment as Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was L.2769, 4s. 8d.

The 'extraordinary disbursements' of H. M. embassies abroad are such as to support that character for unbounded wealth and prodigality which, to the serious inconvenience of many of us, John Bull has acquired all over the continent of Europe. The vote under this head for 1862—1863 was based on the expenditure for 1860—1861, and amounted to L.35,562, 5s. 3d. Again, mark the scrupulous accuracy shewn by the odd shillings and pence. The items of this vote are curious and instructive. One is 'customary presents and official fees;' and Turkey comes in for a larger share of it than any other country—her officials have L.327, 9s. 9d.; those of Austria, L.55, 6s. 4d.; while at the most important of our embassies, that at Paris, only L.16, 5s. 4d. are disbursed in this way. The embassy at Constantinople has the pre-eminence in expenditure for 'telegraphic messages,' as well as in 'servants' wages

and board-wages.' The amount of the former is L.1895, 13s. 9d., and that of the latter L.1173, 18s. 4d. It may be observed that the inquiry into the finances of the Ottoman empire cost us L.1500. We illuminated in Tuscany during 1860—1861 to the amount of L.15, 6s. 8d.; in Paris, to that of L.21, 2s. In Spain, we must have done the thing very shabbily, or tallow must have been down, for the expenditure on 'fêtes and illuminations' was but fifteen shillings and sevenpence!

When we glance at the sums taken year after year for the repair and improvement of 'the royal palaces,' we cannot but ask whether it would not be cheaper to throw all these buildings down and erect new ones? In 1861—1862, the total voted for works at these palaces was L.38,214, of which L.20,122, 18s. were for palaces in occupation of the Queen, and L.3824, 5s. for palaces partly in occupation of her Majesty. For the year 1862—1863, the total sum is L.33,563, the relative proportions of the other two items being L.19,364 and L.6777. The balance in each case is for royal palaces neither partly nor wholly occupied by the sovereign. The expenditure on royal parks and pleasure-grounds—a very large item—comes under quite a distinct head.

The vote for 'secret service' is about L.32,000 a year; and we pay a small sum for pensions to Polish refugees, and to distressed Spaniards who rendered us assistance during the Peninsular War. There is a gradual diminution in this vote, arising from deaths among the recipients. The amount last session was L.3062.

The final vote for the expenses of the last census was agreed to in the session of 1862. The cost of this great statistical return of the population has been for England L.105,000; Scotland, L.30,000; Ireland, L.26,480—making a total of L.161,480.

'Law and justice' cost us a good round sum. Even in these ticket-of-leave and garrotting-days, we pay about half a million sterling for our convicts at home and in the colonies. The amount paid in judicial salaries is enormous; though the chief-justice of Tortola comes in for only L.178 a year, and his learned brother, the chief-justice of Anguilla, draws but the trifling sum of L.100 per annum from the British treasury.

The last estimate for the stationery department was L.342,649, a considerable reduction on the vote of 1861—1862, which was L.416,218. These sums ought properly to be reduced by about L.40,000, the amount paid into the Exchequer on account of sales made by the Stationery Office. At the head of this department is Mr J. R. M'Culloch, who is always making some suggestion for cutting down. In 1860, he wrote to the Lords of the Treasury, stating his opinion that a great saving might be effected for the public by making the clerks in the various public offices provide their own pens, penknives, erasers, &c., and allowing them 7s. 6d., 'or even 10s.' each a year in consideration of the outlay which such an arrangement would impose on them. This would have been a rather shabby proceeding. Last year, for the first time, Bibles and other religious books for the army appeared in the Stationery Office estimate. Mr M'Culloch thinks that a considerable saving to the public will be the result of the supply coming through his department. The public business is constantly on the increase, and the consumption of stationery keeps pace with it; but during the year preceding the time at which the last estimate was framed, there had been a saving of L.16,000 in the cost of parliamentary printing, and on account of the stationery used in the Admiralty, War, and other public offices, owing in a great degree to the repeal of the duty on paper, and to the improved system of buying that article for government purposes. Mr M'Culloch estimates the influence of the repeal of the duty at from L.20,000 to L.22,000 a year. Formerly, the Stationery Office took contracts in June for a supply of paper for a whole year. During the period when there was much uncertainty as to an immediate repeal of the paper-duty, Mr M'Culloch issued circulars, from time to time, to the principal parties in the trade, inviting them to tender for such supplies as the government really wanted. He found this system to do extremely well, and he asks the Lords of the Treasury to permit him to continue it. The weight of the paper used has been reduced, and machine-made paper has been substituted for hand-made paper. The heads of the Post-office altered their forms in accordance with a suggestion made to them; and Mr M'Culloch estimates the saving which will thereby be effected at from L.2000 to L.2500 a year. He praises the Post-office for this; but adds: 'There are many departments in which there is ample room for retrenchment.' There are twelve million of letters written each year on the public service. In June 1861, the Lords of the Treasury issued a minute limiting the size of the paper used in circular and other letters; this minute applied to no less than eight million of letters. The number of letters written by the public departments is great indeed, and the postage paid on them amounts to L.115,580. The Foreign Office spends L.2500, and the Colonial Office L.100, in telegraphic expenses.

On the *Gazettes* of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, the government made a clear profit of L.14,112, 6s. 9d. last year, the profit of the previous year having been L.11,634, 11s. 6d.

With all the complaints against it, the Post-office is perhaps the most popular of all our public establishments. The estimate of its expenditure for the year ending in March next is L.2,084,687, being a decrease of L.76,446 on the expenditure for 1861—1862. The amount of the salaries remains about the same, but there is a reduction on the item for the manufacture of postage-stamps from L.29,330 to L.27,916, and on the item, paper for labels and envelopes, printing and gumming labels, and folding and gumming envelopes, from L.18,500 to L.17,000. That it is intended to extend the pillar-box system is shewn by the fact, that L.2500 are taken for pillar-boxes in England, and two sums of L.100 each for similar contrivances in Scotland and Ireland.

The items referred to in this paper are but a few of those which go to swell our Civil Service estimates, but they are a fair sample of the whole, and will give the reader an idea of the laborious task performed by those honourable members who make themselves acquainted with the details of our national expenditure.

DEW.

THE form of moisture known as dew arises from the deposition of water previously existing in the atmosphere as aqueous vapour, which is deprived of its vaporous shape by contact with colder bodies. Grass and leaves arrive at a lower temperature than the circumjacent air in the following manner. All bodies are constantly radiating heat, and their temperatures can only remain constant by their receiving from other objects as many rays of heat as they emit. The temperature of a substance situated so as to radiate a greater number of calorific rays than it receives, must fall; such is the condition of grass, leaves, and substances of this sort, on the surface of the earth; on a clear evening, their rays of heat are emitted into the air, and lost in space, as nothing is present in the atmosphere to exchange rays with them. If a thermometer be placed upon a grass-plot, on a clear balmy evening, it will frequently indicate a temperature from ten to fifteen degrees lower than that of the surrounding air; but the thinnest cambric handkerchief held stretched above it will, by exchanging rays

of heat with the adjacent grass, cause the thermometer to mark an increase of temperature. The passage of a thick cloud over the spot will be followed by the same result. But on a clear evening, as the calorific rays of grass and leaves become dissipated, their temperature necessarily diminishes, and falls below that of the surrounding air, and some of the aqueous vapour therein is converted into water by contact with the grass or other bodies whose heat has thus been dissipated.

Grass, wood, leaves, and filamentous substances are good radiators, and consequently dew is usually deposited upon them, but rarely upon smooth stones or sand, for two reasons—firstly, because the latter are not good radiators; and secondly, because some of the heat lost by radiation is restored by their contact with the earth. Thin clothes are also good radiators; and Campbell correctly says:

> The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
> For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
> To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

As the most copious deposit of dew takes place when the weather is clear and serene, the poet, when using the epithet 'wind-beaten,' refers, no doubt, to the general character of the hill, and not to the state of the evening.

At the time aqueous vapour is being condensed or converted into dew, it communicates to the body effecting the conversion the whole of its *latent heat*, which is so very considerable, that it would be sufficient to raise nine hundred and fifty times the weight of water condensed into dew one degree of Fahrenheit, or more than five times that weight of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point. Incredible as this may seem, it must actually happen, and the whole of this vast amount of heat must be dissipated by the substances upon which any dew is deposited before the deposition can proceed. This enables us to form some conception of the prodigious powers of radiation possessed by dew-condensing plants. It also presents water to us as a sort of what may be termed heat or caloric regulator, for when water is converted into vapour or steam, it absorbs precisely the same amount of heat as is liberated on the condensation of steam or vapour into water; thus, when the weather is very hot, large quantities of water are converted into vapour, thereby withdrawing or rendering latent a vast amount of heat, which might otherwise prove injurious to animal or vegetable life. On the other hand, by being condensed into dew, it restores to vegetables that heat which they had dissipated by radiation, and which, but for such restoration, might possibly operate to impair or destroy their vital functions. This is one reason why places near the sea are always more temperate;* that is, enjoy a more equable climate than those remote from it.

The reason why water distilled from aqueous vapour on the leaves of plants takes the form known as dew, depends upon the combined and contemporaneous action of three several and distinct forces, which are all operating during its formation. The three forces are—the mutual attraction between the dew and the surface of the leaf or substance upon which it is deposited, called *adhesion;* the mutual attraction of particles of water for each other, termed *cohesion;* and the force of *gravity*, or its own weight. During the earliest period of the deposition of dew, the first force, or that of adhesion, predominates, and a thin film of moisture is spread evenly over the whole radiating surface, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, is spread over the whole surface proportionably to the radiating power of its several parts. As the deposition progresses and more water is distilled, the second force, or that of cohesion, asserts its influence, and this thin film of water is broken up into a number of minute globules; these gradually increase in size as more water is condensed, and the third force, the force of gravity, or the weight of the dew, begins to be sensibly felt, which at last overcoming the force of adhesion, the poor little globules are ruthlessly torn from the leaf or radiating surface, and roll dishonoured on the ground. Some few, however, glide to a point in the leaf or blade of grass, where the force of adhesion, favoured by some accidents of surface, successfully renews its struggle with the force of gravity, and the fortunate little globules are sustained aloft. The three forces are now in stable equilibrium, the second, or that of cohesion, being locally predominant, which results in a bright little pearly sphere clear as a diamond; and thus, in our morning walks, our eyes are dazzled by Night's jewelled gifts to Nature.

* It may be mentioned that the three elements which determine the climate of any place, omitting that of aspect, are the coast-line, the altitude, and the latitude.

ANOTHER YEAR.

The years speed by with meteor flight,
And warn us of the tomb;
Another one hath quenched its light
In everlasting gloom.

Another mile-stone on Life's road
Is now for ever past;
Perchance—no one can know save God—
We 've tottered by our last.

We are as fragile as the leaf
Quick yellowing to decay;
The longest life is but a brief
And strangely checkered day.

'Tis surely time to rest our oar,
To pause awhile for breath,
Before we reach the silent shore,
And yield our dust to Death.

But not with sorrow, tremblingly,
Need we survey our chart;
Wrestling with storms upon the sea,
Should stouter make the heart.

And we, who on the sea of Life
With fiercest storms have striven,
Should courage take in times of strife,
And leave the helm to Heaven.

Yet, still 'tis well, as years roll round,
Our good life-bark to view,
And see that cord and plank are sound,
Rudder and compass true;

For many a bark, that long ago
Launched forth with colours bright,
Heavy with weeds, lies dark below
The sunshine and the light.

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THE DATE-PALM.

THOUGH there appear to be in the world upwards of six hundred species of palm-trees, the interest and curiosity of mankind cluster chiefly about that which bears dates, and forms at once the ornament and riches of Western Asia, together with several divisions of Africa. Its original country is Arabia, though it flourishes and ripens its fruit in nearly all the provinces of Persia, especially in the sandy levels of Fars and Mekran. Egypt also boasts of the palm-tree, and beholds it attain an elevation which it seldom knows in the Nejed, and produce clusters of dates vaster and more luxuriant than are elsewhere found in the world, some of them exceeding a hundred pounds in weight, while each date, whether purple or of the colour of pale gold, measures three inches in length. In an enlarged sense, the natural home of the palm-tree extends from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the thirtieth degree of north latitude, and from the valley of the Indus on the east to the mountains of the Libyan Desert on the west. Here, stimulated by heat, and supplied often in an imperceptible way with moisture, it towers to the height of a hundred and twenty feet, and planted in straight lines, with its leaves meeting and intermingling above, forms a vast succession of shady arcades, through which long strings of camels and dromedaries, defiling in the early dawn, suggest the most picturesque and poetical ideas. At the foot of this tree, man first appears upon the earth, and for many ages his history and wanderings are confined to the country of the date-palm. Thence he spread his empire east, west, and north, carrying, however, with him always traditions of the noble tree under which his earliest cradles were rocked, his primeval tents pitched, his flocks and his herds collected, and where he first formed the sacred associations of home.

Half the pleasures we experience are due to the imagination, which is excited in a strange and unintelligible manner, by emerging from between rocks in the desert, and coming up suddenly to a well, edged carefully with stone, and shaded by a palm-tree. All the incidents of the patriarchal life pass in procession before us, as we sit musing on the margin of that water, and eat of the dates which the palm showers down upon our heads. The breath of life seems doubly sweet at such moments, while the wind from the waste fans our cheeks, and, by bearing along with it showers of fine sandy particles, creates a slight rustling sound like the whispering of small rivulets at night. The Romans, while yet new to the East, imagined Palestine to be the original country of dates, and when their legions had overrun the land, and subdued its inhabitants, represented Judea as a captive woman, seated pensively beneath a palm-tree. Afterwards, when the fortunes of war had carried them southwards along the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, they beheld palm-trees to which those of Judea were mere pigmies. The date, in fact, will not ripen near the ground, but must woo the sunbeam and the breeze from a lofty nest, where it nourishes its swelling clusters throughout the summer, and changes from green to amber, from amber to gold or crimson or purple, as autumn lays its warm hand upon it, and prepares it to be the sustenance of millions. There is no fruit that can be eaten so constantly, or with so much impunity, as the date. It is like bread, and is bread to whole nations of orientals. And what a delicious bread, baked by the sun, and showered in profusion upon the earth, to be gathered and laid up for the future, either dry in huge corbels, or pressed into a conserve, which, when cut into slices, looks and eats like plum-pudding. We have often been present while this dainty was in preparation: first, with a little brush made of fine palm-leaves, the particles of sand are whisked away from the fruit, which, having then been laid open with a sharp flint, the stone is taken out, and if large and fine, laid aside for planting; next, the dates are thrown into a clean strong square vessel like a tub, and having been closely pressed by heavy weights laid upon a thick board made to fit, the whole process is completed. Immense quantities of this conserve are exported from Egypt and Arabia into all the neighbouring countries, where it is much prized, especially in the harems, where the women and children may almost be said to eat it incessantly.

No man can starve in a date-country during the three months of the year in which the fruit is eatable, since he has but to throw up a stone into the tree to bring down his breakfast or his dinner. For this reason chiefly, tents are pitched and villages built in palm-groves; and as hogs are turned into the woods in acorn-time, so children are let loose in the palm-woods throughout the whole period of date-harvest to collect their own provisions, and feed as they list. You may often, as you journey along, observe whole

troops of the little gourmands, who, having eaten to repletion, have fallen asleep amid the remains of their meal; while the generous tree, of whose bounty they have partaken, waves and rustles over their heads, letting down occasionally glints of sunshine, which, glancing over their dingy red caps and many-coloured rags, convert them into a curious picture. In the Nejed or Arabian Desert, the traveller often meets with salt pools or streams which traverse the sandy flats, or wind along the bottom of tortuous hollows. Here the palms are sure to be found clustering, and because they delight in imbibing saline particles, growing to a great size, and yielding an abundance of the richest fruit. Apart, however, from all considerations of sustenance, the palm in such lone places is a boon indeed. After travelling through an atmosphere which may almost be said to be on fire, since in the sun the thermometer often rises to 170 degrees, you enter a palm-wood, and experience immediately the most soothing and agreeable sensations—not merely of coolness, but of a sudden increase of force, which gives fresh play to the fancy and keenness to the appetite. Your dromedary, without being bidden, guesses his duty by instinct, and kneels in the shade, with a sort of deep grunt, expressive of satisfaction. You then descend upon the green-sward, strewed perhaps with golden fruit, and while your beast munches his corn or chopped straw, set about preparing your own repast. 'Blessed,' exclaims Sancho, 'be the man who invented sleep,' and you apply the same benediction to him who invented portable furnaces, about ten inches in height and six in breadth. One of these you take forth from your store-pannier, and with mimosa charcoal, in a few minutes kindle a fire, and behold your coffee-pot bubbling to the brim. Then, with a little bread, a handful of dry dates, or a slice of conserve, you allay your hunger; and this frugal meal, eaten beneath the open sky, in the presence of nature, and shared by some faithful Arab, is infinitely more pleasant than the most gorgeous banquet spread beneath golden roofs, and accompanied by repletion and satiety. If the repast itself, however, be agreeable, what shall we say to the dessert!—a banana fresh plucked from the stem, luscious as the fruits of Paradise, and scented as a bunch of sweet flowers. Then you stretch yourself, pipe in hand, upon the grass, and inhale the smoke of Lebanon's perfumed narcotic, till the whole scene—the shady date-grove, the salt-lake, the distant sand-hills glowing in the burning sun, and the deep blue arch of heaven expanding over all—assumes the character of a vision, becoming more and more indistinct by degrees, till your eyelids close, till the pipe drops from your fingers, till you glide into the world of shadows, and are transported westwards, perhaps many thousand miles, to the green meadows and cold streams of your own ungenial but beloved country.

Proceeding down the Shat-el-Arab, and emerging into the Persian Gulf, you behold the shores receding from you on both sides, and notice, on the right, immense mud-flats, created by the west wind, which, blowing almost incessantly, transports vast clouds of dust into the sea, which it will gradually fill up, so as to convert the whole gulf into a valley, with the united streams of the Euphrates and the Tigris flowing down its centre, as the Nile flows through Egypt. The Nilotic valley, in fact, was in remote times a gulf of the sea, the marks of whose action you perceive distinctly upwards of five hundred miles from the Mediterranean. How many thousand years it took to exclude the salt water from the site of Thebes, it would be difficult to calculate, and the same observation may be applied to the lapse of time that will be needed to transform the Persian Gulf into a green valley dotted with towns and cities, and planted thickly with palm-groves. Already, however, on its margin, all the way down to Maskat, the palm flourishes luxuriantly, disclosing to the eye of the mariner a glimpse of those beauties which are to be met with in the interior of the desert. When palm-trees are represented by art, we observe nothing but a columnar stem, smooth or annulated, rising high into the air, and crowned with a circlet of vast leaves, projecting on all sides, pendent, tremulous, with softly plumed extremities, which are put in motion by the slightest breath. It is therefore commonly inferred that the palm is naturally leafless, except at the summit, whereas, in truth, the young tree rises like an aloe plant from a thick and close investiture of leaves, long near the root, and growing shorter and shorter as they ascend, till they terminate in a point like an obelisk. Nothing can exceed in beauty or depth of verdure a plantation of young palms, before the cultivator has begun to apply the pruning-knife, which is generally when the tree has attained the age of six or seven years. The lower leaves are then cut off, and the tree shoots rapidly aloft, till, in the course of fifty years, it averages from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet in height, and is at the acme of its strength and productiveness. In this mature and prolific state, it remains during other fifty years, till, having attained the age of a full century, it begins, though very slowly, to lose the power of bearing, and when it has braved the heat and storms of two hundred years, may be said to be nearly barren. Still, it does not die; but retaining much of its beauty, though without productiveness, continues to cheer and gladden the aspect of the desert with its graceful figure, not the less interesting because touched by decay. The sun which impregnated it at first with vitality and force, is loath to destroy the loveliness which it called into existence, and pityingly spares the palm for the space of six hundred years, after which it submits to the general laws of nature; though in India, individual palms of some species are said to reach the age of a thousand years.

The Arabs, a poetical and sympathetic race, often employ very touching language in describing the decay and death of the palm. It is attacked, they say, by decrepitude in three ways: first its leaves grow thin, and one by one fall off, leaving its revered head bare to the weather; then chilly moisture falling upon its summit, and trickling downwards through the openings left by the fallen leaf-stalks, rot it from above, till it blackens, and withers, and splits, and becomes a victim to the first storm. Occasionally, death begins his operations at the roots, which he dries up, and contracts and weakens, till, losing their hold upon the earth, they are no longer able to uphold the grand trunk, which falls prostrate before the first strong gust of wind. A third way of accomplishing the ruin of the palm is the clogging up of the tubes through which the nourishing and prolific sap had been wont to ascend, to be converted into fruit, or branch forth into leaves. In this case, the arborescent pillar dries and cracks, and is converted into tinder or dust, which the wind by its incessant action blows away and disperses over the sand. When fallen, the palm-trunk invites the Bedouin to sit down and moralise upon it, which he does, comparing its fate to that of his own tribe, which, from having been formerly the terror of the world, when under the young califate it burst forth, scimitar in hand, to achieve conquest and glory, is now dwindled into a camel-feeding, date-selling horde, rather afraid of subjugation than menacing others with the yoke. Had he contented himself with the dominion of the palm-countries, and concentrated his power and his energy within their limits, the Arab might have been still formidable.

The palm, when sought to be naturalised in the north, loses strength and heart at the thirtieth parallel of latitude, soon after passing which it refuses to bear fruit, and if urged much further, withers and dies. There is indeed a dwarf-palm

which consents to beautify the mouth of the Ebro, and the slopes of the kingdom of Valencia in Spain, and imparts to Italy an oriental feature as far as the forty-fourth degree of north latitude; but like the camel and the Arab, it feels itself to be a stranger in the land, and droops sadly like an exile on the riviera of Genoa, where, nevertheless, about four thousand palms stud the sea-board. Even in Greece, however, there is not warmth enough to ripen the date, which is stunted even at Alexandria, but begins to improve at Rosetta, and on the plain of Memphis acquires its most majestic development. In Middle Egypt, the palm-woods remind the traveller of England, since they are so many rookeries, in which he is stunned every morning by vociferous cawing of the crows. Perched also among their summits, he beholds the ring-dove and the turtle-dove, with flights of white ibises, which rest like huge snow-flakes upon its fern-like leaves. Up the valley, beyond the Cataracts, where industry flourishes exactly in proportion to distance from the central government, the palm-trees rising in the midst of the most elaborate cultivation, display a rare grandeur and beauty. In some places where they are not extremely lofty, gourds climb up their trunks, and put forth their fruit, large spheres of green and gold, between their stems, where they occupy in winter the place of the date-clusters. By the foliage of these plants, the stem is sheathed with bright green, which gives it a striking appearance.

Among the palms of America, the mountain or wax palm is the loftiest and most extraordinary, sometimes rising in the Andes to the height of nearly two hundred feet, and growing on the very limits of perpetual snow, nearly fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; whereas the date-palm has never been found to flourish at more than one thousand nine hundred feet above the same level. According to the views of some naturalists, the jagua is the most beautiful of palms, with its smooth lofty stem and vertical leaves, sixteen or seventeen feet in length, which, terminating in grassy points, tremble and flutter as the leaf-stalks balance in the wind. Others bestow the prize of beauty on the areca-palm of the Indian Archipelago, which adorns the forests of Borneo, and is found as far south as New Zealand. In the forests of Ceylon, the talipat-palm (*Corypha umbraculifera*) surpasses all other trees of the forest in loftiness and majesty, but yields greatly in elevation to the date-palm of Egypt and the wax-palm of the Andes. It is not our present object to enumerate the uses to which man applies the timber, the fruit, the leaves, or the fibre of the various kinds of palm, since to do so would require many pages, but we may observe, that in the valley of the Orinoco whole tribes of men subsist during several months of the year on the produce of the palm-trees. In beauty of appearance, the fruit of the peripuao surpasses the date. Projecting between the stems of the leaves in clusters of seventy or eighty, each larger than a peach, and tinged with yellow, suffused with a roseate crimson, it attracts the eye from afar; and the native, when he has possessed himself of the tempting prize, converts it into a substitute for bread.

Philosophers discover in the exuberant bounty of nature in those countries, the principal cause of their continued barbarism. Man is an indolent, lazy, uninventive animal, when not stimulated by the sting of necessity. Give him abundance of food without labour, surround him with a warm atmosphere, render it needless for him to toil at the shuttle or with the axe, at the plough or with the spear or bow, and he will seat himself beneath a tree in all but perfect nudity, and, without caring for wife or children, smoke and dream away his life, till invested with rags and feathers, he is consigned to the earth. Nature is kinder to him by far when she compels him to pay with the sweat of his brow, and with the activity of his brain, for every blessing she affords. Hence civilisation has sprung up and developed itself in those countries in which subsistence is procured with a considerable amount of labour, in Egypt, in Greece, in Mesopotamia; that is, around the basin of the Mediterranean or in the valley of the Euphrates. Nothing is there to be obtained for nothing, though everything for industry. Perhaps, when drained and cultivated, when irrigated, planted, weeded, there are spots in Persia which rival in beauty the Paradise of the imagination. So likewise amid the palm-groves of Yemen or the Hejaz, you come occasionally upon gardens where nothing appears to be wanting to complete the picture of external felicity —where the pomegranate and the vine, the peach, the apricot, the nectarine, the cherry-like lotus, the pear, the apple, the quince, the orange, the citron, and the lemon, display all their dazzling hues and forms of beauty around the gigantic date-palm, and under the protection, as it were, of its majesty. The Singhalese have a superstition which teaches them to belive that the cocoa-nut palm will not grow out of hearing of the human voice; and the Arabs with greater truth might maintain, that the date-tree will only flourish as the companion of man, since, where he is absent, the palm droops and becomes stunted, and refuses to bear fruit, at least such as is fit for food. The Bedouins say that it pines from neglect, and, reasoning with itself, declines to bear what there is none to partake of. Fancy, however, is not logical, and easily reconciles herself to facts which do not exactly square with her theory. For example, in many parts of the Arabian Desert, which, owing to the intense heat, are seldom visited, you nevertheless find the date-palm exhibiting prodigious luxuriance.

This is to be explained partly by the circumstance that hidden veins of water creeping beneath the sand bear moisture to its roots. According also to the Bedouins, wandering dervishes, who, they say, love the palm, take up their abode from time to time beneath these lonely trees, and comfort them in their solitude, bestowing upon their culture all the care necessary to reconcile them to existence. There is no doubt that, throughout Arabia, the strolling saints of El Islam are found in the most unpromising situations, deeply tanned by the sun, with a staff in their hand, a wallet on their back, and enthusiastic piety in their aspect. Nothing daunts them; and their large black, keen eyes, piercing through everything terrestrial, catch glimpses of the better land, towards which, in common with the whole human race, they are journeying. When they have completed their task, some friend or successor erects for their remains, and always, if possible, beneath a palm-tree, a pretty, picturesque, little structure in the form of a cupola resting on four square pillars, and furnished with seats and praying-carpets within. These beautiful tombs, which constitute one of the most striking features of Mohammedan countries, often elicit the blessings of the traveller, as, faint from heat and weariness, he sits down in their grateful shade, and eats his morsel over the remains of the saint beneath, whose name, in all likelihood, he ever after pronounces with respect. Many a cup of coffee have we sipped, many a date have we eaten, many a pipe have we smoked beneath those airy, delicate cupolas, which seemed to have been built expressly for our solace. In the hot nights of summer, when the Wind of Fifty Days has been blowing, it was with inexpressible delight that we reached a tomb, especially if its side-wall happened to be so situated as to screen us from the fiery blast. Never shall we forget one moonlight night—the Khamsyn swept over the desert like the breath of a furnace—the camels drooped, and arched their long necks towards the sand—the Arabs, usually lively and loquacious, dropped off into silence; something in the atmosphere appeared to affect the brain, which whirled and became giddy, while the eyes saw objects

double, and the act of breathing was a painful effort. Suddenly a tomb appeared in sight, consisting of many chambers, with a small airy colonnade running along its northern face. Under the shelter of this building, we breathed a comparatively cool air, though the fact seems difficult of explanation, since it lay plunged in the hot atmosphere which pressed all around upon the desert. Possibly to be screened from the south-western wind might have been all that was needed to produce the agreeable effect we experienced. How the saint who reposed there was named, we never learned; but without in the least checking our feeling of gratitude, we made merry all night in his tomb, eating macaroni, drinking coffee, and smoking the fragrant tumbook, a compound of tobacco, rose-petals from the Fayum, a little scented paste from Persia, and some few particles of opium, which inspired us with wild fancies, and invested the whole visible landscape with poetry.

Among the mysteries of eastern nature, few are more difficult of solution than this same Wind of Fifty Days, which begins to blow in spring, and with a profound contempt for its own name, often lasts more than two months. In Egypt, we cared little for it, because it was nearly always possible to find shade and shelter, with an abundant table, which renders people regardless of all the winds that blow. It is different in the deserts to the east and west of the valley. Down in Oman, for example, as you near the shores of the Persian Gulf, there blows an analogous wind, though under a different name, and proceeding from a different quarter, which makes the eyelids swell, inflames the edges of the nostrils, puffs out the lips, and in a wonderful manner deadens the intellect. Under the influence of this pestilential breeze, a friend of ours, having penetrated far into the interior, through one of the valleys or furnace-mouths which lead up from the Persian Gulf to the burning level of the desert, became mad, and putting his loaded rifle into his mouth, touched the trigger with his foot, and blew off a part of his jaw. He meant to commit suicide, but the blood which flowed from the wound appeased the fury in his brain, so that he escaped, though mangled and mutilated for life. He described the heat as something so fearful, that in the delirium it brought upon him he imagined himself to be a lighted torch, and fancied he could discern the flames rising from his body. His companions, faithful Arabs from the desert, bore him bleeding to a seat beneath a palm-tree, where they bound up his jaw, and gave him water to drink, and bathed his forehead and his eyes, and then making a litter of rifles, and placing the wounded man upon it, protected from the sun by a rude canopy of burnooses, bore him back tenderly towards the sea.

In Africa, when the Khamsyn ceases to blow, which it does very suddenly, you experience an invigorating sensation, and are at a loss to account for it, till you observe that the breeze is from the north, and brings along with it refreshing coolness from the Mediterranean. This is the Etesian wind, which makes music throughout the summer among the palm-leaves, which seem to derive additional greenness and brilliance from its influence. So likewise the mimosa copses growing beneath and around the palm-groves, emit a sweeter odour in the north wind, while the long reaches of citron and orange trees diffuse their rarest perfumes, and fling them aloft to scent the ripening dates. There is a pretty little valley not far from Mecca, in which they say Mohammed delighted to meditate when he was inventing his religion, and laying down the plan of the Koran. He could not have chosen a spot better fitted for the reception of celestial inspiration. There the palms attain their noblest size; there all the fruits of Arabia display their utmost perfection; there springs of water gush from the living rock, and descend in sparkling streams, between matted beds of clover and violets; there the roses, larger and sweeter than those of Serinaghur, droop over the brooks, and scent the waters as they flow, and we almost fancy that several chapters of the Koran are still redolent of that valley, in their freshness, simplicity, and beauty. Who would not envy the Arabian prophet the seclusion and serenity of such a study, the trees around him dropping their medicinal gums, the voices of the turtle-dove, the ring-dove, and the nightingale following each other throughout the twenty-four hours. To that mighty mind, however, which by its ideas modified the thoughts of half the East, few things earthly were more pleasing than the lisp of children, and the whispers of the palm-tree, when Ayesha sat beside him on the grass, singing the songs of Arabia, and still half an idolater in her worship of his intellect.

THE BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE IN THE DELL.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

THE clock of a distant town-church struck midnight, and there broke out a dismal howl from the dog in his kennel. I had been reading; my head felt hot and tired, and in spite of the frost which glistened on the lawns, I threw open my window, and leaned out to breathe the air of a November night. I drew it in again suddenly. The sensation of cold which passed over me was not the frosty air; it was the old story of the ghost's walk. Again those stealthy footfalls neared my door; they passed it; they went on up the dark gallery, and I lost them. In an instant, and for the first time, my shadowy fear took the form of robbers. The steps I had heard before always came *down* the gallery; these had gone up it. Would they come back again? One may reason away a vague superstition, but a sudden and not unwarranted dread of robbery and murder will not be argued with. There were neither tongs, poker, nor shovel on the hearth, but in one corner of the room there was an old yard-measure, and I took that in my hand mechanically, returning to the window with it. My door was locked, but what would robbers care for locks? I might have barricaded it, but I could only look at the silvery light on the ghost's walk, and listen. A faint sound stole to my ear; it was like the cautious shutting of a distant door. A little longer, and I heard the footsteps coming back again. I clutched my yard-measure tight; then, as I listened, holding my breath, came the old sound of a hand passing across the wall outside at my bed-head. My idea of robbers vanished, and in its place came an irresistible desire to know what were those mysterious footsteps. I did not stop to consider then; my head was dizzy, and my heart throbbed painfully. With a mixture of fear and desperation, my hand still clutching the yard-measure, I threw open my door, and stood face to face with my stepfather.

In the first moment, as I stood dismayed and stupified, I noticed that sudden hasty glance of his over his shoulder; in the next, I saw dangling from his one finger against the candlestick a large key; and then, standing back a little, he said significantly:

'Well?'

'I was frightened.'

He held the light up to my face, and examined it.

'What frightened you?'

'I heard footsteps, and thought there were robbers in the house.'

'Is it your general custom to play the household spy? I mean, to sit up half the night listening for robbers?'

'No; but to-night I have been reading.'

'Let me recommend you to read in the daytime.'

'Besides, the dog's howling startled me.'

My stepfather shrank visibly, and I fancied that his face grew whiter.

'If the dog disturbs you, he shall be removed.'

I was about to utter a protest against this, but he went on without heeding me: 'Nothing injures the constitution so much as keeping late hours. As for reading at night, there is more danger to be apprehended from such a habit as that than there is from robbers. You may trust me to watch over the security of the house. Good-night.'

He had offered me no explanation of his errand at so strange an hour. I did not expect that he would; but yet, when I went back into my room, I felt no relief at finding that my ghost had flesh and bones, and that it was a mortal hand which guided itself nightly along that wall. That there was a mystery somewhere, seemed certain, but I did not trouble myself about it; I only felt my desire to get away from Raventree strengthened. Remembering how eagerly my stepfather had caught at the idea of Mark's prospect of immediate marriage, I knew that, for some reason or other, he would have been glad to get rid of me; and since, before Raventree fell into his hands, I had been destined to labour for my living as a governess, why might I not do so still? Many a time the subject came to my lips, and would hardly be restrained; but then I thought of Mark. He might not like it; and besides, when I saw my stepfather sitting there so frigid and self-absorbed, I was afraid. Thus the winter came on, bleak and gloomy, and the robins hopped about the ghost's walk to pick up the crumbs I threw there for them.

It was yet early in December, and I was walking, cloaked up, about the garden one bitterly cold evening, when a strange sound caused me to stand still and listen. It was like a piece of iron falling heavily somewhere in the coppice. I went, not without some hesitation, round to the raven's tree, but it was nearly dark, and if it had not been, I should have seen nothing in the thickness of that wood. As I passed up the walk, other sounds more stealthy than the first were audible; some one was in the coppice. I knew that my stepfather was in the house, and Martha had gone into the town; I reached the top of the walk, and listened again. There was a stirring in one of the tall trees against the house; the occasional cracking of a branch, and then a noise as if a heavy body had dropped from the tree to the ground.

I ran into the house at once. I said, standing in the doorway of the parlour: 'There is some one in the coppice—some one who hast just come down from a tree.'

As I spoke, the dog began to bark violently. I don't think I had been frightened myself; but I shall never forget the ashy terror of my stepfather's face, as he started up from his seat, and hurried past me. I was even impelled by it to cry out hesitatingly: 'Don't go,' but he answered: 'Keep back, I warn you, out of the way.' And then he was gone.

I stood at the door, and heard him enter the coppice; I heard more crashing of dry wood, as the feet of the intruder, no longer stealthy, pressed on, and then I saw a man gain the open lawn, and another follow him.

The moon was under a cloud, and I lost them directly; there was nothing for me to do but go back into the house; and then I remembered that I was alone in it. I went into the kitchen, because, in spite of its dreary vastness, there was companionship in the large bright fire, which I could stir up into a blaze, while the grate in the parlour was but a mass of smouldering cinders.

I began to reckon how long it would be before Martha could come back. I occupied myself with conjectures about the man in the coppice: who was he? what did he want there? Would my stepfather overtake him, and if so, what would be the result? Once it struck me that there was a possibility of danger to my stepfather, but I could do nothing. I could only think how foolish he was to run after a strange man who might be desperate. I stirred the fire noisily from time to time, as the minutes crept on, and the ticking of the clock grew painfully audible. So loud it was, that I began to wonder how it could be possible for people in that kitchen to hear each other talking for the sound. The moon came from under its cloud, and I counted the panes in the different compartments of the two big desolate-looking windows. Two by four, and four by eight. When I said that to myself, I was astonished to hear that the clock took it up and said it also, but more slowly and emphatically than I did, as if correcting me for my lightness.

Again I stirred the fire, and looked about for a supply of coal, lest it should die down, and leave nothing to make a blaze with. I put coal on with a pair of queer tongs, that pinched my fingers, and I noticed that the nob was rusty. I looked over all the various articles hanging about the fireplace, and tried to think of uses for them; some were rusty, and some not; and when I had done with them, I went back to the window-panes again. I was conscious only of a desperate desire to occupy my mind with trifles, and prevent it from dwelling on that old shadowy fear which lurked in the dark corners of the kitchen. The coal I had put on burned up, and the clock kept on repeating solemnly 'Two by four, four by eight,' till it burst out suddenly into a loud whir, and struck. I did not want to count the strokes, but I could not help it, they were so emphatic and slow.

I do not know exactly how long I had been alone; it was a long time; but I knew that Martha was rarely out after half-past eight or nine. Two by four, four by eight. As I said it, following the clock, I saw something at the window. It was a man's face; it peered in for a moment, and went away, and then the door opened, and my stepfather came in.

The night was clear and frosty, but every garment he wore was drenched through, and a path of wet followed him along the kitchen. As he stood by the fire, a little pool of wet collected under his feet, but for all that, I could hardly think of anything but his sickly-blue white face, with the terror on it still.

'I must change these things at once,' he said, his teeth chattering. 'Go and get me some dry ones; my hands are useless.'

I went upstairs to do as he asked me, and he followed, leaving wet prints of his feet all the way. When we reached the top of the stairs, I stopped. 'You are wet through: it will be better for you to go to bed at once.'

He put his hand on my arm heavily, and groaned.

'What is it?' I asked. 'Are you hurt?'

'No; yes: I am a dead man. You are right; I will go to bed. Bring me some brandy.'

'Shall I send for a doctor?'

'If you do,' said he fiercely, 'I'll never forgive you. There, I did not mean to be angry. Not a word of this to Martha—do you hear?'

'She must know that you are not well.'

'Yes; tell her so. But the footmarks'——

'I will remove them.'

'Good girl. You bring the brandy; don't send it. Keep her away from me.'

I went down stairs, thinking of the footmarks in the kitchen, and the pool on the hearth; and when I reached the kitchen-door, Martha was standing by the fire warming herself composedly. She just looked at the little pool of water as I went in, but made no remark; and I said: 'Your master is unwell, and I am going to take him some brandy.'

She did not answer; but presently, when I was leaving the kitchen, she turned round and looked at me.

'*Who* did you say was not well?'

'My—father.'

'Oh!'

It was the first time I had spoken of him as my father, and the very act of doing so, as well as the strange events of the night, made me feel as though I really did belong to him.

He took what I brought; but his hand trembled so that he could not hold it, and I had to put it to his lips.

'There, that will do,' he said. 'Now come here. Do you know where Mark Fernham is?'

'Yes.'

'Go down stairs, and write to him. Tell him that I am a dead man, and he is to come here at once.'

'I will say you are ill'——

'Tell him—— Well, well, it doesn't matter about terms. Are you afraid to go down to the gardener's cottage so late?'

'No.'

'Unchain Shot, and take him, if you are. Tell Jones your letter was not ready for the bag, and is of importance: he will take it to the general office in town. You cannot send Martha; for, in the first place, she would not go; and, in the second, is not to be trusted with the letter, if she would. Lock my door, and take the key with you.'

I did all this, and went upstairs again. When I went in, my stepfather said: 'Some one has been trying the door; lock it on the inside.'

I looked it, and put the light down on the table.

'Further back,' said he, 'so that I may not see it. Come here, Alice; you won't go away from me?'

'No.'

The sickly whiteness was gone from his face, and I thought that fever already shone in his glassy wide-open eyes.

'I could have wished for more time to think over this,' he said; 'but I am a dead man, and there is no time left.'

Growing bolder as the sense of his danger forced itself upon me, I said again: 'Do let me send for a doctor.'

An angry exclamation broke from him, and then his tone softened into a pleading wistfulness. 'You must not aggravate me, Alice. All the doctors in Christendom could do nothing for me; and if they could, I would not see them. By and by, my wits will go, and I shall rave. It is for that I want to prepare you; besides which, I must tell this thing to some one; I can keep it no longer. Alice, if I have been unkind or harsh to you, I did not mean it. I have been so harassed, that I wonder my brain has borne it as long as this. I want to see Mark, that I may do what I can to make up to you for the past. You won't go away and leave me?'

I went up, and put my hand upon one of his; but he shrank away from it quickly, and said it was cold.

'What will you do when I am dead, Alice?'

I did not answer.

'I wish you to tell me. We will put it in a different form, then. If I were not here, what would you do?'

'Go back to the school I have not long left,' I said, considering.

'Quite right. Not as teacher, though. I told you once that you were penniless; that is altered now. Yes, go back to your friends, by all means. And now, put the light behind the curtain, and sit down, that you may listen to me. Is the door fast?'

'Yes.'

CHAPTER V.

'When I first came to Raventree,' he began, 'it was not like it is now; you know that. I began by living somewhat after my old riotous fashion; wealth was new to me. On the fourteenth of June, two years ago, I had a dinner-party.'

He stopped a moment, and I thought of the gardener's story, one particular of which was already proved false.

'We sat late, so late that it was growing dark, when, turning my head suddenly towards the window, I saw a face pressed against the glass looking in at us. I rose from my chair, and it disappeared. If I had taken too much wine before, I was sobered then at once. I pleaded sudden illness, begged my friends to excuse me, and one of them to take my place at the head of the table for a short time. Then I passed through the hall-door, and saw the figure of a man standing under the raven's tree. I took no time to consider what I should do if my horrible suspicion proved correct, but went up to the tree. The man leaning against it was unshorn and in rags; his face had a lean, famished look, and his one ragged sleeve hung loose at his side: he had lost an arm. There was a pipe between his teeth, and he was coolly striking a match across the bark of the tree. In spite of all this, and the years that had passed since I saw him, I knew that he was my cousin, Archibald Fernham, whom all the world supposed to be dead.

"Who on earth have you got in there?" he asked. "For pity's sake, old fellow, give me some wine, and let me civilise myself. I have not slept in a bed for fourteen nights."

"And for pity's sake," I retorted, "tell me who you are."

'He looked at me, and laughed.

"You may well ask. I have seen some knocking about, but it's over now. Come, let us get in quietly; I have literally begged my way across the country, *caché* in the daytime, and out at night like the owls; for I was ashamed to let old England's sun shine on such a garb as this."

"Then you have met with no friends?"

"Friends!" retorted he grimly. "Who would be likely to aspire to the honour? I was not going to make myself known in this condition."

'He did not know the thoughts his words were raising in my mind.

'I took him across the garden to the hall-door; I peeped in first, to see that all was clear, and then we went up stairs. He was so weak that he caught at my arm for support, as I led him up that long gallery into a room looking out into the coppice. I don't know why I took him to that room, but there was a voice whispering in my ear all the time which nearly drove me mad. The property was his, and I was worse than a beggar. Did any one know that he had come back? From what he said in the garden, I thought not. Would he be able to establish his identity? *I* knew him; but was there any one else living who would be likely to remember him? In old times, when we were boys together, we used to fight; and, somewhere in that mat of grizzled hair, there was a scar hidden; but I alone knew of its existence.

'There was a bed in the room, and he sat down on it, and looked round disconsolately. "Why have you brought me here? It's like a dungeon."

'So it was. Why did he help out the thought that kept playing about my own mind? It was the only room in the house which would have done for the purpose, its high window being strongly barred with iron.

'I brought him food and wine, and he ate and drank ravenously, telling me all the while the perils out of which he had escaped with the loss of his arm. But while he spoke of savage islanders, a struggle for life and imprisonment, I heard the words dimly under the new thoughts which were taking a definite form before me.

'I did not care about his adventures; it was sufficient for me that he was here, alive, and in my power. While he talked, he continued to drink freely, and the wine began to tell upon him in his enfeebled state.

I offered him clothes, but he pointed to the bed significantly, and I left him.

'I turned the key in the door quietly, not that I had any definite purpose in doing so. I felt as if I must have time to think, and yet, when I walked up and down the hall, trying to collect my thoughts, and look the matter boldly in the face, I could not do it. There was nothing in my mind but the dull consciousness that a net had been cast round me, and the more I tried to get out of it, the further my feet got entangled. All that I did on that night seemed to be done without my will; the work of an unseen agent spurring me on and smoothing the way for me. I went down to my guests, but I was in no mood for rioting, and they saw it, and fell away one by one, never to be admitted into the house again. I stood alone by the table they had quitted, thinking. I knew that my face had not recovered its natural colour, and that it would corroborate my assertion of sudden illness. Not that that mattered. I had been in the habit of dismissing any servant or servants at a moment's notice, if they chanced to displease me, and it would be easy to do it now.

'I went out amongst them, and acted my part, and yet while I did it, my mind was not made up; I was only temporising; feeling how smooth the way really was before me, and getting my feet faster in the net of my own weaving. I stormed at them all: I was ill, half poisoned; the dinner was bad, the wine villainous, the waiting execrable. All was wrong together; they were in league to annoy me, and should go, one and all, that very night. I roused them to retorts that made a compromise impossible, and that night being modified to the next morning, the matter was settled.

'In the early morning, I crept to that door, which had already acquired a ghastly significance; I unfastened it softly; I bent over my cousin as he slept. I saw the haggardness of his cheeks, the sunken hollowness about his eyes, and the skinny fingers of his single hand; and I said to myself: "He will not live; I shall do him no wrong. Up here, he will have every care and attention, and there may be a chance for him, while if I ruin myself for him, he will run riot in his old way, and kill himself."

'His eyes opened suddenly while I watched him, and for a moment or two he stared at me with no recognition in them; then a faint smile came to his lips.

"Ay, if the journey had been one day longer, I never should have seen Raventree. I am about done for as it is—weak, horribly weak."

"You won't get up to-day?"

'He shook his head.

"I'll bring you some coffee, then."

'Again I locked the door gently, but the key was hard to turn, and it made a click. The first person I saw when I went down stairs was the housekeeper, Martha. I broke into a rage, but the look on her face stopped me.

"They are all gone but me," she said markedly. "I thought you would want at least one person in the house. I am not above work, as you know, provided I am paid for it. Would you like me to bring breakfast in?"

'I followed her glance at the table, and saw that it was laid for two. A sudden pain shot through my head at the thought that this woman knew all. How did she know it, and was she the only one?

"Where were you last night, when I was taken ill?"

"I was out. I had been to the gardener's, and was coming back through the shrubbery."

"Were you alone?"

"I was."

"Well, as it happens, I am glad you remained, for I have a visitor upstairs."

'Another glance at the table shewed that she was aware of that.

"He will not come down; I shall take breakfast up to him."

'Then I began to think over the conversation by the raven's tree. If this woman had heard every word of it, as I believed she had, it would not tell her who the visitor was; she could simply know that I had some one upstairs whom I was anxious to keep out of sight. Swift as thought, an invention came into my head, but I looked at her, and gave it up at once.

'When I went to him, my cousin said sharply: "Why do you lock me in?"

"Because invalids are proverbially imprudent, and you are too weak to be allowed your own way."

"I don't like to be locked in."

"No, you want to come down stairs, and overexert yourself, and then I shall have a double amount of nursing to do."

'He looked at me suspiciously, but made no answer. Day after day that suspicion increased, and there was a sullen gloom about him, which I expected daily to break out into a storm. At last he said to me: "I am strong enough to get up."

'I pointed to some clothes I had looked out for him. He took up the coat and examined it. It was decent, but not the coat of a gentleman.

"Do you think I am going to shew myself in that thing?"

"No, I don't."

'He was sitting up in bed, staring at me like a wild animal.

"Have you forgotten that you are an interloper here," he asked, "and that I am the true master of Raventree?"

"I have not forgotten that, because I never knew it. What reason have I for believing that you are the person you represent yourself to be?"

'With an effort that did him credit, he restrained still the passion that was struggling for the mastery.

"Why, then, did you bring me here, instead of proclaiming me to the world as an impostor?"

"Because the world is blind, and would greedily run after such a fabrication as yours—because you may do me an injury by your story. Whoever you are, I have no malice against you; but I will see that so long as you remain in my house, your comfort is properly attended to."

'A sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he seized the linen I had put for him. There was no mark upon it.

"The dress of a vagrant," he burst out—"I see it all!"

'And then he lost all self-control. Reproaches, threats, and entreaties, mixed with each other, did nothing but harden my heart; I had taken the final plunge, and dared not heed them.

"Is it likely I should suffer you to go free now?" I said. "Why, if you should make the gullible world believe your story, what would you do to me or for me?"

'The lying promises with which he began died away into fierce denunciations of vengeance, which told me that the thing was done now past recall; there was no retreat. I was bound to go on; and when I left him, locking the door as usual, I saw facing me in the passage the long, lean figure and prying face of the housekeeper.

'You may find it hard to believe me, but at first I had not meant this; I had arrived at it gradually. Pondering over cases of mistaken identity and singular resemblances, I had almost succeeded in persuading myself that this was one in reality; and even if it was not, I should be doing a good action to keep the rake secure from harming himself. You see the shallowness of these reasonings; but think of the temptations—think of ruin and starvation menacing me in my old age. I am not justifying anything I did; only balance the two sides. Human justice never does that. She sees the crime, and cries out, but

she never thinks of the horrible temptation. Knowing that the housekeeper now held in her hands the means of my destruction, I thought it safer to make a confidant of her entirely. I am not sure that I was sorry to do it. I am naturally weak, and I believe it was a relief to share the knowledge of what I had done. But the price she demanded for secrecy was terrible. It necessitated my leaving him for a whole day—a day of unutterable torment to me. It was bound to be paid, however; and the payment gave me a feeling of tolerable security for a time.

'I need not go on minutely through these two years. You, who know what I had done, cannot conceive the horror I had of myself, nor the hideousness of my life. Men say that "God made the country, and man made the town." Let them see if there is no wickedness in the solitary places, no stealthy, easily hidden guilt in the desolate, lonely country, which they think the nurse of all good. Man's passions are the same everywhere, and the mocking Tempter is as potent under the quiet trees as he is in the riotous life of the streets. I go on to the end. He, my cousin, must have been nursing his strength in secret while he professed increased weakness. He never raised himself from his lounging posture when I went in; his threats had ceased, as though he had no longer strength to utter them, and I was deceived. Then your words came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I knew that somehow he must have loosened one of the iron bars which, since his profession of weakness, I had ceased to examine at every visit, and got down by means of the branches into the coppice. I suppose he feared to leave it later, because at my next visit I might discover the bar. I followed him, as you know. We grappled by the Red Pool. He was no match for me, and I should soon have conquered, and brought him back, but my foot slipped on the frosty grass, and we fell both of us into the pool.

'The deadly coldness of the water, over which a thin sheet of ice had begun to creep, seemed to numb every bone in my body; the struggle then was for life or death, and that one arm of his had clasped my leg. Alice, I would have saved him; I could conceive no horror greater than that he should die through my means. As I am a living man, as I shall shortly cease to be a living man, I would have saved him; but the madness of self-preservation was upon me: I was choking: I struck at the hand desperately, and freed myself!'

My stepfather ceased, and there was through all the room no sound but his laboured breathing, and the ticking of his watch.

CHAPTER VI.

He lay sleeping a disturbed, uneasy sleep, with his one hand clutching the coverlet, and I could not keep from thinking that it was the hand of a murderer. I saw it strike the clinging arm, and heard the drowning man go down into the dark water for the last time. The dawn came in at the window with a bleak, bitter, frosty aspect, and I could think only of the sheet of ice stealing over the Red Pool above the face of the dead man. As it grew thicker, would the little boys slide and skate upon it, unconscious of the dead face upturned to them from the bottom?

Would they find him, and bring him in? Would they know by instinct who he was, and carry him to Raventree? Of all improbable casualties, this was the least likely, since whose thoughts would go back to a man dead long years ago, in a distant land, to account for what they might find to-day in the Red Pool? And yet it seemed to me as if it must happen; it seemed to me as though every man who trod the brink of the Red Pool, or saw the willow-branches bending over it, must know the terrible thing that had happened there last night. Only last night! I felt as if weeks had passed since the clock in the kitchen repeated so solemnly 'Two by four, four by eight.'

The day grew stronger, and lighted up my stepfather's face on the pillow. It twitched and worked miserably; his hand on the coverlet was raised; the fingers spread out wide, and then clenched again. I had been sitting there all night, but I felt no weariness, only a dizzy idea of some great change which had passed over all things. I dreaded to go down stairs, and see the woman who knew that story which I had just heard. As I thought of it all—the long imprisonment, the threats and entreaties—the final escape and death, above all other feelings rose up pity for the man who was sleeping so wretchedly before me. What was such a life as his had been but a torment ten times worse than that of the prisoner upstairs; a never-ceasing watch for the breaking of that horsehair which might snap at any moment, and let down the sword upon him! And if he lived, and the truth were known, what would be done to him? I thought he might live; to my eyes, there were no symptoms of death about him now; but what a life it must be!

So strange and unnatural did the whole miserable story seem, that from time to time it occurred to me vaguely to rouse myself, and throw off the wanderings of a bad dream. But the bed was always there, and the haggard face on the pillow, and the twitching hand; and beyond these there lay the one-armed man at the bottom of the Red Pool, with the ice creeping over him. When there was a sound at the door, I unlocked it quietly, and went back to my seat. I had nothing to say to the woman who came in, neither did she speak to me. She stood at the foot of the bed and looked at him as he slept. I thought I heard a muttered 'Coward!' but I could not be sure; then she went away. About noon, he awoke. His eyes fixed upon me at once with the terror in them still, and his parched lips said with difficulty: 'Save me.' His right hand seized mine convulsively, and I shuddered. It was the hand which had stricken down the single arm of the dead man. If I could have forgotten the fact of this single arm, I might have felt less horror, but I could not. I was bound, however, to conceal my thoughts. He lay there helpless, and must be helped. I spoke to him as calmly as I could, but his face lost none of its agony. Presently, he turned it away from me, loosing my hand.

'Did I tell you about it?'

His voice was quiet, and I said: 'Yes.'

'All?'

'Yes, all.'

'And you have not gone away and left me? I thought perhaps you would. I am not a murderer. As there is a Judge above, I wished to save him; how then, can I be a murderer? If I had not smitten him off, we must have gone down together. If my life could bring him back, I would give it. The horror of the thing—that's it—the horror! She would kill me if you were not here. Don't go away.'

'I will not go away.'

'Good girl. But there was something else. Mark'——

'He will be here soon.'

I said so, believing it; but he did not come. I knew that it was not his own fault; that there was some cause for his delay, or that my letter had not reached him. Day after day passed by, the frost was gone, and drizzling rain dimmed the window, but I heard nothing of him. Starting at every sound, which made me see in imagination the bearers of a ghastly burden come out from under the willows; perpetually thinking over the story, and the terrible uncertainty which hung over the miserable man upstairs, I felt that my own strength was giving way, and there was no one to help me.

He lay with his face to the wall sleeping, a shadowy

wreck of what he had once been, and Mark was come.

Through all the many days I had waited and watched for him, my thoughts had never wronged or doubted Mark, and his explanations fell on my ear vaguely as unnecessary. One great load of terror had been lifted away from my mind that morning; I saw no more the ghastly burden coming from under the silver willows; that danger was past.

They had found the dead man in the pool, and conjecture had been busy about him, but I heard nothing of that until afterwards. It was a paragraph in the local paper which took away my haunting dread. They had held an inquest over that drowned body; they had identified it with a one-armed vagrant who had been seen a few days before begging in the public streets, and who had been warned off by a policeman. They decided that he must have strayed from the proper public path, which lay past the Red Pool cottage, and so have fallen into the pool. There was no mark on the linen, and the clothes were like the clothes of the one-armed vagrant. There was a verdict of 'Found drowned;' and they, the newspaper authorities, deferentially suggested to the owner of the property the desirability of railings or some other protection round the Red Pool, as many accidents had occurred there.

I had read all that, Mark also reading it over my shoulder, but not understanding that it had any fearful interest for me.

The now owner of Raventree lay on his bed dying, and we knew that he was dying. A slow fever seemed to be wasting him away gradually, and as we stood in the room waiting for him to awake, Mark whispered to me that there was a doctor in the house. But we both knew that he could do no good.

The sleeper awoke; his lips were moving, and they said indistinctly the sentence which he was perpetually repeating: 'I am a dead man.'

He said it deprecatingly, as though it would ward off the weight of reproach, and contempt, and horror with which men would load him. When he saw Mark, the terrible working of his features began afresh, and his lips formed the words: 'Save me.'

Mark moved round towards the bed, but he waved him away feebly, and motioned to me. He wanted me to raise his head on my arm. I had done it before many times; I had no horror of him now. Of his crime and his temptation, I could be no judge; there seemed to be nothing for me to consider but that he was there, helpless and most miserable, dependent on me; and in my pity for his suffering and remorse, I forgot that there was any reason why he deserved to suffer. He was more to me now than he ever had been, and I even shrank from the thought of telling Mark that wretched story, lest he should speak harshly of the dying man. I raised him up, supporting his head half with a pillow, half with my arm, to speak.

'There is no time now,' he muttered, 'no time.' Then he fixed those wandering eyes of his on me, turning away from Mark.

'He knows nothing?'

'Nothing yet.'

'He says, this Mark Fernham, soon to be master of Raventree, that he wishes to marry my stepdaughter, Alice?'

'Yes.'

The answer came from Mark, but the glassy eyes never moved from my face.

'Tell him that, though no disgrace or the shadow of it has touched her, yet she belongs to a dishonoured and degraded man; a criminal, who is dying. Let him say if, in spite of that, he will marry her.'

'He will.'

'If he will set it down on paper, and sign it, asking no further particulars beforehand, so that when he hears the story he will not be able to draw back.'

'I am not afraid; I will do that,' said Mark. And as he had answered steadily, without hesitation, so he now wrote down what my stepfather dictated, silencing me with an imperative gesture.

Then there passed from behind the curtain a tall lean woman, with knitting in her hands.

'I will sign my name as witness,' said this woman.

My stepfather's face grew ghastly, and I made a motion to repel the housekeeper.

'You will not turn me away?' she said.

'Yes. I know all.'

'You *think* you do, no doubt.'

And she wrote in a bold round hand, never taking her eyes off me while I looked at it, 'Martha Fernham.'

'That is my name. Ask him, if you doubt me.'

'It is true,' said my stepfather; 'yet keep her away. That was the price she demanded of me.'

'I am Geoffry Fernham's lawful wife. There were many reasons why I chose to marry him. I did not do it for the position, which, in fact, I have never filled'——

'No,' broke in Geoffry. 'Because, if danger had arisen to me, my servant in the kitchen, obeying my orders ignorantly, would have had nothing to do with it. The marriage in that case was never to be acknowledged.'

'I repeat,' said Martha, 'that I had many reasons. He is too weak a man to have carried out the thing consistently alone—witness his uncalled-for avowal of it when the avowal is useless. Besides which, he spoke of rewarding me in his will; but wills get lost or burned, and as his widow I can claim my third of his personal property.'

'In addition to your profits already,' said my stepfather. 'Yet you will give her what she asks, Mark?'

'I trouble no one, except for my right. I have friends in Australia, and shall go to them,' said Martha.

My stepfather looked at Mark appealingly. 'She is ignorant, and does not know that you may punish her. When I am dead, the story she knows can hurt no one but herself. Nevertheless, why make it public? For the sake of the name, Mark Fernham, you will suffer the grave to close over it.'

A year and a half had passed since Geoffry Fernham's death; and stopping short suddenly in one of the streets of Paris, my husband said, in answer to a speech of mine: 'Tired, are you? I have been listening for that. I am only waiting for you to say: "Let us go home to Raventree." You will find it all changed; there is nothing to dread.'

And a short time after that we stood by the railings round the Red Pool, looking back at the Black and White House in the Dell. But Mark was right. His ideas of improvement had been carried out, and all was changed.

The rooms in that dark gallery were thrown open and furnished, the parlour where the portrait hung no longer was scarcely recognisable, and the echoes of the ghost's walk had ceased for ever.

FOOLS AND FOOLING.

The golden age for fools has passed away. Whether it be that now a days all men have become fools alike, or that knavery holds the sway, or that hard work and increased wisdom have left neither the time nor the taste for the buffoonery of bygone ages, certain it is that folly no longer holds its place as of old.

The custom of keeping a court-fool can be traced to very remote times, though it is difficult to say what may have been its exact origin. Perhaps we have the germ of it in the case of King Saul, who employed David to soothe his troubled mind, and calm his evil

spirit of melancholy, by playing the harp. In later times, great men chose rather to prevent melancholy by hiring their inferiors to play the fool. In the middle ages, every court, ecclesiastical as well as secular, the Pope as well as the Emperor, retained a fool as a necessary appendage. The city corporations kept their fools to assist at public entertainments; every tavern had its fool to attract and amuse customers; and even private persons of any pretensions thought it necessary to maintain a domestic buffoon. Nor would the Archbishop of Canterbury be behind the pope; he, too, kept his fool like the rest of them.

The supply of fools seems to have kept pretty even with the demand, and without doubt, many of them assumed their buffoonery for their own profit. An act of parliament passed in Scotland in 1449, entitled an 'Act for the away-putting of Fenyet Fules,' &c., ordained that 'shireffs, baylyies, and officiars inquer at ilk court, gif thair be ony that maks them fules that are nocht; and gif ony sic be fundyn, that thai be put in the king's warde, or in his yonis, for thair trespas, as lang as thai haf ony gudes of thair awin to leve upon; and fra thai haf nocht to leve upon, that thair eris be nalyt to the trone, or to ane uther tre, and cuttit of, and bannysit the cuntre; and gif thairaftir thai be fundyn again, that thai be hangyt.' The genuine fool, to command success in his profession, required to have wit combined with stupidity, discriminating judgment with obtuseness, and fidelity with recklessness and audacity. The primitive elements in his character were a mixture of the knave, the idiot, and the crased madman. It was his business to make satirical jests, to caper, and sing indecent songs and ballads. 'He is continually fleering and making mouths,' says old Lodge; 'he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outskips men's heads, trips up his companions' heels, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countrie.' With all their resources, they sometimes failed to please their patrons, and were dismissed in disgrace. Almost unbounded licence was accorded them, but it did not always afford them protection from flogging, which was the punishment usually inflicted for pranks of an over-audacious and annoying description.

The fool generally wore a characteristic dress, but not invariably. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the habit of the domestic fool was of two sorts. The first was a motley or party-coloured coat, usually having bells attached to the elbows and skirts. The hose were not distinct from the breeches; and the legs were often of different colours from each other. A hood like a monk's cowl covered the head and part of the shoulders. It was sometimes surmounted by a feather, or a bell, or by a cock's comb—whence the term of contempt *coxcomb*—or the whole head and neck of a cock; sometimes by asses' ears. The head was often fantastically shaved; sometimes like a monk's, sometimes in imitation of the triple tiara of the pope. The fool usually carried in his hand, by way of sceptre, a short stick, with a doll or puppet, or a fool's head stuck on one end. To the other end was appended an inflated bladder, sometimes empty, sometimes partly filled with pease or dry sand, and used as a weapon of offence. The Archbishop of Canterbury's fool, however, carried a short wooden sword.

The other dress, and the more common one, consisted of a long petticoat, also of various colours, but mostly yellow, with a yellow fringe, and frogged over with fox or squirrel tails. The head-dress was a long cap with bells. The costume, however, was frequently more or less varied in minor details, according to the fool's own fancy, or the taste of his proprietor.

In England, the institution of court-fool seems to have existed among the Saxon kings considerably before the Norman Conquest; its introduction was certainly not later than that time, for mention is made of the king's jester in old records of the Conqueror's reign: and when William was Duke of Normandy, and before he became king of England, it is said that on one occasion his fool Goles was the means of saving his life. In the accounts of the household expenses of many of our later kings, reference is made to sums paid to fools, and charges for their clothing. Muckle John, the fool of Charles I., was the last person who regularly held the office of court-jester in England. In 1637, his predecessor, Archie Armstrong, was sentenced to have his coat pulled over his head, and to be dismissed the king's service, on account of his profane sarcasm on Archbishop Laud—'God for us all; and little Laud to the devil.' After the time of the Commonwealth, the office of king's fool was not restored. Stories are told of Killigrew, as court-jester to Charles II., but in point of fact, it does not appear that he held any such post. There was jesting and buffoonery enough about the court of Charles II. to make the office of special fool very superfluous. The following epigram on Colley Cibber, who was born in 1671, shews that there was no court-fool in his day:

> In merry old England, it once was a rule,
> The king had his poet, and also his fool;
> But now we 're so frugal, I 'd have you to know it,
> That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Cibber, however, was not appointed laureate until 1730, by which time the practice of keeping fools had almost entirely fallen into disuse, even among private persons. Dicky Pierce, the Earl of Suffolk's fool, died in 1728. Dean Swift wrote his epitaph. Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udny's fool, was probably the last of his line; he was born early in the last century, and died in 1778. He is still well remembered in Aberdeenshire and other parts of the north of Scotland; and many good stories are told of his ready wit; but most of them lose point, more or less, when translated out of the original broad Scotch. The following is by no means the best, but perhaps it suffers least from being told in intelligible English.

The Laird of Udny was in the habit of sending Jamie with presents of game to a friend of his own, who resided at some considerable distance. Jamie was not well pleased at never receiving anything for his trouble from the gentleman; so he determined to shew his want of respect for him, and at the same time to give him a hint of what he considered to be the proper thing. By and by, being sent with some hares and partridges, when he arrived at the house of his master's friend, he walked straight upstairs, without ever knocking at the door; and marching into the library without any ceremony, flung down the game on the floor, and growling out, 'Hares from Udny,' immediately turned to go away. The gentleman called him back, and rising from his seat, gave the fool a pompous lecture on the advantages of good-breeding; and concluded by informing him that, on such an occasion, it was the correct thing to say: 'With his compliments, Udny sends you this bag of game, sir;' and also that he ought to take off his cap (imitating the action) when in the presence of a gentleman. Here Fleeman suddenly took possession of his instructor's chair, and mimicking his supercilious air, said, in a very haughty and dignified tone: 'Give my best respects to Udny, and say I feel particularly indebted to him for his kind attention; and now, my good fellow' (putting his hand in his pocket), 'here is half-a-crown to you for your own trouble.'—The hint was effective.

Fleeman's bodily strength is said to have been equal to that of any four ordinary men; and, as might be expected, there are many extraordinary stories in

connection with it. The poor fellow was taken ill when on a journey, and died, as has been said, in the summer of 1778, neglected and in misery, in all probability, the last type of the domestic fool in this country.

The custom of fooling one's neighbours on the 1st of April is widespread, and old enough to make it impossible to say with certainty what may have been its origin. In 1313, Philip the Fair of France gave an entertainment, consisting of a species of dramatic representation of incidents and parables from Scripture; these 'moralities,' as they were called, continued to be common all through the later centuries of the middle ages; and in some parts of Europe they are represented even to the present day. In the month of April, scenes from the Passion of our Lord were usually depicted, including that one where he is sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again from Herod to Pilate. It has been conjectured that this may have given rise to the custom of sending on fruitless errands, and other tricks prevalent at that season. In Germany, the expression, 'sending a man from Pilate to Herod,' is sometimes used to signify sending about unnecessarily. It seems at least as likely, however, that the tricks of the 1st of April may be the remains of some heathenish custom, spread over Europe by the Eastern conquerors. The practice is probably of older date than the fourteenth century, and it is not confined to Europe. Something like it is said to exist even among the savages of the East Indies, about the time of the Huli festivals. One of the best April tricks on record is that of Rabelais, who, finding himself at Marseille without money, and being anxious to get on to Paris, fell on the expedient of filling some phials with dust and ashes, and labelling them as poison for the royal family of France. Having put them in a place where they could not fail to be discovered, he was of course apprehended, and carried to Paris on a charge of treason. There the jest was explained; the trash in the phials was found to be harmless, and Rabelais was liberated.

Of all the extraordinary and atrocious institutions of folly ever developed among mankind, the Feast of Fools is perhaps altogether the most astonishing. This imitation of the old Roman Saturnalia was celebrated in several of the countries of Europe from the fifth to the sixteenth century; and, like the Saturnalia, the principal celebration was held in December, usually on the Holy Innocents' Day; but the festival lasted from Christmas to Septuagesima. Laymen choir-boys, and other inferior servants of the church, and even priests, took part in the performance. The bishop, canons, and other high dignitaries formed part of the audience. An 'archbishop of fools,' or 'bishop of unreason,' as he was called, was elected, usually from among the choir, and consecrated after a profane and ridiculous form. He then proceeded to read high-mass, or, if he preferred, he commissioned some one else to do it, while he seated himself in the bishop's chair, and afterwards gave his blessing to the people, with many extraordinary ceremonies. During mass, the priests played at dice upon the altar, and burned stinking incense in the holy censer. The other performers, masked, and dressed in ludicrous costume, engaged in all sorts of profane foolery, including the most indecent songs and dances. These blasphemous performances were now and then denounced by popes, bishops, and councils; but no effectual prohibitions were issued before the sixteenth century, and even then there were persons who defended them as sacred and well-pleasing to God!

Though in the earlier centuries of Christianity it may have been difficult to abolish all at once every relic of the heathen ceremonies, yet it is extremely difficult to account satisfactorily for the long continuance of these remarkable celebrations. Doubtless, they were more or less in accordance with the spirit of these ages, when, with childish simplicity, men's minds combined the most ridiculous with the noblest subjects. 'When we gaze on the slender and elegant columns of a Gothic church, we often find in the tracery of the capitals a squirrel, a monkey, or even a miniature man in a ridiculous attitude, as some quibble or stroke of humour is often introduced in the dramas of Shakspeare, in the midst of the most tragic scenes. Burlesque figures were frequently drawn in the work of the illuminated initial letters in the breviaries, with a licence which would be most startling to an observer whose ideas were formed entirely on the usage of later periods.'

NOXIOUS VAPOURS.

ANY one who has passed through a manufacturing district in which the smelting of copper or any similar process is carried on, must have been struck with the barren and desolate aspect of the surrounding country; the grass is dried up, the trees are withered, and even the houses and public buildings appear mouldy and unwholesome. The cause of this desolation is to be found in the noxious vapours proceeding from works of this description, and the evil has become so great—the entire vegetation of a district having in some cases been utterly destroyed—that the attention of the legislature has been called to it, in order that some means may be devised to mitigate the injurious effects of chemical manufactures. For this purpose, a committee was instituted 'to inquire into the injury resulting from noxious vapours evolved in certain manufacturing processes, and into the state of the law relating thereto;' and a great number of curious and interesting facts have been thereby elicited.

The works from which the vapours most injurious to vegetable and animal life are evolved, appear to be those devoted to the manufacture of alkali, sulphuric acid or ammonia salts, or to the smelting of copper and lead; so powerful, indeed, is the effect of these noxious gases, that wherever they fall, the vegetation is entirely burned up and destroyed. In the neighbourhood of Swansea, for instance, where there are extensive copper-smelting works, the country is entirely denuded of vegetation; the hillsides present to the view only a barren mass of gravel and stones. Animal life is also endangered to a considerable extent, as the fumes given out during the process of smelting copper contain arsenious acid (white arsenic), which, being deposited on the few blades of grass spared by the withering influence of the vapours, absolutely poisons the animals who wander there in search of food.

The manufacture of soda, which is one of the processes of which the greatest complaints have been made, in consequence of the highly deleterious effects of the vapour evolved, is conducted as follows: Upon the floor of a furnace so constructed that the fire at one end has a communication with the chimney at the other, is laid a quantity of common salt; upon this, sulphuric acid is poured, and the result is a violent decomposition, during which a large quantity of muriatic acid gas is evolved, and passes up the chimney. Being heavier than the atmosphere, this vapour, as soon as it gets into the exterior air, descends on the surrounding country, and destroys the crops and trees. The sulphate of soda which remains on the floor of the furnace is then dried, and a quantity of the same poisonous vapour is again given off. The dry sulphate is then heated with charcoal, and afterwards with chalk, and is thus reduced to carbonate of soda (the soda of commerce), the sulphur passing off, combined with lime, as alkali waste. This alkali waste produces in its turn another nuisance, as it is useless for any purpose of manufacture, and is allowed to accumulate in heaps, throwing out most offensive exhalations. Some of the principal alkali works are at St Helens, and the vegetation for one or two miles round this place is entirely

destroyed by the vapours—the trees lose their leaves, the branches decay, the bark becomes discoloured and hardened, and they are ultimately killed. The orchards and gardens, the produce of which in former years paid half the rent of the small householders, have, since the establishment of the works, yielded little or nothing; the potatoes are cut off as if by a blight; and many of the cows have cast their calves.

It appears, however, to be quite possible to carry on this manufacture without the slightest evolution of noxious vapour, the whole of the muriatic acid produced by the decomposition of the salt being disposed of in condensers erected for the purpose. The apparatus by which this is effected is the invention of a Worcestershire manufacturer named Gossage, who, having had continual complaints made to him of the injury done to the crops in the neighbourhood of his works, determined, if possible, to find out some means of remedying the evil, and after having devoted considerable time and labour to the subject, succeeded in discovering a process by which a perfect condensation of the objectionable gas was effected. This process, which has been since adopted by many others in the trade, consists in passing the muriatic acid gas, as it escapes from the furnace, through several towers filled with coke, which is kept constantly moistened with water; the gas, in making its way upwards through the towers, comes in contact with the moistened coke, and is immediately condensed by the water, for which it has a great affinity; it is then drawn off at the bottom of the tower, and sold for making bleaching-powder and for other manufactures in which muriatic acid is employed. As, however, only a certain quantity of the liquid muriatic acid thus produced is marketable, the remainder is allowed to flow into the streams and rivers in the neighbourhood, where it exercises, to a less noticeable extent, its destructive influence, poisoning the fish, and burning up the vegetation of any portion of the country that may happen to be inundated by the waters which contain it. For this minor evil, there appears as yet to be no remedy; but the greater one, produced by the vapour evolved from the manufactories which do not condense their gas, is clearly preventable; and it is therefore the obvious duty of the legislature to take steps for the protection of the public from those manufacturers who refuse to conduct their business with a proper regard to the health and property of their neighbours.

The vapours evolved by the smelting of copper seem to be even more injurious than those produced in the manufacture just described; and in this case there seems to be no practical remedy for the disastrous effects of such vapours. Several new processes for obtaining copper from the raw material have been tried, but none of them have been found to answer commercially, and the manufacturers have invariably returned to the old method, which consists of several processes, the first of which, called the roasting process, being the one which produces the mixture of deleterious vapours so prejudicial to the health of the plants and animals in the neighbourhood. The object of this process is to cause the sulphur and other substances contained in the ore to be separated from the copper, so that the latter may be reduced to such a state that it can be easily fused and purified in the after-processes. This is effected by spreading the ore over the bottom of the furnace, and admitting air by means of apertures in the sides, the result of which is that the sulphur, arsenic, &c., contained in the ore, pass off in the form of sulphurous, arsenious, and arsenic acids, which are carried into the air, and descend on the surrounding country. The sulphurous acid is the most hurtful of these gases, as it spreads over the country for miles, and only falls to the ground when it comes into contact with moisture, for which it has a great attraction, and by which it is immediately changed into sulphuric acid, and burns up every bit of vegetation on which it falls. The devastating influence of this gas is said to extend sometimes to a distance of twenty miles from the works which produce it. The other ingredients of the 'copper-smoke,' although very injurious in their effects—some of them, as arsenious acid, being absolute poisons—are very heavy, and consequently fall to the ground within a few hundred yards, and produce no injurious effect on the country at a greater distance. Several suggestions have been made for the purpose of preventing or mitigating the injury inflicted by copper-works, but the only one of any practical utility appears to be that of passing the vapours through long flues, and allowing them to go into the air only at a great height, by which means a portion of the injurious matters are deposited, and the rest are dispersed to such an extent, before falling to the ground, that their influence is considerably weakened. The principal objection to employing these means is the alleged fact, that the tall chimneys create too much draught, and necessitate the employment of skilled workmen instead of ordinary workmen, thus materially increasing the working expenses.

Similar fumes of sulphurous acid are evolved in the process of smelting lead, but as it is to the interest of the manufacturers to pass the fumes through long flues before permitting them to go into the air, in consequence of the large quantity of lead which is deposited in their passage, this means of decreasing the injurious effects of the vapour seems to be generally made use of. It is, however, very inadequate, as the sulphurous acid always remains, and finds its way into the atmosphere; and, however diluted it may become, it must always produce more or less injury to vegetation when it reaches the ground.

Besides these manufactures, those of ammonia, alum, sulphuric acid, Portland cement, coke, and others give off noxious gases, but there are means available for preventing their escape in each of these processes; in the preparation of coke, for instance, it is only necessary to cause the vapours evolved to pass through a tall chimney. The method adopted for getting rid of the gases evolved in the manufacture of Portland cement is very ingenious, and shews to what profitable account scientific men can turn products which have previously been looked upon as not only useless, but positively injurious.

Portland cement is made by mixing four parts of chalk with one part of the mud of the Thames, and then drying the mixture on a heated floor. It is then burned in kilns formed of alternate layers of coke and cement, and during this burning, very offensive gases are given off. On being chemically examined, these gases were found to consist principally of carbonic oxide and sulphuretted hydrogen, both of which are easily inflammable; and it was suggested that if these gases were burned, the process of manufacturing cement would be innocuous, and that, at the same time, the heat given out by their combustion might be applied to the drying-floor. This was done by passing the gases proceeding from the kilns over a coke-fire, and directing them underneath the drying-floor, the small portion of sulphurous acid resulting from the combustion being condensed in a cistern filled with wet coke. It was found that by this process not only was all smell taken away, but there was a very considerable saving in coal, one manufacturer having reckoned that he saved at least six hundred pounds yearly by the adoption of this method.

We have hitherto spoken only of those manufactures which cause the evolution of gases prejudicial to animal or vegetable life, but there are also numerous trades producing effluvia so offensive as to render it absolutely necessary to close all the doors and windows of the houses in the vicinity; and as these trades are carried on in London, the nuisance created by them is almost as much deserving of attention as

that caused by the manufactures previously alluded to, even although their directly injurious effect on health is not alarming. The unavailing attempts that have been made to compel an abatement of the nuisance in the case of several of these unwholesome trades, will also serve to shew the inadequacy of the existing laws relative to nuisances, and the difficulty of practically applying those laws.

The two London districts most affected in this way are those of Camden Town and Poplar, in the former of which is a small space called Belle Isle, consisting of a collection of manufactories all of a most offensive kind. In this unsavoury spot, there are nine varnish-makers, numerous stuff-melters, whose trade consists in collecting and boiling down animal refuse of every kind; three tallow-melters, two soap-boilers, two manure-manufacturers, two black-japan makers, a lucifer-match maker, a printing-ink maker, three knackers, and three pig-feeders. The other favoured district, that of Poplar, contains—four factories, dealing with the refuse of gas; seventeen works for making manure, chiefly from fish-decaying organic matter and other offensive materials; ten works for boiling bones and animal refuse, including a candle-factory and a soap-factory; five varnish-makers; eleven manufacturing chemists, including one smelter of antimony; one set of coke-ovens and one of gas-works. All these trades are more or less injurious, the varnish-making and the stuff-melting being perhaps the most offensive. In the former process, which consists in boiling various ingredients in oil, a white fume is produced, having an odour very much resembling the effluvium from burning paint, which is one of the most offensive in existence. The injurious nature of the stuff-melting process, in which all sorts of diseased and putrid meats are boiled down, is sufficiently obvious to every one. It has been pretty clearly proved, however, that almost all these businesses can be carried on in such a manner that no perceptible odour shall be given out; the only difficulty is to get the manufacturers to use apparatus effective for the purpose, which they will only do on compulsion, as its adoption entails considerable trouble and expense.

The only act under which persons creating a nuisance of this character can be proceeded against, is the Nuisances Removal Act, the 27th clause of which says: 'If any candle-house, melting-place, or soap-house, or any slaughter-house, or any building or place for boiling offal or blood, or for boiling, burning, or crushing bones; or any manufactory, building, or place used for any trade, business, process, or manufacture causing effluvia, be at any time certified to the local authority by any medical officer, or any two legally qualified medical practitioners, to be a nuisance, or injurious to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the local authority shall direct complaint to be made before any justice, who may summon before any two justices in petty sessions assembled at their usual place of meeting, the person by, or in whose behalf the work so complained of is so carried on; and such justices shall inquire into such complaint, and if it shall appear to such justices that the trade or business carried on by the person complained against is a nuisance, or causes any effluvia injurious to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and that such person shall not have used the best practicable means for abating such nuisance, or preventing or counteracting such effluvia, the person so offending (being the owner or occupier of the premises, or being a foreman or other person employed by such owner or occupier) shall, upon summary conviction of such offence, forfeit and pay a sum of not more than five pounds, nor less than forty shillings.'

Although this clause would appear at first sight to give sufficient power to the magistrates to deal with preventable nuisances, there are three difficulties, and almost insurmountable ones, in the way of obtaining any effectual relief from it. The first is the insufficient power granted to the inspectors, who can demand admission to the works only between nine in the morning and six in the evening; whereas many of the processes complained of are carried on during the night. The second is the fact that, these inspectors, if refused admission, must obtain an order from the magistrates before they can enforce it; and by the time that order is obtained, all evidence of the nuisance can be removed. The third, and perhaps the most important, is the necessity of obtaining legal evidence as to which of the works among a certain number all producing offensive odours gave birth to that effluvium of which complaint is made, which is, of course, practically impossible, as no one could separate one effluvium from another in such a way as to be able to swear that any one factory created the nuisance he was annoyed by at any particular day and hour. Besides this, when, as in the case of Belle Isle, a collection of factories on the border of one parish spreads offensive effluvia over another, the local authority of the aggrieved parish has no power of proceeding against the offending parties. Thus we see that, in the present state of the law, it is next to impossible to compel the abatement of a nuisance of the kind, however great it may be; and it is stated that the inhabitants of Islington have been proceeding against the Belle Isle manufacturers for the last twenty years, while that delightful spot is still in as bad a state as ever.

These remarks apply equally to the case of nuisances created by the noxious gases evolved from the chemical manufactures treated of in the former part of this article, there being, besides, this additional difficulty, that such manufactures would probably not be considered to belong to the class specified in the Nuisances Removal Act, which seems to apply more particularly to nuisances arising from the manufactures of animal matter. In a similar manner, the act for compelling the consumption of smoke would not apply, as the term smoke is intended to signify the products of the combustibles used in the furnace, and not the gases evolved by the manufacture. The only course open is, therefore, an indictment for nuisance, which is so expensive and so uncertain in its results, that but few individuals would care to move in it.

The general conclusion to which we are brought by the above facts is, that the law in its present state is utterly inadequate for the prevention of the injury to life and health caused by the evolution of noxious gases and offensive effluvia in certain manufactures, and that, as many of these manufactures can be conducted in such a way as to be entirely inoffensive, it is necessary that some change in the law should be made, in order to enforce the adoption of the best known means for condensing or consuming these noxious vapours.

THE UNRECEIPTED BILL.

READER, did you ever journey on an omnibus from Paddington to the terminus of that railway which has of late endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of its past by calling itself the Great Eastern? If so, you will understand the advantage, during that arduous travel, of having a conversable companion. Such a one had I a while ago, who caused me to forget the dreary wastes of Islington and the squalid fastnesses of Shoreditch, in the following touching episode of his own life-drama:

There was nothing in his external appearance that would have led you to suppose him suffering from an inexpiable wrong. His brow was not what a writer of any principle could have honestly called 'noble,' nor had it the appearance of being 'scathed,' although it was red. His form was not 'slight and graceful,' for he was somewhat inclined to obesity. His hair

was not at all like 'a raven's wing,' and there was very little of it. His age might *not* be 'fixed about that period when the enthusiasm of the Boy begins to be tinged by the soberer tints of manhood.' Neither Bulwer nor Byron would have chosen him for their hero for 'the contemptuous curl' of his lip, which was thick and straight, nor for that of his nose, which was in the anti-Roman direction—upward. The sole claim that he could have put forward to the pity of the lovers of romance was, that he was an orphan—and it was high time he should be so, for he was fifty, if he was a day. His profession, indeed (which he confided to me), was something mysterious, for he was 'in the wine and cigar line;' which, though not an uncommon combination, is surely a curious one, suggested, I suppose, by the association of ideas; but who ever heard of any other occupation similarly suggested? of the 'sherry and soda-water' line, for instance, or the 'shoe and stocking' trade?

And yet this man had a grievance, and was as ready to tell it, and at considerable length too, as the moodiest and most soliloquising hero of melodrama.

We had got no further than the Marylebone Road, when I found myself in possession of the principal features of his biography; he had so 'cottoned' to me (to use his own expressive words), that he had, at that point, confided to me his birthplace, his state of celibacy, his religious views—which, however, were principally of a negative character, being, for one thing, strongly anti-Mormon*—his tendency to colds in the head (with illustrations), and his pecuniary embarrassments—which last, however, did not prevent him offering me hospitality at every house of entertainment at which our vehicle drew up.

In the Marylebone Road, then, my friend and I were importuned to purchase literature: 'Buy the Life of Garibaldi, sir;' 'Buy the Lord Mayor's Show'—a gorgeous procession occupying several feet of paper, but coloured with more profusion than discrimination—'Buy the *Pilgrim's Progress*, price one penny, sir.'

'Jolly book is the *Pilgrim's Progress*,' remarked my companion approvingly.

'Jolly?' said I; 'well, really'——

'I mean horrible,' explained the Communicative One. 'I like the giant immensely who lived in Dublin—no, in Doubting—Castle. I am an unfortunate man, and to read of misfortunes gives me a great deal of pleasure. There was a copy of that book, sir, in the home of my infancy, and I used to read it, lying upon my stomach on the hearth-rug; that had pictures in it, that had. I will bet a shilling this has got no pictures.'

'Well,' said I, 'you can scarcely expect pictures in an edition so exceptionally cheap as this.'

'One penny, sir,' reiterated the news-vender—'the *Pilgrim's Progress*, price one penny. Very suitable for a present.'

My stout companion shivered like a jelly just escaped from its mould. 'Not if I know it,' exclaimed he. 'I was very nearly being persuaded to buy that rascal's book; but now he has let the cat out of the bag. Suitable for a present indeed! And where's his receipt, I should like to know?'

'Nay,' said I, 'you must be a man of business to the backbone if you expect a receipt for a penny-book. You don't suppose that the conductor of this omnibus will give us a written release from our liability to pay his fare, do you?'

'I am no lawyer,' responded my new acquaintance, 'and cannot answer you that question; but I will never buy anything whatever without an acknowledgment in writing. If I had made that resolve a year ago, I should not now be riding in an omnibus, but in my own carriage.'

'Explain yourself,' said I; 'I am all attention.'

'You must know, then, that this time twelvemonth I was heir-presumptive of Morgan Ap Holog, the celebrated Welsh carcass-butcher; you can scarcely fail to have heard of *him*, I reckon.'

I was not only ignorant of the reputation of the gentleman referred to, but I had the most indefinite notion of what a carcass-butcher might be. A butcher who is *not* a carcass-butcher, thought I, must surely sell exceedingly fresh meat: but I concealed my doubts, and nodded assentingly, as though one who had never known of Mr Ap Holog must be himself unknown indeed.

'Uncle Ap, as I used to call him, had a liking for me, sir, above all his nephews: some said it was because of my merits, and others that it was owing to the fact, that he saw a good deal of my cousins, who lived in Wales like himself, and very little of myself, who lived in London; but, at all events, it was not for me to discourage his good-will. On the contrary, I felt it to be my duty to make him as tender as his mutton, and to leave nothing undone which might cause him to "cut up well" in my favour. He was very old and ailing, and the attentions of his relatives, as is usual in such cases, were unremitting. Personal service in my case was out of the question, and yet it was necessary that I should do something to exhibit my affection. Under these circumstances, I made Uncle Ap a present of a handsome clock. It was handsome, but I am bound to say that it was not dear: its cheapness, in fact, first attracted me—its beauty grew upon me afterwards. Some persons may think it was not a suitable offering to lay at the feet of an expiring carcass-butcher—and, indeed, I did hesitate between it and a second-hand accordion, for a considerable time. It may be urged that a clock was the last thing that should have been given to one whose account with time was about to close for ever; that you might as well offer a man a case of cigars upon his marriage-day, or a free ticket (for *one*) to Her Majesty's Theatre; but I had my reasons, nevertheless, and I sent Uncle Ap the clock.

'To say he was pleased, is to give a feeble idea of the old gentleman's satisfaction: such a consummate work of art had probably never reached the Principality before. It was bought in Wardour Street; but where it was made, I cannot imagine. A cuckoo clock would have been a wonder at Aberystdoverm, but in this timepiece there was a whole aviary of mechanical birds, besides a peacock with twelve feathers in his tail, who came out at noon, and screamed. The contemplation of it is said to have added months to Uncle Ap's existence, which, before the arrival of this gift, had been rather destitute of objects of interest. He could not read by reason of a defective education; and even if it had been otherwise, there is, I believe, no Welsh literature except prophecies and mystic ballads, such as would have had little interest for a respectable carcass-butcher. English he did not understand, even sufficiently to discriminate between the genders or the parts of speech; and when he wanted to express a wish for liquor, he would murmur: "Her is dry."

'I bought the clock, and paid for it over the counter, directing the shopman to send it to Mr Ap Holog's address, which a letter of acknowledgment from Aberystdoverm soon informed me had been done. I naturally thought that the transaction was thus completed. Conceive, then, my confusion, sir, when not long afterwards I received a second communication from my uncle's amanuensis (a malignant second-cousin), which ran as follows: "Your uncle, Ap Holog, desires me to forward to you the enclosed account. He cannot imagine but that you intended to make him a present of the timepiece in question; if otherwise, however, he will himself have no

* 'What I say is this, if a man can't drive a gig (and he *can't*, in nine cases out of ten), how can he drive a pair, and much more tandem—why, it 's out of the question, bless you; one wife is one too many.'—From Notes of his Conversation.

objection to make the *very reasonable* outlay demanded by Messrs Veneer and Dodge."

'The bill for the clock accompanied this epistle. I had taken no receipt on purchasing it, nor was it my custom to do so, at establishments where my name and address were unknown. I forgot, however, that in this case I could be reached by a swindling tradesman (as had now happened) at second-hand. The fraud, it is true, was but to a small amount, but herein lay the most unfortunate part of the business. You will easily imagine, sir, that I am not the man to tell a falsehood, but still I had rather led my uncle to suppose that that time-piece was not bought for nothing. His ignorance of the arts had led him to put a fabulous price upon the gift, and I had not disabused him of that error. There was no harm, I suppose, in his picturing to himself an affectionate nephew, who had denied himself every personal gratification, in order to secure for his aged and ailing relative an invaluable article of *vertu*. Uncle Ap had now, however, become acquainted with the actual amount of pounds, shillings, and pence expended, and the knowledge thereof had evidently not given him pleasure.

'My connection by the mother's side with Wales has given me a somewhat hasty temper, and I put myself into a pretty passion when I got my cousin's letter; my connection by the father's side with England has endowed me with the strongest determination not to be imposed upon, and I resolved that Messrs Veneer and Dodge should never get money twice over for that clock from me. I wrote them a letter explaining the circumstances as they had actually happened, and appending a few comments, which were not perhaps of a conciliatory character. From a wish not to be personally mixed up with a dispute of this nature, I signed myself A. B., and requested the expected apology to be addressed to the post-office. Messrs Veneer and Dodge did *not* apologise. They reiterated their desire to be paid twice over, and accompanied it with threats. A. B., in reply, secure in his impalpability, indulged in withering satire. Then Messrs Veneer and Dodge adopted a device from the brute creation; as certain animals, when in search of prey, will sometimes feign to be dead, in order more surely to secure their victims, so this respectable firm pretended to die in a commercial sense. They declared themselves to be bankrupts, and appointed an official assignee to continue their correspondence for them.

'Matters having thus assumed a serious character, where villany must be met by its match, I consulted an attorney. Having become possessed of all the facts, this gentleman shook his head, and asked whether, in the event of the case going to the County Court, my Uncle Ap Holog would appear to give evidence respecting the letter in which I had given him notice of the dispatch of the gift. The judge would have to weigh my oath against that of some hireling of the Messrs Veneer and Dodge, and the least collateral testimony would be most valuable.

"Uncle Ap a witness!" cried I; "why, he has been bedridden for a twelvemonth."

"But could not some relative of his be summoned to swear to the receipt of the letter in question?"

"He might be summoned," said I, "but he wouldn't come. The law is by no means so powerful in the Principality as it is in Westminster; and if he did come, he would be sure to witness dead against *me*."

"Are you a freemason?" inquired the attorney abruptly.

"Yes," said I; "but why do you ask? Are *you* a lunatic?"

"I ask because, if Messrs Veneer and Dodge are freemasons likewise, they may acknowledge their error. I have known this happen in similar cases more than once. Some persons will not listen to reason or justice, who will yet pay every attention to the same arguments, when urged by a gentleman with his thumb to his nose, and his fingers in a mystic attitude."

'Having acknowledged this compliment to the society of freemasons all over the world, I informed the attorney that the parties in question were not of the Brotherhood. "Then," said he, "you had better pay the money over again."

I made up six-and-eightpence by means of as many coppers as I could, and having presented it to the man of law, dismissed him.

'For an entire week, I received no more threatening missives, and began to imagine that all fraudulent proceedings were now abandoned. At the expiration of that period'—here my stout companion's voice became well-nigh choked with emotion—'I received this, sir—*this*.' He extracted from a side-pocket a worn and dirty envelope, and placed it in my hands. It bore the post-mark of Aberystdoverm; within it was a receipted bill for L.3, 19s. 11½d., and a letter written in such a hand 'as when a field of leeks bows all its stalks before the waving east.'

'Read it,' ejaculated my companion, 'and then tell me if I am not the most unfortunate dog in Christendom.'

'My dear sir,' said I, 'there is no time. Yonder is the railway-station for which I am bound.'

'Well, then, listen,' cried he, 'and may my sad case be a warning to a fellow-creature.'

'Mr Morgan Ap Holog begs to forward the enclosed receipted bill for the timepiece, and is happy to find himself thereby relieved of obligation. The clock has stopped for a considerable period, but Mr Ap H. detects no immediate signs of his own dissolution. It would have been better, he conceives, to have given a little more money for a little more time.'

'And what did the old gentleman mean by that observation?'

'He meant this, sir, that Messrs Veneer and Dodge had reapplied to *him* instead of me, and had had the indelicacy to set forth the details of the transaction between us. They had pleaded, as an additional aggravation to my not having paid them (twice over), that I had got the clock at a great bargain; and as for its having stopped so early (which, it seems, had been complained of by my uncle), I had bought it very cheap, upon the express understanding, that it should be warranted only for two months certain, *since the person for whose use it was intended could not possibly live over that period*. The whole estate of Aberystdoverm,' added my companion, dropping a tear upon me, as I slowly descended from the omnibus-box by help of the strap, 'has passed into native hands by reason of that unreceipted bill.'

FEATHERS.

All nature ministers to man; all creatures are his purveyors. The winds that blow, the showers that fall, the sun that shines—all are means to his comfort. He has dominion over the beasts of the forest, the fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air. It is with this last order of creation that we have now to do.

Beautiful in every variety of colour and size, from the humming-bird, flitting through the sunshine of the tropics, to the kingly eagle of the north, from the ostrich of the desert to the lark of the English meadow, birds are among the fairest marvels of a world of beauty, and they have this above many other creatures, that not only do they while living charm our sight by their shape, and our sense by their song, but when dead, they adorn us with their clothing. They pour the thrill of melody in streams which make glad the hope of youth, and cheer the feebleness of age; and when they yield to the universal conqueror, their plumage lends beauty to man's rejoicing, and majesty to his grief. Their

feathers wave on the hat of the infant, borne forth for the first time from its birthplace, to look upon an untried world—they tremble above the brow of the warrior like his stricken foemen—they glisten in the warm light of courtly assemblies, where youth and love give grace to the midnight hour—and they quiver on the sombre cortège which conducts the relics of departed humanity to its long home. Nay, more, their office extends beyond the grave; the feathers of birds have been made the means of perpetuating the history and wisdom of ages; they have caught and transmitted the glowing words of genius to posterity, have conveyed from heart to heart the language of love, or the tidings of sorrow, have given lasting shape to otherwise formless breathings of the spirit, and recorded memories else forgotten. 'With the hand-guided feather, man *writes*.'

The construction of a feather is truly a mechanical wonder. It has three parts—the quill, the shaft, and the vane. The quill, by which it is attached to the skin, is a hollow round tube, composed of coagulated albumen, and provided with a small orifice at each end, through which the other parts of the feather are nourished. From the quill grows the shaft, which gradually assumes a four-sided form, and tapers off into a point. It is filled with pith, which serves to strengthen and support it, and is smooth and convex along the back, but concave and divided by a groove in front. The vane springs from the sides of the shaft, and consists of the barbs—flat plates placed with their sides towards each other, and their edges outwards—and the barbules, which are appended to the barbs, and give to the feather its lightsome beauty. The position of the barbs renders it very difficult to bend them except in a line with the shaft. When the feather first issues from the skin of the bird, it is clothed with an outer sheath; this crumbles away after contact with the air for a time, and leaves all the parts free to unfold into their graceful shape. Naturalists give different names to the feathers of different parts of the body.

The adaptation of a feather to its purpose as a covering for birds and an instrument of motion, is as striking a display of Creative wisdom as any in existence. But our business is now with feathers in their uses to man.

The feathers most in esteem for decorative purposes are the long plumes from the wings and tail of the ostrich. The best are imported from Algiers; they also come from Tunis, Alexandria, Madagascar, and Senegal.

On the continent, the feathers of the emu are favourites; as well as those of the ibis, bird of paradise, marabout, peacock, pheasant, plotus, vulture, eagle, swan, turkey, and heron. Some feathers are very costly; the heron plumes which the Knights of the Garter wear cost from fifty to one hundred guineas, owing to their scarcity. The hussars wear the large feathers of the egret. The Chinese mandarins mount the peacock's plume.

The humbler classes of feathers are in extensive request as stuffing for beds. It must have been anything but a comfortable repose that our forefathers of the middle ages enjoyed upon their straw pallets, with 'a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster.' We of modern days esteem most highly the goose feather-bed. The geese are plucked in spring, midsummer, and the beginning of harvest. The only preparation the feathers need is drying in hot air, to purify them, and beating, to clear away any refuse loose matter adhering to them. There is a wicked tradition that they are best when plucked from living geese. Although, however, goose-feathers are esteemed most, those of the common poultry of all kinds are used, and many are imported. The feathers of the sooty petrel, found in great numbers near Bass's Strait, in Australia, are employed in large quantities. The down of the eider-duck is used to make the finest quilts for beds; but if slept upon, it loses its elasticity.

Quills for writing are also supplied by the goose. The five exterior wing-feathers are the only ones useful for this purpose, and of these the second and third are the best. The Dutch were long in possession of the secret of cleaning them so that the ink might flow freely along them. The mode of doing this now commonly pursued is that of plunging the quill-end for a few moments into a bath of fine sand heated to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, and then rubbing it hard with flannel. Some are afterwards made to look yellow, as if old, by dipping them into dilute muriatic acid. Quills are dressed by being thrust into fire a second, then laid on a flat bed called the *plate*, and drawn quickly beneath a blunt-edged knife termed a hook. Lastly, they are scrubbed with rough dog-fish skin by women, and tied up in bundles. Generally, the heaviest are the best.

It might seem to us that no two things could possibly be remoter from each other than feathers and warfare; yet few of the weapons used to destroy human life have been more fatally successful than the arrow, and this has owed its unerring aim to its flight having been made steady by feathers; the peaceful race of birds had much to do with winning Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and indeed every battle from the siege of Troy to the Reformation.

As we pass in review all these various uses of so everyday an article as a feather, we cannot fail to observe the wonderful foresight displayed in its adaptation to so many ends. In itself and its fitness for its primary purpose, it is an evidence of skilful design, while its varied applications afford a variety of pleasure to the reflective mind. The sight of a feather may bring before our minds scenes of history and types of character the most opposite. It may conjure up the boastful Persian army whose arrows darkened the sun, or the solitary monk who shook the world with the quill that penned the theses at Wittenberg. It may give to the gaze of our fancy the gorgeous clothing, the wealth, the state, the honour that reward earthly toil and adorn worldly success; or it may console our failing spirits by leading their reflections to the birds of the air, which sow not, nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them.

THE COUNTRY MILESTONE.

Trusty and true, by the road it stands,
In sun or snow, or wind or hail,
Sturdy to breast the cutting rain,
Or the blustering force of the sou'-west gale.
Spotted with yellow and gray and black,
Starred with lichen, and mossy damp,
But still proclaiming its simple truth
To farmer or beggar, duke or tramp.

For twenty years it has told one tale,
Never tiring or swerving ought,
Come sun or moon, or star or shine,
With one undeviating thought.
A type of Duty, silent and fixed,
Caring for only its one set task,
Whether it 's glazed with the winter-frost,
Or in July-heat it scorch and bask.

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THE PROSE OF BATTLES.

'I WOULD like to see a battle,' said a student to me the other day, 'for, through the whole literature of war, I look in vain for a minute description of any action.'

We may trace this deficiency to the disparity between the writers and the readers of war-literature. Those who witness and record are military men, either by profession or education; their accounts lack circumstantiality, and often simplicity. They assume that the reader has certain elementary knowledge of terms and movements, and their narratives seem therefore vague, general, and unsatisfactory. It will not avail to tell Mr Coke of Northumberland that the 'fourth division outflanked the enemy,' for Mr Coke, having passed much of his life underground, never beheld even a militia training. A division, to his mind, may include twenty men or twenty thousand men, and to outflank may intimate to ambush or to run away. Mr Phlog, the schoolmaster, reads in the newspaper that a certain regiment marched up in double-quick, or threw itself into a hollow square, or formed a pyramid to repulse cavalry, or rallied by fours, or deployed as skirmishers, or charged bayonets. But Mr Phlog, though an intelligent person, would like to be told, in detail, *how* the regiment deployed, and how the pyramid appeared. He has been to but one funeral in the course of his life, and never saw a murder or a hanging. He wishes, in common with the urchins whom he birches, to know more of the real and the horrible—how a man falls out of the ranks, what hues harden into his dead face, how he lies among the tangled wretches on the battle-field, how and by whom he is buried. In fact, he wishes daguerreotypes of war. When the powder has flashed out of the sky, and the tableaux have fallen away, tell him how the strewn plains would have looked to him had he been there—give him, in a word, the 'prose of battles.'

The writer has followed some of the bloodiest campaigns of the American civil war in a civil capacity; he has witnessed the incidents of charge, retreat, captivity, and massacre through the eyes of a novice, and some of his reminiscences may not be uninteresting to the less experienced.

The 'first death' which I recall among my most vivid remembrances happened on the Chickahominy River, during M'Clellan's famous peninsular campaign. The Federal army lay along the high hills on the north side of the stream, and the Confederates upon the hills of the other side. The pickets of the latter reached almost to the brink, and the Federals were busily engaged in erecting bridges at various points. I was standing at New Bridge one day, watching the operations of the soldiery, when General Z. rode down through the meadows to examine the work. A guard held the Richmond bank of the creek, access being obtained to them by a series of rafts or buoys; but the guard could go only a little way from the margin, for some sharpshooters lay behind a knoll, and had, up to this time, mortally wounded every adventurer. The general reined his horse on the safe side of the river, and called briefly 'Major!'

A young flaxen-haired, florid man, with a gold leaf in his shoulder-bar, stepped out, saluted, and paid respectful attention.

'General?'

'Is that your picket?'—pointing to the group on the opposite bank.

'Yes, general.'

'No more men beyond the knoll and bush?'

'No, general; it is dangerous. The enemy is there in force.'

'Do you know their force?'

'No, general.'

'Call one of your men.'

'Parks!'

A little bullet-headed fellow, whose legs were muddy to the thighs, and who was driving a round log to its place in the roadway, dropped his mallet at once, swung smartly round, as on a pivot, and saluted.

'Go cautiously up the bank,' said the general—'you see it there; draw fire, if you can; but if there be no response, you will shout to provoke it.'

I saw the knot in the soldier's throat rise slowly, as if propelled by his heart; a little quiver came to his lips, and he looked half-inquiringly to his major. In a moment he recovered, tapped his cap lightly, and leaping from buoy to buoy, reached the guard-post, ran up the hill, passed the knoll, and stood with his head and shoulders in full view, but his extremities and trunk behind the ridge. We all watched solicitously, and in dead silence.

'Shout! my man,' cried the general—'shout! shout!'

The hands of the soldier went up; he swung his

cap, and called shrilly: 'Hurrah for General M'Clellan and the U'——

A volley of musketry blazed from the timber beyond, and the man flung up his arms and disappeared. With a yell of revenge, the guard broke from the margin, discharged their muskets into the ambuscade, and directly returned, bearing the little fellow with the bullet-head; but the mud on his trousers was turning red, and blood dripped in a rill from his mouth and chin. The young major's florid face grew pale, he shut his lips tightly; and the soldiers, a little apart, swore through their teeth.

'I am sorry he got his billet,' said the general; 'but he died fulfilling orders, and he was a brave man.'

I wondered, as he rode away, attended by his dashing staff, if any more brave men had died, or were to die, fulfilling *such* orders.

A dreadful opportunity occurred, after the battle of Hanover Court House, to look upon wholesale massacre. The wounded of both sides had been hauled from the distant field to the encampments of the army, and were quartered in and around some old Virginian dwellings. All the cow-houses, wagon-sheds, hay-barracks, hen-coops, negro cabins, and barns had been turned into hospitals. The floors were littered with corn-shucks and fodder, and the maimed, gashed, and dying lay confusedly together. A few, slightly wounded, related incidents of the battle through the windows; but sentries stood at the doors with crossed muskets, to keep out idlers and gossips. The mention of my vocation was an *open sesame*, and I went unrestrained into all the larger hospitals. In the first of these, an amputation was being performed, and at the door lay a little heap of human limbs. I shall not soon forget the bare-armed surgeons, with bloody instruments, who leaned over the rigid and insensible figure, while the comrades of the subject looked on horror-struck at the scene. The grating of the murderous saw drove me into the open air, but in the second hospital which I visited, a wounded man had just expired, and I encountered his body at the threshold. The lanterns hanging around the room within streamed fitfully upon the red eyes and half-naked figures. All were looking up, and saying in pleading monotone: 'Is that you, doctor?' Men, with their arms in slings, went restlessly up and down, smarting with fever. Those who were wounded in the lower extremities, body, or head, lay upon their backs, tossing even in sleep. They listened peevishly to the wind whistling through the chinks of the barn; they followed one with their rolling eyes; they turned away from the lantern glare, which seemed to sear them. Soldiers sat by the severely wounded, laving their sores with water. In many wounds, the balls still remained, and the flesh was swollen and discoloured. There were some who had been shot in the bowels, and now and then these poor fellows were frightfully convulsed, breaking into shrieks and shouts. Some of them iterated a single word, as 'Doctor!' or 'Help!' or 'God!' or 'Oh!' commencing with a loud, spasmodic cry, and continuing the same word till it died away in sighs. The act of calling seemed to lull the pain. Many were unconscious, or lethargic, moving their fingers and lips mechanically, but never more to open their eyes upon the light; they were already going through the valley of the shadow. I think still, with a shudder, of the faces of those who were told mercifully that they could not live—the unutterable agony; the plea for somebody on whom to call; the longing eyes that poured out prayers; the looking on mortal as if its resources were infinite; the fearful looking to the immortal, as if it were so far off, so implacable, that the dying appeal would be in vain; the open lips through which one could almost look at the quaking heart below; the ghastliness of brow and tangled hair; the closing pangs, the awful rest at last. I thought of Parrhasius in the poem, as I looked at these things:

> Gods!
> Could I but paint a dying groan,

and how the keen eye of West would have turned from the reeking cockpit of the *Victory*, or the tomb of the dead man restored, to this old barn peopled with horrors. I rambled in and out, learning to look at death, studying the manifestations of pain, quivering and sickening at times, but plying my vocation, and jotting names for my column of mortalities.

At eleven o'clock there was music along the high-road, and a general rushing out of camp ensued. The victorious regiments were returning from Hanover, under escort, and all the bands were pealing national airs. As they turned down the fields toward their old encampments, several brigades stood under arms to welcome them, and the cheers were many and vigorous. But the solemn ambulances still followed after, and the red flag of the hospitals flaunted bloodily in the blue midnight.

Between midnight and morning, the wounded were removed to White House, on the river Pamunkey, whence they were forwarded by steamers to northern cities. I rode down with my dispatches in an ambulance that contained six wounded men besides. Ambulances, it may be said incidentally, are either two-wheeled or four-wheeled. Two-wheeled ambulances are commonly called 'hop, step, and jumps.' They are so constructed that the forepart lies either very high or very low, and may be both at intervals. The wounded occupants may thus be compelled to ride for hours with their heels elevated above their heads, and may finally be shaken out, or have their bones broken by the terrible jolting. The four-wheeled ambulances are built in shelves or compartments, but the wounded are in danger of suffocation in them. It was in one of the latter that I rode, sitting with the driver. We had four horses, but were thrice 'swamped' on the road, and had once to take out the wounded men till we could start the wheels. Two of these were wounded in the face, one of them having an ear severed, and the other having a fragment of his jaw knocked out. A third had received a ball among the thews and muscles behind his knee, and his whole body appeared to be paralysed. Two were wounded in the shoulders, and the sixth was shot in the breast. The last was believed to be injured internally, as he spat blood, and suffered almost the pangs of death. The ride with these men, over twenty miles of hilly, woody country, was like Dante's excursion into the Shades. In the awful stillness of the dark pines, their screams frightened the hooting owls, and put to silence the whirring insects in the leaves and tree-tops. They heard the gurgle of the rills, and called aloud for water to quench their insatiate thirst. One of them sang a shrill, fierce, fiendish ballad, in an interval of relief, but plunged, on a sudden relapse, into prayers and curses. We heard them groaning to themselves as we sat in front, and one man, it seemed, was quite out of his mind. These were the outward manifestations; but what chords trembled and smarted within, what regrets for good resolves unfulfilled, and remorses for years misspent, made hideous those sore and panting hearts? The moonlight pierced through the thick foliage of the wood, and streamed into our faces, like invitations to a better life. But

the crippled and bleeding could not see or feel it, buried in the shelves of the ambulance.

During the heat of action at Gaines' Mill, I crossed Grape Vine Bridge, and remarked incidents scarcely less terrible. At every step of my progress I met wounded persons. A horseman rode past me, leaning over the pommel of his saddle, with blood streaming from his mouth, and hanging in gouts from his saturated beard. The day had been intensely hot, and black boys were besetting the wounded with buckets of cool lemonade. It was a common occurrence for the couples that carried the wounded in 'stretchers' to stop on the way, purchase a glass of the beverage, and drink it with gory hands. Sometimes the blankets on the stretchers were closely folded, and then I knew that the man was dead. A little fellow who used his sword for a cane stopped me on the road and said: 'See yer! This is the ball that jest fell out o' my leg.'

He handed me a lump of lead as big as my thumb, and pointed to a rent in his pantaloons, whence the drops rolled down his boots.

'I wouldn't part with that for suthin' handsome,' he said; 'it 'll be nice to hev to hum.'

As I cantered away he shouted after me: 'Be sure you spell my name right! It 's Smith with an *e*—S-m-i-t-h-e.'

In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded sergeant. This man had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak, the blood choked his gesticulation.

'You le' go, pardner!' said one of the staggering brutes—'he 's not your sergeant. Go 'way!'

'Now, sergeant!' said the other idiotically; 'I 'll see you all right, sergeant! Come, Bill! fetch him over to the corn-crib, and we 'll give him a drink.'

Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant in wrath knocked them both down. At this time the enemy's cannon were booming close at hand.

I came to an officer of rank, whose shoulder-emblem I could not distinguish, riding upon a limping field-horse. Four men held him to his seat, and a fifth led the animal. The officer was evidently wounded, though he did not seem to be bleeding, and the dust of battle had settled upon his blanched, stiffening face like grave-mould upon a corpse. He was swaying in the saddle, and his hair—for he was bare-headed—shook across his white eyeballs. He reminded me of the famous Cid, whose body was sent forth to scare the Saracens. A mile or more from Grape Vine Bridge, on a hill-top, lay a frame farmhouse, with cherry-trees encircling it, and along the declivity were some cabins and corn-bins. The house was now a surgeons' head-quarters, and the wounded lay in the yard and lane, under the shade, waiting their turns to be hacked and maimed. Some curious people were peeping through the windows at the operations. As processions of freshly wounded went by, the poor fellows, lying on their backs, looked mutely at me, and their great eyes smote my heart.

After the carnage of Fairoaks, I visited the field, and by the courtesy of the Irish American, General Meagher, was shewn the relics of the battle. This engagement, it will be remembered, occurred in what was called the Chickahominy Swamp, and it was fought, mainly, in some thickets and fields, along the York River Railway. I visited first a cottage and some outlying barns beside the track. The house was occupied by some thirty wounded Federals; they lay in their blankets upon the floors—pale, helpless, hollow-eyed—making low moans at every breath. Two or three were feverishly sleeping, and as the flies revelled upon their gashes, they stirred uneasily, and moved their hands to and fro. By the flatness of the covering over the extremities, I could see that several had only stumps of legs. They had lost the sweet enjoyment of walking afield, and were but fragments of men, to limp for ever through a painful life. Such wrecks of power I never beheld. Broad, brawny, buoyant, a few hours ago, the nervous shock and the loss of blood attendant upon amputation had well-nigh drained them to the last drop. Their faces were as white as the tidy ceiling; they were whining like babes; and only their rolling eyes distinguished them from mutilated corpses. Some seemed quite broken in spirit; and one who could speak, observing my pitiful glances toward his severed thigh, drew up his mouth and chin, and wept, as if, with the loss of comeliness, all his ambitions were frustrated. A few attendants were brushing off the insects with boughs of cedar, laving the sores, or administering cooling draughts. The second story of the dwelling was likewise occupied by the wounded; but in a corner clustered the terrified farmer and his family, vainly attempting to turn their eyes from the horrible spectacle. The farmer's wife had a baby at her breast, and its little blue eyes were straying over the room, half wonderingly, half delightedly. I thought with a shudder of babyhood thus surrounded, and how, in the long future, its first recollections of existence should be of booming guns and dying soldiers.

The cow-shed contained seven corpses, scarcely yet cold, lying upon their backs in a row, and fast losing all resemblance to man. The furthest removed seemed to be a diminutive boy; and I thought, if he had a mother, that she might sometime like to speak with me. Beyond my record of the names of these, falsely spelled, perhaps, they would have no history. And people call such deaths glorious! Upon a pile of lumber and some heaps of fence-rails close by, sat some dozens of wounded men, mainly Federals, with bandaged arms and faces, and torn clothing. There was one, shot in the foot, who howled at every effort to remove his boot; the blood leaked from a rent in the side, and at last the leather was cut piecemeal from the flesh. They ate voraciously, though in pain and fear, for a little soup and meat were being doled out to them.

The most touching of all these scenes was presented in the stable or barn on the premises, where a bare, dingy floor—the planks of which tilted and shook as one made his way over them—was strewn with suffering people. Just at the entrance sat a boy, totally blind, both eyes having been torn out by a Minié ball. He crouched against the gable in darkness and agony, tremulously fingering his knees. Near at hand sat another, who had been shot through the middle of the forehead, but, singular to relate, he still lived, though lunatic, and evidently beyond hope. Death had drawn blue and yellow circles beneath his eyes, and he muttered incomprehensibly, wagging his head. Two men, perfectly naked, lay in the middle of the place, wounded in bowels and loins; and at a niche in the weather-boarding, where some pale light peeped in, four mutilated wretches were gaming with cards.

I was now led a little way down the railway to see the Confederates. The rain began to fall at this time, and the poor fellows shut their eyes, to avoid the pelting of the drops. There was no shelter for them within a mile, and the mud absolutely reached half-way up their bodies. Nearly one-third had suffered amputation above the knee. There were about thirty at this spot; but owing to the destruction of the Chickahominy bridges, by reason of a freshet, they could not at present be removed to White House. Some of them were fine athletic, vigorous fellows, and my attention was called to one who had been married only three days before.

'Doctor,' said one feebly, 'I feel very cold. Do you think that this is death? It seems to be creeping to my heart. I have no feeling in my feet, and my thighs are benumbed.'

A Federal soldier came along with a bucket of soup,

and proceeded to fill the canteens and plates. He appeared to be a relative of Mark Tapley, and possessed much of that estimable person's jollity.

'Come, pardner!' he said, 'drink yer sup. Now, old boy, this 'ill warm ye; sock it down, and ye'll see yer sweetheart soon. You dead, Allybammy? Go 'way now! You'll live a hundred years—you will; that's wot you'll do. Won't he, lad? What! Not any? Get out! You'll be slap on your legs next week, and hev another shot at me the week a'ter that. You with the butternut trousers! Sa-ay! Wake up, and take some o' this. Halloo, lad! pardner, wake up!'

He stirred him gently with his foot; he bent down to touch his face—a grimness came over his merriment: the man was stiff and dumb.

Colonel Baker, commanding the 88th New York, a tall, martial Irishman, took me into the woods where some of the slain still remained. We had proceeded but a very little way, when we came to a trodden place beneath the pines, where a scalp lay in the leaves, and the imprint of a body was plainly visible. The bayonet scabbard lay at one side, the canteen at the other. We saw no corpses, however, as fatigue-parties had been interring the slain, and the wood was dotted with heaps of clay, where the dead slept below in the oozy trenches. Quantities of cartridges were scattered here and there, dropped by the retreating Confederates. Some of the cartridge-pouches that I examined were completely filled, shewing that their possessors had not fired a single round; others had but one cartridge missing. There were fragments of clothing, hair blankets, murderous bowie and dirk knives, spurs, flasks, caps and plumes, dropped all the way through the thicket, and the trees on every hand were riddled with balls. I came upon a squirrel, unwittingly shot during the fight: not only those who make the war must feel the war! At one of the mounds the burying-party had just completed their work, and the men were throwing the last clods upon the remains. They had dug pits of not more than two feet in depth, and dragged the bodies heedlessly to the edges, whence they were toppled down, and scantily covered. Much of the interring had been done by night, and the flare of lanterns upon the discoloured faces and dead eyes must have been hideously effective. The grave-diggers, however, were practical personages, and had probably little care for dramatic effects. They leaned upon their spades when the rites were finished, and a large, repulsive-looking person, who appeared to be privileged upon all occasions, said grinningly: 'Colonel, your honour, them bois 'ill niver stand forninst the Irish brigade again. If they'd ha' known it was us, sirr, begorra! they'd ha' brought coffins wid 'em.'

'No, niver!' 'They got their ticket for soup!' 'We kivered thim, fait, will inough!' shouted the other grave-diggers.

'Do ye belave, colonel,' said the first speaker again, 'that thim ribals 'ill lave us a chance to catch them? Be me sowl! I'm jist wishing to war-rum me hands wid rifle-practice.'

The presence of death seemed to have added no fear of it to these people; having tasted blood, they now thirsted for it, and I asked myself, forebodingly, if a return to civil life would find them less ferocious.

The memorable retreat from the Chickahominy to the James, whereby M'Clellan saved the relic of his distressed and beaten army, was a series of horrors, which the limits of this article will not allow me to recapitulate. A sketch of the opening of the battle of White Oak will answer for the present. On the night of the 29th June 1862, I went to sleep on the brow of one of the hills forming the south bank of White Oak Creek. The Federal army had crossed over during the night, and the bridge and causeway through the swamp had been destroyed behind them. A crash and a stunning shock, as of a falling sphere, aroused me at nine o'clock—a shell had burst in front of my tent, and the Confederate artillery was thundering from Casey's old hill beyond the swamp. As I hastily drew on my boots, for I had not otherwise undressed, I had opportunity to remark one of those unaccountable panics which develop among civilian soldiers.

The camps were plunged into disorder. As the shells dropped here and there among the tents and teams, the wildest and most fearful deeds were enacted. Here, a caisson blew up, tearing the horses to pieces, and whirling a cannonier among the clouds; there, an ammunition-wagon exploded, and the air seemed to be filled with fragments of wood, iron, and flesh. A boy stood at one of the fires combing out his matted hair; suddenly, his head flew off, spattering the brains; and the shell, which I could not see, exploded in a piece of wood, mutilating the trees. The effect upon the people around me was instantaneous and appalling. Some that were partially dressed took to their heels, hugging a medley of clothing. The teamsters climbed into the saddles, and shouted to their nags, whipping them the while. If the heavy wheels hesitated to revolve, they left horses and vehicles to their fates, taking themselves to the woods, or, as in some cases, cut traces and harness, galloping away like madmen. In a twinkling, our camps were almost deserted, and the fields, woods, and roads were alive with fugitives, pushing, swearing, falling, and trampling, while the fierce bolts fell momentarily among them, making havoc at every rod.

To join this flying, dying mass, was my first impulse; but after-thought reminded me that it would be better to remain. I must not leave my horse, for I could not walk the whole long way to the James, and the swamp-fever had so reduced me, that I hardly cared to keep the little life remaining. I almost marvelled at my coolness, since, in the fulness of strength and health, I might have been one of the first of the fugitives; whereas, I now looked interestedly upon the exciting spectacle, and wished that it could be daguerreotyped. Before our artillery could be brought to play, the enemy, emboldened at his success, pushed a column of infantry down the hill, to cross the creek, and engage us on our camping-ground. For a time, I believed that he would be successful; and in that event, confusion and ruin would have overtaken the Unionists. The gray and butter-nut lines appeared over the brow of the hill; they wound at double-quick through the narrow defile; they poured a volley into our camps when half-way down, and, under cover of the smoke, they dashed forward impetuously with a loud huzza. The artillery beyond them kept up a steady fire, raining shell, grape, and canister over their heads, and ploughing the ground on our side into zigzag furrows, rending the trees, shattering the ambulances, tearing the tents to tatters, slaying the horses, butchering the men. Directly, a captain named Mott brought his battery to bear, but before he could open fire, a solid shot struck one of his twelve-pounders, breaking the trunnion and splintering the wheels. In like manner, one of his caissons blew up, and I do not think that he was able to make any practice whatever. A division of infantry was now marched forward to engage the Confederates at the creek-side, but two of the regiments turned bodily, and could not be rallied.

The moment was full of significance, and I beheld these failures with breathless suspense. In five minutes, the pursuers would gain the creek, and in ten drive our dismayed battalions like chaff before the wind.

I hurried to my horse, that I might be ready to escape; the shell and ball still made music around me; I buckled up my saddle with tremulous fingers, and put my foot upon the stirrup. But a cheer

recalled me, and a great clapping of hands, as at some clever performance in the amphitheatre. I looked again. A battery had opened from our position across the road upon the Confederate infantry, as they reached the very brink of the swamp. For a moment, the bayonets tossed wildly, the dense column staggered like a drunken man, the flags rose and fell, and then the line moved back disorderly: the pass had been defended.

WHIST.

THERE are three weaknesses, one or other of which are asserted by one of those sayings which have well been defined as 'the wisdom of many and the wit of one,' to beset even the most virtuous of gentlemen—Wine, Women, and Whist; nor is the case entirely exceptional of persons of position becoming a victim to the whole of them.

Politics, Polemics, Science, Art, Literature, Law, or Warfare, may be followed as professions without at all detracting from our fealty to the bottle, to the fair sex, or to what have been denominated (probably by some unlucky card-holder) the Devil's Books. Duty and Necessity lead us to embrace some pursuit in life, but Love and Nature impel us to make choice of our amusements. Among the lower orders, I understand that Beer and Skittles are found to possess considerable attractions; but of these I can say nothing of my own knowledge. The former renders me dyspeptic; the latter is too exhaustive a process for my physical strength. But about one of the three aristocratic weaknesses above named I know as much as most men, and am in a position to offer interesting information.

As to Wine, you might put before me claret at seventy-two and at ninety-six, and I should not be able to tell you which was which; while the instant that I have swallowed a glass of port, it runs to my heel, or my great toe, and there you may see it, through the skin.

As to the Fair Sex, I revere them, of course—and keep at a most respectful distance. I have known a very promising whist-player sink to shilling-points on getting married, and not long afterwards decline to 'cut in again,' upon the ridiculous ground that it was eleven o'clock. This is an argument against matrimony omitted by the ingenious Malthus, but to my mind it is most decisive. I do not object to young men dangling after young women—I object to nothing but a seventh man wanting to belong to my table—but the spectacle of a male fellow-creature past five-and-thirty 'in love,' and unable to concentrate his attention even upon trumps, is humiliating indeed. However, my opinion is worth nothing upon these points; I know little of social matters, but ask me what is to be done by second hand with 'king, one,' and you will receive the best information, not even excepting that which can be got from the author of *Cavendish*.

Whist is my line, my love, my all—my calling by 'natural selection.' I believe I am a barrister when I am not engaged in this delightful occupation, but that is merely an extraneous matter, like a wart on one's nose. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in writing upon whist in *Blackwood* lately, speaks of a friend of his who preferred to make L.800 a year by that science rather than by law—to spend his afternoons at *the Portland*, instead of Lincoln's Inn. The Right Honourable Baronet is not of course astonished at this, but he awards only faint praise; he is writing for the vulgar, and therefore, perhaps, thinks fit to assume a conventional virtue; or, as is more likely, he is conscious of having himself given way to temptation in the matter of politics, literature, and poetry, and forborne to surrender himself, as he should have done, entirely to *The* Game. Thus he deals but faint commendation to one who has put aside the toys of the world, and sought, so to speak, the cloister with its silent joys. Let me remark, without severity, Sir Edward, that if *you* had not been dazzled by 'the colonies,' or let your head run on *King Arthur*, and into *Strange Stories* (such as I hear about you, without, I confess, quite understanding their meaning), you would not expose yourself so much as you do to the just reproofs of B and C (you know who I mean), in respect to the management of trumps. Even a man of your undoubted talents cannot afford to give a divided allegiance to whist. It is impossible that you can properly mark the conversation of the game, with your mind's eye wandering now to Westminster Abbey, and now to Paternoster Row. However, I leave you to your own conscience; there must have been many moments in your checkered life when you have cursed the versatility of your genius, and wished it had stuck permanently (where I will say for you I do believe it mainly points) to short whist.

This truly Gentle Craft is gradually drawing towards its proper position—at the head of all social sciences. Other literary folks beside Sir Edward have taken upon themselves to set forth its excellences. In the severe pages of *Macmillan*, 'whist' has even this year found an honoured home, while less recently it has obtained a lengthened eulogy in *All the Year Round*. The newspapers are just now full of nothing else. In the true disciples of the Game, this sort of patronage does indeed but excite a smile; *they* do not require to have their lily painted, their precious metal gilded; but still, this awakening of the public to what is truly great, is pleasing to a lover of his species like myself, who looks upon the whole family of man as *possible partners*. I did not think, to confess the truth, that I should ever become a public instructor—that the tide of popular inquiry would ever set in my somewhat exceptional direction—but since I do find myself in a position to elevate my fellow-countrymen, I am not the man to shrink from my duties. With literature, indeed, I am totally unacquainted, with the exception of a beautiful essay written by one Elia upon a certain *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist*. Of all the celebrated women in the world, from Thalestris down to Mrs Fry, I hold Mrs B. to have been the chief. She played, indeed, at short whist instead of long, but that was the error of her Period; she was born before the Age that would have appreciated her at her proper value. What a hearty contempt she had for amateurs—for persons who will 'make up a rubber to oblige!' Playing *for nothing* she justly stigmatised as 'foolish,' and 'those people as idiots' who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. A whist-club ought to be erected to the shrine of that admirable woman, and in the Italian style, out of respect to Signor Elia, whom, from his name, I conclude to have belonged to that nation. She is deserving of peculiar honour, inasmuch as women are only very rarely—'almost never,' as we say in Scotland—found to be good whist-players. The inferiority of their sex is in this matter most strikingly exhibited. Some of them play all their lives, from the moment (for there *is* such a moment, for all that the satirists assert) when they give up their first and last hope of matrimony, and yet never attain beyond mediocrity of skill. You may give them 'the Blue Peter'* in three suits, without their remarking

* *To the vulgar*—the Blue Peter is a method of 'asking for trumps' from your partner, without speech, or kicking him (or her) under the table.

it, and when, after the game is over, you courteously remind them of their omission, they will contradict you point-blank. Moreover, they play too obviously for the money. I am none of those hypocrites who pretend to enjoy sixpenny points; but if people want to gamble—that is to say, to make gain the highest object of play—let them betake themselves to *vingt-et-un*, and not desecrate the noblest game that dignifies our mortal nature by mean passions.

The proper points at whist are relative, of course. Shakspeare himself tells us, 'What in the captain is but an exciting stake, would in the common soldier be rank lunacy,' or words to that effect. *He* foresaw, doubtless, how important it is that the humanising influence of whist should percolate through all ranks of society, even to the barrack-room, where, I trust, it may some day supplant *All Fours*, *Put*, *Beggar my Neighbour*, and other vulgar pastimes, the very names of which are demoralising. At the village club (where the attorney and the parson generally manage to get the better of the doctor and the farmers), the points are very properly 'sixpenny.' [I *have* heard even of sixpence *a rubber* being played for, the points being disregarded altogether; but this was in a very savage district.] At the rector's own house, and at the squire's, the points are almost invariably 'shilling,' and 'Would you like half-a-crown extra on the rub?' inquires our entertainer blandly; 'it is a matter of perfect indifference to *me*.'

At the London clubs, the points vary according to the class of their members. The university and clerical folk adopt the last-named modest stakes, or sometimes advance to 'half-crown' points; the political people, as a rule, adopt 'crowns,' but some of these play very high. Regular whist-clubs, such as *the Portland*, conceive that they have found the golden mean in 'half-sovereign' points; and there are one or two irregular clubs which have, I am sorry to hear, scarcely any limit whatever as to stake. But be not unreasonably malignant, O backgammon-playing country apothecary, for thy imperilled threepence causes thee more anxiety than do the risked half-sovereigns of thy medical brother of the town with his fifteen thousand a year.

These matters are all comparative. There was once a builder, in a certain part of this metropolis, who owned but a single house. He could play at whist and cribbage, but beside those accomplishments, and the edifice in question, he possessed nothing. He determined, therefore, to combine his gifts, that the one might strengthen the other. He challenged a very wealthy gentleman of his own profession, and of similar tastes, to play a game of cribbage for a house. A Valuer, I suppose, was appointed to select, from the various mansions of the richer party, a building as commensurate to this ewe-lamb of bricks and mortar as possible, but, anyhow, the proposal was acceded to, and the game was played. A (as we will call the challenger, so as not to be libellous) found himself by the result of this contest in possession of *two* houses, and in a position (from his own desperate point of view) to double his stake. After a few more games, B, finding himself deprived of an acre or two of houses, insisted upon changing the game to 'double dumby.' At this deadly game, it is whispered that their stakes were fixed at *house points* and *a square on the rubber*. And it is added, that when they were much excited, and one of them had won the first game, he would lay the other the customary 'five to two' *in crescents*. It is on record that they never quarrelled, except with respect to some 'skeletons' at Kilburn, which A found himself in possession of after a night's play, and against which he had staked (without proper inquiry) some really valuable tenements in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. After that circumstance, the house-valuer was permanently retained as referee at their card-table, and the winner gave him an unoccupied dwelling, for fee, at the end of every evening; thus *he* also got to be a considerable householder in time, and without the slightest risk. The above, of course, appears like gambling to persons of ordinary wealth; but let it be charitably remembered that B was immensely rich, and that A had become so by winning of him; so that, after all, the points may not have been excessive.

Now the female, when at whist, is commonly as anxious about the stake as is a hen with respect to the eggs she sits upon, to the decrease of which she has the most passionate objection, but to the increase none whatever; and when the luck goes against her, she rates her partner soundly, as though it had been his duty to have 'packed' the cards.

But a truce to rebukes; my subject is a cheerful one, and deserves to be treated sunnily. I have the pleasure, then, to inform all whom it may concern, that there is *no* place—unless where propriety would dictate to the contrary—where whist cannot be played. Believe one who has tried it everywhere, from up a tree, to a stalactite cavern by torch-light. Since, however, opportunities of that precise nature are exceptional, I will not dilate upon *them*, but confine myself to circumstances which may occur to everybody. In *Major A.'s* famous work on whist, there is a frontispiece which represents four persons playing that game inside a coach, and four engaged in the same pursuit on the top of it. I *have* played outside a coach, but it was always under difficulties. Each player had to place his thumb down carefully upon every card, both as it was dealt and as it was played, lest it should be blown away, and there was no place except one's pocket in which to put the tricks. Inside the coach was, of course, a delightful spot—a perfect bower of whist, built, as it seemed, for the very purpose. A railway carriage is even more appropriate. By securing the carriage to yourself and your three or four friends, you insure a spare cushion to form the table. The weary hours of travel fly by unnoticed; and if you need scientific approbation, you may get it from the *Lancet*, which, I am told, objects to 'reading' and to 'looking out of window' while the train is in motion, but considers cards to be the very best locomotive occupation. At the same time, I would not play with strangers, who either win your money, or give you in charge to the police for having won theirs.

I shall never forget coming up by the train, on one occasion, from Cambridge, in my ungraduate-days, without the proper number of companions. There were only three of us, and one of these had some unreasonable objection to 'dumby.' There was a fourth man in the carriage, it is true, but we did not know him, and he looked like an archdeacon. Boldface, of Trinity, shuffled the cards, and we all cast longing glances in the direction of the Unknown; but he had covered his features with the *Guardian*, and nothing could be gathered from them of hope or otherwise. Then I proposed that we should cut for who should ask the venerable stranger to make a fourth; so we drew for 'first knave;' and the lot fell upon Dewdrop of Downing. Now, Dewdrop was a painfully shy man, and would rather have stormed a battery than asked any such question; nevertheless, the little fellow was not one to shrink from his duty. With a faltering voice and a countenance as red as a peony, he observed: 'Sir, we are, alas, but three; would you object to assist us in this emergency?'

'I shall be most delighted,' replied the stranger, hastily cramming the *Guardian* into a carpet-bag with his feet. 'Why didn't you ask me before? I am the dean of a small but respectable college at Oxford. Some weak under-graduates think it wicked to save your eyes by playing whist in a railway carriage, and I do not wish to lose my dignity with them, therefore I never play on the *Great Western* line; but, on any other, nothing gives me greater pleasure.'

And a very good rubber he played.

Where a spare cushion is not to be had, a judicious donation to a railway porter will generally procure a piece of deal or an advertisement-board to serve as a table. I *do* know a gentleman who habitually carries about with him a folding slab of wood for this especial purpose; but this is apt to arouse suspicion in the minds of strangers, who, not knowing that he is a member of the House of Commons, have more than once imagined him to be a cardsharper.

I was once persuaded by a number of young ladies to take them to a county ball, a species of amusement but little in accordance with my tastes or period of life. The whist at such places is no more like the real thing than the effervescent drink at the ensuing supper resembles the true vintage of champagne; the bassoon and sustained thought are incompatible; moreover, the whist-table is but too often placed in the same room with the dancers, so that if you look up from your work, your eye falls upon a score of revolving girls with flowers in their hands—like so many Queens of Clubs—which is not an Aid to Reflection. On the occasion in question, however, this was not the case, for there was absolutely no whist-table at all. The inn in which the ball was held was small and full, so that no room could be spared for our diversion. The high-sheriff himself, who was bald and stout like me, and totally unadapted for dancing, was unable to procure the necessary apartment for whist; a retired post-captain, and a respectable medical practitioner, were eager to make up our rubber—space alone was wanting to us. The doctor would have had us adjourn to his house, but I did not like to leave my young ladies.

'Gentlemen,' said the post-captain hesitatingly, 'I am staying in the hotel, and have a small bedroom at the top of the house, which is very much at your service.' We accepted this proposal with enthusiasm. It *was* a small room undoubtedly, but we all four managed to squeeze into it. The high-sheriff and myself occupied the only two chairs; the doctor sat on a sort of camp-stool used for sustaining a portmanteau, which required delicate balancing, and now and then collapsed, and pinched him rather painfully; the sea-captain sat on the bed. There was no table, but we played on a little mahogany thing, called, I believe, 'a biddy,' and enjoyed ourselves immensely. The only misfortune was, that my young ladies never thought of looking for me in this secluded apartment, and went away home by themselves, after all.

I have often played whist in a wood, in summer-time, but one occasion remains indelibly impressed upon my mind. It occurred in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, when I was still at college. Four of us had driven out on some aimless expedition in a dog-cart, and getting heartily tired of the monotony of the motion, we stopped at a suitable plantation, took the horse out of the shafts, and let it graze, spread a railway-rug on the grass in place of a table, and sat down cross-legged, like Turks, to a game at whist,* *sub tegmine fagi*. All would doubtless have gone well, but for the stupidity and ignorance of the inhabitants of the village adjacent, who, in spite of the vicinity of the university, were totally uncivilised. One of these creatures having discovered us, gave information to his fellows and we were soon surrounded by a gaping circle of clowns. No savages could have been more astonished by the painted pasteboard which we held in our hands, nor have expressed their wonder more uncouthly. One would think that they had never seen four gentlemen playing whist in a wood before. As their astonishment lessened, their audacity, as usual, increased; and we had presently to play 'dumby,' while one of our number kept off the intruders with the whip. At last, we hit upon the plan of subsidising two or three of the biggest to drive away the rest, and concluded our amusement in comparative calm. As an incidental circumstance, I remember too, that, although we all professed to be thoroughly acquainted with the accomplishments of a groom (for this is a point of honour among young gentlemen at college), in restoring our animal to his vehicle, we fastened the belly-band *over his back;* in consequence of which, as we ascended the next of those very moderate elevations which stand for hills in Cambridgeshire, the shafts flew up, and myself and my companions were, in the Scotch sense, skedaddled—spilt.

I could tell you fifty more adventures connected with whist that would make you smile, but scarcely one at which the moralist need hold up a disapproving finger. The sociality that is developed, the sympathy that is evoked by this fascinating game are beyond all eulogy. As for the people who play only for their own hands, and have no interest in the success of their partner, save a selfish one—who do not enliven the pauses of the game with pleasant talk, but are ever feeling the money in their pockets as it dwindles or increases, I wish they would leave honest gentlemen to their friendly rubbers, and go play by themselves. Pestilent fellows these, of whom it delights me to win half-a-crown rather than to take five shillings from better men: they rob whist of half its charms.

Among intimate friends, although the rules of the game should be always most strictly adhered to, a little banter is permissible. 'You may put your night-caps on,' is a remark sometimes addressed by one who has the game in his hand to his crest-fallen adversaries; or, 'You may write home to your friends.' There are some stock phrases used by some acquaintances of my own, which appear to me very laughable and pleasant, although they would be most indecorous at a club. One who sees that the game is irretrievably lost, will remark to his partner dolorously: 'The fox perceiving his end draw near, observed to his friend the goose'—— The end of the quotation, if it be such, is not known, but the pathos of the fragment, in connection with the mournful circumstances of the case to which it alludes, is touching indeed. Another gentleman is accustomed to commence any unusually bold play with a motto borrowed from the French Revolutionists: 'Death to Tyrants; Blood;' which being uttered by a remarkably mild individual, with spectacles, has a most humorous effect. Another, with a perfectly worthless hand of his own, will inquire of his *adversaries*, 'Will you *chuck*, and save time?' and it is on record that a stranger was, on one occasion, so impressed with the superhumanly confident manner of the speaker, as to *chuck* accordingly—that is to say, throw up his cards in the most unfounded despair. I am well aware that all such behaviour as this is most reprehensible; but there are societies—those of one's old college-friends, for instance—and seasons—such as New Years' Eve—when even whist-players may unbend a little.

Let me conclude, however, in decorous fashion, and with a proper moral 'tag.' When I wrote, 'one may play almost anywhere at whist, so far as convenience goes,' I should have added, 'but not at almost any *time*.' The town whist-player, as is well known, very rarely plays after dinner; but after supper, *no* man should play. 'Early to bed,' is the motto of all sensible players. Be sure, too, that the pursuit of this enchanting game does not tempt you to neglect your duties in other respects. Do all your work thoroughly before you sit down. Without putting the matter upon higher ground, there is nothing that injures an honest man's game more than the reflection that he has left a duty unfulfilled; his conscience whisks

* It may be said, Where were the cards? But Ambrose Jones was with us (commonly called St Ambrose), who at that time—whatever he may do now that he is an archdeacon—never moved without a pack of cards.

away his attention, and his money and his temper are then pretty sure to follow. Whist embittered the death-bed of the great Metternich.

Fifteen years before his death, that great statesman knew little of the wondrous game, as full of wiles and stratagems as his own crafty mind. I was walking with him at that period in a gallery of his own house at Vienna, and through an open door we perceived some ladies of his family playing at whist.

'That is a game,' remarked he, 'only fit for women and fools.'

I smiled, and shook my head.

'I have played whist for fifty years, I tell you,' continued the prince, a little heated by my pantomimic contradiction, 'and I think I am capable of forming an opinion.'

'You have played *something* for fifty years, prince,' returned I pityingly, 'but you never played whist in your life.'

The astute Austrian was so struck with the audacious confidence of my assertion, that he submitted to become my pupil in the science. I do not say that he surpassed his tutor, for that would be gross flattery; but he very soon *un*learned what he knew, and got to play a most admirable game. He threw himself into this new art with his accustomed energy, and soon became passionately attached to it. Years afterwards, an express arrived with dispatches for him from Galicia, and found him engaged at his favourite game. He placed the papers on the mantelpiece, and went on playing throughout that night, and far into the morning. When the party broke up, he was horrified to discover that upon his immediate reply depended the fate of two thousand innocent persons. The infamous 'Galician massacre' would never have taken place, if Metternich had not loved whist 'not wisely, but too well.'

COTTON.

THE *Gossypium*, a native of three continents and of both hemispheres, is perhaps the most important of plants; yet its value was but found out yesterday. Cotton, like Malvolio in his fancied promotion, had greatness thrust upon it. It was long known, and was even cultivated as a pretty shrub centuries before any shrewd improver sought to draw a profit from its fibres. If any race on earth might be supposed to have a keen eye to the main chance, it was certainly the Chinese; yet Ching and Chang placed the cotton-plant in their gardens while Alfred was burning the immortal cakes, and never discovered that the white wool had a use until about the time when Prince Edward was routing the Barons' army at Evesham.

When Admiral Pliny and his fleet were on the Alexandria station, that scientific Roman flag-officer found the Egyptians perfectly conversant with cotton. They could spin yarn and weave webs, and the plant throve admirably well in the sandy soil and moist saline climate of the Delta coast. They had probably received their supplies of seed through the medium of the active Red Sea trade, which they carried on under the Ptolemies. At anyrate, the manufacture must have been of comparatively modern origin, since no mummies wrapped in cotton have hitherto been disinterred, whether at Hieropolis or Luxor. All mummy-cloths have as yet proved to consist of pure linen, nor is the cotton shrub found in the hieroglyphic paintings beside its more ancient cousin-german, the flax-plant.

What the Egyptians and Chinese learned late, however, in their national history, the Aryan race, and even those primitive tribes of India to whom the Hindu is as a Norman conqueror, seem to have known from the first. Alexander's Arnauts skirmished with Gentoos in cotton robes; Solomon's sea-captains probably chaffered with Lascars whose scanty garb was wrought from the same fragile material. Be that as it may, the very earliest accounts of the natives of India and the great Indo-Chinese Archipelago represent the population as clad in cotton cloths. Very various as to texture and value were these fabrics. Rude Malabar and the ruder isles could only produce coarse cloths, white, yellowish, or striped with staring red or blue; Dacca, on the other hand, whose cunning workmen had devised subtle and patient methods of spinning the finest thread by hand-labour, could turn out muslins of the utmost beauty. The 'woven wind' of Bengal was soon borne on the wings of fashion to every zenana in Hindustan and Deccan. It was sighed for by dark-eyed Mohammedan queens far beyond the snowy Khyber; and our wondering European envoys told the woollen-clad people of the West how the Grand Turk had bought, at enormous price, what was called 'invisible cloth,' for his wives to wear.

The Moors introduced cotton into Spain, and the Saracens planted it in Sicily. But although the very word 'cotton' is confessedly Arabic, and although the Cid himself must have fought against Moorish warriors in cotton turbans, the soft and serviceable material was very slow in making its way to the favour of Christendom. A very small quantity of cotton-wool, the produce of the Levant, appears to have been occasionally shipped to a British or Italian port, and to have been worked up, probably in conjunction with flax, at Manchester or Pisa. But it attracted little or no attention, and the manufacture never attained any peculiar excellence. For a long time, the innocent and useful Gossypium had to endure the cold shade of neglect. Our merchants, following in the track of Vasco da Gama and his brother-discoverers, built their stockaded factories on the edge of that India which was to be their empire; they bought and sold, battled and conspired, with cotton-clad nations, yet were blind to the merits of cotton. Pizarro's cut-throat conquerors were too busy in seeking the hidden gold and silver of Peru to heed the fact, that the gentle natives were dressed in red and white cottons of their own growth; and it is but two hundred years since English looms began to deal with even a moderate amount of what we now esteem a necessary of our national welfare. Cotton came to supply a great want in the wardrobe of society at large. The high price of linen virtually rendered it a forbidden luxury to the bulk of our working-classes. Only a courtier or a court-lady, the Sir Foplings and Aramintas of those days, could afford to wear those dainty tissues which still take their name from the city of Cambrai. Only a substantial esquire, or a merchant free of his guild, could find the wherewithal to buy the smooth and strong fabrics sent us by the Netherlanders, the fine Holland at eight shillings an ell that trusting Dame Quickly provided for the faithless fat knight. Even our domestic manufactures of linen were too expensive for Hodge the ploughman, save on high-days and holidays, and the poor were obliged to wear under-clothing of canvas, of woollen that could seldom be changed, and rarely washed, or too often to go without altogether. This last alternative was fearfully common, and helps to account for much of the disease and loathsome afflictions

which were endemic among the poor. A multitude in the middle ages, even in the transitional century that saw the Stuarts rise and fall, contained a terrible proportion of shirtless, stockingless persons. There was no cotton in general use, wool and flax were dear, and in Ireland, little or no linen was produced for exportation, the national staple being chiefly used for those long shirts which were worn by the kerne of Ulster and Connaught, and whose saffron dye—adroitly devised to save washing—provoked the legislative wrath of Elizabeth.

Little Manchester, all unconscious that she, like a commercial destiny, was weaving the web of her own fortune, began to make large use of cotton while King Charles I. was disputing with his parliament; yet so defective was the machinery employed, that to produce a cloth of pure cotton was beyond the power of English weavers. Strange as it may seem, what the Bengalee could do, what the native of Malabar could do, and what even the untutored Peruvian could easily effect, was a task beyond the skill of Arkwright's countrymen. It was necessary to form the warp of linen thread, leaving only the weak weft to consist of cotton. The stuff thus produced was known by the name of linsey-woolsey. It was cheaper than linen, and thus a boon to a needy and ill-clad population. But its production was scanty, and it had neither the solidity of flaxen cloth nor the economy of cotton.

Curiously enough, the name of the despised or ignored substance was familiar in the mouths of millions who knew nothing of the true material. The word cotton often occurs in early English records, and is commonly used to designate wool of a fine quality, and that had undergone carding. It meant, or was loosely held to mean, any white flocculent matter, such as thistledown, but it was mainly applied to wool; and the confusion was increased by the employment of the very word cotton-wool, which properly belonged to the imported fibre. Cotton itself is by no means uniform in colour and texture; Africa and South America produce white cotton, red cotton, and yellow cotton of many shades; Asia has but two colours, the pure white and the dirty nankeen; but in all cases the fibres are derived from a branchy shrub, which, though it grows to the extreme height of twenty feet, is yet a mere herbaceous plant, and deserves to be ranked with the flowering grasses. Cotton is less woody than any other vegetable fibre, and its parent plant is always a bush, never a tree. The cotton-tree—the lofty Eriodendron—is but a haughty and useless relative of the meek and valuable Gossypium; its seed-vessels certainly yield vegetable hairs, but hairs too feeble and spare to knit into the compact firmness which gives its merit to cotton.

At last, the hour and the man came; the hour was part of a summer day in 1769, and the man was Richard Arkwright. Thanks to his inventive energy, his frame and jenny, the foundation-stone of our English staple of manufacture was laid. That discovery did the work of Aladdin's slave of the lamp. By degrees, but surely as a magnet draws iron, it attracted the population, the life and muscle, of a province into one poor and remote county. It made Lancashire what we have seen it, with its joys and sorrows, its sunshine of prosperity and its winter of discontent; its intelligence, its bygone turbulence, its wealth, and its famine.

Yet Arkwright's grand discovery seemed humbler to his contemporaries than to us, who view it by the clear light of experience. His jenny simply helped men to spin yarn quicker and better than they had previously done, and his frame merely enabled them to compose a cloth of absolute cotton, warp and weft alike of cotton, without being indebted to the flax-plant any more. The work went on. Discovery called on discovery, as deep to deep. Watt, Arkwright, Hargreaves, Peel—these names appear and disappear in the legends of the last century, each claiming and deserving a share of praise for good deeds done; and then stands out, beyond the reach of rivalry or dispute, the name of Samuel Crompton.

Crompton invented the mule in 1786, and from that day the tide that had long set Indiawards turned in favour of Britain. At last, England could meet and beat her Asiatic rival and teacher with her own weapons. No more dependence on Benares, Surat, Dacca, for the calicoes that every year made more valuable to consumers, whose love for decency, neatness, and cleanliness yearly increased. No more need to buy India-spun yarns, wherewith to weave in Lancashire. While Crompton, suspected, hooted, mocked, a laughing-stock to his dull, respectable neighbours, as well as to the thoughtless lads around, was toiling in his attic over his priceless spindles, fine yarn was worth twenty guineas a pound. Gradually and certainly, yarn of the same quality fell to eighteenpence a pound, and all this salutary cheapening was the work of a half-crazed, ill-taught man in a tumble-down cottage.

Much to her credit, India held her good name in the world's market. With a simple distaff, the patient, supple-handed Hindu contrived to spin finer thread than all our western appliances could turn out. This thread was afterwards woven with a solidity and elegance which left our best endeavours far behind. But the handicraft, with all its delicacy of execution, was a fossil; it remained stationary, and the restless, eager West outstripped the torpid East. We managed to surpass India in cheapness and celerity, first, as was natural, in the making of coarse goods, and, after a long interval, in the more delicate fabrics also. Hand-made wares of most kinds, from a gunstock to a Cashmere shawl, are, however, superior in solidity to the best productions of a machine; and thus it is that not only India, but China also, to this day clothes its millions in stouter and more enduring stuffs than Manchester can offer. The low price at which English calicoes can be sold, after all deductions for freight and brokerage, is the main temptation, and with free-trade we can undersell the Oriental in his own markets.

The cost of yarn decreased, while the sale of woven goods multiplied beyond all precedent. For many years, England had a virtual monopoly of the cotton manufacture. She alone possessed, not merely the mills and plant, but the capital and intelligence needful to keep them astir; not the fiddle only, but the fiddle-stick as well. Competition was hardly possible from 1786 to the Glorious Days of July; for who was in a position to vie with Britannia, jealously watchful of her new-found source of wealth. Not France, bleeding at every vein, and exhausted by her long combat with all Europe in arms; not Belgium, distracted by the frequent change of masters and laws; not America, still suffering from the after-effects of her struggles against the mother-country, and not as yet enriched by the tide of emigration. As for rivalry on the part of Russia, a semi-barbarous empire, deficient in all requisites except unskilled labour, that appeared a dream too idle to find an expounder.

Monopolies, however, are sure to decay and fall, and so England found at last a host of emulous competitors pressing on her heels in the race. As foreign nations became more quiet and more rich, they learned to hunger for a slice of the golden apple that had hitherto been decreed to Britain alone. There were obstacles, and great ones, in the path. Possession is nine points of the law in manufactures as well as in other matters, and Lancashire had possession. She had all the machinery, the exportation of which was illegal—all the trained hands, all the traditions, the heedfully guarded trade-secrets, and her cotton-port hard by.

Yet the effort to keep all the plums in the pudding for home-use proved a failure—mules and jennies

were pirated, frames copied, trade-secrets ferreted out, clever workmen coaxed abroad. Mills rose, and engines whirred, from Moscow to Ghent; and at last the old barriers fell, and Birmingham was permitted openly to supply the rivals of Manchester with machinery. Yet it was soon proved by experience that England wanted nothing but a fair field to enable her to bear the bell over all compeers. The native industry of foreign lands was scared at her approach, and shrieked for protection. A rampart of prohibitory tariffs, a triple array of custom-duties, kept out the dreaded invasion of British calico. Old World and New, Lowell and Roubaix, Novgorod and St Etienne, fenced themselves in from the prints of Preston and the long-cloths of Staleybridge.

One little country, walled in by mountains, and shut from the sea by a belt of hostile frontier-lines, discarded the plan of securing customers by legal enactments, and tried to deserve patronage by merit alone. When we westerns were yet in leading-strings, Switzerland was the freest of free-traders. Her wares were forced on reluctant purchasers; for if bought at all, they were bought for their own sake. It was found that no European muslins were like the Swiss muslins, no coloured prints so tasteful and well dyed as those which Swiss mills turned out, often from British-made yarns. But it was impossible that Helvetia should seriously strive with England in the important respect in which the latter distances all emulation—that of cheapness.

Commerce has never shifted in a manner more marked and absolute than where the raw material for manufacture was concerned. In the early days of the trade, the supply depended chiefly on the Levant traffic. The Turkey merchant—a personage as well known in his day as the Nabob in his—skimmed the first profits from the consignment, which was grown in Egypt and Syria, and shipped to England by the Turkey fleet, always under convoy, for fear of the Barbary corsairs. The West Indies made up about one-third of the annual importation, and Bombay and Surat contributed their quota. At last the tremulous needle of the commercial compass wheeled from the East to the West. Every year saw more arrivals of the long-stapled American cotton, fewer arrivals of the short-stapled Indian. The Levant trade dwindled, and soon Liverpool was bound by cotton chains to New York and New Orleans.

Cotton varies excessively. There is as much difference between the yellowish Bengal at two-pence-halfpenny, and the milk-white Sea Island at two or three shillings a pound, as between the gigantic London dray-horse and the rat-like Dartmoor pony. By common consent, the costly Sea Island, raised on the sandy reefs and islets off the Carolina coast, is the queen of cottons. But this long and silky staple is no aboriginal American, but an immigrant from Persia, brought slowly round by way of Anguilla and the Bahamas. Sea Island is a patrician cotton, always at the head of the price-list. But there is no magic in the sandy soil of that long line of islets, keys, and shoals, which serves as a breakwater to the most pugnacious of the Confederate States. Wherever the same conditions are found, cotton of equal quality can be raised. This black-seed cotton, so called to distinguish it from the green-seed cotton grown on the uplands of the Gulf States and in the swamps of the Mississippi Delta, will thrive wherever there is a dry country washed by the sea. It craves saline air. In Lower Egypt, on the Algerian coast, and, above all, upon the Sunderbunds of Bengal, this regal cotton flourishes, yielding a fibre as long, silky, and dainty to the touch as even South Carolina can sell us.

As a general rule, in a damp climate, cotton does best at a distance from the sea; in a country where rain is rare, it should be planted within sight of the waves. This plan answers well in Brazil and in India; but it is remarkable that South Carolina, where the moisture of the air rusts all iron, should gather the choicest of her staples from fields hardly above high-water mark.

Cotton is, like flax, tobacco, and beet, considered an exhaustive crop. Planters have a prejudice, perhaps from indolent habits, in favour of new land. Virgin soil will often yield as much as 1200 pounds of unginned, or 300 pounds of ginned cotton. Eli Whitney's gin was, in its way, almost as great a step towards progress as the machines of our British inventors. The miserable hand-gins could never be relied upon to separate the seeds from the fibres at any greater rate than that of half a hundredweight a day. Such gins are still in use on many plantations, and the ryots of India have a yet ruder and tardier contrivance whereby to clean their cotton for sale or home use. Old land will not commonly yield much more than 120 pounds an acre to the careless cultivation it receives. Yet the labour, except at picking-time, is light, and a moderate cotton crop is fairly remunerative when no middleman absorbs too much of the profit, and when mills for crushing the otherwise wasted seed are at hand.

The area in which the Gossypium grows is very wide; the culture is easy, and intelligent care in weeding, irrigating, and sowing, in cleaning and packing, are never better rewarded than where cotton is concerned. India, Barbary, Egypt, the Turkish provinces, far-away Queensland, and equatorial Africa, from Angola to the mouth of the Zambesi, all put in a claim, all ask for Britain's patronage, and promise to merit her approval by fruitful diligence. There is room for all. The American monopoly of the mart is gone as irrevocably as the quondam English monopoly of production. The battle of the staples, short and long, is being fairly fought out, and the short staple, being that of four-fifths of the world's accessible stores, is winning. Our silent mills, our stricken towns, our machinery rusting in enforced idleness—all these sad signs of the times are so many invitations to South and East, to colonist and barbarian, to all whose soil and sky can serve our turn, to send us Cotton.

LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

'THERE is a storm gathering yonder over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow.'

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand upon his horse's mane, turned to look with a merry smile in the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side.

'And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night in Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So now, dear one, farewell, and may God bless you;' and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and trotted away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his retreating figure with a wistful gaze, until he halted at the great iron gates, and passing through, was hidden from her view; then slowly turning, she remounted the stone steps that led up to the door of Ashurst Manor-house. The gloomy red-brick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained-glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it

almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. Just then, a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old butler, advanced towards her. Old he was in service, for he had lived for more than thirty years at Ashurst Manor, at first the page and playfellow, then the confidential servant and the friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with gray, and there were few wrinkles in his hard keen face. He stopped near Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said in a respectful but constrained tone: 'Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as this?'

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. 'Yes,' she said, 'he has just started. He laughs at the weather, but I'——

'There will be little cause to laugh if the storm comes, if the river is swollen,' Marston exclaimed abruptly. 'You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night.'

'Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening,' Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the drawing-room.

The butler looked after her. 'She would have us believe she cares for him, forsooth. He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me about this Chester journey, but now that waxen doll hears all his plans, and hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I cared to know—Sir Richard *must* be in Chester this night.'

In the long, low drawing-room, the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and the heap of glowing fagots shed a weird light on the mirrors and pictures on the walls, while the high-backed chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window-seat, and gazed out on the stormy sky. 'He rides fast; his horse is sure-footed; the distance is not great,' she murmured to herself. 'Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?' She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice, to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this sombre old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice, her face had only eight months since been the gayest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be the mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the young brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden-days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her fancy took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of that merry party. She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial tune rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver candlesticks, and as the music died away, she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute she listened, then her fingers touched the keys again. 'The storm has come, my lady.' It was Marston who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close behind her chair. 'Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night,' he went on.

'What will he do?' and she looked round with startled eyes.

'He may make for home, but I fear, my lady; an I had your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is black as pitch, and one false step by the cliff-path would be death.' He spoke low, but there was a strange eagerness in his tone, and in his face.

'Go, pray, go!' she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; 'and yet—might you not send Stephen in your stead?' She knew not why she asked that question, she only knew that some vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's face darkened. 'He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times by night and day. But be it as you will, my lady.'

'Go yourself,' she once more repeated; 'lose not a moment. Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard!'

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round, and for an instant his eye met hers—only for an instant; but there was something in that one glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gone. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good-will, that he regarded her as an intruder in her husband's house, and that he bitterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his master had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him, and countermand his going? And then again she smiled at her own nameless terrors. For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be false to him. That cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So she listened till, in less than half an hour, she heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the gravel road. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted windows of the drawing-room: 'She would have stopped me had she dared, but she cannot stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me,' and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undisturbed, till nearly two hours later Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged without. 'It has passed, my lady, and the sky is clear.' She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's journey would be needless, Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery which had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the

night. It was a large lofty room in the west wing of the building, remote from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor which opened by side-doors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago it had been his mother's room. The high mantel-piece with its curious carvings, the ceiling decorated with strange paintings of nymphs and Cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall canopied bedstead, gave a quaint and sombre aspect to the chamber; but to-night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning on the dressing-table lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered, her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room which led into a small dressing-room.

'Have you been waiting long, Hester?' the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. 'You look sadly tired.'

'I have but just come in, my lady. Anne and I have been in the workroom all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so.'

'Poor girl!' said her mistress pityingly; 'you have been more used to milking cows than stooping over needlework. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?'

'All but Stephen, my lady; I heard him cross the hall just now.'

'Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable.'

'Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house,' the girl said quietly.

'The bridge—I heard of no bridge!' exclaimed Lady Courthope.

''Tis by the old priory—a matter of three miles round maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well.'

'And Marston had forgotten it,' said her mistress musingly.

'He said nothing of the ford,' Hester answered; 'he only said that he was going to ride after Sir Richard.'

'He has not come back?' Lady Courthope asked abruptly.

'O no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard, he should stay at the Golden Horn till morning.'

'I gave him no such leave;' and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said kindly: 'That will do; I can brush my own hair for this night. Now go, and sleep off your headache.'

The maid lingered a while, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed, to secure the door; then returning, she drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, the husband who seemed yet closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence towards her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly respect and trust with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence which he, the man of forty-five, shewed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and his now upright figure bent, and when she in turn should shew her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy, that he should never regret his youth; and when too—and her cheek flushed at the thought—young children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so quiet now, ring with laughter from morn to night; and as that picture rose before her, she yearned to lay her head upon her husband's breast, and whisper it to him.

It was so strange to be here, far from him. If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that inn at Chester. That vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying down, the room seemed darker, and a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor; she stooped hastily to reach it, but as she raised her face, all veiled by her long drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, and a white eager face peering from behind it, intently watching her. One instant and the curtain fell to again softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago, that same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a sickening heart she recognised the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or cry. Her pulses throbbed wildly, her very blood was chilled; but she sat on calmly, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband, but now in her own fearful danger she was brave and steadfast. Her icy hands still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Marston was there close by her. His night-journey had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and to screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and—murder her. And he might murder her. Here alone in this locked room, how could she escape him? If she fled, if she could even gain the gallery outside, it would avail her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any to her aid, he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And then there came across her a strange memory of how one summer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he had wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers had been bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given, the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this, stranger still that she should almost shudder in recalling it. What, if rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, appeal to him for pity? Ah, no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then almost seemed a friend; for there above the chimney-piece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and, with one wild dash, stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance, another thought had come into her mind—her dressing-room! The door stood open, not ten paces from her. Once locked in there—but, alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps upon the floor, behind, around her, to feel hot breath upon her cheek; and still she

sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her? Once again her eyes fell on the open door of the dressing-room.

There are moments in life when every power of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which at another time might be the work of weary hours, are formed in one short instant. Such a moment came to Lady Courthope now. As she looked at the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that room—decoy him as she has seen birds and dogs decoyed by some tempting bait. She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has she seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often has Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money; and now, if through that love she can beguile him *first* to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed, her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat, threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room, laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed in a low tone: 'Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough for sleep; I wish the night were over.' She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt, then muttering: 'By the by, those emeralds,' took a bunch of keys from the table, and went towards a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver which stood beside the fireplace. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that she had seen that crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears, and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements, to bear out the deception.

She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box—her jewel-box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing-table, and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced towards the dressing-room door. Just as she reached it, a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on, on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon a table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where *he* was hiding, and then unfastening the box, she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all round her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones might sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them, put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood trifling now with one, now with another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the flickering candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer; her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one half instant she paused to gather breath, then, with a weary sigh, she laid aside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle, moved towards the bedroom. On the threshold, she stopped, retreated a step or two, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a spring—if she had seen this, even her courage might have failed, but she did not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low steady tone: 'No matter for to-night,' she came on into her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered about the table, and the door standing open. And now the trap was set, and she might rest and watch.

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains, and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self-restraint in lying motionless in the fitful firelight, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow—a strange repose, even though *he* was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth, and the distant baying of the dogs in the courtyard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath, as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move, but she heard—she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No—Heaven help her—he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed-clothes, then stopped close beside her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came softly through her parted lips, but within that statue-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself, and comfort for her widowed husband. A pause—then another slight movement. He was bending over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment passed, and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering low: 'My hand shakes; I'll wait a while,' he turned away. She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went on again; and now he was moving something on the dressing-table. There was a faint rattle, a dead pause, then again that stealthy tread. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose them. She *did* unclose them, and she saw him.

The room was very dark now, but by the faint glimmer of the fire, she could just discern the doorway of the dressing-room, and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken—the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again, he was standing where she had stood an hour ago. There was light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was towards her. Casting away the burned match, he bent over the table, and softly swept the jewels towards him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather all together, and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance, the chance for which she had so

longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralysed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, she slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way towards the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp the handle —there were but two more steps to take, when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled; she recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was, his ear had caught it, and he turned and saw her. For one moment they stood face to face gazing upon each other, then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key, his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death, a struggle between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure, when gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own, she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round in the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating on the strong oak panels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear—hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror-stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then laying her head on Hester's shoulder, and moaning out: 'O husband, save me!' swooned away.

It was still early, on the morning of the self-same day, when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, galloped up the beech-avenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was pale as death—his eyes were fixed on the walls of his house, her house—his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all. They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester, he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door, and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant, and sprang up the steps. No wife was there to welcome him. All was still and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another, then his parched tongue slowly formed the words: 'Where is she?' They led him to the room where she was lying; but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her fevered brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms and glittering knives. For a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair, then unable to endure it longer, hurried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him. But Sir Richard shook his head; he dared not trust himself just now near that man; let them carry him away far from his sight. There was nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already told all—how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred, and how, finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night-journey, and leaving his horse some three miles off, he had returned unseen to the house. He had thought to do the deed, and then escaping with what treasure he might find, be far upon his way to London before the morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him, he would have been safe. Doggedly and calmly he spoke of all this, and now bade them bring Sir Richard there to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him bound hand and foot to Chester, where, three months later, dogged and calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttering. At length she knew him—at length, when weeks had come and gone, she came from her sick chamber, and leaning on his arm, crept down to the drawing-room. She had last left that room a bright-haired bride, radiant with health and beauty; she entered it again gray-haired and feeble, trembling at every sound, clinging to her husband's arm for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eyes—and when the fair children she had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marvelled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that gallery, never again entered that room.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LONDON is undergoing transformation. Provincial folk who come up once only in ten years will hardly recognise the great city at their next visit. Every month adds to the improvement of our street-architecture; and warehouses, hotels, and insurance-offices now present their fronts to the passers-by in all the state and style of a palace. One of the latest specimens is in Gracechurch Street; and in Paternoster Row, a leading bookselling-firm are finishing an edifice, superior to any yet erected in the metropolis, for the sale of books. Unluckily, its proportions can never be properly appreciated from without in that narrow thoroughfare. A grand hotel is to face the Strand at the terminus of the Charing Cross Railway; and a great space has been made for another, by clearing away a number of the shabby old houses between Wych and Holywell Streets. The success of the underground railway has set speculators planning others; and in a few years, travellers may pass from one end of London to the other without seeing it. There is talk of laying a railway through the Thames' Tunnel, and two more railway-bridges are to be built between Blackfriars and London Bridge. In one respect, the over-ground railways are detrimental; the viaducts by which they cross the streets are ugly, and mar the perspective. Nevertheless, we see that constructive art will have a wide field before it for years to come. At present, the railways of England employ seven thousand locomotives; what will the number be at the date of the next census, if the present rate of progress continues?

A paper on railway telegraphs, and the application of electricity to the signalling and working of trains, has been read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. It is a subject in which the whole nation is more or

less interested. An inquiry, made in the year 1861, shewed that 27 per cent. of the railway accidents that then took place arose from a want of the electric telegraph. On the other hand, accidents have occurred which were clearly traceable to the presence of the telegraph. Messages were either wrongly sent, or wrongly read. Another occasion of accidents is produced by the difference between the electric signals and the mechanical signals in use on most English railways; the functionaries have to remember two sets of signs instead of one, and are apt to confuse them. On the London and South-western line, the two have been assimilated, as explained by Mr Preece, the author of the paper. The instrument used by him 'is an exact counterpart, on a small scale, of the signals employed on the line—whether semaphore, disk, or otherwise—and is worked in a precisely similar manner.' With proper electric signals, it would be possible to work single lines as securely as double; and there are many English railways which would suffice for the traffic required of them, if they were single lines; while shareholders would benefit by a smaller outlay at first, and smaller cost for maintenance.

The weather question appears to become every year more important, and the number of well-qualified observers increases. There are now four hundred stations in the United Kingdom, and the returns for the year 1862 have been published from the most trustworthy stations, about two hundred in all. The amount of rainfall in London was 27 inches; it was 25 inches in each of the two former years. The quantity in 1862 was three inches more than the average of the last fifty years. In the whole of England, the rainfall was nearly 30 inches; 6 inches less than in 1860. In Scotland, it was nearly 50 inches; 10 inches more than in 1860. In Ireland, it was 45 inches; the same as in 1860. With these differences in the countries taken separately, it becomes remarkable that in the whole of the United Kingdom the difference in the rainfall for the three years is little more than an inch, having been 40¼ inches in 1860, and 41¼ inches in 1862. The value of such details as these to the scientific student, to agriculturists, and civil engineers, is great; and we are glad to notice that, following the example set by the Imperial Observatory at Paris, monthly reports of the rainfall, with a view to comparison and the discovery of a law, are to be circulated among ten of the most important English stations, five Scottish, and five Irish; so that henceforth there will be accurate tables of the rainfall and other particulars, which may be consulted by persons interested, as well as those published weekly from returns taken at Greenwich under the superintendance of the astronomer-royal.

Windy phenomena have prevailed during the past month to an extent that seems to indicate a repetition of the boisterous weather of 1861. Some meteorologists argue that our seasons occur in cycles; now hot, now cold. Are we entering on a windy cycle?

Good results are already apparent from the Salmon Fishery Commission, as it appears that more salmon have been seen in English rivers than for many years past. In some places, the pools have seemed alive with large fish that were unable to force their way up the shallows. In the west of Ireland, a 'fish-walk' has been made in the rocky channel which connects Lough Mask with Lough Corrib, and salmon can now pass up or down freely. A resident in the neighbourhood has distributed more than 700,000 salmon ova into the streams around the lakes, and has turned forty adult salmon loose in Lough Corrib. If these can only get fair-play, there will be a superabundance of salmon in that part of Ireland in the course of a few years.

An economical application of the method of dialysis, discovered by Mr Graham, Master of the Mint, has been tried by Dr Marcet, with results that promise to become important. By dialysis is meant the separation of fluid substances contained in the same vessel from one another, by causing them to pass through a porous membrane. By applying this process to brine which has been used in the curing of meat, Dr Marcet finds that he can separate the salt from the juice of the meat, and then make use of the latter as an article of diet. At present, considerable quantities of brine are wasted in large curing establishments; but this new experiment seems to open a way for turning it to profitable use on a large scale. We trust to hear that Dr Marcet will succeed in carrying out his trials to a practical issue.

A paper by Mr Alfred Smee, jun., read before the Royal Society, appears, so far as can be judged at present, to have a bearing on physiological chemistry. In few words, the facts may be thus stated: Pass a stream of oxygen through a quantity of albumen, and portions of that albumen will be converted into fibrin. The albumen may be derived from the serum of blood, from eggs, or from the gluten of wheat; the result is the same—formation of fibrin. Taking the facts for granted, this is a very remarkable discovery; and it is thought that it may throw some light on the phenomena of fibrinous diseases—phthisis, peritonitis, and the like—which are obscure in their origin. If a small quantity of potash be mixed with the albumen, there is then no formation of fibrin. Is there any connection between this fact and the practice of exhibiting potash for the diseases above mentioned?

It has long been an object with scientific inquirers to reduce the weight of the philosophical instruments which they have to employ. Especially is this the case with magnetical and astronomical instruments used in the triangulation of a country for a survey, or the highly important operation of measuring an arc of the meridian. Aluminum bronze supplies the long-sought desideratum. This metal is produced from a mixture of ten per cent. of aluminum with pure copper; and a most remarkable metal it is. Good gun-metal will break with a strain of 35,000 lbs. to the square inch; aluminum bronze requires 73,000 lbs. to the square inch to break it. It resists compression equally well; it is malleable when heated; can be easily cast, and behaves well under the file. 'It does not clog the file,' says Colonel Strange, in a communication to the Astronomical Society; 'and in the lathe and planing-machine, the tool removes long elastic shavings, leaving a fine bright smooth surface.' Moreover, 'it can be worked with much less difficulty than steel; and we should think that screws made of it would—notwithstanding the original great cost of the metal—prove in the end less expensive than screws made of steel.' There are still other advantages; aluminum bronze oxidises in a very slight degree, and it is less affected by changes of temperature than either gun-metal or brass. This latter quality is especially important in instruments used for surveying in the tropics, as expansion by heat would very much impair their accuracy. We understand that a theodolite of aluminum bronze is about to be constructed for use in the great survey of India; and although fittings and appliances, not hitherto used, are to be added, it will be lighter in weight than any other instrument of the kind as yet employed. Excellence of quality is, however, only to be insured by using the purest of copper. The best is that deposited by electricity; the next best is the copper

brought from Lake Superior. Aluminum bronze, composed of 90 per cent. of copper and 10 per cent. of aluminum, is at present worth six shillings and sixpence the pound. The only place in England where aluminum is extracted, or manufactured, is at the works of Messrs Bell, Brothers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Australian colony of Victoria is inclined to set up a monster reflecting telescope for observation of the nebulæ of the southern heavens. Astronomers have long been desirous to see this task undertaken, and Lord Rosse's success in our cloudy hemisphere, renders them the more impatient to establish a course of observations in the clear atmosphere of the south. The colonial legislature is ready to vote the cost when properly informed of the matter, and they have sent an application through the Colonial Office to the Royal Society, which has been satisfactorily answered. The instrument will of necessity have to be made in this country. It is worthy of remark that an open framework is now found to be more suitable than a close tube; the images obtained are quite satisfactory, and we hear that Lord Rosse is about to alter his tube to a skeleton, by which the weight will be much reduced, and the huge instrument rendered more manageable.

The gun-cotton experiments for artillery purposes carried on by the Austrian government have, we are informed, arrived at a successful conclusion. Rumours to the contrary have been spread from time to time; but these, it appears, were prompted by diplomatic reasons. A commission sent to Vienna by our War Department to inquire into the facts were courteously entertained and allowed to gather information; but the information placed in their way was, as we hear, fallacious—the essential conditions of the manufacture of gun-cotton were not communicated. So we are to experiment and find out for ourselves; and, as a beginning, a committee of members of the British Association, including chemists, artillerists, and metal-workers have met to arrange a plan of proceeding. The objection to the use of gun-cotton, as hitherto known in this country, is that it explodes at a very low temperature, and all at once, whereby its force is lost before it can be communicated to the ball or projectile. Gunpowder, when ignited, requires a small interval of time to pass through the charge, and consequently expends its whole force in giving an impetus to the ball in the direction in which it is required to travel. Gun-cotton wastes its strength in all directions, and injures the gun. The Austrians, however, have discovered a way of rendering it as efficient as gunpowder; and, at the same time, by mixing iron, copper, and spelter in certain proportions, they produce a gun-metal tougher than any yet invented. In one particular there would be economy in the use of gun-cotton, as a less weight would be required for service than of gunpowder, which is no trifling consideration in providing for a fleet or army. Whether the manufacture will cost less is a question which can be answered only when the committee above referred to shall have completed their experiments.

In connection with this subject, we quote a few particulars of means of national defence as compared with commerce. One thousand tons of the mercantile marine of the different countries of Europe are defended, in Portugal (the fractions expressing hundredths), by 3·17 guns; in Denmark by 2·70; in the Low Countries by 2·15; in Austria by 2·10; in France by 2; in England by 1·40; in Spain by 1·25; in Prussia by 0·90; in Greece by 0·58; and, by way of contrast, we take from a foreign journal a brief table of statistics of destructiveness: In England, the number of murders committed annually for every million of inhabitants is 4; in Belgium, 17; in France, 31; in Austria, 36; in Lombardy, 45; in Bavaria, 68; in Sicily, 90; in Rome, 100; and in Naples, 200. The portion of Europe in which murders are fewest is the district inhabited by the Waldenses.

LOVE AND MARTYRDOM.

In yonder window's crimson fold,
I see again those locks of gold.
O maiden, tremble in thy joy;
Yet thus believe 'tis better far
Who would thy darling hopes destroy,
Though hope is but a falling star,
And love and martyrdom are one.

O foolish love, to come to this,
To bathe her in a sea of bliss,
And touch her soul with dreams of flowers,
To sun her, in a rosy light,
Aurora-like, and beautiful,
And then to close in cloud and night;
For love and martyrdom are one.

A light upon the traitor waves—
A blossom, blooming over graves,
Dear girl, is this wild love.
Unequal souls it cannot bless.
Oh, fix thy loyal heart above;
Love is not perfect happiness;
No, love and martyrdom are one.

In vain I warn; she sits and dreams,
Envisioned in the tender beams;
As the broad moon around her flings
Her glory, and makes all things bright,
So Youth her unworn mirror brings,
Reflecting endless fields of light,
Though love and martyrdom are one.

I see his shadow thwart the rays,
The shadow that will cloud thy days
Till half thy race is o'er.
Would he could be what he doth seem
To thee, O radiant Leonore.
He cannot meet thy spirit's dream;
O love and martyrdom are one.

He is not worthy, girl, of thee;
Yet, with a strange fatality,
He holds thy captive heart in thrall,
And sorrow follows in his track.
God must be worshipped first of all,
And He will bring thy angel back,
Though love and martyrdom are one.

Yes, cheer thee, for a love recast
Shall come, when this wild dream is past;
Hallowed, immortal it will rise,
And thy adoring heart shall rest
In the broad fields of Paradise.
God's peace shall be thy glorious guest;
His love shall crown thy martyrdom.

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AGAINST BOYS.

THE Boy is a dreadful animal, under whatever aspects we regard him, and in whatever social rank, from the aristocratic youth at his private tutor's down to the *gamin* at the corner of the streets. Politicians may talk of 'the dangerous classes,' but there is no class existing so opposed to order as the Boys; so terrible to the aged, so indifferent to the fair sex, so pitiless to themselves. No nation, however civilised, can hope to forget what were its own primeval wicked habits, so long as it possesses Boys. In them we see continually reproduced a picture of savage humanity. The same love of cruelty for its own sake, the same taste for petty theft,* the same indifference to knowledge, are as observable in a fashionable public school as in a tribe of painted Ojibbeways. The latter, however, possess the virtue of hospitality, whereas a company of well-born British youths are accustomed to welcome a new-comer with falsehood, and torture, and scurrilous jests about his family, from whom he has just parted with tears.

It is the paradoxical fashion of these days to praise the boys. This partly perhaps arises from fear (for they are getting worse than ever),† and partly from the author of *Tom Brown*, who has become 'devil's advocate' to them, just as Mr Froude has done for Henry VIII., and a previous historian for Richard III. Any idea of appeasing the boy-element is, however, quite ridiculous; the animal is implacable, and, like a horse that perceives his rider is afraid of him, becomes unmanageable if petted. As for authors, they may write what they like of an extinct genus, and we must take it for granted; but when they compose eulogistic works upon Boys, even the humblest reader (having been a boy himself once) must be permitted to have his own opinion upon the subject.

Boys have no wit and no humour. If they do find one of their number possessed of either, they call him 'facetious,' and lick him. They hate poetry, and if they discover a bard among them, they treat him like a witch. They have a grim delight in practical joking, the principal point of which is always to inflict pain. They are affirmed by their admirers to be courageous and high-spirited, but I have generally observed that they prefer to engage in single combat with individuals under their own size. They do not bully boys of the form above them. It is the ushers—for the most part, poor and friendless persons—who are the objects of their mischievous tricks, and not the head-master. The robust boy is a hero among them, but they oppress the delicate and the weakling, exactly as some evil kinds of bird ill-treat their sick or wounded. If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would Society become, reconstructed by Boys! If Adam had begun life as a lad, the world would have been a deal worse than it is, we may depend upon it. He would not have required an Eve to tempt *him* to steal apples, and what a life he would have led all those harmonious animals! Placable as they might have been, he would have done his best to set the bull-terrier at the garden-cat, or he would not have been a boy, you may take my word for it. Some boys are doubtless worse than others; but there is, in my opinion, no such thing as a good boy, except in the story-books. If the least approximation to such a phenomenon appears in a school, all his companions twit him with the unnaturalness of his pretensions. '*He* a boy—no, he must be a gal! ah, Muff, Milksop, Sneak, Funk, Molly-coddle!'

However bad boys may be if brought up alone, they are infinitely worse when in masses. What the Tom-Brown-ites call 'the tone' of a school, is always below the public opinion of grown men, no matter of what class, age, or country. The instances of cruelty which arouse general horror in the newspapers, occur among boys as a matter of course; nor do I remember but a single instance of a whole boy-community rising in armed revolution and 'pitching into' the oppressor. I use that boys' phrase designedly, although, like all boys' phrases, it is a vulgar one. The author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, with a licence for which not even his agreeable muse can be pardoned, has composed an amusing poem upon 'a Vulgar Boy,' as though a boy could possibly *not* be vulgar.

He put his thumb unto his nose, and spread his fingers out,

is an action as natural to the entire boy-world as sucking toffy. 'O yes!' 'Ah!' 'Would you?' 'Spell able!' 'Jerryusalem!' &c., are sarcastic observations as familiar in the mouths of highborn Etonians in their

* At Eton we stole tea and sugar from one another's cupboards, and stuck to it that we didn't, like young Spartans.

† A dozen or two of them put an old gentleman to death the other day because he objected to have his palings torn up to make a bonfire for their Guy Fawkes.

'playing-fields,' as of youths with half a pair of braces and one shoe in a Whitechapel lane; nor is the tone one whit less defiant and impudent in the one case than in the other.

The low-bred boy can whistle perhaps with a more aggravating shrillness, since he has perfected himself in that art at periods when his aristocratic contemporary has been compelled to study classical authors, but otherwise there is not a pin to choose between them. I disbelieve in all ameliorating influences, while boys are allowed to mix together, and egg one another on to mischievous atrocities. If, indeed, a whole generation of boys could be brought up in solitary confinement—well secured—a reformation might be effected, but the operation would be difficult, and there seems to be no philanthropic enterprise in that direction. If it be asked with triumph: How is it, if boys are so bad as you represent, that they become, as men, respectable members of society? I confess I can make no reply. Perhaps their savage nature is mollified, when they begin to appreciate the softening influences of the fair sex. Perhaps they are suddenly impressed on their emergence from Barbarism by being brought face to face with Civilisation. Certain it is that their worst characteristics disappear, or find some legitimate channel in the world of men—such as the Law—for their tranquil exercise. At the Universities, the immediate transition from the boorishness of boyhood to the refinement and grace of adolescence, is very remarkable. In Mr Doyle's famous book of foreign travel, there are two companion pictures—Jones at the Opera Abroad, and Jones at the Opera at Home. In the one case, he is in morning costume, he is yawning, he has his feet up on the seat in front of him, he is lapped in vulgar ease: in the other case, he is dressed to within an inch of his fashionable life, he sits erect, he clasps his opera-glasses with a delicately gloved hand. A similar contrast is afforded between Jones at Harrow, dirty-handed, red-eared, greedy for sweets and beer, and given to boxing, and Jones, six months afterwards, up at Trinity, with his hair parted with the greatest evenness, with charms on his chain, not averse to Moselle for breakfast, and possessing a heart that can be touched by *In Memoriam*. The metamorphosis is astounding to his younger brother, who is still amid the jam-pots, but that young gentleman will himself slough his old school-skin, after some different, but quite as complete a fashion.

Certain feeble poetasters are always mourning that they are no longer in the Classical or Commercial Seminary of their younger days, but I believe that there are few honest men who do not look back upon their school-life with a shudder. I was not a very bad boy myself, I believe, but the comparison of my Now with my Then is certainly not odious. I can now meet a cat without wishing to kill it; I can behold two dogs without yearning to set them by the ears; I can listen to the twitter of a hedge-sparrow without longing for a horse-pistol; I can pass in the street an individual smaller than myself without experiencing an incontrollable desire to snatch off his cap and throw it over the wall. When I go to church, I take a church-service in my hand, and not a novel of similar external appearance; I do not distend my pockets with filberts purloined from my host's dinner-table; I do not smoke bits of cane until I am sick; I do not think it ungentlemanly to ride in a 'bus; I am no longer irresistibly attracted to any barrow full of strange delicacies, such as Albert Rock or Alicampaine, and if I were, the fruit of all others which I should leave untouched would be exposed slices of cocoa-nut. When I find any foreign substance, whether of a sticky nature or otherwise, upon my fingers, nature does not impel me, on the instant, to put them in my mouth; the appearance of a domestic fowl, or of a donkey, or of an artisan upon a ladder, does not urge me to pick up a stone; a policeman is not my natural enemy, nor a dog with bow-legs and a bull's head my friend. Upon the whole, in short, I flatter myself that my relations with society are improved since I was that dreadful being—a Boy.

With such convictions, it is needless to say that I do not court the society of young gentlemen *in statu pupillari*, but avoid them by every means in my power, from the ragged youth who plays "tipcat"—to the peril of her Majesty's lieges—in the London streets, to the Etonian who, bedizened with a scarlet coat and sword on the 4th of June, calls himself Captain of the Boats, which I take to be the apogee of boyhood—the position nearest heaven in the eyes of that deluded genus. Still, so long as Boys are permitted to go about loose, one is liable to meet with them, and I met with a specimen only last week, which I shall not easily forget. I was starting from the Waterloo Station by an afternoon train for Hampshire, but meeting with four military friends who were going to Farnboro' Station (for Aldershott), I got into their carriage. Beside us five, there was an Eton Boy. There is no mistaking that description of the race; they are always dressed in the height of fashion in the vacations, although at school they delight in a hat with half its brim off, and, moreover, they all wear stiff little white ties, which give them the appearance of duodecimo ministers of some juvenile religious sect. The little wretches are as haughty and reserved as North American Indians; and the individual of fourteen years of age or so whom we had on this occasion for our fellow-traveller, looked as though the entire railway station, plant, and valuable house-property adjacent belonged entirely to himself. My soldier-friends, however (a class which has generally a proper contempt for boys), paid no sort of attention to him, and as for me, I was delighted to ignore his presence.

'Now, Jack,' said my friends, two of whom were my college-chums, and all of them intimates, 'you will let us smoke, we know, although not fond of it yourself.'

'Well,' replied I, 'it will probably make me ill; but otherwise I have no objection.'

As soon as the train began to move, they accordingly lit their cigars; they had not, however, taken three puffs before the child in the white cravat (whose wishes nobody had thought of consulting), requested, in that half-hoarse, half-squeaking voice peculiar to his period of life, that they should put their cigars out, because smoking was offensive to him and contrary to the by-laws.

The soldiers stared as though the carriage-lamp had uttered an observation, and then all four burst out into a roar of laughter.

'You will find it no laughing matter, gentlemen, when you get to Farnboro'; or, at all events, the joke will cost you two pounds apiece. You have been warned, as the act directs; I object to your smoking in this carriage.'

'Then get into another, you little brute,' observed Pepperpot of the 110th; 'and, indeed, I have a great mind to drop you out of window as we go along.'

'I will thank you for your name and address,' returned the phenomenon stiffly; 'here is my card at your service. Be so good as to name your friend.'

'Smith of London,' replied Pepperpot; 'only give me time to write to my wife and family. What a bloodthirsty young creature it is!'

'He is very plucky,' remarked Norman of the kilts approvingly, 'I will say that for him; but *what* cheek! *what* cheek!'

'I am obliged to you for your good opinion,' returned the little wonder, drawing out a gold repeater; 'but if within one minute your cigars are not all extinguished, I will appear against you as sure as I am a living Man. My time is of no consequence, and I had as soon get out at Farnboro' as anywhere else; so you may be sure you will not escape me. I feel it my duty to prosecute upon public grounds.'

Once more did Pepperpot glance at the window, and even stretched his hand towards this human gadfly, as though he would have nipped him up between finger and thumb; but with a rueful look at his companions, he presently cast his beloved weed out of the carriage, instead of the boy. The other three followed his example; for was it worth while to pay forty shillings apiece for a forty minutes' ride?

'That's right,' observed the young gentleman approvingly, returning his watch to his pocket, and re-engaging himself in the columns of *Bell's Life*. 'Obedience to the law is one of the first duties of the soldier.'

Conversation flagged after this, for a sense of disgraceful defeat oppressed the spirits of my friends. They said a great number of severe things against the common enemy; but he never lifted his eyes from the exciting details of the Champion Fight of the Light Weights, which appeared to afford him intense, though tranquil, satisfaction. When the soldiers got out at Farnboro', I observed his eyes to twinkle with especial merriment; but I could not be certain that he was enjoying his victory until the train began to move again. No sooner, however, had we left the platform, than the Etonian burst into such a series of fits of laughter that they actually rumpled his neckcloth. He became, in short, to my horror, a Boy in one of its most ordinary and repulsive forms.

'I think I did 'em, eh, old stick-in-the-mud?' observed he, when he had got a little breath.

'You deprived four gentlemen of an hour's pleasure,' returned I haughtily.

'Yes; but I deprived myself as well,' returned the diminutive one, producing from his pocket a brier-root pipe. 'I can't go without my tobacco myself without great inconvenience.'

'What!' cried I; 'you are not going to smoke yourself, you young monkey'——

'Ain't I, though?' interrupted the Etonian, nodding in an offensively familiar manner. 'If those fellows had been civil, and asked my permission to smoke as well as yours, I would have given them each a better cigar than the Line are accustomed to, I flatter myself; but since they chose to carry matters with a high hand, you see—puff, puff—and got hold of the wrong man for that sort of thing—puff, puff—why, they had to take the consequences.'

'But I will not permit *you* to smoke, young sir,' observed I indignantly; 'or if you do (for I shrank from a personal contest with that audacious child), you shall pay a couple of sovereigns out of your pocket-money at the next station.'

'Excuse me,' returned the Etonian blandly; 'the by-law says, "*if objected to*:" now, when your friends inquired whether you would allow them to smoke, *Jack* (smoke-jack; by the by, that's funny)—when your friends—puff, puff—demanded *that*, you replied—for I heard you—that you had no objection.'

And that awful specimen of the genus Boy smoked undeterred, like a limekiln, until we both got out at Weymouth; where, if I had had my way, he should have been taken off to Portland Prison, and kept there until such a time as he should be no longer a Boy.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

It is strange to observe for how many centuries the powers of human invention remain passive in any particular direction, and then suddenly leap into activity. For nearly eighteen hundred years after the Christian era, no substantial improvement was made in the principle of the primitive lamp composed of a wick amidst grease. The outward form and substance of the receptacle which held the oil might be altered for the better, but the illuminating power was not increased. The bronze lamps of Egypt, and especially those discovered in the excavations of Pompeii, are so beautiful in shape, that we can originate nothing to excel them, and are content to copy their elegance; but in principle they shew no signs of advance from the earliest period. They yielded a poor feeble light, and emitted a rank, offensive odour, insomuch that the proverb applied to an author's manuscript, *Lucernam olet*, 'it smells of the lamp,' had a practical significance, which we of the present day can scarcely appreciate.

Before adverting to modern improvements, let us turn to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and see what were the systems of artificial lighting then in vogue. Practically speaking, there were only four descriptions of illuminating *media*: the common dip candle for the poor, the mould candle for the middle classes, the wax candle for the rich, and the oil-lamp, fed with fish-oil, for the street and staircase.

The constant necessity for snuffing tallow candles, owing to the imperfect combustion of their inflammable substance, was the great drawback to their use. The fact was, that the wick pumped up more tallow than the air surrounding the flame could consume, hence the centre of the flame presented a dull smoky appearance, and the wick became incrusted with a fungous head, which impeded and obscured the light. In the year 1799, an invention was patented for superseding snuffing. The candle resembled a common candle, except that it possessed no internal wick. In place of this, a short wick was fixed at the upper extremity, fitted in a metallic collar, which, as the candle slowly consumed, descended with it. The plan proved a failure, for the unconsumed carbonaceous matter gathered on the wick, and obscured the light as much as ever. The idea was in itself feasible enough; its ill success was entirely owing to the impure substance of which candles were at that period composed.

But while inventors were racking their brains over these apparently trifling matters, a new illuminating agent was arising, which threatened at the time to extinguish candles for ever. The history of gas has been often told: let us despatch it in a few sentences.

In 1792, Murdoch lighted his house and offices at Redruth, in Cornwall, with coal-gas. In 1798, he applied his invention to the workshops of Boulton and Watt, the engineers. For some years, however, the progress of gas was impeded by the foul mephitic odours which it emitted. These were removed to a great extent by Mr Clegg, who, in 1807, freed the gas from sulphuretted hydrogen and other impurities by passing it through lime-water. In 1810, Mr Winsor, of luckless celebrity, put up a few gas-lamps in Pall Mall. In 1814, the authorities of St Margaret's, Westminster, substituted gas for oil throughout the parish. By degrees, nearly all London imitated the example; and, in 1820, Paris removed her old swinging lamps—the irons of which had vibrated with the suspended body of many a counter-revolutionist—and proceeded to adopt the new system. Old-fashioned Grosvenor Square clung to her oil-lamps as late as 1842. We may add, that gas-burners are constructed in three ways: the simple jet, formed by a pin-hole in an iron nipple; the batwing, which is a slit in a nipple, causing the flame to spread like a fan; and the argand, where a number of small holes are drilled in a circular plate. The bat-wing principle, which is applied so effectively to our street-lamps, was discovered by mere accident.

If the whales and other members of the cetaceous tribe are gifted with the power of ascertaining what is being done on shore, they must have rejoiced greatly over the discovery of gas. 'Man,' they must have said, 'that greedy and rapacious tyrant, will no longer come to hunt us down. Instead of being driven into the frozen and inhospitable regions of the pole, we shall be permitted to return to our natural *habitat*, the temperate zones, and there once more attain that gigantic and so-called fabulous size which is in reality our legitimate stature.' So might these good innocent whales have spoken; but, alas! their

anticipations have been cruelly falsified. When railways were initiated, it was prophesied that in twenty years scarcely a horse would be found in the United Kingdom, excepting for pleasure purposes; so when gas was discovered, oil was to be utterly superseded. But experience has proved that horses are more numerous and in greater demand than ever; while fish-oil, in spite of the millions of cubic feet of gas annually burned, and the various other illuminating agents lately discovered, retains its full value, and is supplied in still greater abundance than heretofore. We fear that the world is too selfish, too unheedful of the welfare of posterity to carry out the project of the benevolent French philosopher, who has recommended us to give up the chase of the whale for two hundred years, in order to allow them to regain their former numbers and pristine size.

There can be no doubt, however, that oil would have yielded to the superior brilliancy of gas had no improvement taken place in its illuminating power. People had only to compare the miserable, old, blinking street-lamps, which yielded just sufficient light to enable footpads to distinguish their victims, with the bright daylight splendour of Winser's carburetted hydrogen. Let us see how oil contrived to maintain its ascendency.

In the reign of Louis XV., under the patronage of Monsieur de Sartines, the celebrated minister of police, one Langrin introduced reflector-lamps. This was a great improvement, but still an improvement external to the lamp itself, which remained essentially unaltered since the days of Pericles. Years passed away, the eighteenth century was drawing to a close—the first moanings of the great revolutionary storm begun to be heard, when Argand appeared. Does this sound like an anti-climax? Does it seem of the nature of bathos to conclude a sentence so sonorously begun with this comparatively obscure name? We think not, for Argand was a great benefactor to mankind. Every evening, as we sit in our brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, we have reason to bless his name. What substantial benefit have Napoleon's marshals with all their long-sounding titles conferred on France, compared with this poor Swiss chemist?

Argand, who had settled in Paris, was determined to solve the problem to which we have above adverted. *Why should a larger wick proportionately decrease the brilliancy of the light?* He worked at this for years. Instead of one large wick, he set a number of small wicks in a row. The effect was to diminish the smoke, but the lamp emitted a very feeble radiance. He then set the wicks in a circle, admitting the air from below, so that a current of air would flow into the centre of the flame. The lamp now burned somewhat brighter, but not as Argand hoped it would burn. The current of air did not flow upwards quick enough; there was no draught. The poor inventor was in despair. Let us conclude the narrative in the words of his younger brother: 'My brother had long been trying to bring his lamp to bear. A broken-off neck of a flask was lying on the chimney-piece, I happened to reach it over to the table, and to place it over the circular flame of the lamp, immediately the flame rose with brilliancy. My brother started from his seat with ecstasy, rushed upon me in a transport of joy, and embraced me with rapture.' We envy Argand the delight of that moment, and doubt if Napoleon, after the battle of Marengo, felt a purer joy.

This discovery took place in 1787. Argand obtained a patent from the king, and hoped to make his fortune; but he soon became highly unpopular. In 1789, he was persecuted by the tinmen, locksmiths, and ironmongers, who were excluded by the patent from participation in the new lamp-trade. They could not bear to see an interloper, who had never been bred to the craft, exercising their business. Then one Lange started up, claiming the invention. While he and Argand were disputing the point, the tinmen petitioned the assembly to annul the patent, alleging with some show of logic that as both claimed the merit of discovery, it was really due to neither. At last came the terrible 10th of August, sweeping away the king and all royal monopolies. Argand was accused of incivism, or some other mysterious counter-revolutionary crime, and fled to England. Here he fared little better; his invention was appreciated, but hosts of pretenders rose up to share its pecuniary advantages. In France, one Quinquet got the entire credit of the new lamp, which was called after his name, reminding us, says Argand's French biographer, of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci. Eventually the unfortunate chemist died in penury at Geneva in 1803. We learn that in his later years he dabbled in astrology, and fancied that he had discovered the elixir of life; disappointment had probably affected his brain.

A hollow wick, fed by a current of air drawn upwards by a glass chimney, will yield a brilliant smokeless light. Such was Argand's discovery; and it has been the parent of all subsequent improvements. In England, at any rate, we have had the honesty to put the saddle on the right horse; we have called the lamp after his name, and the word 'Argand' is at the present day applied to all contrivances for increasing the intensity of light by a judicious application of air-holes. As a journal of the period remarks, the common lamp was comparable to a fire lighted in the open air, while Argand's lamp was like a fire in a furnace. The practical conveniences of this discovery were very great. Before Argand's time, watchmakers, engravers, and all artisans requiring a steady bright light, had been obliged to cease work at sunset; they were now enabled to continue their labours by night as well as by day.

During the present century, the attention of inventors has been principally directed to two points: first, improvements in the apparatus for consuming the oil; secondly, the discovery of new illuminating agents. In both, they have been eminently successful. With regard to improvements in the lamps themselves, the makers have had two difficulties to encounter—the tendency of the oil to thicken in cold weather, and the imperfection of the means adopted to keep the wick well moistened with oil up to the verge of the flame. For the former of these obstacles, various plans more or less feasible have been devised. The oil has been artificially heated by means of an inner lamp introduced below. The awkwardness of this arrangement led to its abandonment. In the Solar lamp, the oil is contained in a circular chamber, raised above the level of the wick, from which the oil flows through two tubes. This plan compels the adoption of a large lamp-shade, which throws a considerable shadow on the table. These lamps, from their handsome appearance, are still much used in large drawing-rooms, and the shadow is obviated by an arrangement of reflectors. Lastly, the oil has been contained in a chamber immediately surrounding the flame, as in Parker's hot-oil lamp, which is stated by practical judges to yield a more brilliant light in proportion to cost than any other contrivance. The Carcel lamp kept the oil heated, and the wick well moistened, by an elaborate arrangement of clock-work, but possessed the fatal defect of being easily disarranged. The Moderator lamp, which achieves the same end, is far simpler and more easily managed. A handle is turned communicating with a piston, the rising of which occasions the pressure of a coiled spring. This pressure causes the oil to be forced upwards through a central tube, thoroughly saturating the wick, while the surplus quantity trickles into a receiver below. We may add, that the light afforded by the moderator lamp has lately been greatly increased by the addition of an outer chimney glass, shaped like a dome, with a circular hole cut in the top. This second glass

quickens the draught of air up the central tube, and causes a solid body of brilliant flame to rise to the height of four or five inches.

With regard to the discovery of new illuminating agents, fish-oil is almost totally discarded for domestic purposes, being superseded to a great extent by the colza or rape-seed oil, which is used in all moderator lamps. Some years ago, camphine, or spirit of turpentine (obtained chiefly from the pine forests of North Carolina), was extensively patronised; but it was subject to some serious drawbacks: the spirit was highly inflammable, and liable to explode; besides, as many housewives will remember, the Camphine lamps were apt, without warning, to emit a shower of greasy, ill-smelling particles of carbon, commonly called 'blacks.'

Next comes Paraffine, which is free from some of the disadvantages of camphine, yields a brilliant white light, and is cheaper than any other illuminating agent, gas excepted. Still it is not faultless: the smell of the oil is exceedingly offensive, though, when properly managed, it emits no odour during combustion; but what is more serious, it has been known to explode and cause fatal accidents. The proprietors of the patent paraffine state that this can only occur with inferior imitations; we trust it may be so. Our own impression is, that if the oil in the reservoir of the lamp become extraordinarily heated (a contingency very unlikely to occur), it would be volatilised into a highly-explosive gas. It would be dangerous, therefore, to use paraffine in a moderator lamp, where, as we have shewn, the oil is heated before reaching the flame; otherwise, paraffine is as harmless as oil. A piece of paper dipped in it will burn brilliantly, but the liquid itself is uninflammable.

The name paraffine is derived from *parum affinis*, 'having little affinity,' on account of its resistance to chemical action. The oil is chiefly obtained from bituminous coal distilled at a *low* red heat. If a higher temperature were employed, the elements would be converted into gas and naphthaline. The knowledge of this fact some years ago decided a Chancery suit in favour of the present patentees, as it was proved that they were the first persons who had recognised the principle of the necessity of a *low* temperature for its production.

Besides these artificially prepared oils, we have natural oil-springs in various parts of the world, especially in Burmah, Canada, and the United States. The produce of the American wells has now become an important article of commerce, insomuch that numerous vessels are employed for this special purpose; the odour of the oil being so penetrating, that all other cargo—timber perhaps excepted—would be effectually damaged. It is singular that so many years were suffered to elapse since the discovery of these oil-springs, before any use was made of their product. We read in the *Annual Register* for 1829, that some men were boring for salt water at Cumberland River, Kentucky, when a vein of pure oil welled out. This oil was traceable in the water five hundred miles below the point of entrance; while near the spot, the boys set fire to it as it floated down, causing a sheet of flame to illuminate the banks of the river for an immense distance.

The manufacture of candles has also been greatly improved by chemical invention, by the discovery of hitherto neglected natural products, and by novel arrangements for consuming the wick.

Some years ago, a French chemist observed that bodies of persons deposited in the catacombs occasionally became converted into a peculiar wax-like substance, which he termed *adipocere*. This discovery led to experiments which resulted in the invention of stearine. The *fat* of tallow was found to be separable from the *oil*; and the former substance or stearine, which is free from the greasiness, the unpleasant odour, and tendency to liquefaction of common tallow, is now extensively used in the manufacture of candles, especially those intended for export to warm climates. In former days, a merchant would as soon have thought of exporting a case of skates to Calcutta, as a cargo of tallow candles: they would have all melted on the Line into an indistinguishable mass; now the patent composite-candles are used in all intertropical regions where Europeans are to be found. Besides stearine, palm-oil, which is solid in our climate, though liquid in its native Africa, is largely converted into candles; while the combustion of the wick is so perfectly attained, that the manufacture of snuffers has greatly diminished. The wicks are sometimes twisted so that the component parts bend out to the hottest parts of the flame as they burn; sometimes they are plaited on a wire, which is afterwards withdrawn to leave a free space for the capillary attraction of the melted tallow. But this complete combustion is in a great measure due to the superior nature of the fatty substances employed, for no contrivance has been hitherto discovered to obviate snuffing the common tallow-candle.

Great as are the improvements which we have thus rapidly enumerated—we have omitted all mention of the Bude and oxy-hydrogen lights, as being foreign to the subject of domestic illumination—there is still much to be done to render indoor artificial lighting perfect. We have now a days plenty of cheap and brilliant light: it is doubtful whether we do not pay the penalty of weakened eyesight and disordered health in return for the advantage.

In this respect, coal-gas is the greatest offender. Besides unduly heating the air of the apartment, it is stated by Professor Faraday that an ordinary argand burner in a closed shop-window will produce in four hours two-and-a-half pints of aqueous vapour, while, for every cubic foot of gas consumed, a cubic foot of carbonic acid is generated. The condensed steam injures everything it touches, as is well known to artists and librarians, while the carbonic gas is nothing more nor less than deadly poison.

The brilliantly lighted shops which ornament our thoroughfares are thus little better than whited sepulchres, as the pallid faces of their tenants too often attest. Professor Faraday recommends that each burner should be provided with an outer chimney fitted over the inner one, the whole being covered with a piece of talc. The noxious vapours being thus prevented from escaping at the top, pass down between the chimneys, and are carried away by a tube to any convenient outlet. The results of this operation are a brighter light, and incomparably cooler and fresher air. Surely the proprietors of some of our larger retail establishments might adopt this or a similar system. They would not only gain in health, but in custom. The fair sex would naturally patronise the well-ventilated place of business.

Gas is so much cheaper than all other illuminating agents—'a pennyworth of gas,' says Dr Fyfe, 'giving light of equal intensity to half-a-crown's worth of composition-candles'—that it is likely to be more and more used for domestic purposes. In the north of England and Scotland, where the gas is somewhat purer than that produced in London, it has almost superseded candles. Some months since, an accident happened at the gas-works in a certain northern town, which left the place for several hours in darkness. It was ludicrous to observe the household derangement which took place. Many families possessed neither lamps nor candlesticks, nor could the ironmongers meet the sudden demand, so utterly dependent were the inhabitants on the invisible agent.

Since gas, then, is becoming such an ordinary household servant, we would impress on our readers the importance of providing for the removal of the noxious products of combustion. We must bear in mind that nothing in this world ceases to exist chemically, that matter merely suffers a change, and that

gas, following the universal law, is, when burned, simply turned into something else. That something we have shewn to be highly injurious to health. We would therefore counsel our readers (especially those who may be introducing gas into their houses for the first time), to take advantage of the latest improvements in this direction. The expenditure of a few extra shillings on each burner will not be regretted, even as concerns the saving to books, pictures, and furniture; still less will it be regretted when it tends to preserve the eyesight, and to improve the general health.

We are so prone to abuse God's good gifts, that unless some such improvements are adopted, the discoveries of the last eighty years may be found to have lessened rather that heightened the general happiness of mankind. A watchmaker of 1780, who was compelled to leave off work when it grew dark, might earn less wages, but was probably a healthier man than his modern representative. The improvements in artificial lighting have tended to make us habitually keep later hours—let us bear in mind that for purity, brilliancy, and cheapness, there is, after all, no light comparable to the light of day.

THE RAFFLE FOR THE ELEPHANT.

It is now four years ago that a certain Mr Joseph Fletcher, generally known in Hertfordshire by his sporting name of 'Porky Jenkins,' kept the 'Flying Dutchman,' a public-house in the pleasant little country-town of Pipington-cum-Tabor, a little off the high-road, and about a dozen miles or so beyond the sepulchral town of St Albans.

Porky Jenkins had been formerly 'the champion of the light weights,' and the hero of special paragraphs in the sporting papers; but having got old, puffy, and thirsty, and having sold so many fights and so many backers that no one at last could be found daring enough to either front him or back him, he had at last thrown up the sponge, and gracefully retired under the shade of his own laurels, behind the bar of private life. Handsome but for a broken nose, brave but for his fat, virtuous but for a strong disposition to low gambling, Porky Jenkins was respected by his brewer, honoured by the poachers whose game he bought, and feared by every one but his wife.

The Flying Dutchman was an inn where many sorts of beer were drawn, and many sorts of business transacted. Inquests were held in that little wainscoted parlour, and also public meetings; there raffles took place, and there 'the Sons of Apollo' chanted; there bargains were struck; and there foreign wars and home taxes were discussed, over gin and water. In fact, the Flying Dutchman was at once a goose-club, a music-hall, a market-room, a tavern, and a betting-booth.

On the October night I refer to, a raffle was being held—a raffle, I may say, unprecedented, whether we take into consideration the enormous nature of the prize, or the ridiculously low sum that each person engaged in it had to risk. I would give any one from Shrovetide to Shrovetide, and he would not guess what it was the small tradesmen of Pipington-cum-Tabor were raffling for, that October night in question. A fat goose and a bottle of Old Tom? Not a bit of it. A mangle and a garden-roller? No. A piano and a chestnut mare? But, dear me, I had forgotten; I let it all out in the title of my story. Well, it was, I own it, of all things in the world, that ponderous freak of creation—an *elephant*, and going at a great sacrifice too. It was being raffled for by forty members, who had laid down ten shillings each, and were now throwing dice for the stupendous and rather impracticable prize.

The forty members—Buckle, the saddler; Lacy, the tailor; Duff, the baker; Chickenbody, the greengrocer; Stithy, the blacksmith; Howell, the gardener; with the other thirty-four competitors, were in a state of feverish wrangling and garrulous excitement, partly owing to gin and water, partly owing to the heat of competition. Chickenbody, the little weak-minded greengrocer, had actually, in defiance of his acid and 'nagging' wife, bought all the three shares of Porky Jenkins, who had parted with them with feigned reluctance, and only on receiving a *bonus* of one pound sterling and a glass of gin and bitters. Thirty-nine white clay-pipes were pointing and nodding simultaneously at Chickenbody, who never could smoke, and therefore very wisely abstained—Augustus Chickenbody, who had four chances, and who had just thrown ties with Duff the baker, and was going to throw again for the conqueror. If the elephant had been the Koh-i-noor, or the goose with the golden eggs still alive, Chickenbody could not have been more excited; he forgot at that moment the high price of potatoes, and even his wife, whom he had that night left on plea of urgent business with a market-gardener at Coddlington.

But here I must digress from my main subject, and explain how it was that an elephant ever found its way to Pipington-cum-Tabor, and also why it was put up to raffle, when we all know that people generally only raffle for kettle-holders, explosive guns, rickety dressing-cases, and other small and useful articles. This is how it was. The elephant raffled for was no common elephant, but the celebrated performing animal once belonging to 'The Royal Imperial Olympic Centralisation Circus Company,' who had lately been performing the *Bombardment of Samarcand*, in which piece the aforesaid elephant figured as 'Runjeet Sing, the favourite elephant of the Emperor Tamerlane.'

Now, the Royal Imperial Olympic Centralisation Circus Company had wandered through the home-counties with great loss, and had finally gone to pieces, and been left a complete wreck at Pipington-cum-Tabor. The company had before this rolled on from place to place, throwing over goods to the storm, till little but the bare hulk was left for Mr Horatio Fitzjones De Beverley to steer into port. One by one the tumblers, and riders, and grooms had deserted, till only an elephant, some vans, and a few dresses, an Arab *mahout* or elephant-driver, and Mr H. F. De Beverley himself, were left. The last-named gentleman revelling without money, had, rumour said, so entangled himself in debt at his quarters at the Flying Dutchman, as to compel him to sell his vans, and finally to put up his last elephant for raffle.

There were only three people in the room that night who did not seem to share the general excitement—these were Porky Jenkins, Mr H. F. De Beverley, and the real Arab with the Tipperary countenance. Mr De Beverley, with the plaid and cloth waistcoat, festooned with gold chain, sat especially still in his chair, and preserved an undeviating expression of benevolence.

But while fortune was still poising her scales above the heads of Augustus Chickenbody and Ezra Duff, the air rang with cries of 'Tommy Dods!' 'Odd man out!' 'Man!' 'Woman!' 'Heads, I win!' 'Tails, you lose!' 'One to me!' and other competing cries. The air seemed full of rattling dice. At last, at the third throw, Chickenbody flings sixes. The elephant—the elephant is his! Mr De Beverley announces the fact in the voice of Hamlet's ghost, and Porky Jenkins strikes the table a tremendous blow with a pewter pint-pot, and cries: 'Going, going, gone!' The thirty-nine rafflers crowded

round Chickenbody, and congratulated him. Mr De Beverley offered him ten pounds for his prize.

Chickenbody, with his hair slightly over his forehead, which did not, however, disturb him, and with his thumbs, à la Sir Robert Peel, in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, declared they were 'jolly companionsh every one,' and ordered glasses round, on Porky Jenkins requesting to know what he was going to stand. At a later hour, he begged Mr De Beverley—who had just given the company the love-scene from *Romeo and Juliet*—to 'hand over the elephant,' which the manager said was 'a good one,' and promised that the animal should be sent round in the morning in the care of Abdallah, the real Arab, who would take care of it for twelve shillings a week. A little after twelve, Mr Chickenbody, scared by the reproachful chimes of St Simon Magus, returned home singing

'Th' oak, th' oak, brav' old oak,
That has dwelt in th' greenwood long—Rule, Britannia.'

His wife unbolted the door, and let down the chain.

'Hurrah, Louisa!' he cried, 'I've won the elephant; it's coming with the milk in the morning. Won th' elephant—yes, I have!'

'Mr Chickenbody,' said the austere lady, 'I'm ashamed of you! You've been drinking again. Get to bed; you don't know what you're talking about. Get to bed, sir!'

The next morning, Mr Chickenbody was awakened from a pleasant dream by a scream from his wife, who had risen before him, and who was dressed, and looking out of window.

'Gustus! Gustus!' she screamed, 'here's an elephant knocking at our door. Why, you horrid wretch, what have you been doing?'

It was too true: the next moment came a knock at the window, and the real Arab, with a white turban on his cocoa-nut of a head, mounted on a huge elephant. Mrs Chickenbody threw up the window and screamed.

'Get away, man; we have nothing for you.'

The man replied, as cool as a cucumber, in his jargon: 'I Abdallah. Massa Chickenbody win elephant. I bring elephant. Where elephant go, Abdallah go. Where am I to put him up, maam?'

'Is this true, Mr Chickenbody?' inquired the lady of her miserable husband, who only groaned and hid his head in the bedclothes.

'It is true,' he said; 'the elephant is mine. Have him hid away in the stable, and give the man some breakfast. He'll be useful to drive our light cart, and take round the vegetables.'

'*Take round the vegetables!*' said Mrs Chickenbody in an emphatic voice, expressive of the deepest scorn. 'O you wretch! And is he to drive the elephant in the new cart. What next?'

The whole of the next day was spent by Mr Chickenbody in studying from a book on natural history, borrowed from the schoolmaster of Pipington-cum-Tabor, the habits and customs of his new possession.

'Wonderful animal!' observed Mr Chickenbody to his wife after his first hour's reading—'intelligent animal! and will cost us nothing, my dear, for we can feed him on the spoiled vegetables; and he'll eat leaves, or grass, or anything, Abdallah says; and when we get tired of him, we can make a fortune shewing him about the country, or selling him to the Muddleton Zoological Gardens.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' replied the unappeasable Mrs C. 'You'll ruin yourself with your fancies; you'll spend my hundred and twenty pounds in a month, in merely feeding that monster.'

Mr Chickenbody, obstinate for once, went on reading: '"This gigantic and clever animal has been trained to pile logs, drag cannon, and lay building-stones. Its tusks weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. The foot of the elephant is admirably formed, and the horny plates of the hoof are arranged on the principle of the common carriage-spring"—— Come in.'

These last words were not in the text, but were the result of a loud knock at the door. It was Abdallah, who, making a salam, said: 'Massa Chickenbody, Runjeet Sing bery hungry—bery mad, bery bad toothache—want grub. No give grub, he cry "Urmph," and break down shed, everything, and kill somebody.'

'Oh, don't let him kill anybody,' screamed Mrs Chickenbody.

'We'll get him some food,' said the proprietor grandly. 'I suppose a sack of potatoes and a bundle of carrots will go some way with him—eh, Abdallah?'

'Go some way!' snorted the real Arab scornfully. 'Elephant no little cow, no little horse. Runjeet Sing die unless he eat ebery day this. This what Massa Beverley give him six year he have him.'

Mr Chickenbody took the bill of fare Abdallah handed him, read it, and then turned pale, and sank back in his chair.

'Average daily food of an adult elephant—One truss of hay, one truss of straw, a bushel of barley-meal and bran mashed together, thirty pounds of potatoes, six pints of water.'

'Why, it would fill a barn!' said Chickenbody.

Abdallah, quite unmoved, replied: 'And when he perform, one bottle of the best porter, or a pint of sherry—no dance without sherry.'

'We're ruined!' said Chickenbody. 'My dear, you're right. Our income won't bear the strain on it for six months. We must exhibit the elephant, or he'll eat us out of house and home. Why, he's worse than fourteen children and an Irish servant.'

That elephant was almost the ruin of poor Chickenbody. Customers began to leave his shop, and go to Teagle's, at the other end of the town, because the story went that he was going 'cracked,' and had actually bought an elephant, which he fed with the best vegetables, keeping the rubbish for his customers.

The attempt to shew the elephant at a shilling a head totally failed, as all the town could see the enormous quadruped for nothing when Abdallah took him out for an airing. As for the real Arab, he proved a total failure in the light cart, as he always took the new potatoes to the house that wanted the young pease, and the carrots to that which had its heart on vegetable marrows. In fact, he proved a worthless, drunken rascal, and was always to be found at the Flying Dutchman, holding mysterious conferences with his late master, Mr De Beverley.

The elephant improved Mr Chickenbody's knowledge of natural history, but it sadly preyed upon his pocket, and his wife's never-to-be-forgotten hundred and twenty pounds. It is all very well to watch an intelligent animal sway backwards and forwards, and pick up buns with its proboscis at a zoological garden, when you pay sixpence, and have done with it. But keeping an elephant is no joke. That extraordinary animal with the prominent front teeth, the flap ears, the leathery hide, and the huge gouty legs, had an appetite that would have done credit to an alderman. To fill him was like filling the hold of the *Great Eastern*: he would rake a truss of hay for luncheon, and a wheelbarrowful of potatoes for supper. Four pailfuls of barley-meal mash merely served to give him a zest for a light cartful of damaged carrots and red cabbages. He fed himself as if he was putting a cartridge into a breech-loader, such, with all his voracity, was his deliberate care, neatness, and exasperating exactitude. There was nothing doing all day at Chickenbody's but unloading potatoes and barley-meal for this horrible incubus.

Mrs C. got so violent that she used to go on the

sly, with a toasting-fork, and prick the elephant by the hour together, till Mr C. told her that if she touched the animal's trunk, he would probably beat her to death with that proboscis, tread her under foot, kneel on her, and gore her; upon which she desisted.

The horrible creature was always leading poor Chickenbody into trouble. Once it broke down a turnpike-gate, and the unlucky green-grocer was fined. On another occasion, it trod on sixteen fox-hounds, the property of a peppery, pompous baronet, Sir Hercules Wadlington; and it cost Mr Chickenbody twenty pounds to quiet that irascible master of the hounds. At another time, this monstrosity, in a nocturnal walk, ate two-thirds of a stack of hay, and trod half a turnip-field into a mash; all of which damage its luckless master had to pay for.

'Sell him, massa,' constantly chimed in Abdallah—'sell him; he no good to you; no dance for you; too much eat; presently sore feet, bad legs, swollen jaw, toothache; then he no sell at all. No good; sell him.' I am afraid Abdallah was a rascal.

Unfortunately, in order to sell anything, it is necessary that there should be a buyer. Now, there was not a man in Pipington-cum-Tabor who would not as soon have thought of buying the parish church for an observatory. Mr De Beverley, who still hung about the place, certainly offered ten pounds, but Chickenbody had spent more than that in meal-mashes. In moments of rage and vexation, he thought of poisoning the creature, or tying him on the railway, so as to be run over. But in the one case he would upset the train; in the other, he would require more pounds of prussic acid than any druggist would furnish him with.

One month after the raffle, Mr Chickenbody discovered Abdallah in an attempt to carry off the elephant, and traced him to Muddleton, where he had got drunk. The elephant had been put in the parish pound, whence, by paying a heavy fine, Chickenbody redeemed him. That night, Abdallah, who, when in a rage, spoke with rather a strong Tipperary brogue, was paid off and dismissed, and disappeared for a time from the horizon of Pipington-cum-Tabor with many wild Irish oaths and oriental ejaculations.

It was about this time that Mrs Chickenbody suggested a plan of more economically feeding the monster, that would never certainly have entered the head of her disheartened husband. Mr C. had been much alarmed by the repeated warnings he had received from that active country justice, Sir Hercules Wadlington, not to venture out with the animal in the middle of the day, for fear of its frightening carriage-horses or alarming ladies.

'Very well,' said Mrs Chickenbody; 'let us take advantage, Augustus, of the old grumpy's warning. Take him into the park, and let him feed there at night. It is impossible to let that horrid creature go on eating into our hundred and twenty pounds, or we shall be in the workhouse very soon. The animal has eaten fourteen sacks of potatoes in twelve days; every sack of potatoes costs us ten shillings hard money. Look here.'

Mrs Chickenbody made a spiteful, yet half-melancholy snatch at a bill-file that hung from a bureau near her chair, and handed them to her husband.

He looked on them with gooseberry eyes and fallen jaw. There they were, all the epicure's bills of fare for weeks: trusses of straw, trusses of hay, sacks of potatoes, &c. Total for six weeks, L.35, 14s. 6½d.

Chickenbody groaned. 'No income would stand it. He is eating his head off, Louisa.'

'He is eating ours off.'

'But, my dear, what you propose is felony.'

'Pooh!'

'It's trespass. We shall be informed against.'

'Rubbish! Take him out the back way, after dark, as if for an airing; then go up Sandy Lane for a mile or two, till you reach the back gate of Wadlington Park; then drive the wretch in, and let him eat as many elm leaves and beech boughs as he can get through in an hour and a half; then drive him quietly home, where he shall have his six pints of water, and the thing is done. Nonsense about difficulties. Be a man, Augustus.'

'But suppose the keepers see me, and fire at me?'

'Oh, you may suppose anything. Don't be a child, Chickenbody.'

After many unlikely suppositions, and much feeble remonstrance, Chickenbody was driven out of his little fortress of objections, and compelled to an unconditional surrender. That very night, Mrs Chickenbody drove out Chickenbody, and Chickenbody drove out the elephant, with fear and trembling, up the long dark lane leading to the park of Sir Hercules Wadlington, that terror of vagrants, and enemy of all inferior beings. Our timid little wild-beast proprietor was in a state of peculiar alarm that evening, as there was a rumour that the real Arab and Mr Fitzjones De Beverley had been seen again in the neighbourhood of Pipington-cum-Tabor, and he augured mischief from their contiguity.

It was about eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of May: through the soft twilight, the white May-flowers glimmered, and their scent filled the air. There was no sound but the occasional boom of a beetle, but that nearly frightened Chickenbody out of his wits. They reached the side-gate of the park, and listened. About a quarter of a mile away stood the old Tudor house, shining with lights, for there was a party that evening. Sir Hercules was in all his glory, telling his interminable Indian stories. With a cautious look round, Chickenbody drove in his charge, and tore him down a dozen small elm boughs from the nearest trees, for a preliminary salad. Runjeet Sing ate them as elephants always eat leaves, taking each twig daintily with the tip of his trunk, and tapping it against its fore-legs, to shake off the imaginary dust, before depositing it in the huge red cavern of his mouth. Minutes seemed hours to Chickenbody, as the monster went on with imperturbable deliberation with his cold collation, but at last, his great jaws closed, and Chickenbody turned homeward rejoicing. But at that moment, an unlucky incident occurred, that plunged the unlucky little grocer of Pipington-cum-Tabor into fresh difficulties. At that moment, I say, a cornopean, on the lawn of Wadlington House, began to play with shrill distinctness the popular tune of *Pity Poor Uncle Sam*, which, borne on the night-air, uninterrupted by any other sound, came across the meadows towards Sandy Lane. Now, that particular tune was the one to which Mr Fitzjones De Beverley had trained Runjeet Sing to dance, and the very first sound of it had an extraordinary effect on the unwieldy animal, for instantly setting off, swinging his huge limbs to and fro, in his mammoth trot, he made across the meadows, straight for the lawn of Wadlington House, lured by that siren music. Chickenbody followed afar off, wringing his hands, and tearing the very buttons off his shirt-front in horror and vexation.

There was a *fête champêtre* being held on the lawn at Wadlington House, and a young cornet in the dragoons had played that fatal tune preliminary to the first quadrille. Sir Hercules, yellower and more pompous than a bull-frog, was begging everybody to select their partners. At that moment, there came a crash, as of a runaway wagon, among the laurels and box-trees in the shrubbery, and Runjeet Sing appeared upon the scene, repeating from time to time his one alarming remark, 'Urumph,' and thrashing the air with his proboscis. The ladies screamed and ran; one dandy fell into a veal-pie, and another sat down on a pile of jelly; the cornet dropped his instrument.

Sir Hercules, though a peppery 'old Indian,' was no coward, and at once perceived that the elephant was a tame animal and quite harmless, and rationally concluded that he had escaped from its keeper, who could not be far off. All he had therefore to do was, he thought, to keep it at bay, and prevent its doing more damage than necessary, although even now one enormous foot rested on a bed of Tom-Thumb geraniums, and the other on a promising plot of calceolarias. Sir Hercules, therefore, with great gallantry, advanced upon the elephant, raising his bamboo cane in one hand, and waving the other in the way drovers do when steering a 'difficult' and rather irascible ox. The instant he did so, to the astonishment of everybody, Runjeet Sing reared himself up on his hind-legs, and paced slowly before Sir Hercules Wadlington, nodding his big head to the tune of *Poor Uncle Sam*, which some violins inside the house, unconscious of danger, were playing. While yet in this attitude, which Chickenbody, from behind a laurel-bush, regarded with mingled horror and surprise, two men broke forth from behind the servants who had come running to the spot; one wore a white hat, banded with rusty crape, the other wore a once white turban. They were, Mr Fitzjones De Beverley and the real Arab, who had been invited to a share of the festivities of the Servants' Hall. They ran forward, exclaiming, half out of breath: 'No, yes—no, yes; it is!'

Fitzjones bowed, and threw himself at the feet of Sir Hercules; the real Arab made a salam, and did the same. Chickenbody came forward and apologised for the elephant, who had now taken to standing on his head, on a border of hepaticas, and could not be moved by threat or entreaty, till Sir Hercules stormed in and stopped *Poor Uncle Sam*.

'This man,' said the unblushing De Beverley, 'has stolen our elephant, Sir Hercules; he has robbed us of our *little* all.'

'Yes, he big thief,' said Abdallah. 'Massa, he rob elephant.'

'Your proof, gentlemen,' said Sir Hercules, patting the elephant. 'How do you prove this intelligent animal to be yours?'

Abdallah fumbled in his pocket, and producing a round lump of dry clay, spoke half in Irish and half in Arabic to Mr De Beverley.

'My faithful Arab,' said the arch-rogue, 'tells me in his native language that the clay now produced is a careful impression of our elephant's footmark. He will now, if you please, compare the two.'

'Wonderful!' said all the ladies.

Abdallah knelt down and lifted Runjeet Sing's right foot, and for some minutes appeared to be comparing its surface with that of the enormous seal. At last he rose, jumped three times in the air, and said: 'Begor, Salamah, all right, massa. It's our elephant. Him bery big thief.' Here he pointed to the unhappy and trembling Chickenbody, who remained dumb with astonishment.

'Quite enough, quite enough,' said Sir Hercules. 'I require no more proof; it is enough for any court of justice that ever sat on the bench. John, give this man into custody. Good people, the elephant is yours: you may remove it; but you must remember you are bound to appear as evidence when this unfortunate wretch is brought to trial.'

Poor Chickenbody was removed, fighting, kicking, and loudly remonstrating. De Beverley and the real Arab remained to exhibit their elephant, and net some six or seven guineas, after which they made off to the nearest railway station, and transported Runjeet Sing to the great metropolis.

Poor Chickenbody was eventually released, after three adjournments, on the representations of Porky Jenkins, whom some malicious people believed to have been an accomplice in De Beverley's plot. But he never heard any more of Runjeet Sing, and never obtained any redress.

I claim for my story a special moral, comprised in a few words—Never raffle for an Elephant.

PRINCES OF WALES AND THEIR MARRIAGES.

SINCE the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of this country, there have been two marriages of Princes of Wales; and two of our sovereigns have been married after their elevation to the monarchy. When George I. was called to the throne vacated by the death of Queen Anne, his son, George II., was in the thirty-first year of his age. Nine years previously—namely, in 1705, the latter had espoused the Princess Wilhelmina Charlotte Caroline, daughter of John Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg-Anspach. He was created Prince of Wales in October 1714, two months after the accession of his father. He had two sons, the eldest of whom, Frederick Louis, afterwards Prince of Wales, was born at Hanover on the 31st of January 1707. This prince, the father of George III., was married in England on the 27th April 1736; and the details of the ceremonies observed on the occasion are given in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for that month. In February 1736, the king had sent two members of the Privy Council with a message to the Prince of Wales, proposing a marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess of Saxe-Gotha; and the proposal being agreeable to his Royal Highness, the marriage was agreed upon. At this time of day, such a mode of proceeding seems rather formal; but we must remember that the Georges were sticklers for etiquette, and that the king and the Prince of Wales were occasionally not on the best of terms. The Princess of Saxe-Gotha was born on the 19th November 1719, and consequently was in her seventeenth year at the date of her marriage, the bridegroom being then in his twenty-ninth year.

Her Royal Highness set out from Gotha on the 17th of April, and arrived at Greenwich on the 25th, having sailed in the *William and Mary* from Hellevoetsluis. On her arrival at Greenwich, she landed at the Hospital, and was conveyed in one of his majesty's coaches to the Queen's House in the park amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators. Her Highness 'seemed highly delighted with the joy the people expressed at her arrival, and had the goodness to shew herself for above half an hour from the gallery towards the park.' The Prince of Wales came to pay her a visit; and their majesties and the other members of the royal family sent their compliments.

On the following day, Monday the 26th, the Prince of Wales dined with Her Highness at Greenwich in one of the rooms towards the park, the windows being thrown open to gratify the curiosity of the people. His Royal Highness afterwards 'gave her the diversion' of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back again in his barge, which was 'finely adorned, and preceded by a band of music.' The ships saluted their Highnesses all the way they passed, and hung out their streamers and colours, the river being 'covered' with boats. Their Highnesses afterwards supped in public.

On Tuesday the 27th, the day of the wedding, the princess came in her majesty's coach from Greenwich to Lambeth, and was brought from Whitehall to St James's in the queen's chair. Awaiting her at the palace was 'a numerous and splendid court beyond expression.' The Prince of Wales received her at the garden door; and upon her sinking on her knees to kiss his hand, he affectionately raised her up, and twice saluted her. The princess having been led upstairs by the prince, Her Highness 'fell on her knee' to kiss the king's hand, 'but was gently taken up and

saluted by him.' Then followed her presentations to the queen, the princesses, and the Duke of Cumberland. Her Highness dined with the Prince of Wales and the princesses; and at eight o'clock the nuptial-procession set out for the chapel. The bride was in her hair, wearing, as Princess of Wales, a crown with one bar set all over with diamonds. Her robe was of crimson-velvet, turned back with several rows of ermine. Her train was borne by Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton; Lady Caroline Cavendish, daughter of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; and Lady Sophia Fermor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret. The reader will observe the three Carolines. We presume it was found impossible to procure a fourth of sufficient rank. All these ladies 'were in virgin habits of silver like the princess, and adorned with diamonds not less in value than from L.20,000 to L.30,000 each.' The bride was led to the altar by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, attended by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the household; and the service was performed by the Bishop of London. A fine anthem was performed by a great number of instruments and voices. When the procession was returning, the prince led his bride, and on reaching the drawing-room, their Royal Highnesses knelt down and received their majesties' blessing. Now comes a portion of the proceedings which we must allow the chronicler to tell for himself. On reading it, one feels disposed to doubt that such things could have been; but as the record was printed and published immediately after the occurrences themselves, we must accept them as true, and account for them by the character of the times they occurred in.

'At half an hour after ten, their majesties sat down to supper in ambigu, the prince and duke being on the king's right hand, and the Princess of Wales and the four princesses on the queen's left. Their majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedroom, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the duke undressed him, and his majesty did his Royal Highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the princesses; and being in bed in a rich undress, his majesty came into the room, and the prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and a cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed, surrounded by all the royal family. His majesty was dressed in a gold brocade, turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colours, as was the waistcoat; the buttons and stars were diamonds. Her majesty was in a plain yellow silk, robed and faced with pearl diamonds and other jewels of immense value.'

Then follows a description of the dresses worn by the noble lords and ladies admitted to the bedroom levée, the reporter observing with fine patriotic spirit: ''Twas observed most of the rich clothes were the manufacture of England; and in honour of our own artists, the few which were French did not come up to these in richness, goodness, or fancy, as was seen by the clothes worn by the royal family, which were all of British manufacture.'

On the following day, the lord mayor, aldermen, and recorder of London went to St James's to congratulate their majesties and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and were received most graciously. On the 18th November in the same year, the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Saddlers waited on the Prince of Wales, and presented him with the freedom of the Company in a gold box, obtaining at the same time the permission of his Royal Highness to have his picture and that of the Princess hung in Saddlers' Hall. All this took place in consequence of their Royal Highnesses 'having, on the Lord Mayor's Day, when they were in Cheapside, been pleased to visit Saddlers' Hall, and accept a glass of wine, and permit the Company to kiss their hands, and his Royal Highness to salute the ladies there.'

This prince having, as everybody knows, died during George II.'s lifetime, his son, afterwards George III., was created Prince of Wales on the 20th April 1751. The latter was only twenty-two years of age when he ascended the throne in 1760, and did not marry until after he had become king; but as his marriage took place before his coronation, and within a few months after his accession, it will not be out of place to refer here to some of the pageants in connection with the auspicious event. The bride chosen by his majesty was the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who was born on the 16th May 1744, and was therefore only seventeen years of age at the date of her marriage, September 8, 1761. It appears that the king of Prussia had sent over to George II. a letter written by her Serene Highness. This document was described 'as a miracle of patriotism and good sense' in so young a princess. 'As to the princess's person,' says the *Annual Register* for the year 1761, 'it would be impertinent to repeat all the descriptions given of it; however, we cannot but mention the mean and scandalous advantage taken on this occasion of the well-natured credulity of his majesty's subjects. A printseller was base enough to publish, as a true portrait of the princess, that of a celebrated English beauty, whose name he struck out of the plate, to make room for that of her most Serene Highness.' This is what in newspaper phraseology is known as 'a safe paragraph.' The writer does not pledge himself to anything; but we have it on record from less cautious sources that the princess was no beauty, and this is confirmed by those amongst us who saw her as Queen Charlotte. Our judicious authority in the *Annual Register* proceeds to say, that 'while the public were thus employed in conning over arbitrary descriptions, and gazing on spurious prints of the future consort of their beloved monarch, his majesty himself was giving the proper directions for demanding and bringing over the princess in a manner suitable to his dignity and his love for her Serene Highness.' Lord Harcourt was named to make the demand of her Serene Highness. The Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton and the Countess of Effingham were appointed to take care of her person on the passage to England. The *Carolina* yacht was with great ceremony new-named the *Charlotte*, in honour of her Serene Highness. Lord Harcourt was treated at Strelitz 'with a grandeur easier to be conceived than expressed.' He never stirred without a body-guard to attend him, which consisted of remarkably tall men, who made a formidable and handsome appearance. Her Serene Highness had a very tedious passage. She arrived at Stade, where she was received with extraordinary marks of honour, on the 28th August, and did not land at Harwich till the 6th September. Twice had she been in sight of the English coast, and driven off again by contrary winds. During this long voyage, she diverted herself with playing on the harpsichord, practising English tunes, 'and endearing herself to those who were honoured with the care of her person.' She landed on the 7th, and entered London in the afternoon of the 8th, having slept in Lord Abercorn's house at Witham on the night of the 7th.

On her arrival at St James's, she was handed out of the coach by the Duke of York, and met in the garden by his majesty, who in a very affectionate manner raised her up and saluted her, as she was going to pay her obeisance. She dined with his majesty, the Princess Dowager, and the Princess Augusta—'others say, with the whole royal family except the youngest.' Observe the scrupulous anxiety to be accurate manifested by the historian. At eight o'clock, the marriage-ceremony took place with great pomp, and passed off in the most agreeable manner,

though at one time there had been some apprehension of an aristocratic kind of Irish row. The nobility of Ireland had revived the dispute about the precedence of the Irish peers walking at the wedding of their majesties, but the king directed the Privy Council to inquire, and report the precedents as they had been observed on former occasions. On the report of the Privy Council, the Irish peers and peeresses were admitted to walk, and were marshalled in the procession together with the peers and peeresses of Great Britain, according to their respective degrees, taking place of the British nobility of inferior rank. A grand festival symphony, composed by Dr Boyce, was performed before the august party left the chapel-royal. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the officiating prelate, and the bride was given away by the Duke of Cumberland. The houses in the cities of London and Westminster were illuminated, and the evening concluded with the utmost demonstrations of joy.

We now come to a royal marriage which, unfortunately, was an unhappy one in every respect. In the year 1794, the debts of George IV., then Prince Regent, had become so enormous, that George III. and his ministers felt it would be necessary to make another application to parliament on behalf of his Royal Highness; but there seemed little hope of inducing the Lower House to consent to further advances, without something like a guarantee that the dissolute and extravagant habits of the prince would not be persevered in. Accordingly, a marriage was fixed on, as affording the best security that he meant to turn a new leaf. With his usual obstinacy, the king chose for him a princess whom he had never seen, and whom even the most devoted of her friends have freely admitted to have been very unsuited to occupy the position which she was called upon to fill. One more unsuitable to be the wife of the particular man for whom she was selected could not have been found in Europe. The king commanded the Earl of Malmesbury to go to the court of Brunswick to demand her hand, but the marriage had already been decided on; and as the noble earl afterwards told the Prince of Wales, he had no option in the matter; his orders limited him to the performance of a specific duty. From his Diary, it is quite clear that he had his misgivings almost from the moment he set eyes on Caroline of Brunswick; that these were increased during his stay at her father's court, and on the journey with the princess to England; and that they were fully shared in by the duke himself and by his mistress of thirty years' standing, Mademoiselle Hertzfeldt. His first note about her is: 'The Princess Caroline (Princess of Wales) much embarrassed on my first being presented to her; pretty face—not expressive of softness; her figure not graceful; fine eyes, good hand, tolerable teeth, but going; fair hair and light eyebrows; good bust—short, with what the French call *des épaules impertinentes*. Vastly happy with her future expectations.'

The Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III., was a brainless, gossipy woman; and the education of the princess, literary and religious, had been sadly neglected. Her English, after twenty years' residence in England, was very bad even for a foreigner. She always wrote 'wid' for 'with,' 'de' for 'they,' 'ting' for 'thing.' Her pronunciation was of a piece with her writing; and from the Diary of Lady Charlotte Bury, it appears that when Princess of Wales she used occasionally to swear a good round oath. Yet she was good-natured, and had some other excellent qualities. Both Mademoiselle Hertzfeldt, a very intelligent woman, and the duke—the former over and over again—stated to Lord Malmesbury 'the necessity of being very strict with the Princess Caroline; that she was not clever or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no* tact.' Lord Malmesbury took repeated opportunities of giving her advice before she met her future husband; but he was much disheartened to find that though it was taken in good part, it had not the desired effect; for we find him remarking: 'She has no *fonds*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well, and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is to think before she speaks, to recollect herself.'

Though Lord Malmesbury reached the court of Brunswick on the 28th November 1794, it was not until Sunday, April 5, 1795, that he arrived with the princess at Greenwich. In his diary of the latter day, he expresses considerable annoyance at some proceedings of Lady Jersey, the Prince of Wales's mistress, who had been appointed one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the princess, and had been sent down to Greenwich to receive her. It appears that Lady Jersey—for her own purposes, no doubt—was 'very much dissatisfied with the princess's mode of dress, though Mrs Harcourt had taken great pains about it.' Lord Malmesbury does not tell us what the objectionable garments were; but from another source we learn that the princess and Lady Jersey retired to a dressing-room, and that the dress of the former was changed from a muslin gown and blue satin petticoat, with a black beaver hat and blue and black feathers, for a white satin gown and very elegant turban cap of satin trimmed with crape, and ornamented with white feathers, which had been brought from town by Lady Jersey. The same authority states that on the road to St James's Palace the crowds were great, and that 'the people cheered with loud expressions of love and loyalty.' Lord Malmesbury, who was in the next carriage to that occupied by the princess, tells a different story; he says: 'There was very little crowd and still less applause on the road to London.' What follows is very sad; but as it throws much light on subsequent transactions, we transcribe it.

'I immediately notified the arrival to the king and Prince of Wales—the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough), and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said: "Harris, I am not well; pray, get me a glass of brandy." I said: "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?" Upon which he, much out of humour, said with an oath: "No; I will go directly to the queen;" and away he went. The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment, and on my joining her, said: "Mon Dieu! est ce que le prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros et nullement aussi beau que son portrait." I said his Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the king had not ordered me to attend him.'

It was probably at this their first interview that these royal personages conceived for each other that hatred which they displayed in after-years. No one can excuse the prince's conduct on the occasion; it was very unlike what one should have expected from 'the first gentleman in Europe.'

The prince did go to the queen, and made a very unfavourable report, as Lord Malmesbury gathered from the king's inquiries. At dinner, the same evening, the noble earl 'was far from satisfied with the princess's behaviour; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse, vulgar hints about Lady ——, who was present, and, though mute, *le diable n'en perdait rien*. The prince was evidently disgusted, and this unfortunate dinner fixed his

dislike.' Some of the accounts state, that after dinner the princess came out on a balcony, and thanked the assembled crowds for the welcome they had given her. Lord Malmesbury makes no mention of this. On a subsequent occasion, his Royal Highness asked Lord Malmesbury how he liked 'this sort of manners'—on which the noble lord remarks: 'I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée;* that she should be brought up very strictly; and, if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much.' To this the prince said: 'I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did you not tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?' In reply, the noble lord pleaded that he had not been sent to Brunswick on a discretionary commission, but with the most positive commands to ask the Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more.

It was not to be expected that good would come of a marriage which took place under such circumstances. How far otherwise has Her Majesty acted in reference to the future consort of the Prince of Wales! And how different has been the education of the princess herself! No two collections of circumstances could present a greater contrast than those connected with the marriage of the last Prince of Wales and those which have reference to the marriage of the eldest son of our beloved Queen.

In the *Times* of April 9, 1795, is a report of the proceedings at the royal marriage, extending to over three columns. *Lloyd's Evening Post* and other newspapers of that day also contain accounts. It was a very grand affair. The chapel-royal at St James's Palace was superbly fitted up for the occasion, being papered in a style to imitate crimson-velvet. The whole of the royal family had dined at the Queen's House, and at a little before six o'clock they went to their respective apartments in St James's Palace to dress. 'The prince,' says the court newsman, 'on leaving the Queen's House, had a hearty shake of the hand from the king, which brought tears into his eyes.' We are afraid this is rather apocryphal. The royal tears were no more sincere than the joy of the queen, who, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, appeared, in particular, to be 'highly delighted at the union of the prince to such a distinguished ornament of her sex for beauty, grace, and mental endowments.' The old queen hated her daughter-in-law in a style that brought her fully up to Dr Johnson's standard of a good hater.

It was half-past nine in the evening before the bridal-procession began to move from the drawing-room to the chapel. The bride was led by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and given away by the king himself. The procession was an imposing one; there were marshals, heralds, and pursuivants in abundance, and the dresses were magnificent. The king was dressed in a scarlet suit, richly embroidered in gold, pearl, and spangles; the queen in a silver tissue petticoat, with a drapery of white velvet net, richly embroidered with gold, the gown drawn up with green bands and silver laurel, and fastened with rich cords and tassels. The body and train were of white and gold tissue, trimmed with green and silver laurel. All the accounts concur in stating that 'the dress of the Princess of Wales was the most costly and superb that could be made;' and to give one an idea of its artistic merits, they state that 'the waist was not more than six inches in length.' What would be thought of such a garment now? Hoops were then as now an institution, but on this occasion their size was limited, that they might be as small an incumbrance as possible in the procession. The princess wore no diamond ornaments on her head, but a superb coronet of diamonds; and she had also on a very rich ornament of brilliants resembling a knight's collar, fastened upon the right shoulder by a brilliant bow and long brilliant tassels, and on the left shoulder by a rich epaulette of brilliants. In the centre, in place of the stomacher, was the prince's picture, richly set in brilliants. The Prince of Wales wore a blue Geneva velvet coat and breeches, with a silver tissue waistcoat and coat cuffs richly embroidered with silver and spangles. The whole suit was covered with large and small spangles. His Royal Highness also wore a diamond star and an embroidered garter, and diamond shoe and knee buckles, and a rich diamond-hilted sword with button and loop. The servants of the prince had splendid new liveries, and wore feathers in their hats. His Royal Highness was then thirty-three years of age and the royal bride twenty-seven. One account tells us that the prince 'repeated the ceremony with great clearness and recollection;' another states that in repeating it he 'appeared rather embarrassed.' There is good reason for believing the latter version rather than the former, as we shall presently see. All the court reporters inform us that his Royal Highness rose from his knees too soon, and that, in consequence, the Archbishop of Canterbury stopped the service, until, on a whisper from the king, the Prince of Wales knelt down again. Lord Malmesbury in his Diary makes an observation that fully accounts for the *contretemps*, as well as for the fact, that in going up the stairs of the palace the Princess of Wales, while leaning on the arm of the royal bridegroom, had 'well-nigh fallen down,' an accident which the morning papers, who were not in the secret, explained by the fatigue of her Royal Highness and the weight of her dress. Lord Malmesbury, who was present at the ceremony, states that the prince 'had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits;' an assertion which is more than confirmed by an observation of the unfortunate princess herself, recorded in Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary: 'What it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal-night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him.' There was a drawing-room immediately after the marriage-ceremony, and after that a grand supper at Buckingham House.

There were illuminations and fireworks in London and Westminster. Numerous addresses were presented to the Prince of Wales; he received them very graciously; but it was observed, that in reply he said nothing about his own happiness.

Another Prince of Wales is now about to be married, and we have well-founded reasons for hoping and believing that his union with an amiable and accomplished princess of his own choice will be in every respect an auspicious one, and one which will afford lasting happiness to our Queen, as well as to their Royal Highnesses themselves.

THE 'CROFTER' POPULATION OF LEWIS.

WHILE Dr Wilson of Toronto University, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, are doing so much to clear up the pre-historic condition of humanity; while we gaze with wonder and sympathising interest on the flint knives and spear-heads which evince that our country, now full of the enginery of civilisation, was once occupied by a thin population not superior to that living in New Zealand; it is well to know that within the bounds of even this United Kingdom of ours there are still districts fully representing the primitive condition of society. An antiquary does not need to go to a museum to study the early state of Britain through the medium of its surviving utensils; that is comparatively a poor expedient. Let him go to the island of Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides, and there he will find a live example of what is elsewhere a dead antiquity—namely, a people numbering many thousands, who have not, in their mode of life

or ideas, made the slightest advance out of the primitive state of man.

All this is made clear to us by a report recently made by Dr Arthur Mitchell to the Lunacy Commissioners of Scotland, he having visited the island in the course of his duty. He tells us that the island contains upwards of twenty thousand persons, who, with few exceptions, live in one style, which he proceeds to describe.

'The typical Lewis house,' says Dr Mitchell, 'consists of a major block, of forty or fifty feet, with a small porch-like wing at one end in front, and a larger projection or attachment towards the other end behind, which last serves as a barn. Access to all is gained by one door. By this you enter the so-called porch, and on one hand you very frequently find that which is now seen in most antiquarian museums, the Quern; not kept there as a curiosity, but as a regular fixture and a thing for daily use. Opposite this is the stall for the lambs and calves. As you pass from the porch to the major block, you first encounter the byre; and in summer, after the planting of the crops, you here descend a step. In early spring, however, instead of descending you have to ascend, for the dung of the cattle, which, except in fine weather, never leaves the house in winter, is allowed to accumulate, and there is only one annual cleaning of these byres.

'The peat-reek with which the houses are always filled, and to which allusion will shortly be made, and the soot, both acting as antiseptics, combine to lessen the injurious effects which might be expected to result from living on the edge of a dunghill, or other heap of decomposing animal and vegetable matters. But for this peat-reek the stench would be insufferable, and no habit could make it bearable. If this part of the house be entered in winter, when the cows are tied up and ill-natured from restraint, it is often neither easy nor safe to pick one's way among them to the other end, especially as it must be done at all seasons and at all hours, in an obscurity which, to one coming from the open air, amounts to darkness.

'At the other end of the central or major range, the human animals live, nor is their portion cut off from that occupied by the brutes by the faintest pretence at a partition. The separation is nothing more than the curbstone of a foot-pavement on a country roadside, a line of rough stones to mark it off. In fact, it is intended, and thought desirable, that the cows should actually see the fire, to be cheered as well as warmed by it during their long confinement. At a convenient point, about the centre of the part now reached, is the fire, and from the rough, undressed, soot-begrimed rafters above, a rope or bit of chain falls, on which the pot is suspended.

'On one side of the fireplace, supported on two piles of turf, or on two large stones, is a plank, which is the seat of the men of the household. Often there is no plank—nothing, in fact, but a bench of sods. Behind this is the stock of peats brought in for immediate use. On the other side there is a rough three-legged stool for the wife. The children and dogs crouch by the fireside in the warm ashes. On the women's side, with its back to the cattle, there is occasionally a rude dresser or shelving to hold such plates or bowls as may be possessed; and beside it, the one or two pots of the household find their place, when out of use. The spinning-wheel, when there is one, usually stands here, and beside it a chest or cask.

'I do not remember ever to have seen a table. A chair of any kind is a most unusual object. The tea-pot, tea-kettle, and tinned iron vessels of all kinds, are equally rare. The supply of modern crockery, even of the coarsest description, is confined to a few plates and basins; and in the parish of Barvas and part of Uig it scarcely amounts to this. There they use a native pottery, which is so rude and coarse, and so primitive in its shape, that it might easily be mistaken for those cinerary urns whose age has almost ceased to be reckoned in centuries. Some specimens of these are now placed in the National Museum of Antiquities. A curious taste of the people is traceable to the use of this pottery. The glazing is effected by pouring milk on it while red-hot; but this is so imperfect, that it can never be thoroughly cleaned. The consequence is, that fresh milk put into these vessels almost immediately becomes sour; and, from never being able to have it sweet, many of the people now actually prefer it sour.

'At the further end of the apartment, if it may be so called, which we are presently discussing, stand the beds. These are not the true box or shut-in bed; such a form would involve too much wood, and too finished workmanship. They are simply four rough upright posts, connected by narrow side-stretchers, with a wooden bottom, and filled with loose straw, which is too valuable to be abundant or often changed. The two uprights, which are furthest from the wall, often reach the rafters, and are attached to them. Upon these there is a sort of roof constructed, and covered with divots. The necessity of this roof within a roof will be shortly seen, when I describe the construction of the houses, and shew how far from water-tight the outer roof is. All sexes and ages sleep together in these beds, which are often the only ones possessed. If the family be large, however, there are one or more similar beds constructed in the barn, in which the chest, containing the Sunday clothes and other valuables, is also kept. The other uses to which this back projection is put are implied in its name. When there are beds in the barn, they are usually occupied by the young people.

'The house itself is constructed of rough unhewn stones. The walls are five or six feet thick, with an outer and inner facing of dry stone-work, the intervening space being turf. The rafters do not overlap the wall, but terminate on its inner edge, so that the rain falls from the roof into and not over the wall, which, therefore, is of necessity always damp.

'The walls are not more than six feet in height, and the door can only be entered by stooping. On the top of the wall, round the roof, there is often a foot-path, on which children, sheep, fowls, and dogs may be constantly seen. In one case, the public footpath to a neighbouring township of crofters led me over the end of one of these houses; provision being made for getting up and down by stones or steps projecting from the wall. The rafters consist of undressed, crooked branches of trees, bound together with ropes of straw.

'The thatch is of straw, loosely put on, and held down by heather ropes weighted at the end with stones. This thatch is removed every year, for the sake of the soot, which is regarded as a valuable and stimulating manure. In order to increase the deposit of this, there is no smoke-hole; and further, with the same object, the straw is heaped thickly on at the top, so that the roof is semicircular in its outline. The inside of the house, therefore, is a constant cloud of peat-reek, which the eyes of those unaccustomed to it cannot tolerate. The lowest possible seat affords the only means of partial escape from this irritation. Such smoke as escapes deposition in the thatch, oozes out over the whole roof, giving the house the general appearance of a dung-heap in warm wet weather. The object of the roof is not simply to protect from rain and cold, but to accumulate soot, and it is consequently never completely water-tight. After heavy rain, the water comes through and blackens everything on which it falls, bringing with it the glistening pitchy pendicles of soot, which usually fringe the rafters.

'In spring, when the thatch is removed, half the

population may be said to be shelterless, and, if it happen to be a rainy season, their condition must be very miserable.

'There is no window. The absence of this is nearly universal. Such light as gains admission is by the door, or through one or two small holes in the eaves of the roof at the top of the wall, or through chinks from deficiencies in the construction of the house. It is, in fact, necessary to their social arrangements that they should live in darkness. A large window would involve distinction of sexes, and revolutionise habits of action and thought alike.'

Dr Mitchell adds some curious particulars illustrating the insensibility of the people to offensive exposures of the person and to the most revolting filthiness. An imbecile member of the family is left with scarcely any covering, has a lair with the cattle, and is often corrected with blows and stripes meant for his good. Nine-tenths of the people are cut off from British civilisation by their inability to speak any language but Gaelic. 'Many of the best educational agencies are totally wanting among them, and others are misdirected.' 'The backwardness of the people,' says the learned reporter, 'is so great and so peculiar, that I was sometimes at a loss to know whom I ought, and whom I ought not to visit. I heard, for instance, from a reliable source, that at —— there lived a man who could not make the simplest money calculation, who did not know the number of pence in a shilling, who, on examination, could tell nothing of the fall of man, who had not even the rudiments of Christian knowledge, who could not read, who would not be admitted to the communion, and who was denied baptism for his child. My first and natural impression was, that this man must be at least an imbecile; but when I heard that he was a married man with a family, a crofter, a ratepayer, and self-supporting, I hesitated as to the propriety of visiting him.'

Dr Mitchell concludes his general sketch with the remark, that one comes to know, after a visit to such a place, how great a mistake it is 'to confound the golden age of a people with that of its poverty and ignorance.'

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

ENGLISHMEN are apt to wonder how any nation pretending to be free can tolerate the censorship of the press, forgetting the fact, that one branch of English literature has long been subject to a supervision as despotic, capricious, and partial as any existing.

The censorship of the drama is as old as the drama itself. In 1527, a Christmas interlude was performed at Gray's Inn, of which the argument was, that Lord Governance was ruled by Lady Negligence and Lady Dissipation, to the injury of Lady Public Weale, till Rumor Populi rose in indignation, and restored her to her rightful position. The interlude was successful, but its author was imprisoned for his pains, by order of Henry VIII.. In Elizabeth's reign, the Master of the Revels, the regulator of public pageants and masques, was invested with authority over the stage, a clause being inserted in the patent granted to 'Lord Leicester's servants,' to the effect that all comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage-plays should be examined and allowed by him. In 1622, James I. appointed Sir John Astley to the office, and in the patent conveying the appointment, his censorial duties are plainly set forth: 'We have and do by these presents authorise and command our said servant, Sir John Astley, Master of our Revels, by himself or his sufficient deputy or deputies, to warn, command, and appoint in all places within this our realm of England, as well within franchises and liberties as without, all and every player and players, with the play-makers, either belonging to any nobleman or otherwise, bearing the name or names, or using the faculty of play-makers, or players of comedies, tragedies, interludes, or what other shows soever, from time to time, and at all times, to appear before him with all such plays, tragedies, comedies, or shows, as they shall have in readiness, or mean to set forth, and them to present and recite before our servant or his sufficient deputy, whom we ordain, appoint, and authorise by these presents, of all such shows, plays, players, and play-makers, together with their playing-places, to order and reform, authorise and put down, as shall be meet or unmeet to him or his said deputy.' —Collier's *Dramatic Poetry*, i. 42.

How this authority was exercised, the following extracts from the office-book kept by Sir H. Herbert, Astley's deputy, sufficiently shew: 'For the King's Players, an old play, called *Winter's Tale*, formerly allowed by Sir George Bucke, and likewise by me, on Mr Heming's word that there was nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing; and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August 1623.'—'1624, January 12. For the Palsgrave's Company, *The History of the Duchess of Suffolk*, which, being full of dangerous matter, was much reformed by me.' Singularly enough, the deputy omits all record of Middleton's *Game of Chess*, which, after running nine nights, was prohibited, in consequence of the representations of the Spanish ambassador, who complained of it as a very scandalous comedy, wherein the players presumed to represent the person of the king of Spain, spite of the restraint upon bringing modern Christian monarchs on the stage. The privy council took the matter up, and probably Sir Henry was taken to task for licensing the offending piece. Middleton was imprisoned, and petitioned the king in the following rhymes:

A harmless game, coined only for delight,
Was played between the black house and the white;*
The white house won, yet still the black doth brag
They had the power to put me in the bag.
Use but your royal hand, 'twill set me free;
'Tis but removing of a man—that's me.

James answered the poet's appeal by an order for his release.

Philip Massinger seems to have been specially unfortunate; one of his plays was refused a licence in Charles I.'s reign because it contained dangerous matter, 'as the deposing of Sebastian, king of Portugal, by Philip II., there being a peace sworn between the kings of England and Spain.' His *The King and the Subject* (now lost) was submitted to Charles himself, who at the time was busy with the question of ship-money. The dramatist had made his king say to his subjects:

Moneys? we 'll raise supplies what ways we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We 'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify.

Against this passage Charles wrote: 'This is too insolent, and to be changed!' and when this and other alterations (among them the title) had been made, the piece was suffered to appear. The last entry but one in Sir H. Herbert's office-book runs thus: 'Received of Mr Kirke, for a new play, which I *burnt* for the ribaldry and offence that was in it, L.2.' The civil war, and the ordinance for the suppression of stage-plays, relieved the Master of the Revels from his official duties for a while; and when Herbert attempted, at the Restoration, to resume his authority, the players set him at defiance, and the lord chamberlain usurped his functions. That official prohibited the performance of *The Maid's Tragedy*, in which a king is killed; and refused to license Tate's alteration of Shakspeare's *Richard II.*, although

* The churches of Rome and England.

the adapter transferred the scene to Italy, and called it *The Sicilian Usurper*, and prayed that the play might be read. Spite of his efforts, it was condemned without examination.* A man who could write—

> Subjects or kingdoms are but trifling things,
> When laid together in the scale with kings,

might certainly have escaped suspicions of disloyalty; nevertheless, Crowne's alteration of the first part of *Henry VI.* was, 'ere it lived long, stifled by command.' A like fate awaited Nat Lee's *Lucius Junius Brutus;* but such lines as

> To lie at home and languish for a woman!
> No, Titus! he that makes himself thus vile,
> Let him not dare pretend to aught that's princely,

might well have touched the conscience of the king.

William III., finding the managers treated the authority of the lord chamberlain with contempt, issued a royal order, declaring 'it is his majesty's pleasure that they shall not hereafter presume to put anything in any play contrary to religion and good-manners, as they shall answer at their utmost peril.' At the same time, the Master of the Revels was instructed to withhold a licence from any play containing profane or immoral expressions, and to inform the lord chamberlain if the actors inserted anything he had erased. In 1690, when the king was engaged fighting in Ireland, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophetess* was revived, with a new prologue, written by Dryden, in which the old poet dared to sneer at the campaigning, and speak disparagingly of feminine regencies—a liberty punished by the prohibition of the prologue after the first night. Cibber, too, suffered from the touchy loyalty of the censor: when his alteration of *Richard III.* came back from the chamberlain's office, it was minus the whole of the first act! 'This extraordinary stroke of a *sic volo*,' says Cibber, occasioned my applying to him for the small indulgence of a speech or two, that the other four acts might limp on with a little less absurdity. No; he had not leisure to consider what might be separately inoffensive; he had an objection to the whole act, and the reason he gave for it was, *that the distresses of King Henry, who is killed by Richard in the first act, would put weak persons in mind of King James*, then living in France.'

In Anne's reign, a tragedy, called *Mary, Queen of Scots*, was forbidden; but with this exception, the dramatists for many years pursued their vocation unmolested. The wonderful success of *The Beggars' Opera* having made Rich gay, and Gay rich, the author wrote a sequel, called *Polly*, in which it is impossible to discover anything that could give offence to the licencers of its predecessor. The piece was accepted by Rich, and the poet thought himself in a fair way of adding to his fame and fortune, when down came a notice from the lord chamberlain forbidding the rehearsal of the new opera till it had received official sanction. Gay writes: 'It was on Saturday morning, December 7, 1728, that I waited upon the lord chamberlain. I desired to have the honour of reading the opera to His Grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned upon the Monday following, but I had it not till Thursday, December 12, when I received it from His Grace with this answer: "That it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed." This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned, or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.' The friends of the poet took the matter up, and although they could not get the fiat revoked, consoled the dramatist in some measure by putting two thousand pounds in his pocket as the profits upon the publication of offending *Polly*.

Up to this time, the lord chamberlain's censorial powers were founded simply on precedent, but in 1735, an attempt was made to ratify them by the authority of parliament. Sir John Barnard having introduced a bill to regulate the number of playhouses in London, an attempt was made to insert a clause confirming the powers of the lord chamberlain, without which it was intimated that the king would veto the bill; but the introducer, 'rather than augment the power of a crown-officer, already too great,' withdrew the measure altogether. Sir Robert Walpole, however, was determined to effect his purpose of fettering the too free-spoken dramatists. In 1737, he procured an underling, who scribbled a farce to order; it was called *The Golden Rump*, and filled with blasphemy, obscenity, and political abuse. The manager of Goodman's Fields was favoured with the offer of this delectable composition, which he submitted to Walpole, who carried it down to the House, and recited the worst passages. The way being thus prepared, the minister, on the 20th of May, introduced a bill 'To explain and amend an Act made in the 12th year of the reign of Queen Anne, entituled An Act for reducing the Laws relating to Rogues, Vagabonds, sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants into one act of parliament, and for the more effectually punishing such Rogues, Vagabonds, sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants, and sending them whither they ought to be sent.' By Walpole's bill, it was proposed to limit the number of theatres, and compel the proprietors to obtain a licence from the lord chamberlain for every drama they produced. Of the debates that ensued, one speech only has been preserved, that of Lord Chesterfield, who

> Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,
> And damning dulness of lord chamberlains,

argued strenuously and eloquently against the bill. After telling the lords they ought to thank Heaven they were not dependent upon their wit for their support, Chesterfield proceeds: 'I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit, but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised; it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the lord chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But what is still more hard, though the poor author—the proprietor, I should say—cannot perhaps dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office, where they may be detained fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him; and that without any cause, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage.' Taking higher ground, he declares: 'The stage and press are two of our out-sentries; if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us; therefore, I must look on the bill before us as a step towards introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom. . . . . If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are, by the known laws of the country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Do not let us subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man!' Chesterfield's eloquence was thrown away; the bill passed both Houses, and received the royal assent on the 21st of June 1737; since which the English dramatists have lain at the mercy of an official, well defined by Barry Cornwall as one whose 'employment is to cut out words which mean nothing, and sentences innocent of evil.'

* In a similar spirit, *King Lear* was interdicted during the illness of George III.

The first effect of the act was to shut up the Haymarket, where Fielding was 'knocking down all distinctions' in *Pasquin*. On the 9th of October, a company of French actors were announced at the little theatre; unfortunately for themselves, they headed their bills with the words 'By Authority.' The public determined the protégées of the Lord Chamberlain should not occupy the ground of their locked-out favourites. The rising of the curtain was the signal for hisses, cat-calls, bell-ringing, and pelting. Three files of grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, failed to overawe the malcontents, who persevered till the curtain was dropped upon the obnoxious performers.

The famous or infamous Duchess of Kingston had sufficient influence at the licensing-office to cause any piece to be suppressed that she fancied was levelled at her misdoings. The author of *She would be a Duchess* was compelled to alter his play, and change the name to *The Irishman in Spain*, as the English Aristophanes had been forced to alter his *Trip to Calais* into *The Capuchin*. When Foote's *Minor* was sent in for consideration, the lord chamberlain, afraid of the author finding means for retaliation if he ventured to make any alterations, desired the Archbishop of Canterbury to look over it, and point out any passages he thought objectionable. The prelate wisely declined, on the ground that were he to do so, Foote would be sure to publish the piece as 'corrected and prepared for the press by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

When Colman was made deputy-licenser, he compounded with his conscience for his own literary lapses by being extraordinarily severe upon the sins of his fellows. He not only erased all profane oaths and invocations to the Deity, but even struck out the boatswain's testimony to the moral character of the hero of *Black-eyed Susan*—'His moral character, your honour? why, he plays on the fiddle like an angel!' When Jerrold's *Rent Day* was about to be produced at Drury Lane, the manager received the following communication—

23d January 1832.

Please to omit the following underlined words in the representation of the drama called the *Rent Day*.

ACT I.

Scene I. The blessed little babes, *God* bless 'em!

Scene III. Heaven be kind to us, for I've almost lost all *other* hope.

Ditto. Damn him!

Scene IV. Damn business!—No, don't *damn* business. I'm very drunk, but I can't *damn* business—*it's profane.*

Ditto. Isn't that an *angel?*—I can't tell; *I've not been used to such company.*

Scene V. O Martin, husband, *for the love of Heaven.*

Ditto. Heaven help us—Heaven help us!

ACT II.

Scene III. Heaven forgive you, can you speak it? I *leave you,* and *may Heaven pardon and protect you!*

Scene Last. Farmer, neighbours, *Heaven* bless you.

Ditto. They have now the money, and *Heaven* prosper it with them!

G. COLMAN.

This wholesale curtailer is also responsible for the burking of Martin Shee's *Alasco*, the artist-author preferring to withdraw his play rather than submit to the mutilations of the deputy. But he printed it *verbatim*, with all Colman's erasures italicised; and if any one wishes to comprehend the disadvantage under which a dramatist labours, he cannot do better than study this specimen of official criticism. Alasco, as the leader of a Polish insurrection, naturally launched forth against tyrants and oppressors, much to the deputy's disgust. We give a few of the lines which Colman struck through with his pen.

When Roman crimes prevail, methinks 'twere well
Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.
May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,
And every tyrant feel one.

The scaffold strikes no terrors to his soul
Who mounts it as a martyr for his country.

If a people will not free themselves,
It proves that they're unworthy to be free.

Fight, and be free!

Our country's wrongs unite us.

Slander will pour her slime
On all who dare dispute the claims of pride,
Or question the high privilege of oppression.

The official nose doubtlessly smelt treason to the state in the above, and saw some deep design against the church in

Whate'er the colour of his creed,
The man of honour's orthodox;

and in Walsingham's avowal of 'all a soldier's prejudice to priests.' Possibly the deputy felt his own dignity assailed in the same character's query—

Am I so lightly held, so low in estimate,
To brook dishonour from a knave in place?

And in the mention of

Some slaud'rous tool of state—
Some taunting, dull, unmannered deputy.

Although the office of censor is now filled by an accomplished gentleman, qualified for the post in being an able critic and a lover of the drama, this ridiculous sensitiveness is by no means a thing of the past. When Napoleon's *coup d'état* was the subject of thundering leaders in the papers, the mildest joke upon it was forbidden the concocters of Christmas pantomimes. So, too, a scene representing Shakspeare at the feet of the Queen, and entitled *The Drama at Home*, was prohibited; and even a punning allusion to a prince of *whales* has been denied the burlesque writer. With such modern instances before us, we cannot but think with Shee that the power of the licenser to suppress any sentiment not in accordance with his party feelings, or expression offensive to his special taste, is inconsistent alike with the spirit of free government and the dignity and independence of dramatic literature.

THISTLE-DOWN.

THE thistle-seeds blow down the wind,
Thin and white, in the autumn sun;
Thousands and thousands in earth, in air,
Before the wild breeze float and run.
This winged mischief Satan casts
In flying squadrons, as he does lies,
O'er the sluggard's croft and the miser's field,
And the rotting Chancery properties.

Filmy white in the autumn sun,
With their cobweb stars and gossamer rays,
The thistle-down blows over the farms,
Where the cloud-shadow veers and plays.
Away through the air I see them drive,
And, miles a minute, they drift along,
For there on the hill the Devil stands,
That ceaseless sower of broadcast wrong.

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TEMPER.

THE wind being north-east, and the thermometer below freezing-point, I have pitched down my pen and taken it up again, to pass from my proper work to some pleasantries about temper. Keep your temper, indeed! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you had better get rid of it. The whim of trying to write it down, like other nuisances, has this moment possessed me. In the first place, though, I remark that it is too bad for people to choose an east wind for the display of their peculiar unpleasantnesses. Then tradesmen call for their 'little accounts,' and servants leave the door open; then buttons come off shirts like last year's leaves, and your wife makes tea with lukewarm water. I have a weakness for taking the side of poor people; and only last week gave my card as a witness to a costermonger, whose barrow was upset by some equipage of a bloated aristocracy in Oxford Street. To-day, a discharged cabman, after pocketing a good half-crown, performed a series of nauseous and protracted experiments on a bad sixpence over my area railings, to the delight of some men who were unloading a wagon of coals into my cellar, and a kitchen-windowful of servants. I had given him more than his fare, and was set down as a stingy cheat.

There are many kinds of temper, and I am in no humour to classify them categorically. The moment, however, that I summon the crowd of varieties to my mind, the phlegmatic generally presents itself first (probably because it is too slow to have gone far), as the most permanently irritating. There is no excuse whatever for a man who cannot be provoked. His negative excellence is in itself vexatious. Not only does he get a character for good-nature under false pretences—being considered amiable by shallow observers—but he is directly and personally objectionable to those who really know him. He sets up a fallacious test of goodness. The mischief he does is double: he perverts the judgment of the multitude, and exhausts the patience of the man. Reflect for a moment. He cannot be provoked. There is some unnatural defect in his constitution. It is small praise to a broken-legged soldier to say that he didn't run away; it is equally meaningless to extol a phlegmatic man for never being angry. I daresay he would be angry if he could; but he can't, and I wish I might say there was an end of the matter. No such thing: he is as obstructive and provoking as a street that is blocked up; he checks the rush of feeling with no soft word, but with dogged motionless hindrance; he fails in that undefinable but respondent sympathy which is mortar to the bricks of society; he is persistently unfeeling; he will be neither with you nor against you; and perhaps his only use is to perfect the temper of saints, who must not only be tried by the froward and malicious, but survive the searching ordeal of dull indifference.

I take next a character in many respects unlike this last, but one with also much negative power of provocation—I mean the compliant man. He is unpleasantly pleasant; he responds, if that may be called response, with so little capacity for opposition. You deliver an opinion, he assents with a smile, and will do the same to your opponent. The sportsman does not value a fish which yields immediately to the pull of the line. An easy capture is an ill compliment to the angler; you prize a remonstrant little fish far more than a great scaly sluggard who suffers himself to be towed at once into the landing-net, and gapes out immediate submission the moment he feels the point of your argument. Just so the compliant man disappoints you; you suspect your own reasons when they are at once assented to. Your wit is thrown away unless it has a little tussle for supremacy. You have said a rich thing; he laughs, but in a tone of vacant readiness which shews that he would have done the same at a poor one. You ask him to carry all the umbrellas at a picnic, to ring the bell, to sit at a side-table, to take down the eldest Miss Scraggleblew, to fill a gap—he complies, gratefully. Any thing to make himself agreeable—forgetting, kind soul, that of man's aims and capabilities, this perhaps is not the highest. However, he piques himself upon his amiability, and must take the consequence. I think the compliant man is most disagreeable when you try to take him into confidence. He shuts his book to listen; he lays down his knife and fork; he lets his soup grow cold; he runs the risk of losing the train. Well, you make the first move: you look oppressed, mysterious, sympathetic, and you begin. Before you can disclose your intentions, he approves of them. Before you can deliver your mind, he hugs it in his embrace. He swallows your words before they are out of your own mouth, and still yearns with receptive amiability. Nothing can choke him. He

is affected, interested, he will hear all you want to say; but his mind is small, he does not comprehend you; you go through him like water through a sieve. He takes in all you give, and gets rid of it at once. But perhaps the worst effect of his compliance is, that you cannot really gratify him, or do him a kindness. He has not will enough of his own to appreciate unselfishness or generosity. He is not obstinate enough for you to do him a civility. If you ask him, quite sincerely, whether he will have a leg or a wing, he will resign the responsibility of the answer. Either —which you please. Confound him! How can you please a man who has no choice of pleasures?

Next, of all people who provoke us, few are more tiresome than those who will never do anything thoroughly. Let us call theirs the hesitating temper. Their actions are incomplete. A natural deficiency of brain-structure mars their deeds. They leave the door open; they always remember something to be done just as they are leaving the house, and spoil the effect and good augury of the departure by running back for a pocket-handkerchief, a memorandum-book, or a final order to the servants. But the worst of it is, they won't let others do what they want right off. A matter has been settled. It is an immense fact and saving of time to accept decisions; it clears the way. A small thing done, is better than a big one prepared or in preparation. These hesitating tempers, however, won't let the small thing do itself. The matter, as I said, has been settled, dismissed. Then they say: Oh! but —— The luckless decision is caught by the last joint of its tail, just as it was going steadily and safely out of the room—caught by the last joint of its tail, pulled back all flustered and rampant to have a smut rubbed off its nose. Plague on it, let it go with the smut! As it is, the charm of the launch is spoiled.

These people, too, won't eat or drink in a complete way. They put back, ask you to take back a piece. They will have 'Only half a glass, please.' They will be helped 'presently.' They affect a combination of meals, tea and dinner, say, and a cloth over half the table. They save the fly-leaves of notes for memoranda, and mourn over a wholesale clearance of old papers. They dread nothing more than a final decision of little things, and whatever they do, leave some part designedly unfinished.

The above defects, however, are infinitely less trying than those of the sulky, uncertain temper. You may depend, in some sense, upon a phlegmatic, compliant, or a minutely cautious man; you know what he will do on any given occasion; you may shape your course accordingly. But the sulky, treacherous temper defies calculation. All at once, a cloud comes over the face. You have unwittingly touched some sore, and he sulks. There is no honest anger, no blaze, but the coals are alight in the mine, and generally you must wait till they are burned out. You can't get at the hidden heat. It smoulders on; all work is stopped, though the outside looks much the same as usual.

Give me a man who, if angry, will flare up. It is very disagreeable and provoking this sometimes; but if the temper is there, let it come to the top as soon as may be, bubble away, boil over, and be gone. It is best, no doubt, to check your anger, and bite it down. It is well to stop it with a jerk, a painful effort, if need be, pulling the curb of the temper sharp. But if it defies your power, or eludes your presence of mind, the sooner it exhausts itself the better. I have heard that there is no remedy for a runaway horse so effective as a flogging. He must needs gallop; well, my friend, then gallop. I have a good pair of spurs on—in they go. I have a whip, hard, pliant, heavy—lay on thick. Here is a nice steep hill—up we go. Here is a deep-ploughed field—O yes, keep up your pace, and how do you like it? I remember a horse-dealer who always cured a fault by indulging it. He had once a brute sent to him which occasionally stood still. Farmer Waistcoat had flogged him, and he would not move for an hour. Well, this man took the beast, put him in his break, and drove off. In ten minutes, he came to a dead stand. Breaker said nothing, did nothing. Horse didn't quite know what to reply, tried to look back with his ears, waited half an hour, and then began to move on. No, my friend, said the breaker; you stay here all day. The farmers passed him going to market with uncomplimentary greetings. What, can't *you* make him move? Breaker doesn't look put out, though. Tck! Farmers drive on, shew their samples, dine at the ordinary, and jog home a trifle merrier, late in the afternoon. Breaker still there, master of the position. The horse never stopped again.

So may we sometimes treat human temper. Put upon the compliant man till he is ashamed of himself; give the sulky something to sulk about. A soft answer does not turn away all wrath; not, for instance, a bully's wrath; on the contrary, a hearty blowing up is likely enough to bring him to his senses, if so be it is administered with zest; plainly, unsparingly, without passion or malice, but without any affectation of pity or reserve. Let him get more than he brings. He is a bouncing fool, who will be a tyrant if permitted. Don't permit him, but give him the hardest metaphorical punch on the head you can. It has a wonderful and speedy effect. He will stop, and gape, and probably end by saying he didn't mean it; which last word may as well be flatly contradicted, to finish him up with.

The respect which is gained, or rather the obedience which is exacted by a cross man, is frequently noticed. It is, however, impossible to force it. No good-tempered man can thus act severity and get his own way; you must be naturally cross to succeed. And then, being naturally cross, it becomes a question whether you really enjoy the full flavour of concessions. No; I think you had better rather be put upon sometimes, than be always arbitrary and dominant. There is genuine pleasure in yielding to another, in resigning your rights. Of course, I don't mean always, because then you would at last have no rights to resign. They must have at least sufficient protection to give a value to their resignation. If you cut off your hand, you can't shake a friend's. But let us pass on.

Talking of temper, have we not all felt how truly fits of anger are called passion. We suffer; it seems as if an alien spirit snatched us up and whisked us out of ourselves before we could stop him. We don't get angry on purpose; we don't light the fire in the boiler, and blow the coals, and listen for the first simmerings of the heat. No. We are in a passion. The mighty mysterious influence, which will, suddenly perhaps, drop us all flustered and ashamed of ourselves, comes on like a squall. O yes, we know very well it is wrong; no one suffers from his passion more than the passionate man. It usually thwarts his object, putting

him at a disadvantage; it exhausts his energy, and even if he manages to escape a quarrel, leaves him to be angry with himself. He feels his mistakes sooner than others, and, no doubt, for this reason, we sometimes deal more gently with him than with the stubborn, sulky, and compliant. A passionate man is often loved. The impulsiveness which exposes him to the spirit of anger has its influence in promoting generous, unselfish kindness. He is warm-hearted, though he boils over occasionally. The common culinary advice in such a case—namely, to take the pot off the fire—may perhaps convey to him the best lesson in the management of his susceptible temper: he must avoid provocation. When he feels the temperature rising, the best thing he can do is to whisk himself off at once, before it be too late. We must use common vulgar expedients to achieve great results. With a slate and pencil, we may calculate our latitude and longitude; the pickaxe leads to gold; the poet-laureate must fill his inkstand; Stephenson must oil his locomotive, or all his genius is barren. So we may not despise small causes when we try to check or guide anything so important to us as temper. A little paltry care, a word swallowed, a rising sentence stifled or struck down in us by some simple rule, may at least save us from humiliation, if not secure a victory.

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY IN IRELAND TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

'And are we so soon to leave this sweet place? Is there no hope of a reprieve for even a few days longer?' Such was the question put by a young lady one bright morning near the close of autumn, twenty-one years back from the present date. The inquiry was addressed to an elderly gentleman, who sat still at the breakfast-table, though the meal was concluded, engaged with a newspaper that had reached him late the evening before.

'I told you already, Marion, that we must leave by the end of the week,' was the rejoinder; 'and there is no use in tormenting me with your regrets. I hate the place and people,' he added with bitter emphasis, 'and it will probably be much longer than usual before we return again.'

The speakers were father and daughter—the former a sickly-looking, peevish, discontented old man, who, with all the appliances round him that wealth and luxury could produce, seemed still unhappy; the latter, in striking contrast, was as bright, sweet, and winning in appearance and manner as the father was the reverse. At the moment we are referring to, she came forward from the window where she had been standing, and from which she looked out on an expanse of mountain, wood, and water combined in such rare perfection as to make Mr Fortescue's demesne of Old Park unrivalled for beauty in the locality.

'And why, father,' she asked again, 'do you hate the place and people? For my part, I confess to liking both; and except for those unfortunate disputes about land, have we not always found them here to be kind and warm-hearted?'

'You forget, Marion,' said a third speaker in rather a sharp tone, 'that, thank God, we are all English—your father's family at least. I suppose you inherit your Irish predilections from your mother; but don't think you'll influence me in your fancies; you won't, I can tell you. I declare I never rest comfortably in my bed in Ireland; I make up my mind to be murdered before the morning every night of my life here. It was only last night I was bathed in cold perspiration, and really think I must have fainted, for I forgot everything for a time. The appalling noise that woke me—it was that vile cat of yours, Marion, up the chimney, O dear! making such unearthly sounds.'

'My poor cat,' said Marion laughing. 'But what did you think it was, aunt?'

'Think! God bless me, child! how could I tell but it was a man—an Irishman—jabbering some of that indescribable jargon of theirs. I tell you, I never was so terrified. And for my part, Edgar, I think the sooner we are off, and the longer we stay away, the better.'

Mr Fortescue seemed to take little notice of his sister's outburst; he winced for an instant at the passing allusion to Marion's mother; and when directly addressed in the last sentence uttered, he merely looked up from his paper with a supercilious smile, saying: 'How silly, Janet. Where is the use of your fanciful fears? What would you do?'

'Use!—do!' said the old lady, angrily interrupting him; 'put my head under the clothes till I'm just smothered—that's what I do.'

'Pish—nonsense!' said Mr Fortescue, as he resumed his paper.

Miss Janet contented herself with looking daggers at him, and said no more. Marion's aunt was a tall, thin, wiry-looking old lady, with a carriage as erect as if she had worn a backboard from her birth—the image of her brother, with more fire and energy of manner, and much less acerbity in the expression of her face.

Mrs Fortescue, mother to the heroine of our sketch, had been Irish by birth, and was, when married, very young, her husband's junior by many years. She had died in giving birth to a still-born son when Marion was but a year old; and it was said that the loss of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, joined to the disappointment about the expected heir, had still further embittered a naturally irritable disposition in Mr Fortescue. The feuds and animosities between the Irish landlord and tenant had at the time of which we write reached a formidable height; the murder of an obnoxious landlord or agent even in the noonday was no uncommon occurrence, while the sympathy of the inhabitants with the criminal—that dark and most lamentable idiosyncrasy in the character of the Irish peasant—rendered all the efforts for detection in many instances abortive. A wide-spread and skilfully organised system of 'Ribbonism' permeated the country, and offered an obstinate and protracted resistance to the government of the day. Mr Fortescue's Irish property lay in one of the midland counties; and among the sternest of the land-owners, he was pre-eminent in severity, and held in peculiar dislike accordingly. His visits from England with his sister and daughter—the only living members of his family—were of late fewer in number, and shorter in continuance, than they had been, for he was fully conscious of the odium he had incurred among the people, and therefore less desirous of returning. Nor was the feeling towards the landlord at all lessened by his agent, Mr Andrews, a rough, hard-hearted man, apprehensive that some day or other the vengeance that was dealt out with so lawless a hand might haply strike himself down as its victim, and who, consequently, lost no opportunity of exculpating his own acts at the expense of his employer, when carrying out some unpopular project for the supposed improvement of the estate.

'I can't but think,' said Marion, again addressing her father, who, either owing to Miss Fortescue's interruption, or his own disinclination, had taken no notice of her former inquiry, 'that a little more kindness and conciliation shewn to the people here—more, I mean, than I fear Mr Andrews shews—would have a better effect.'

'My dear,' replied her father, 'you don't understand anything about it; they are a thankless set, and kindness would be utterly thrown away upon them: stern determination alone will answer here.'

'A savage, murderous gang, every one of them, man, woman, and child,' remarked the aunt snappishly, and giving an emphatic jerk to some netting that she was perpetually engaged with, attached like a stirrup to her foot. 'I wish we were at home;' an aspiration that generally escaped the old lady's lips three or four times a day during her sojourn in 'The Island,' as she always contemptuously called it, as though she imagined it Juan Fernandez, and she a sort of female Crusoe, imprisoned among savages.

Further remarks were interrupted by the entrance of the butler. 'Sir,' said he, addressing his master, 'there is a person who wishes very much to see you.'

'Who?—what?—to see me!'

'She is the Widow Sullivan—a tenant, sir.'

'You know, or should know, very well by this time, Simmonds,' said his master pettishly, 'that I never see people of that description; let her go to my agent.' But before Mr Fortescue could utter another word, he was startled by the apparition of the Widow Sullivan herself, who now stepped forward into the room; her unexpected appearance evidently connived at by the butler, who was one of the few Irish servants in the establishment, and it was rumoured, closely connected by more ties than one with several of the tenants on the estate. The woman who thus, with an undaunted air, confronted Mr Fortescue, as he moved uneasily in his seat, and evidently seemed much annoyed at the intrusion, was remarkable-looking in the extreme; tall, gaunt, and masculine, though far advanced in years; her snowy hair was drawn back under a coarse white cap, fastened down by a broad black band of ribbon, the only and long-worn mourning for the dead; the eyes dark and piercing, and her long hooked nose, gave her a weird-like aspect, which so startled Miss Fortescue, as the woman came forward into the apartment, that hastily coiling up her netting apparatus into hopeless entanglement, she drew off into the remotest corner of the room, near one of the large windows that opened on the lawn. Simmonds, the butler, as hastily withdrew, but from another ground of apprehension, through the door, remaining in the hall on the watch for the result of this interview. Mrs Sullivan, folding her large gray cloak around her, and courtesying respectfully to the ladies first, and then to her landlord, began: 'Plase yer honour, and you honoured ladies, and beggin' pardon for makin' so bould, but I thought if I could jist see yer honour's self, ye 'd look to me and mine—God help us!—betther than Misther Andrews would. We've been tinants, yer honour, to yourself, and yer honour's father afore ye, this many a long day. My poor husband, dead and gone—glory be to God!—twenty years come last Michaelmas, and my two poor boys—fine likely lads they are—all that's lift iv us now, yer honour. But what I have to say, sir, is, that let times come as they might, we niver were behindhand in the rint, and Misther Andrews could tell ye the same; and now, bekase the lease is out, we're noticed to quit, yer honour; and sure we're ready and willin' to give as good a rint as any one that comes the way, and a fine, too, iv it's a thing that's required of us, for a new lease. But, anyways, what we hope is, that like an honourable gintleman as ye are, ye won't let us be put out of the place we were in so long.'

'Pray, my good woman, desist,' said Mr Fortescue, taking advantage of the first possible pause to put a check upon her volubility: 'these things are all settled by my agent; I leave them to him. You must go to Mr Andrews;' and he motioned her to the door with his newspaper.

'But he tould me, yer honour, no later than yesterday, that he had your orders, and that he should be guided by them; and that ye were goin', he said, to put three farms into one—Corney Brian's, and ours, and Ned Delaney's—owin', he said, to the last life in the lease dhroppin' the other day; and that ye weren't goin' to lave one of the ould stock in at all, at all; and he said, too, yer honour, that it wasn't his doin', but that he was guided by yer honour intirely.'

'If he did, then,' replied Mr Fortescue, in a tone that shewed his temper was rising rapidly, 'that's enough about it. What I say, I mean, and I am not in the habit of changing any directions I have given; of course you and your sons can easily get a place elsewhere.'

'Ah, but yer honour,' again interposed the widow, 'it isn't that at all; but the ould place, where the childher were born—the three I buried, and the fine brave boys the Lord has left me—glory be to his holy name!—where my poor man, too, dhrew his last breath below. Oh, wisha! oh, wisha! 'twould break the heart within me to lave the home where he died: I niver slep a night out iv that room where he was laid out and waked. Ah, yer honour,' she added with her hands passionately clasped, while tears trickled fast down the haggard cheeks, 'they say that ould threes don't bear removin'. I'm but a poor withered stem this day, God knows; and the storm that doesn't come at man's biddin', will soon lay me low. 'Tisn't worth while, yer honour, to send these gray hairs from undher the ould roof-three out to the wild winds of heaven; I won't be long a throuble to any of ye, and when I 'm gone, the poor lads maybe will go and seek their fortunes abroad; but, oh, sir, lave me to die in peace where my darlin' husband died.'

The pathetic appeal that drew answering tears from Marion's eyes, as she stood behind her father's chair, and even alleviated the alarm and softened the heart of Miss Fortescue, had quite a contrary effect upon the stern old man.

'I know nothing about you or your husband,' exclaimed he furiously; 'I suppose he was just the same ill-conditioned vagabond with the rest of you. But no matter what he was, or you either—you need not waste your time by talking—for I won't alter my plans to suit the whims of any old woman; so begone.'

These strong words, but most of all the harsh allusion to her husband, acted like magic upon the poor suppliant; she drew herself up to her fullest height, an angry flush mounted to the pale cheek; with a now unmoistened eye, she cast a withering look at Mr Fortescue, as he sat gloomily facing her, and replied: 'The best wish that could meet ye this mornin' would be that ye might die with as easy a conscience as Mick Sullivan; but I doubt ye will, when yer time comes. I heard them often say you were an unfeeling, cruel man; they said it wouldn't be easy to find the soft spot in your heart, but I thought to-day anyhow I'd thry—and I believe them now. Do your worst—do your worst!' she added, her tone augmenting in shrillness. 'Maybe it won't take a thorn out of your own death-pillow, to think you refused the poor widow's prayer; maybe, stiff as ye spake now, throuble may soon come down upon your own gray hairs; maybe ye'll call for marcy yet, and find none, and think then of the day ye refused to shew it. I could find it in my heart to curse you, I could, *to curse you*,' she repeated, literally shrieking out the words in her frenzy; 'but for that fair young crathur at your elbow there—God knows 'tis hard to say how so soft a saplin' ever came from so blasted a root. There!' she said, throwing

up her hands, 'I lave you to a just God. You *are* a hard-hearted old man, and you'll suffer yet, as surely as there's a God above, for doing a harm to the widow and her orphan childher.'

So speaking, the fierce old woman strode out of the room and from the house, without even deigning to notice Simmonds the butler, who stood in the hall, astounded at the temerity with which she had assailed a man so universally feared as was his master. When Mr Fortescue could recover the use of his speech, after the unceremonious and unlooked-for onset to which he had been subjected—'There,' said he scornfully, turning to Marion as he rose from his chair, 'I suppose that is a specimen of your *interesting* Irish.'

'A most appalling old wretch!' said Miss Fortescue, emerging from her corner; 'I'd have her transported on the spot, if I could. I expected every moment she'd have been at us with the knives on the breakfast-table. I protest, I almost saw sparks fly from those fiery eyes of hers.'

'I don't know,' said Marion; 'she certainly frightened me with that last outburst. But I do feel sorry to think the poor old creature must be turned out of her house. Could nothing be done?' she asked, appealing to her father as he was just leaving the room. 'Surely, to leave her there for the rest of her few days would not be so great a boon.'

More than once, Marion had interfered successfully when some harsh proceeding was meditated on Mr Fortescue's estate, the merits of which happened to be discussed in her presence; and instances had occurred when she had been petitioned to intercede with their landlord by inhabitants at Old Park, when an abatement of the rent was sought for. Her father was conscious of the influence his child had upon him. His deep love for Marion, as for her mother, was, in truth, the one oasis in the desert of a heart that sternly shut out all other softening influences; while that love of her father was reciprocated by his child with, if possible, stronger force.

Now, however, Marion's word was powerless. With more of anger in his tone than he usually exhibited to her, he replied to the remonstrance. 'What! is it after the way that wretched old hag has insulted me, as you have just witnessed, that you would ask me to be lenient? Do you want it to be said that she cowed me? that I was *afraid* of her? that I granted to her curses what I refused to her entreaties? I'll not leave a stick over their worthless heads in a week.—And you, sir,' said his master, turning in a fury to Simmonds, the servant, who just that moment came in to remove the breakfast things, 'the next time you presume to admit any person in here without my knowledge or permission, you shall repent it—mind that!' The servant muttered something about her following him without his being aware of it; but Marion thought she detected a sinister look upon his face as he spoke, and felt satisfied, with whatever intent, that he had himself introduced the woman to the apartment.

It was on a Monday morning, early in the month of October, that what we have narrated occurred. The next Friday was fixed for the departure of the family at Old Park for England, which this year had been, by business arrangements, delayed longer than usual. Late the following day, Tuesday, Marion walked with Miss Fortescue about the grounds, taking a farewell of the sweet scenery, now peculiarly attractive in its autumn robe, that she loved so well, and where she would fain have lingered longer, listening all the while to her aunt's querulous expressions of dislike or apprehension, wondering 'what possessed Edgar, her brother, to put off their flitting so long,' declaring her conviction, that 'if they escaped what she did not like to think of in the Island, they'd be surely lost in the Channel, going over at such a time of the year.'

'The best thing, then, for you, aunt, would be to stay here for the winter,' said Marion.

'Catch me!' cried Miss Janet fiercely. 'Did you not hear,' she added, 'how another of those agents was fired at last week somewhere? No; whatever the perils of the waters, let me fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of the Irish. But, Marion,' said she testily to her niece, whom she caught at the moment laughing at her, 'I do believe nothing on earth would frighten *you*. I fancy you would almost like to be attacked by some of those wretches you are so taken with.'

'Not exactly, dear aunt; but I am just thinking how pleasant it would be to meet the Widow Sullivan—here, now, suppose, in this shady spot.'

'God forbid!' ejaculated Miss Fortescue, with a nervous grasp at the arm on which she was leaning. 'Do you see anything?' she asked, bending forward, and gazing down the dark walk that lay before them. 'Do you know, Marion, I shall never get the look of that terrible woman out of my mind. Everything horrible occurs to me just when I lie down at night. I always, it is true, cover myself up in the clothes; but that's of no use; and I thought last night of that witch with her fiery eyes and gray hairs, until'—and she lowered her voice to an emphatic whisper—'I was positively afraid to turn round in my bed.'

'Well, now, aunt, I feel that that poor woman is far more to be pitied than feared: I can only think of her pale cheeks and tears as she spoke of her dead husband.'

'Nonsense, child—all trickery. Don't tell me she cared about a man twenty years dead; you might as well try and persuade me that she'd cry over an Egyptian mummy. It wasn't her husband, it was her cabin she was thinking of. I hate such stuff!'

'Well, and would you like, aunt, to be turned out of a house you had lived in all your life, and round the very stones of which your heart-strings had twined, like the ivy round that old gable yonder?'

'I suppose I wouldn't like it at all; but that's neither here nor there. Your father means to put her out, and out she'll go, believe me, when Edgar Fortescue says it. But what business had she darting in and frightening people, as she did yesterday morning?'

Before Marion could well offer any reply, both the ladies' attention was attracted by the appearance of two men, who rapidly crossed the walk near its termination, down which they were leisurely going. Instantly, Miss Fortescue drew her niece back, protesting she would not 'go down there in the dark another step;' and insisting on her returning at once by the most open and direct way to the house. Marion escorted her aunt part of the way back, and then left her, promising to return to the house as soon as she had paid a farewell visit to her own little garden.

As soon as Miss Fortescue had separated from Marion, the old lady hurried as fast as possible home by the avenue, starting at every object that the now advancing twilight rendered less distinct, while her niece passed down the dreaded dark walk to the garden, at the remoter end of which was the plot of ground that belonged exclusively to Marion herself: it was merely a long strip, with nothing remarkable either for the picturesque in its position, or for the flowers it contained; but tradition marked it as the place that, long years ago, Mrs Fortescue, when a bride at Old Park, had taken a fancy to, and that she had often cultivated with her own hands; and this was enough to consecrate the spot in the eyes of one who cherished tenderly in her inmost heart the slightest thing that linked her to her lost and unknown parent. Her father, too, seemed pleased at her selection of this place for her special care, though nothing was said by either of the one to whose memory it was sacred. The flowers that used to grow there, she

preferred replacing, when they were worn out or dead, by others of a like kind, rather than with new or rarer plants; and thus, as far as she could, she kept the place changeless, just as her young mother had first arranged it. The purpose of her visit now, at so late an hour of the evening, was to do something to a bed of violets that were her peculiar favourites. These were planted in a narrow border that ran along an old, thick yew-hedge; so old that none knew when first it was made, and so thick as to serve for a fence, quite as effectual as the wall with which the garden was elsewhere enclosed. At the other side of this leafy barrier were some extensive pasture-fields, that reached from the garden to the boundary in that direction of the demesne of Old Park. Marion was busily engaged digging with a small garden-trowel round the roots of the plants, when her attention was aroused by hearing voices speaking in a low, earnest tone on the other side of the hedge. At first, she paid little attention to what was said, barely conscious that there were speakers there; but as they seemed to draw nearer, and the words became more distinct, she was startled from her indifference by catching this sentence, uttered in a subdued but most menacing tone: 'We'll not submit to it—we'll have revenge!' The next sentence was lost, as the person spoke almost in a whisper, and evidently had his face turned away from where Marion was stooping. Then another voice spoke, still in a low whisper, yet sufficiently near and distinct for her to hear every syllable. 'You are sure he will pass Johnswood to-morrow evening?'

'Certain; he must go and come that road. I know he's bound for where I say, and that it will be late with him too, as they have plenty to keep them.'

'You say he 'll be alone?' again whispered the same speaker.

'I think so; at least'——

The rest of the sentence was inaudible. Marion recognised at once the voice of this last speaker—that of Simmonds, the butler.

'It matters not, one or two,' said the first voice she had heard speak, with the fierce utterance of smothered anger. 'Let *him* make his will, at anyrate: we 've taken the oath; and as sure as there 's a God above us, to-morrow's sun shall be the last to rise on his cursed head.'

The men, of whom there were evidently three, were moving on as they spoke; and though the affrighted listener still heard the low murmuring of the voices in the distance, she could detect no more of what was said. These last terrible words, however, were enough; she felt as she heard them, and comprehended their fearful import, that the blood went like ice to her heart. For a moment or two she remained as though spell-bound, holding the trowel half sunk in the soil. 'Johnswood!—where was it?—to-morrow evening!' she repeated mechanically. Could it be her father against whom that fearful menace was directed?

One of the speakers was Simmonds, their own servant, a man she never liked, and who was closely linked, she had long suspected, with some of her father's bitterest foes. Then the scene of the preceding morning, the fierce anger of the old woman and her two sons—doubtless the very men she had heard planning their fell purpose of revenge! 'It must be,' she gasped out, as she rose from her stooping posture: 'my God, they are going to shoot him!' All the murders, actual or attempted, the different disturbances in the country, that had often been spoken of in her presence, seemed all before distant and unreal, and had rarely affected her with any personal apprehension; but now the thing seemed brought in a palpable form to their own doors. She shook like an aspen in the storm, and could scarcely move at the thought of the appalling danger that hung over the head of the one she loved best on earth. Yet, what should she do? What use could she make of the information that she felt gratefully satisfied a higher Hand had made her instrumental in obtaining? Still, she remembered how peculiar a man her father was. To tell him instantly and abruptly of the conversation she had overheard, might be only to augment the evil. He was a stranger to the meaning of the word Fear, and very possibly would imagine a great deal of the matter to be an exaggeration; at all events, he was sure to consider himself personally a match sufficient for any danger whatsoever, and most probably would take no step at all to avert the threatened peril. Pondering all this, and striving to calm her inward agitation, she returned with trembling steps to the house, and at once, without meeting any one, sought her own room, lest her pale face should betray her feelings.

The dinner-bell found her still undecided what to do. She had time enough, however, she felt yet, to think and to act; so, making an effort to suppress all traces of emotion, she came down to meet her father and aunt at the dinner-table. Mr Fortescue had been complaining of a cold that seemed to grow heavier in the evening, and made him more than usually moody and silent; Miss Fortescue sat close by the fire, engaged at her everlasting netting; Marion held a book open before her, but while her eye was on the page, she read little, her troubled thoughts were far away. Incidentally, in the course of the evening, she asked her father where Johnswood was.

'Johnswood? About four miles from this, on the road to Hilltown—where,' he added, 'I am going to-morrow. But why do you ask?'

It was with difficulty she could reply. This worst confirmation of her fears that her father's answer supplied, sent a shiver through her whole frame. Now, it was certain. She did not know of his movements before; and, amid all her apprehensions, she clung tenaciously to the thought that she *might* be mistaken, and that possibly it was not her father who was referred to in the secret communications that had reached her. 'Oh, nothing,' she said nervously; 'I heard some one speak of the place. But, father, you surely won't think of going out to-morrow, and your cold so bad?'

'Tut, child! I have business at Hilltown with Mr Andrews that must be attended to, and I don't mean to let a cold in my head hinder me going out.'

'My opinion is,' said Miss Fortescue, with a kind of snort, 'that you 'd go out, Edgar, if you were in a fever, only to shew your determination, as you call it. He's like a mule for obstinacy, is your father, Marion, and he calls it being *determined*. But, bless me, child, you look like a ghost; and I declare, Edgar, she 's as cold as death,' added Miss Fortescue, laying her hand on Marion's. 'Do come close to the fire. As sure as my name is Janet Fortescue, you 'll both be laid up with something horrible, and we'll be kept here for the winter! Will you do something to yourselves, for God's sake, and not run such risks,' continued the irascible old lady, as she started from her chair, and angrily stirred the fire. Her father noticed Marion's white face and troubled look, and anxiously inquired if she felt ill.

The evening closed in—bedtime came, and all separated for the night, while Marion still remained uncertain what step to take, and trembling at the thought that her hesitation and delay might be fatal. That night, too, set in with rain and storm, and the warring elements without seemed in terrible harmony with the stormy agitations of her own harassed mind. Something should be done in the morning, but what that something might be, she could not now conclude. To hint a thought of the matter to her aunt would be to throw her, she felt satisfied, into convulsions from terror. Any servant in the

house, she would now be afraid to trust, from the known perfidy of the one. The only resource she had left was, if no other way opened in the morning, to disclose all to her father, and to entreat him, by every argument that affection would prompt, to adopt the precautionary measures that such a crisis would require; and yet it was doubt as to the result of this appeal that formed the chief source of her anxiety. She had often heard him ridicule, as rank cowardice, some step taken by others that suspicion of danger had suggested, and boast that he'd face, single-handed, a whole regiment of assassins, and defy them to their teeth. Again and again she repeated to herself those dreadful broken sentences she had overheard, so as to put them in their strongest light to her father. And thus the night wore on, heavily and wretched; the rain and storm continued without intermission; the intervals of repose were disturbed by such appalling dreams, that the poor terrified girl dreaded falling asleep: her father brought home, pale, mangled, bleeding, and blaming her with his latest breath for not saving him when she could; then, a bloody hand holding a pistol at his head, and she looking on, with a parched tongue that could not utter a word, and a paralysed limb that she could not raise to strike off the murderous aim. Such frightful conjurations of the brain almost maddened her during that night of agony; and when the gray cold light of morning crept in through the chinks of the shutters, it was a relief to think that day had come at last, and that she might do something now. She was dressed and down much earlier than usual; the servants were still busied in the morning arrangements of the rooms below; and Simmonds, she fancied, regarded her more than once with a curious and suspicious glance, as she walked from room to room with a nervous restlessness that it was impossible to control. To divert any idea he might entertain, she inquired if he knew how his master's cold was, for she was uneasy, she said, about him, he was so unwell the preceding evening. He replied: 'He did not know, but would ask, if she wished.' This she declined, all the while inwardly hoping that his cold might be so heavy as to confine him to bed; anything to keep him within, even that one day. The storm of the night had subsided, but the rain still fell thick and fast; the decayed leaves were dropping swiftly with the rain, as Marion looked out from the library windows, and were borne along upon the little stream that the water formed for itself in every crevice of the ground.

When the breakfast-hour came on, Miss Fortescue appeared first, complaining of the cold, the wet, of everything within and without. Not minding her aunt's customary morning grumbles, Marion watched for her father's step, and soon heard him coming down. Her heart beat quickly as she went up to give her usual greeting, and ask for his cold. 'Very indifferent,' was the reply. A minute or two of silence, then the bell was rung.

'Let Michael take the black mare, and ride over to Hilltown, with a letter I will give him to Mr Andrews; he will find him at the Globe Hotel. I am not well enough to go myself to-day, as the weather is so bad.'

Simmonds hesitated a moment. 'I think it will clear, sir—at twelve probably.'

'I don't care,' said his master with a frown, 'whether it clears or not; do what I order you.'

'Humph!' said Miss Fortescue; 'wonders will never cease: you are getting sense, Edgar, as you grow older.'

'O that she would be silent,' thought Marion, from whose mind a weight had been magically lifted by that announcement of her father's.

Mr Fortescue walked without speaking to the window. 'Perhaps it may clear,' said he, as he looked out.

Marion feared to speak, and gave her aunt an expressive look, to intimate silence: she knew her father's mood full well, and that a single incautious word might alter his intention. She watched him as he left the room with trembling anxiety as to what he would yet do.

'I should not be at all surprised,' said Miss Fortescue, 'if your father went off to that place without coat or hat on him, in all that downpour, just to shew his determination, and tell us it would cure his cold.'

'Dear aunt,' she answered, 'you know father's way; please don't say anything to him—it would be so dreadful for him to go out in such a day.'

'He'll go, mind I tell you,' said her aunt sharply; 'and it will kill him too, I suspect,' she added, in a kind of soliloquy: 'his father died of obstinacy, and of nothing else.'

Mr Fortescue soon returned with a sealed letter in his hand, and again rung the bell.

'The black mare, sir,' said Simmonds, 'has lost a shoe, and I suppose you won't like Michael to ride one of the carriage-horses. I think, too, sir,' he added quickly, 'the rain is lighter, and it is clearing over the mountain.'

'He may ride his grandfather, sir,' said Mr Fortescue furiously; 'and don't you interfere about the weather. Let him take that letter, as I directed you.'

'He can ride my horse,' said Marion hastily, terrified lest her father might yet change his intention.

Simmonds withdrew with a sullen look. Miss Fortescue seemed almost disappointed at her prediction being falsified, and was about to speak, when Marion caught her arm, and stopped her; and soon after, to her inexpressible relief, she saw the groom canter across the Park on the black mare, notwithstanding the lost shoe.

Words could not convey the feeling of delight that Marion experienced at this unexpected extrication from her harassing distress; she heard her father say that Mr Andrews would be at Old Park to breakfast in the morning; and as to-day's danger was so providentially averted, she determined in her own mind to communicate privately to the agent all she knew the next morning, and consult with him what was best to be done, and how Mr Fortescue should be acquainted with the matter, which, if possible, she wished not to be until they were safely back in England. The first moment she could command, she sought the privacy of her own room, to pour out the overflowings of a grateful heart to One above, who had so mercifully interposed in the moment of extremity. The groom returned late with a verbal reply from Mr Andrews, to say that he would be at Old Park in the morning, when Marion determined she would commit the whole matter into his hands.

Mr Fortescue retired early to rest, while Miss Fortescue and her niece remained for some time together over the fire, both excessively nervous, the former constitutionally so, the latter rendered so from recent circumstances, and yet they talked of everything calculated to excite their minds to the utmost, as ladies in such a position frequently will. Miss Fortescue narrated, with startling energy, every story of murder and bloodshed she had ever heard of, maintaining they had all been perpetrated in the Island; while Marion, not to be outdone, added her quota to their mutual delectation by dwelling on the different outrages that had actually been committed in the vicinity of Old Park for the past twenty years—thinking, all the time, if she were but to repeat the few brief sentences that conveyed to her ear the night before the intended tragedy, so narrowly escaped, what new sensations of terror she could impart to her poor aunt. At length their converse was brought to a close by Miss Fortescue starting

up and declaring she could stand it no longer, and that if they talked more in that strain, she would not be able to go up to bed at all. At the top of the staircase she remembered she had allowed her own maid to retire early in the evening, as she, too, was labouring under a severe cold. 'Bless me, Marion,' said she, 'I wouldn't venture to stay alone up in my room to-night; you must come and remain until I am in bed. Do you know,' she added, as they stood together by the fire in the bedroom, 'my great terror is, the moment I am stepping into bed, after the candle is out, that, some night or other, my leg will be caught. Do you ever feel that?'

'No,' said her companion laughing; 'it never occurred to me.'

'It will happen, then,' said Miss Fortescue, with the voice of an oracle; 'of course, I mean here, in the Island—not over there,' pointing to her dressing-room, to indicate England. 'But you must just wait till I'm in bed,' she continued, rapidly divesting herself of her clothes. 'There,' said she, at last—'good-night; and God keep you, child, from hobgoblins and Irishmen, or women either;' the last words being scarcely audible, as they came up remotely from under the bedclothes, where Miss Fortescue had taken refuge.

When Marion came to her own room, she opened the window-shutters. It was a lovely, calm, moonlight night; the broad openings in the park and lawn were luminous in the soft radiance, where the grass was wet from the recent rains, and various fantastic shadows were cast by the glimmering light as it shone through the still thick foliage of the trees. She put out her candle, and proceeded, as she was accustomed on such nights, to undress by the light of the lamp in heaven. Folding her white dressing-wrapper around her, she stood for a few moments, looking from one of the windows upon the still and quiet scene without. All in the house, as well as around outside, was hushed in the wonted silence of midnight; and leaning upon the window-frame, she contrasted the comparative calm of mind just then enjoyed, with the previous agitation, and the similar change in nature from the stormy scene of the last night: still by no means at rest as regarded the cause of her alarm, and feeling very much with her aunt, that until they crossed the Channel, she could not consider all as safe. Lost thus for a few moments in thought, Marion was roused from her reverie, as the deep silence was interrupted by a low growl from Nero, the old Newfoundland dog, just underneath the window. Again, the growl was louder and fiercer. She leaned forward as far as was possible, but could see nothing; then she fancied she heard some one whispering, in a soothing tone, to quiet the dog; and the next moment, she caught a glimpse of the animal as he turned the corner of the house. All again was still as death—not a breath outside, not a movement within. She remained for several minutes standing at the window motionless. All her slumbering apprehensions were for the moment awakened by the trivial break in the midnight stillness; but moving at last from where she stood, and resolving to keep down her nervousness, she knelt beside her bed in prayer before lying down to rest. Her nightly supplications were just concluded, and she was about to rise from her knees, when she thought she heard the soft step of some person moving on the lobby outside. Remaining still in the kneeling posture, she listened with that strained intensity that sudden alarm will cause. The step came closer—it seemed that of a person walking without his shoes; then, in a moment, there followed the sound of a hand feeling at her door, as if seeking for the handle; and immediately she heard the key very gently turned, and the click of the lock shooting home; after which, the muffled tread receded until lost in the distance, and all was hushed and quiet as before. In an instant, the poor terrified girl was off her knees, and pressing her hands against her side, to try if she could calm those wild beatings of her heart, which in the agony of the moment were distinctly audible. 'O God!' said she, wildly throwing up her arms in the air, 'they are going to murder him in his bed, since they failed to-day; and I am locked in, and can't reach him. My father! my father! Why did I not tell him all, and he might have been prepared—might have been saved! But now'—and she shuddered with a sickening anguish—'now, it is too late; and, O God, his soul—his poor soul!'

Hurrying to the door, she tried if it were possible she had been locked in. Softly turning the handle, it was just as she had feared—the door was fast.

There are dreadful periods when nervous excitability in the human frame reaches the highest point of tension, and when either the mind loses altogether its equilibrium, and reason yields to the pressure, or a kind of reaction sets in, that induces a strange and terrible calm—the quietude of despair. This latter was the case with Marion Fortescue at this trying moment: she cared for nothing now, if only she could even see her father once more. She remembered that off her dressing-room there was a small clothes-closet, little used for any purpose; but that from it there was a door that led out upon a landing at the head of a back flight of stairs. She so seldom had recourse to that door, or went in to the closet at all, that she did not know if it could be opened. Quickly as the thought occurred to her, she hurried to the spot, stumbling over some old trunks that lay in her way: she tried the door; it, too, was fastened. For a moment, she felt as if every hope had failed. Could it be only bolted? Feeling—for all was darkness here—she found the bolt, and with much difficulty, from its rusty stiffness, succeeded in drawing it back. To her joy, the door then yielded to her effort, and she stood free upon the lobby. All seemed quiet above and below; no sound was audible but the monotonous tick of the great clock in the hall. Her first step was to reach her father's room. She paused outside for an instant to listen, and then noiselessly passed in. The blinds of the windows were down, but the shutters had not been closed, and the curtains were drawn back, and consequently the moonlight came in so clearly as to disclose every object in the room. Mr Fortescue was fast asleep, the gray hair falling on the pillow, one hand over the counterpane, and the face with a softer aspect than it wore in his waking-hours. Marion, gazing earnestly round the apartment, stepped lightly up to the bedside, and was just laying her hand on his arm to wake him, when the thought suggested itself—Is it wise to do so yet? He will be sure to rush down alone, encounter the assassins wherever they may be, and, a feeble, undefended man, fall an easy prey to their murderous attack. With this thought, she withdrew as rapidly and softly as she had entered, stood again upon the lobby, to see if she could detect any sound or movement, and hearing nothing, she gently descended the front staircase. The courage she now felt was almost supernatural; a kind of stony stillness pervaded her whole frame; she moved along mechanically, not knowing what she should do next, trusting to circumstances as they might arise, but with one thought foremost, freely to give up her own life, if thereby she might save the old man sleeping so unconsciously on the verge of death. All was quiet in the hall when Marion reached it, but a fresh breeze of night-air blowing full upon her cheek through the half-open door of the dining-room, and then the noise of a window being closed, convinced her that there was some one in that room. Then came a few whispered words, a stream of light through the opening from a candle or lantern, and she had barely time to glide in behind a large coat-and-hat stand at one end of

the hall, that effectually screened her from observation, when three men issued from the dining-room.

The foremost was Simmonds, the butler, carrying a small hand-lamp; the other two wore black-cloth or crape masks over their faces, with slouched hats and frieze coats, for she could distinctly see them as they passed her place of concealment. To her great relief, they did not, as she apprehended, go at once upstairs, but with Simmonds guiding them, proceeded in the direction of the servants' apartments below, their leader stopping for a moment to hasp back the cross-door at the head of the stairs, that opened with a spring and pulley, so as to keep it ajar. Every motion of the men was so strangely noiseless, that they seemed to pass along like apparitions, and it was only by the disappearance of the light that she knew they had turned, and were descending the second flight of the kitchen stairs. Immediately, and with as soft a step as their own, Marion followed the retreating forms, and watched them go into the butler's pantry, that was at the foot of and exactly opposite the staircase. At the top of its door there was a large pane of glass to help to light the room, and from her more elevated position on the stairs, Marion could observe their movements. The two men divested themselves of their disguise, while Simmonds hastened to lay some drink and other refreshments that he seemed to have ready at hand for them on the table. They spoke now, though still in an under, yet in a less guarded, tone. 'How long before the job is to be done?' asked one of the men.

'We'll give him half an hour,' was the reply. ''Tis early yet.'

'Shut the door, then, for there's a devilish blast coming in there.'

A gleam of light that darted for a moment through the opening as the direction was obeyed, shewed the anxious watcher above that the key was in the door outside: instantly the device of, she doubted not, Simmonds himself at her own room just before suggested a similar expedient. No sooner had the thought rushed into her mind than she was standing at the door—she scarce knew how she had descended—with her hand on the key; it turned almost without a sound. The chamber for the bolt of the lock was in the stone of the wall, so that once secured, it would be impracticable to open it from the inside. As the bolt shot, there was a sharp click. 'What's that?' said a voice in a tone above the low, deep conversation that was going on between them.

'What's what? I heard nothing.'

'I did.'

'Are ye gettin' cowardly, Jim, at the end?'

'No,' said the other with an oath, 'divil a taste; but I thought I heard something in the room with us.'

'Never mind,' said Simmonds; 'maybe you heard the cat after a mouse outside there. Here—a drop of this will put life into you.'

This much Marion heard as she reascended the stairs, when she then literally flew to the room above, where her own maid slept. On her she felt sure she could depend, though of all else just now she was doubtful. Her first idea was to hurry off herself for aid; to wake her father, unless at the last emergency she feared; nothing would hinder him, she knew, from rushing down in a fury to where the men were sitting.

'Elizabeth!' she whispered, as she softly shook the arm of her sleeping attendant—'Elizabeth! do you hear?'

'Miss, ma'am, O what!' cried the woman, starting up affrighted from her sleep.

'Get up quickly; I want you.'

'O Lord, Miss Marion, what's the matter? Is there anything wrong?'

'There is,' she replied; 'but speak low. Get up, put on your clothes, and be quick,' she added, almost dragging her from the bed.

In a minute or two, the waiting-woman had her clothes on, and stood, with a blanched face, to hear her young mistress's directions.

'Elizabeth,' said Marion in a low, earnest, but calm voice, 'you can do me a great service. We are this moment in terrible danger, and if help does not come soon, we may all be lost.'

'Lord have mercy! But, O miss, what can I do? What is it at all?'

'You must come down with me. I will let you out through one of the windows of the library; you must then run as fast as your feet can go to the police-station at the corner of the road, near the gate—you know where it is—and tell every man there to come up without a moment's delay to the house.'

'Oh, Miss Marion! Miss Marion! I wouldn't for a thousand pounds go through the park alone at this hour of the night.'

'Listen to me, Elizabeth; I have no time to talk with you; every moment is an hour,' replied Marion in a despairing voice. 'Simmonds the butler has brought in two men to-night to murder my father; they are now in the house. True, they are locked into the pantry, but any instant they may find it out, and escape through the window, or in some other way. I would go myself,' she continued, 'at once, but I *must* stay to watch over my poor father in this hour of danger.'

The pathetic anguish in the voice of her mistress went directly to the heart of the terrified but good-natured servant, who was sincerely attached to her. 'I'll go, miss,' she said, 'come what will. Sure, if they're locked up, they can't catch me anyhow; but oh, that smooth-tongued villain Simmonds!' and she shook her shut hand emphatically, as if she were aiming a blow at him.

'Hush! not a word now,' whispered Marion, hurrying her down stairs, fearing that her resolution might fail; and going to the window remotest from where the gang were imprisoned, she soon had the satisfaction of seeing the woman off like an arrow from a bow through the park towards the avenue-gate. Marion returned meanwhile softly to the stair-head, where she had stood before. The ruffians had not, up to this time, discovered their position, but just then Simmonds said he would go up and see if all were quiet. 'Why, what's this!' said he in a startled voice. 'Locked in, by God!'

'How! what!' exclaimed the others, starting up at the same instant in evident consternation. 'Curse you, will you bring the light!'

A moment's silent examination followed, then with an almost smothered yell, one of the men broke out into horrible execrations: 'Trapped! betrayed! You did it, you sneaking, white-livered ruffian you.'

'As God is my judge,' cried the trembling voice of Simmonds, 'I know nothing about it; the lock must have shot to when I slammed the door that time: it did so before,' he nearly shrieked, as his two associates, now rendered savage, seemed about to attack him. 'Stop, boys, stop!' said he soothingly, apparently shaking them off. 'Where's the use of this? Listen to reason, will ye! I tell ye, and I'll swear it by any oath ye like, I know nothing of that door being locked; and if ye make a work now, we're all done.'

'Shew us the way out, and we'll believe ye,' said one of the men in a panting voice of fury.

'There's no chance with the lock,' said he, 'and the window is barred; but see, I have tools here that will soon make way for us, and without much clatter either, through this wooden partition: it only divides us from the cook's pantry on the other side.

He drew out a drawer as he spoke, a minute or two of hurried searching ensued, and then the three men seemed to set to work at the partition with an energy and speed that betokened early success to their exertions.

Terrified afresh at this, Marion again sought the window of the library from which she had despatched her maid, straining her eager eyes along the park, where the moon's white light made all as distinct as day—mistaking in her anxiety the dark shadows cast by a long line of elms in the distance for the wished-for forms of the advancing men—catching even where she was the increasing noise of the workers below, rendered desperate and exasperated by their detention. At length the louder crash of timber giving way, and then a pause and cessation of every sound, led her at once to conclude that they had effected their purpose, and made her resolve instantly to hurry up, and at all hazards awake her father.

To leave the window, pass from the room, cross the hall, and ascend the stairs, was but the act of a few moments, and yet the assassins were still more rapid, for at the first landing of the staircase a rustling sound a little above her made Marion halt, and peering forward into the gloom, she discerned, through the dim light that came from the closed window behind her, the dusky forms of the three men, motionless an instant on the lobby, and then literally gliding on towards her father's room. All the long pent-up terror and agony of the past reached the climax in this appalling moment, and finding that everything was now lost, and her father's destruction inevitable, strength and nerve gave way, and with one piercing shriek, that rang fearfully through the house in the stillness of the night, the poor girl fell insensible where she was standing. That wild cry came so unexpectedly upon the ear of the murderers, that one of them, in the utmost consternation, flung the weapon with which he was armed from his hand, and dashed down the stairs, followed by the others, who were alike startled and dismayed at this sudden interruption to their design. They were met in the hall by the police, who arrived at that critical juncture, and after an ineffectual resistance, all three were made prisoners.

All else of that memorable night was like a confused dream, and gathered up only in scattered fragments by the main actor in its trying scenes. She was, it seems, restored to consciousness by her aunt's terrific screams, imploring of some one to tell her how many people had been murdered. Then she remembered standing, supported by her father, in the lower hall, in the flickering light that a single candle shed upon the different parties so confusedly collected; the pale half-dressed servants grouped upon the stairs; the three prisoners, handcuffed, the policemen in a half-circle round them; the dark defiance on the face of the two, the blanched look of abject despair on that of the traitor-domestic; Mr Fortescue, though stern, yet grave and quieter than usual; two or three questions asked, and then the command to have the men confined in the guard-room of the barrack until the morning. A few more inquiries elicited all; and one silent but fond embrace assured Marion how deeply her father, who seldom betrayed emotion, appreciated all the past. He gently reproached her for not having told him at first; but then added: 'But, perhaps, except for what you, my child, have suffered, it has been all for the best.'

From that night Mr Fortescue was an altered man; a conviction of the peril he had so barely escaped wrought upon his mind, while the influence of his gentle and affectionate child was deeper and stronger than ever. Their stay at Old Park was necessarily protracted, as the men were to be tried immediately at a special commission. The unfortunate servant, it was found, belonged, like his two associates in guilt, to a Ribbon lodge, and anticipating but one issue to his coming trial, he contrived to put an end to himself in prison before the day arrived. The sentence of death passed upon the other culprits, was, by Mr Fortescue's intervention, to the surprise of all who knew him, commuted to transportation for life. The Sullivans, it was ascertained, had nothing to do with this conspiracy (the men were son and brother to another noticed tenant), nor had they any connection with the Ribbon party of the locality; and Mr Fortescue, before he left Ireland, gave directions to have them reinstated in their farm.

AN ADVERTISING EPIC.

Even the most ardent admirers of the Poet Laureate are obliged to confess that he is better fitted to sing of King Arthur than of Garibaldi, of Fairy Land than of the stirring scenes of modern life. The work that is now expected from that master-hand is upon Boadicea, not upon Miss Nightingale; nor is the rumour that he has composed an epic upon the Underground Railway worthy of the slightest credit. As for Mr Browning, nobody supposes him capable of wasting his abilities upon any subject under five hundred years old. The *Life Drama* of Mr Alexander Smith was not quite the sort of experience (we hope) that occurs to nine people out of ten who will pass up Ludgate Hill to-day. And, in short, our modern poets, generally, decline to record the age in which they flourish, and the persons among whom they live and move.

That, at least, was the opinion of the present writer until yesterday afternoon, when at a friend's house he fortunately met with the *Londoniad*, and recanted upon the spot. The *Londoniad* is an epic which does *not* disdain to sing things as they are—or at least as they profess to be, *per* advertisement—and not only does it celebrate living persons by their proper names, but even adds their addresses and their postal districts. Ignorance of the existence of this work of genius was the more reprehensible, inasmuch as the present volume is the ninth instalment of the poem: *The Ninth Londoniad (complete in itself); giving a full Description of the principal Establishments in the Capital of England; being the continuation of a university Great Prize Poem on the Arts; also containing Pieces on some of the most celebrated Personages in the United Kingdom and in Canada, forming altogether Episodes in a grand national Poem on the Arts.* By James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, late of Toronto, Upper Canada, &c., &c. This epic 'appears under the auspices of the Queen, the late Prince Consort (as President of the Society of Arts), the Emperor Napoleon III., the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the king and queen of Greece (*sic*), Sir Charles Eastlake (president of the Royal Academy), His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (*friend of the author*), His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman (writer on art), the late governor-general of Canada,' and other eminent individuals, dead and alive. The present edition is denominated 'the Canada and Exhibition Edition;' and since we believe that there is a limit to human perfection, even in the making of epics, we feel satisfied that it is the author's best effort.[*] The reason of the title 'Exhibition' appears to arise from the fact, that most of the persons whose goods are herein celebrated in song were exhibiters at South Kensington; and we mention this, because the connection of certain other things in the talented volume is not so clear, and, indeed, is so much the reverse, that it would arouse suspicions of the author's sanity, were he not an epic poet.

Why, O why, for instance, in a work dedicated to the description of the principal metropolitan establishments, should there appear a poem upon the funeral of the late Prince Consort, with an almost too accurate and detailed account of the procession?

[*] This view we find corroborated by the author himself at the conclusion of the volume. 'The present, which is the Ninth, will be found to be more interesting than any of the former *Londoniads*. The 10th, 11th, and 12th *Londoniads* are ready for press, and will be published at an early period.'

Valets and liv'ried Jagers, and Bailiffs, too, advanced;
Here moved the Librarian, and there the Rider pranced;
Solicitor, Commissioner, each in official robe,
And hurriedly behind them came—whose business was to probe—
Apothecaries and Surgeons, Physicians, men of skill.
* * * * * *
His Royal Highness' Chaplains, to whom below was given
The power to make a Prince of Earth appear a God in Heaven;
And here, with full credentials to that great funeral sent,
The Representatives of Kings from o'er the Continent.
Like meteors, through that damp cold day, gaudy Generals passed,
And Northern lights the Ensigns seemed upon the sleety blast;
The much-loved King of Hanover, and Belgian's Leopold,
And here the Saxon Monarch, in sober garb, behold.
Amid the tramp of cavalry—amidst that dreary din—
Passed the bedizened proxies of the wide Zollverein.

There is a good deal of uncertainty in the public mind with respect to the Zollverein, and we are afraid that this last line of Mr Spencer Lidstone will not help to remove it.

Short prose notices of the deaths of distinguished Canadians who have passed away since the publication of the last *Londoniad*, are prefixed to this charming volume, each within an appropriate black border.

'George Gurnett, Esq., several times mayor of Toronto, appears in the 7th *Londoniad*. I should like some one to send me his portrait, as I intend, in process of time, to present it in bas-relief or bust, with others of my friends, to the town-hall of Toronto.

'Archdeacon Stuart. I have just heard that he is no more. I wrote a poem on him while at Kingston, in which city I was his guest. He gave me a letter of introduction to our beloved Bishop of Toronto, when first the star of my destiny went westering.'

At the conclusion of these elegiacs, a hand (as in trespass notices) directs our attention to the fact, that 'the above-mentioned gentlemen (each in his own department truly great, and destined to live in the early history of Canada) were the friends of his (the poet's) youth.'

Before abandoning ourselves to our author's impetuous muse, after which all prose must needs be bathos, let us here mention that a few unmetrical pieces are addressed at the conclusion of the work to living persons.

'Captain Dick, proprietor. It was in one of his steamers that I first went from Kingston to Toronto with our dear Captain Gordon. Many a time, in the morning of my life, have I sailed with them (and always welcome) on the Western waters; and when I take a mental survey of the past, and cast a reminiscential glance on the days that have gone to the winds, tears start, and my heart and tongue move involuntarily with blessings on this fine-hearted family.

'I am indebted to that true specimen of the English gentleman, Charles Watkins, Esq., for the Toronto *Patriot* (regularly). Ex-alderman James Beaty used to send me the *Leader;* but it appears that it is in some way or other amalgamated with the *Patriot*, or the *Patriot* with the *Leader*, hence the reason I do not now receive it from the liberal and gentlemanly (original) proprietor. I remember his nephews well; I picture them often in the past.

'F. C. Capreol, Esq., Toronto. Something strikes me very forcibly, that, a long time ago, I met Mr Capreol in Oxford Street, London (England); but before the full conception of this extraordinary occurrence had fully developed itself in my mind, I had lost sight of him. I need not say how much pleasure it would be to me to have spoken to him. In his dauntless energy, his almost chivalrous generosity, and popular manners altogether, are the impress of destiny; and I behold in him one of the first presidents of Canada. He must know that the sentiments he holds find no echo, in our day, with "the powers that be" in England. The originators of his political decalogue, no doubt, hoped for a giant race to wield *their* sceptre, and not men and women of straw.

'Samuel Platt, Esq., Toronto. I saw his name the same day that it was entered in the book of the Canada department, but there was no address attached. I wrote my name and address near it; but I suppose it was not seen, or not easily recognised. As my time is my own, I should have had much pleasure in accompanying him to various places in London, and my mother would have been delighted to have had him for a guest. She knew that he was the friend of her son in the days of exile.'

When Mr Spencer Lidstone seizes the lyre, however, he is not always thus eulogistic; he describes the present governor-general of Canada as a 'titled loon,' and the British aristocracy as a worthless institution, that may do for English people for awhile, but

In Canada 't doth raise sarcastic smile.

However, a truce to politics:

The hurrying Muse must go
To welcome James Carter & Co.
I cannot tell the first time when
I heard of them as nurserymen—
'Twas so very long ago,
By the fair Ontario.
* * * *
For them all letters should be sent
To the Holborn Establishment.

The names and addresses of the tradesmen are printed in every case at the top of the poem written in their honour, but these are generally repeated by the Muse herself, in order to prevent mistakes. Thus, of Mr Durroch, Surgical Instrument Manufacturer, she sings—

The Royal Navy, Greenwich Hospital,
And many more, that may not now detain
The Electric Muse's fierce and fiery strain—
Their instruments from our great man obtain.
Those who, like me, have weakness in the ankle,
And feel the effects of an old sprain to rankle,
Should go to the illustrious Son of Science,
In whom the most enlightened place reliance.
Look round, and every article we see
'Is manufactured of the best quality:'
Anon Lace Stockings I behold, and Knee
And Ankle Pieces, all fitted accurately.
The famed Truss Maker, whom the nations greet—
St Thomas's East, and No. 1 Dean Street,
Borough, the postal district S.E.—
Honoured in every land, and blest on every sea.

The ingenuity of our poet's invocations, considering the prosaic character of the subjects with which he has to deal, is deserving of all praise. Mr James Sholl's Anti-corrosive Writing Fluid, for instance, seems anything but promising as a theme for heroics; yet to this son of genius its very difficulties are not only grappled with at once, but positively made subservient to poetic ends.

Orally delivered by the Druid
Were songs of old. Anti-corrosive Writing Fluid
Now enwraps the ninth *Londoniad's* scroll,
As by my glorious hero made, James Sholl.
For sure despatch and legibility
Its equal is as yet unknown to me.

Even Mr Spencer Lidstone, however, sometimes finds his subject too much for him—that is to say, impossible to be rhymed with.

What names shall now the ardent Muse adorn,
Flashing over nations like a rival morn,
But the world-famous firm, Bennett and Thorn?

All languages are our firm's reporters,
Wholesale Manufacturers and Exporters
Of Ropes—need here the Western Minstrel sing?—
Lines, Twines, Cocoa-nut Fibre Mats *Matting*.
Others in this peculiar line their card
And prospectus have intrusted to the Bard;
But they from him met very small regard.
They stand with all their borrowed trophies shorn
Before the practical firm who adorn
Th' strain, the *real* manufacturers, Bennett and Thorn!
190 High Street, in th' Borough, S.E.;
The Manufactory in Bermondsey.

From these last lines we may conclude that the commercial world is generally desirous to be immortalised by our poet: whether some do not go the right way to work with him, or whether their names are found to be irreducible to metre, we cannot tell; but certainly where one pleases him, a great number appear to fail in doing so. Accordingly, after eulogising his favourite firm, he frequently adds a footnote to say how inferior to them are certain rivals, who have striven in vain to be enrolled in the *Londoniad*. After a beautiful poem in praise of Ford's Eureka Shirts, he adds: 'Brie, of Conduit Street, and a dozen others in his line, have presented me their cards; but all put together would not make a house equal to that I have here chosen.' Such stern justice it is almost painful to contemplate. A poetic laudation of one Cornelius Turner, a felt-manufacturer, concludes with similar detractory remarks on other persons. 'Four or five houses that took prizes for Kamptulicon, namely, Taylor and Harry (whom I decline altogether having), Gough and Boyce, &c., have presented me their cards, but I much prefer the Genius, the great Originator, &c., &c.'

The notes of our author are not in all cases of this invidious nature; after the usual metrical tribute has been paid to Rust and Co., coloured-glass manufacturers, occurs the following: 'I desire that no interest clash between a name introduced into the present *Londoniad* and that of the honourable and substantial firm, Messrs Ivey and Bellman. The serpentine column that I had from them I might have sold a hundred times over; it is the delight of many races; its equal was never seen on the Western Continent. It is in my library, and bears up the well-known stone statue of Minerva, by Frederick Ransome, a gentleman destined to shed additional lustre upon a family equally famous and well beloved.' The wealth of our poet, if in accordance with the style of his furniture, must indeed be almost beyond the dreams of avarice, and well becoming an author in his ninth edition; for, in speaking of his possible departure for his beloved West, he says: 'Although in Sculpture I have not been able to do much, as yet, except in a few choice works that now grace my own library, still, the luxury of wealth already gathered round me, to be distributed, at no distant day, in Canada, may be valued in its lowest estimate at a quarter of a million sterling.'

There is a grandeur of conception about Mr Spencer Lidstone, which, although it lasts only for half a line or so, exceeds, while it does last, the highest flights of Bon Gualtier's advertising muse.

A poem in praise of Mr Loewenstark, masonic jeweller, concludes as follows:

To Time's last year, and earth's remotest land,
I bear his triumphs with a steady hand
From 1 Devereux Court, Essex Street, in the Strand.

In the works of Mr Anthony Scard, bootmaker, we are informed that

Philosophy with Art and Science meet,
For special attention he devotes to th' formation of the Feet.*

Others may boast—'tis only boast and veriest talking—
Here your Toes are not squeezed up while in the act of walking.
A breadth of *Tread*, them to expand, A. Scard for Aye allows;
For this Crispinian's diadem, thonged with beams, still glows
Upon the most immortal of his sons' radiant brows;
Constructing for each foot Last to peculiarities (err
Doth not the Muse), without additional charge to the purchaser.

We doubt whether any poet, British or foreign, has ever before gone so straight to the subject, and yet never omitted to mingle with it some element of the sublime, as Mr Spencer Lidstone. He descends from the dizziest mountain heights on an Ornamental Gilder, thus:

Like Cotopaxi's fiery flag,
The ensign streams of Thomas Stagg.

A meteorological instrument maker is introduced in this fashion:

Her way through Sciences the ardent Muse she picks,
And high above the living age she rears the name of Hicks.

A medieval metal-worker is thus apostrophised:

Not since the ancients shouted 'Io Pæan,'
And startled Samos isle in the Ægean,
Did ever any Art Muse allot her
Bard a theme to equal thine, O Thomas Potter.

Of a flute-maker, on a new principle, he sings—

In '62, all nations have confessed
That Clinton's Flutes were decidedly th' best.
The new patent 's known even to the poles,
Granted t' 'em exclusively for graduated holes!
* * * * *
Competition with *my* hero! what would follow?
The fate of Marsyas challenging Apollo.

Of one Thomas Glover, a gas-meter manufacturer, Mr Lidstone states, a little obscurely:

He sat like Jove on his meridian throne,
And lighted up the world in '51.
Th' Commissioners of th' International
'62 as the only *measure* for *his* did call.
Th' other two awards—tell 't to the nations—
Were given for *manufactured imitations*.
Hence, reasoning from analogy, arises
The perfect idea, that he got three prizes.

The trade-puffs conclude with a eulogy upon one Mr Cadby, a pianoforte-maker, which is entitled 'The Cadbyiad, an Epic.'

Even the professions do not entirely escape the poet's commendation. The works of a certain literary lady are thus passed in poetic review, and duly eulogised.

In illustrated tracts I note
That ever-welcome tale, *Frank's Sunday Coat;*
Confessions of a Decanter my lays
Inspire—as, too, *Drift, a Story of Waifs and Strays.*
Happy Evenings, or the *Literary*
Institutions at Home, shews that vary
Her sails do never, by celestial breezes fanned.

Best and most ludicrous of all our author's productions, however, is one composed in honour of a veterinary surgeon, which we have kept for our last extract, on the principle on which the Irish postilion always 'reserves a gallop for the avenue.'

Though I like not doctors, yet my Muse I will engage her
To write a glowing strain upon the immortal Major.
From the Thames to Indus, Atlantic to Pacific,
All hail, Joseph's Pleuro-pneumonia Specific,

* Our author's notion of the licence of elision is as limitless, it may be remarked, as his own poetic soul.

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and all domesticated
Animals—in many tongues and lands I've heard it stated,
Major's 'Calving and Lambing Drinks,' the 'Influenza Drinks,'
Are all unrivalled on the earth, the Western Minstrel thinks.
My vessel walks the redd'ning Alps of a sunset ocean,
Laden with 'Restorative Drinks' and Synovitic Lotion.
The pioneer of the wilderness in leafy bower rests,
To look over for his thriving friends Major's Medicine Chests;
By Science borne in light along, and by dint
Of pure Philosophy, the 'Bursalgic Liniment,'
Hail all th' grateful deeds o' Major, who doth attain
To the world's approbation at No. 5 Park Lane.
The standard of Science and Philosophy my hero hath unfurled,
The HOT AIR BATHS in WESTMINSTER are the wonder of the world.
The enlightened mind and noble heart (I write not here for stupids)
Will ever act the kindly part to poor dumb quadrupeds;
For Sick Horses and Sick Dogs are th' appliances complete,
As for other quadrupeds, in Victoria Street.
My Muse with the great Veterinary Surgeon
Doth canter like a filly,
And her way over living hosts doth urge on,
To 5 Park Lane, Piccadilly.

Here we close our extracts from this extraordinary Epic, and wipe the tears from our eyes. It is rather an unequal production of the poetic mind. Some strains remind us forcibly of the muse of the late Mr Robert Montgomery; while others do not rise above the poet Close, who might indeed have written the *Londoniad* himself, but for its fine prose, in which, it will easily be seen, breathes the spirit of no less a genius than Wilkins Micawber.

In *Hints to Advertisers*, published in this *Journal** a year or two ago, we thought we had culled the most astonishing specimens of commercial literature extant. We have taken, however, the very earliest opportunity, on becoming acquainted with Mr Lidstone's muse, of acknowledging our error.

THE PATENT-OFFICE.

A PATENT for an invention is a privilege granted by the crown to the inventor, forbidding other persons to make, sell, and use his invention without his consent. It is a sort of national recognition of the fact that a man has a right to the produce of his own brains. Until the year 1852, all this was done in a very complex, vexatious, and expensive way; an inventor went through terrible difficulties to obtain a patent, and then did not know how soon or in what way the advantages would be snatched away from him. A radical change was made in that year, placing all the operations under the management of a Board of Commissioners of Patents, consisting, *ex officio*, of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney-general, the Solicitor-general, the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-general for Scotland, and the Attorney-general and Solicitor-general for Ireland. All the machinery for granting patents was much simplified, and the expenses lessened. The cost still amounts to one hundred and seventy-five pounds, if every condition is fulfilled necessary to the obtaining of a patent for fourteen years; but the inventor may limit the time either to three or to seven years, at a much lower cost, or may abandon his claim altogether after only a few pounds have been spent. Whether the fees are not even now too high—whether it is not a little too bad that the Attorney-general and Solicitor-general should each of them pocket about four thousand pounds a year out of these fees—are matters which we may leave law-reformers to discuss.

The most wonderful thing about the Patent-office, to persons not immediately concerned therein, is the vastness of the number of patents. The patents granted from 1711 to 1852 amounted in number to more than thirteen thousand—every one having its written *specification* or description of the invention to which the patent related. All were in manuscript, large sheets of parchment, with large wax-seals attached; and all were packed away in holes and corners, difficult of access, and difficult to read when obtained. A great work was resolved upon—to print the whole of these specifications, and to lithograph the diagrams or drawings relating to them. It took many years to do this; but it is done at last; and there probably does not exist in the world such another mass of printed matter relating to mechanical and manufacturing inventions. The same thing has been done in reference to all the patents granted since the commissioners began their labours eleven years ago. There are upwards of three thousand applications for patents every year, but only about two thousand of these arrive at such a stage of completeness as to need the printing of the specification. We may therefore say, in round numbers, that the old and new specifications now amount, together, to not less than thirty-five thousand—a prodigious testimony to our countrymen's ingenuity. But what reading it is! Crabbed, hard, dry, verbose, entangled, repulsive; scarcely intelligible except to patent-agents, and not always even to them. There are sixteen hundred volumes altogether of these specifications of patents, enough in themselves to form a library of no mean dimensions. The older patents few people have occasion to look at; but of those still in force, it is often important for other inventors to be cognizant. For this purpose, the commissioners have adopted a remarkably convenient plan: the specification of any patent can be purchased at the mere cost of paper and print, varying from two or three pence to three or four shillings, according to the bulk; they are nicely printed in small quarto, with lithographic illustrations where necessary. Besides keeping the whole of these always on sale at an office in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, the commissioners regularly present copies to nearly two hundred free libraries, institutions, corporate bodies, official departments, and foreign and colonial governments, so that the history of English patented inventions is speedily and widely known.

Never, we verily believe, was the value of good indexing and tabulation more thoroughly manifested than by Mr Bennett Woodcroft, who, as Superintendent of Specifications, has had the management of these matters from the day when the system was remodelled. It is of no use having thirty-five thousand curious and possibly useful things, unless we know where to find them when wanted. Now, we *do* know where to find all that relates to these specifications of patents. For instance, certain groups have been formed, comprising all the patents relating to one class of subject, whether it be Firearms and Warlike Materials, or Reaping-machines, or Smoke Consumption, or Screw-propellers. Then there have been prepared complete and distinct indexes of the whole collection—one *chronological*, or in order of date; one *alphabetical*, or in the order of the names of the patentees; and one *subject-matter*, which is in every way remarkable. Mr Woodcroft, taking a survey of the whole range of subjects for which patents are ever granted, grouped them under a hundred and fifty headings, and each heading into an average of four sub-headings, making six hundred in all. Thus, if we would know what patents there have at any time been for making pins' heads, or

* *Chambers's Journal*, No. 402.

bottle-stoppers, or elastic garters, or crinolines, or anything else, we shall be sure to find them here under proper headings. Then there is a *reference-index* of patents, containing references to any books or periodicals which have reported legal proceedings concerning patent-rights, applied to the several patents in proper order. Next, there is a series of very useful *abstracts* of patents, each giving, in brief, intelligible English, the substance of the matter contained in the clumsy and unreadable specifications. Every one has been carefully examined in turn to this end, and all have been grouped according to the subject to which the patents relate; such as weaving, spinning, plating of metals, watch and clock making, &c. Each series forms an octavo book in itself, and is sold separately. The price may be only sixpence, if there have been only a few patents on that particular subject; or it may be fourteen shillings, if, as in *weaving*, the abstracts fill more than a thousand pages of type. The object is, as the commissioners tell us, 'to enable inventors to examine for themselves whether their particular inventions had been already patented or not.' Down to the end of 1862, the number of abstracts thus completed was twenty-three volumes or groups; it is expected that all will be completed in 1866 or 1867, by which time the whole collection of patents will probably fall little short of fifty thousand—all open for perusal both in the full specification and in the abstract or abridgment. To leave nothing undone that may tend to render patent-lore intelligible to all, there is published a *Commissioners of Patents' Journal*, a twopenny paper which appears twice a week, and is crammed full of information.

The library belonging to the commissioners is of a special kind, remarkable for the number of works relating, in various ways, to technology and the productive arts. Various foreign nations and governmental departments at home presented valuable collections of reports, proceedings, statistical statements, &c.; private individuals presented collections which they had gradually formed; and the commissioners have appropriated a portion of their annual revenues to purchases in the same direction. Then there is a collection of scientific and technological journals, more complete, probably, than any other to be met with in this country, except, perhaps, at the British Museum. Weekly, monthly, quarterly, and yearly journals from France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Prussia, various German states, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, India, Canada, and the United States are here to be found, besides a goodly variety belonging to and published in our own country. And all these things are so well catalogued and indexed, that not only can any one of them be easily found, but the group belonging to any one subject may be glanced at collectively. These literary riches are placed at the service of every decent man who knows how to value them. The books and journals, it is true, cannot be taken home for perusal, but they may be consulted for several hours every day. No fee, no introduction, is necessary—nothing but an entry in a book to denote who you are, and what kind of work you have come to consult; for, be it observed, it is not a place for mere desultory readers, gatherers of miscellaneous trifles; you must know beforehand what you want, and be able to assign some intelligible reason for wanting it. That done, John Jones may sit down there, and read all about the making of pins, steam-engines, boats, corkscrews, pumps, peppermint drops, and what not, or may read books and journals of a more scientific character—whether he be a master or a workman, a man of a thousand pounds a year, or only as many shillings. The Reading-room of the Patent-office is, however, uncommonly small.

Every day in the week, Sundays of course excepted, the doors of the Patent-office Museum are thrown liberally open—not merely for six or eight hours in the day, as at the British Museum and the National Gallery, but in the evening also. It was in 1858 that the commissioners, puzzled what to do with their models and machines, begged a little spare room from the Department of Science and Art, there to establish a museum of their own. This was acceded to; and by the end of 1862 there had been just about seven hundred thousand visitors to the place. Various models and machines, pictures and diagrams, relating chiefly to the mechanical arts, came gradually into the possession of the commissioners, by gift, bequest, or purchase; and in the utter despair of finding any other depository, the commissioners were right glad to have one of Captain Fowkes's 'Brompton boilers' placed at their disposal. One large room contains all the articles; and skilful packing has it needed so to place them that neither may we break their own wheels and axles, nor our shins. Any young man will find an hour or two well spent here, in contemplation of the produce of many a teeming brain. Sometimes the original working-model, sometimes a model made after the invention had succeeded, sometimes the machine or apparatus itself, sometimes diagrams to illustrate it—are to be seen; and although many of them are musty and forgotten things, others are well worthy of attention. Sir Samuel Morland's original model of his counting-machine, constructed in 1666, is here; James Watt's original model of his steam-engine under the patent of 1769; William Symington's model of the marine engine which was the precursor of so much that is great in steam-navigation; and the model of one of the earliest forms of screw-propellers. Jordan's machinery for carding; spinning and weaving apparatus; clocks and watches of curious construction; machines for preparing fibres of various kinds for textile goods and for paper; leather-cloth; glass cylinders for calendering; and a multitude of articles that fill a very useful shilling catalogue to describe—all are here either as specimens, models, or machines. There are, too, placed around the walls, the portraits of men whom we like to know about. When we think of the marvels of ingenuity that have done so much towards making England what she is, it seems to do one good to look at the portraits of Brindley, Smeaton, Newcomen, Watt, Boulton, Symington, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, Strutt, Caxton, Myddelton, Telford, Rennie, the Stephensons, the Brunels, Maudslay, Donkin, Fairbairn, Nasmyth, Ransome, Napier, Trevithick, Whitworth, Dollond, Frodsham, Hadley, Ramsden, and a phalanx of others whose inventions have in various ways enriched the country. On one side of the museum is a complete set of the commissioners' publications—all the specifications and all the diagrams, where a visitor may study (for the books are quite open for examination and perusal) until he becomes either a very wise or a very bewildered man.

The commissioners, in reference to a building project presently to be adverted to, point in one of their recent Reports to the advantages which would result from the possession of more space for their museum. 'It is intended to make the Patent-office Museum an historical and educational institution for the benefit and instruction of the skilled workmen employed in the various factories of the kingdom; a class which largely contributed to the surplus fund of the Patent-office in fees paid upon patents granted for their inventions. Exact models of machinery, in subjects and series of subjects, shewing the progressive steps of improvement in the machines for each branch of manufacture, are to be exhibited. For example: It is intended to shew, in a series of exact models of machines, or in the machine itself, each important invention and improvement in steam-propellers, from the first engine that drove a boat

of two tons' burden, to the powerful machinery of the present day, propelling the first-rate ship of war or of commerce. The original small experimental engine that drove the boat of two tons' burden, above referred to, is now in the museum, and is inscribed No. 1 in the series of propellers or models of propellers.' If this idea can be carried out, it will supply a want that has long been felt by ingenious practical men, and that no institution in England has hitherto satisfied.

All, however, depends on whether the commissioners can build a new structure. They are, simply and truly, in lodgings in Southampton Buildings, and on sufferance at South Kensington. The dark, poking, small, miserable rooms and passages in the first-named locality are utterly unfitted for the purposes to which they are applied; and it is quite amazing that so much has been done in such a little place. The commissioners do not want to come to John Bull's purse for the money; they are—a very surprising novelty—rich enough of themselves. Ever since the change of system in 1852, a large profit has accrued from the granting of patents, after defraying every charge for fees, salaries, compensations, books, paper, printing, lithographing, and stamp-duties,; and these accumulated profits now amount to something like L.130,000. The commissioners ask permission to build, out of this fund, a handsome structure that will contain everything belonging or pertaining to patents—fire-proof rooms for the original specifications, store-rooms for the printed copies of them, library, reading-rooms, consulting-rooms, and museum,—all arranged with the utmost attainable convenience for the public. This, by the terms of the act of parliament, they cannot do without the consent of the Treasury; and the Treasury has been so bewildered by the multitude of councillors concerning the National Gallery, the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and Burlington House, that five years have been spent in doing—nothing; and so the commissioners must e'en lodge in their comfortless little apartments some time longer.

A BULL-FIGHT WITHOUT SPECTATORS.

English sportsmen, when they get their legs under the mahogany, after a sweltering September day, are quite sure to recount its incidents: how Ponto stood, and Don backed him; of Smith's tremendous long shot, and Brown's missing that hare in the turnips, whilst Robinson is laughed at for his constant failures to touch a feather. All who have lived a stirring life by field or flood like to fight their battles over again; and I have thought perhaps the following adventure—one of many that occurred in fourteen years 'of a hunter's life' in Texas—might prove interesting to those who have had no opportunity of leading the wild, free, roving life of a western hunter.

Over the prairies and through the forests of Texas roam immense herds of half-wild cattle, which are only penned twice a year, by the stock-owners and their assistants, in order to mark and brand the calves, count the increase, and take stock of the beeves fit for killing. Of course, hundreds in the forests are overlooked every year, which become wholly wild, and join other wild herds. These, unlike the marked and branded cattle, which have been occasionally handled by man, never venture on to the prairies except at night, and then only for a very short distance from the friendly shelter of the woods, to which they retreat at the first faint light of morning, and in the most impenetrable recesses and dense cane-brakes of which they spend the day, being more shy and unapproachable than even deer. All unmarked and unbranded animals over a year old are the property of any one who chooses to catch or kill them, the rancheros believing, and with reason, that could all the wild ones be destroyed, there would be less loss amongst their stocks from the other cattle being enticed away.

Some years ago, I was employed as a hunter on a plantation, to provide both the whites and negroes with meat—venison, beef, and pork. The clearing was on the banks of a very large river, the Rio Brazos de Dios; and the forest for many miles round was more heavily timbered and had more undergrowth than any other I had ever hunted in, in Texas. There were here and there high, dry, sandy ridges, on which grew the beautiful dark evergreen wild-peach, and the live-oak, and these were tolerably open; but sometimes you came upon low swamps, which produced nothing but the dwarf palmetto, the broad fan-like leaves of which make, in a few minutes, a thatch which will shoot off the heaviest thunder-shower. The wilderness, generally, however, was a dense mass of upawn and dogwood thickets, with perhaps a little more than the usual amount of rattan and wild-grape vines festooning the larger trees. Now and then, too, you came upon the banks of a lake, on the margin of which could be seen sunning themselves many an alligator, the *el legarto* or lizard of the Spaniards, who explored the country, and to a corruption of which it owes its name. Rather a difficult hunting-ground this, either on foot or horseback; still, such a jungle was the favourite home of all kinds of animals—wild-bull, cougar, leopard and tiger-cats, black bear, wild-hog, Mexican hog, and wolf. All these, except the last, are animals 'worthy of your steel.'

There are few summer mornings in Texas that are not beautiful. With a bright sun, a fine south-east breeze blowing off the Gulf of Mexico to freshen and cool the air, none fail to feel their charms; but to the hunter it is inexpressibly delightful to ride through those grand old woods, almost awful in their silence, for hardly any sound breaks it, save the drowsy hum of a bee, or the occasional sharp blows of a woodpecker, as he seeks his insect breakfast upon some decaying tree. There is, too, just that dash of danger so captivating to the real Nimrod, and which our stubble-brushing, stay-at-home sportsmen can never feel. How can they ever know those woodland duels, fought without seconds, where a sure foot, quick eye, and steady hand alone avail to make you hold your own. What if you miss a hare in England? It is nothing. What if you fail to bring down a wild-bull in his charge? Why, unless your guardian-angel is to the fore—to use an Americanism—'salt will not save you;' none but the vultures will ever know how or where you fell, and a rusty gun, a rusty hunting-knife, and a bleached skeleton will be your only monument. Never does any one feel more helpless than with an empty gun and in the presence of wounded large game. A bear, there is some chance with, because in his attack he gives you an opportunity of bringing the hunting-knife into play; but the weight and rush of a bull are fearfully against you, unless you have the activity of a wild-cat. In all close encounters, weight having an immense advantage.

It was on a beautiful summer morning when I started to kill a beeve, mounted on my mustang, armed with a 14-gauge double-shot gun of Deane's, which threw a ball patched with greased fawnskin of very nearly an ounce-weight, and accompanied by my three dogs, Jack, Midge, and Killdevil, broken to run nothing but cattle and hogs. They were trained to keep at the heels of my horse, so that I might sometimes, as I very often did, ride suddenly on to cattle, and get a shot or two. Of course this could only be done by riding up-wind, a point a backwoodsman never neglects, as the sense of smell in most animals is superior to that of hearing, and, I am quite sure, with all the deer-tribe, keener than even that of sight. The dogs were allowed, whenever we crossed the trail of hogs or cattle, to go and bring them to bay. On this occasion, I had been riding for about an hour due west from the plantation, without

seeing anything of the particular game I was in search of. I had arrived at the edge of an upawn thicket, when all at once the dogs dashed into it, and in a few minutes I heard them open, and a tremendous rush being made in my direction. The stout poles of the thicket crashed, and bent like wheat-stalks; and then, with head down, and tail straight out, level with his back, a mighty bull came thundering on, about twelve yards from where I sat. Although mine was as steady a horse under fire as ever was ridden, still the rush and fierce barking of the dogs made him fidgety, so that I placed both bullets too far back in the bull, the upper one, as I afterwards discovered, grazing the kidneys, and the other entering the paunch. Having carefully loaded my gun, and hid my horse in a thicket, well knowing that he would charge my mustang as quickly as he would me, I proceeded on foot to where I heard the dogs holding him at bay. I found them in a palmetto swamp, some two hundred yards from where I had first shot at the bull, and tried to stalk him, by crawling up under the shelter of the palmettos. But the ground was so soft that I sank in over my ankles at each step; and the palmettos were so thick, and their harsh strong leaves rustled so much, I could not approach for a certain shot. In such mud, without even a sapling to dodge round in case I failed to drop him, I thought it better to hunt him on to different ground and thicker timber. The dogs then having presently made the swamp too hot for him, I had the satisfaction of seeing him move to more favourable ground. I took advantage of a large live-oak to advance upon him, and getting within about thirty yards, fired. Unfortunately, just as I pressed the trigger, he lowered his head sideways to gore one of the dogs, and I missed him. In an instant, like lightning, he made for the flash. I stood out, and with perfect coolness waited till he was about six steps from the muzzle of my gun, then fired again, but, to my horror, he did not drop at my feet, as I fully expected. His hot breath was now in my face, his red eyes close to mine, as I turned to run round the tree, when my foot caught or slipped, I know not which, on one of the above-ground roots, and in falling, the bull passed one horn through my light hunting-shirt, tearing most of it off me. Luckily, the impetus of his charge carried him twenty or thirty yards beyond me, and my gallant dogs coming to the rescue, gave me a second or two to swing myself up the tree. There was no time to load, nor even to pick my gun up, and I was barely out of his reach when he was underneath, pawing the ground with his feet, bellowing hoarsely, his eyes bloodshot, the foam tinged with blood, covering face, and neck, and chest—the incarnation of baffled rage. Whether his horn or head had hit me, I do not know, all passed so rapidly, but I was stiff and sore for several days after. Having recovered my breath, and the shock occasioned by my fall, I began to think what to do to rid myself of my savage jailer. Hunters are or ought to be prompt with expedients for almost any possible case, and my determination was at once formed—to go higher up the tree, find a bough that would do for a spear-handle, and bind the haft of my hunting-knife to it with some strips torn from the remnant of my shirt, and then to try to stab him where the head and neck join, as he often came quite underneath me. I had hardly regained my station on the large bough—having cut a stout stick which would answer my purpose—when I noticed some unmistakable signs of 'grogginess' in my shaggy opponent; his head was lowered, and he was swaying from side to side—a riddle easily read; internal bleeding from my first two shots would, I could see, soon close his career, though he made many a gallant effort to shake off the weakness he felt surely coming upon him. Brave to the last he stood, but at length toppled over. For a moment I thought he might be 'playing 'possum;' but as he took no notice of the dogs who were licking his wounds, I saw the game of life was up for him, and descended from my perch, thankful for my escape from what my western friends would designate as 'a tight place.' Having picked up and loaded my gun, and rewarded my faithful dogs with the offal of the quarry, I rode home, from whence some negroes and mules were despatched to skin, quarter, and bring in the carcass of as game a brute as ever fell.

In recounting the foregoing adventure, I have once more, in thought, crossed the Atlantic, sailed over the deep blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, ridden through the sea of grass of a prairie, felt the solemn silence of the forest, and lived the life I love, and hope soon once more to enjoy again.

FRIENDSHIP.

I FEEL the more, the more I know,
That Friendship is a thing apart,
A mute assurance of the heart,
A faith, that little cares for show.

A sympathy of soul and soul,
Which feel themselves, in spite of birth
And all the petty castes of Earth,
Two halves of one Eternal whole.

That asks no change, if undeceived,
And shuns to court the vulgar eye,
Contented in obscurity,
If it believes and be believed.

A lamp, that needs but little oil,
But is with its own burning fed;
A virgin stream, that will not wed
Or mix itself with earthly soil.

A beauty, that no tongue can tell,
That underlies our common dust,
As, bright beneath the rough-ribbed crust,
Glistens the glory of the shell.

Felt in the pressure of a hand,
Though face and voice be stern the while;
Sent in the message of a smile,
That only two can understand.

How sad for him that this hath known
In one with rarest virtues graced,
Close-linked by kindred ties, or taste,
Once more to feel himself alone.

A pang that brooketh no relief,
Save that from sad remembrance wrung—
Sorrow that poets oft have sung
In true nobility of grief.

That sweeter far than comfort is,
A sacred relic, closely clutched;
A wound, too tender to be touched
By any stranger hand than his.

O Friendship! all too mean a name
For something, holier than will,
That keeps itself unspotted still,
And purely flows through Sin and Shame.

'Tis only when soft Passion lends
A brighter heat, a flame as pure,
It claims its true nomenclature,
And into Love the loveliest blends.

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CHILDREN.

IT is a bad world, we say, this world of men: full of evils of all sorts and sizes; overrun with selfishness and its prolific brood; with falsehood in infinitely various shapes; teeming with acts of brutal violence; with shames of too black a dye to bear shewing in the open daylight, or reporting in any phrase, however euphonious; with frauds conceived with the most refined craftiness, and carried out through years and years with the utmost patience; a world of wars, and despots, and slaves; of foolish customs and harmful traditions, and institutions from which the life has long departed; and of innumerable sorrows, disappointments, and miseries. It is all this, and more. Hardest words of philosopher, moralist, and preacher about it are only too fully justified.

Still, here are *children* in it. I find immense comfort in this fact. It inspires hope, and sustains faith. The world is not a hard, fixed, inorganic mass—not a crystal, to be for ever what it is to-day; but a fluent, plastic, organic body, changing, growing, living. It is not a rock, but a tree, or forest of trees. From the earliest ages, we have poet-voices uttering what poet-eyes discerned—the beautiful analogy between the existence of the race of man in its successive generations, and the life of trees with their regularly recurring changes. Homer touched this theme in brief pathetic lines, and Hebrew prophets, with highest and most solemn purpose, touched it too.

The analogy is to some extent obscured by a difference. The leaves have their seasons in orderly succession; they appear at the same time, grow together, together begin to fade, and at last fall silently and contemporaneously to the ground; and the brown bare trees stand all alike through the wintry weather till another spring-time. With the race of man, it is not so. On the broad scale of the world, there is no visible succession of seasons and corresponding changes, but all seasons are synchronous, all possible changes are actually taking place at the same time and at all times. In the life of the human race, it is always summer—always autumn or fall—always winter—and, joy for it, always spring. Open blossoms, ripe fruit, sere and yellow leaf, bare branches—you may see them all at the same time; and also, with them, everywhere, the multitudinous beautiful fresh *buds*—the *children* of men.

I am astonished when I set myself to consider the large proportion these children form of the whole population of the earth. The census of Great Britain in 1851 tells me that on the 31st of March in that year, of the 21,000,000 peopling Great Britain and the islands of the British seas, there were above 2,700,000 children under five years of age, above 2,440,000 aged five and under ten years, and above 2,245,000 aged ten and under fifteen years.

In what an amazing variety of aspects these children present themselves to us. How they charm us, amuse us, irritate us, attract our love, excite our pity, our anger, and our wonder. It would be easy to write a volume—no dull one either—about the ways, manners, and customs of children at home; taking in all ages, from little 'engaging' Missy in her second year, up to her biggest brother of fourteen or fifteen, just on the point of quitting school and boyhood for the office, warehouse, or farm, and young manhood.

Inarticulate prattle of a happy baby awake and stirring in its narrow bed at early morning, how charming it is! It makes me happy to lie and listen to that sweet music. What thoughts, or fancies, or sensations try to express themselves thus? How can I even imagine what they are? The glad, swift rush of a cluster of children to meet Father in the street, or at the garden-gate, the moment they catch sight of him—that is a sight worth seeing. It always moves me, though I have been touched by it a hundred times. Burns has lovingly depicted such a scene with a few vivid strokes in his *Cotter's Saturday Night:*

> Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher thro'
> To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

How charming the still wonder in a child's face when listening to something it only half apprehends from lips it loves. It is a wonder that begets a deeper wonder in me. Beautiful, too, is the absorbing joy of children in their games and pastimes, whether quiet ones indoors, or noisy and exciting ones out of doors. A little girl, with a serious face, busily dressing her doll; a boy gravely constructing some tiny mimic machine; a group of little ones listening to a fascinating fairy tale read aloud by an elder one, or pressing very close at father's knee to look at the pictures he shews them, and listen to his tales about them: we may go far, and not look on prettier sights than these.

Noteworthy is the strong propensity of children to feigning and mimicry in their sports; what they call 'playing at being' some one, or at doing something. Their liveliness and fertility of imagination enables them to surround themselves at any time with fictitious circumstances, and get joy out of them as if they were actual. An old stick is a horse, a doll is a baby, a few chairs will make a parlour or an omnibus—one child is the driver, another the conductor, others passengers; and so on, with endless variations. Instinct leads to dramatic representation. You may find in any nursery plainest and pleasantest illustration of Bacon's assertion, that 'the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.' Seeing how the case is there, in that small world, will help us to see, and incline us to admit the stern truth with reference to the large world. It would be cruel and unnatural, were it even possible, to rob children of this faculty of invention and shamming, and to narrow and confine their lives and enjoyments within the four bare walls of fact. Do the majority of men and women remain children in this respect; and is it possible for more than a very few in a generation to rid themselves of 'vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like,' and walk bravely in the open daylight of truth on the firm ground of fact? The world is much like a vast nursery, not only by reason of the multitudes of children it contains, but yet more by reason of the resemblances in a thousand points of its men and women to children.

Children charm and amuse us, but not always. Skies are not always bright, smoothest seas may be roused and ruffled by storms, and prettiest little faces may be made ugly with evil passions. For the smile, you get a frown; for the pretty talk, a scream; for the tender caress, a repulse and a rebellion. Quarrels break out, as they do among birds in their little nests, and with the same excuse—'tis nature. Sometimes a love of wilful mischief shews itself in very provoking forms, and sometimes a stiff, almost unmanageable obstinacy. Few things surprise me more than the power of resistance to authority which a very young child occasionally exhibits. The new creature thus asserts itself as a solid atom of being, which cannot, and ought not to be crushed and annihilated. Small stature and puny strength, which we measure and compare with our own loftiness and might, the child is not in the least conscious of, and it 'shews fight,' as if it met only its equals. A certain amount of experience is necessary to teach a child its proper place and its limited power, and to reconcile it thereto.

The hubbub and confusion of a nursery brawl are strangely disproportioned to its occasion and subject. Notwithstanding the experience of fifteen years or more, I am even now startled when I go to learn what it is all about. It is hard to believe what they tell me. The possession of a bit of wood or a bent pin; of a fragment of paper or rag; of a place at the table; the loss of a 'turn' in some pleasure, and a thousand similar nothings, become daily in that world the *casus bellorum*. Nevertheless, in order to be wholly just, it is needful to lay aside, as inapplicable, our elderly estimates of things, and for the occasion accept the children's own, entering as far as possible into their feelings, and then passing sentence as wisely as we can.

It is only just to them to remember that if they find quarrel in trifles, it is in trifles also that they find their happiness. Every day abounds with instances of this, just as fit to move our wonder as the quarrels are. To see small eyes brighten, and lips part with a smile, and hearts beat high merely for sudden gladness at some trifling gift, or at the promise of some small pleasure—to me there always seems something strangely *pathetic* in it. But, indeed, the whole life of children is occupied with what we have grown to call trifles, and what they will one day call so, but cannot yet. Is it otherwise with millions of their elders? At every step of my observation of children, I start to see shadowed forth the ways of men!

Almost intolerably painful is the contrast presented between children in our well-ordered and comfortable homes, and children in the wretched dwellings of the poorest poor, and in the streets, lanes, and courts where they crowd together. Glimpses of them in Baldwin's Gardens, Gray's Inn Lane, in Bethnal Green, or in the districts about Stepney, Hackney, and Shadwell, as you glide over the network of obscure streets below the North London Railway, might sadden you for a year. Bareheaded, with shaggy, uncombed hair; barefooted, half-clothed in rags, unwashed, with fierce defiant eyes, and harsh, unintelligible voices—these boys and girls look like anything rather than the *hope* of the world. I do not know if there be in the world a more repulsive spectacle than that; and yet, and yet I know that it ought to be looked on and thought of with an infinite pity. One lovely Sunday afternoon, last summer, I saw a large muster of boys of that lowest and most degraded class in one of the charming green fields between Kentish Town and Highgate Hill. They had come out to see a fight, the combatants being two of their own number. The fight was held in the shade of noble hedgerow elms, and the dense crowd—a circular dark mass, rising only three or four feet from the grass—swayed to and fro, opened and closed, was noisy and silent in turn (the speech was *not* silvern, nor the silence golden), absorbed in the excitement of the struggle, till some passing peacemaker hastened up, and striding straight into the midst of them, not by persuasive words, but by sheer manly dignity and authority, broke up and scattered them like chaff. Children such as these are capable of the grossest cruelty, and find sport in it. They can torture a cat, or stone a donkey on the heath, or mob a poor idiot through the village street, and all with coarse jests and brutal laughter. That the criminal class is partly made up of children, is one of the saddest facts and one of the hardest to deal with. All honour to those noble-hearted men and women who bravely venture and descend into the 'low places' of society, full as they are of cruelty and all hideous things, in the hope of doing something towards a change for the better, and of lifting up some human souls into the light of heaven, the love of God. They are rendering a service of the best kind, and merit praise that we want language to express.

Large as the space is which children fill in the outward world, they fill, perhaps, a larger in the world of mind and heart. The amount of thought, attention, care, hope, ambition, fear, constantly called forth and exercised about them, is immense. A very large proportion of the daily work of the world, whether in the house or out of it, has direct reference to children; a still larger proportion, probably, is done for their sake, and, but for them, would not be done at all. Lord Bacon has said, but we are not bound to believe him, that wife and children are 'impediments to great enterprises,' and that the 'best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men.' I fancy, from what he says immediately after, that he was not wholly satisfied with his own theory. It is unquestionable that children hold a place and exert an influence with respect to the work of men, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Seen from the highest point of view, all real work turns to the world's account; he who *works most*, whether aiming at private or public ends, actually serving the world most. According to that sublime and consoling conception of the human race presented by Fichte in his *Vocation of the Scholar*, 'A community in which no one can labour for himself without at the same time labouring for his fellow-

men, or can labour for others without also labouring for himself, where the success of one member is the success of all, and the loss of one a loss to all.'

But children are not only occasion and incentives to work, they are also workers, and form no inconsiderable part of the great army of workers; not, indeed, in the higher classes of society, where the possession of wealth prevents the necessity of employing them in mere day-labour, and leaves to them, through the entire period of childhood, and beyond it, leisure for, and means of, cultivation and preparation for subsequent work in the higher fields. But in the middle and lower ranks of society, children are early set to work, and the lower the rank, the earlier they begin. Some work at home; the busy mother is only too glad to have the help of smallest hands in many house affairs, and very early the use of the needle must be learned, and the care and even instruction of the younger must be shared by some but little older than themselves.

Some must go out to work, boys and girls both, though boys most commonly. We find them scattered about in our workshops, mills, factories, warehouses, offices, and streets. What large troops of these working-children might be collected in London or any large city! How many boys form the Shoeblack Brigade? They kneel at the corners of the great thoroughfares, brush in hand, keenly eyeing all boots and shoes of male passers-by, and by expressive gesture, as well as by speech, try to persuade you that you are in need of their services. How many boys are employed daily in the distribution of newspapers, either by house-to-house visitation, or by offering them at the corners of the streets or on the steps of omnibuses? The quickness, energy, and perseverance of some of these lads are admirable. They spring upon the step while the 'bus goes on; you hear a sudden cry—'*Sporting News*, gentlemen—*Star*, *Standard*, or *Telegraph*'—rapidly uttered; you see a sharp, hard face at the doorway for half a minute, and then off they go, dropping, or rather walking steadily off backwards, and looking out for another chance.

Are there not thousands of little fellows sitting all day in gloomy places near the entrances of offices and warehouses, to answer inquiries, and carry messages to and fro? And thousands more in inner rooms, sitting on high stools at desks, toiling with the pen from nine A.M. till seven or eight P.M.? How many are running about distributing messages sent by the electric telegraph? And how many small hands, of boys and girls too, wield brooms at the crossings of our streets, and make paths for us through the impassable? In the manufacturing districts, most of all, the labour of children is in demand, and in that case it has been found needful to lay certain restraints by law upon the employment of them—the law thus violating the letter, though not the spirit, of one of its favourite maxims—*De minimis non curat Lex*. The departments of human labour are, I suppose, very few in which children do not, to a greater or lesser extent, take part.

The direct influence of children on society is a fact of great moment, and worth serious consideration. It is not capable of being measured or calculated, but may be distinctly apprehended, though perhaps only inadequately, by all who will be at the pains to reflect on it. In the private home, is not a whole new world of emotions and affections called into existence by the presence of a child? From the day when the young mother rejoices over her first-born, a new and previously unimagined life and love begin in her heart and home—a life and love which will have fresh nourishment day by day, year after year, and the results of which on personal character and destiny will be great and permanent. And the one private home, with its child or children, and its new wealth of love and feeling, is but a unit in the vast and complex whole. What is plain is, that the world of men is so loving, and kindly, and sympathetic, as it is, to a great extent because of the children in it; that it would be a far other and harder world, if children, and all the softening and purifying influences which proceed from them, were withdrawn. Even the coarsest natures are susceptible of these influences. The dashing brigand, who has for rich prizes committed many a murder; the sullen, brutal convict in his cell, callous to all other human touches; even the wretch whose soul is cursed and dried by the money-lust—*miser* we justly name him—these are frequently found to have some lingering vestige of tenderness for children.

We guess much respecting the character of an individual from his sentiment and regard for children, so may we also respecting the character of an age. In this respect most probably, as in so many others, the ancient world stands in striking contrast with the modern, and especially with the present age. Is not our own time distinguished from all that have preceded it by the intensity of its interest in and regard for children? And is not this one of the many characteristics for the root and source of which we must go back to the Christian religion?—to the stable at Bethlehem?—to that divine yet human love which uttered itself in the now familiar words: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me?' The sentiment has its root, indeed, in our nature, and is therefore as old as man; but the stimulus to its growth and development, was it not *there*, in that new life which then mysteriously entered into the world?

When I think of the innumerable paintings of the *Madonna and Child*, the works of the religious artists of the middle ages, I cannot help feeling that they must have powerfully contributed to the development and spread of a new feeling, a tenderness, and even reverence for children. And although Madonnas are not painted now a days, nor *Nativities* and *Adorations of the Magi*, I recognise the spirit they once fostered in the new forms of art, humbler though they be. For children are favourites with artists, and furnish many of their most charming themes; and the artist's work feeds and intensifies the sentiment which dictates his choice. Do we not all look with fresh interest on children after seeing them in the paintings of Reynolds? Few themes more severely test the genius of the artist; and Sir Joshua, for his children alone, must take a very high rank indeed. They are just now fresh in our memories, as we feasted on their loveliness in that glorious gallery at the International Exhibition. Wonderful, above all, is their pure and perfect naturalness. The circumstances, too, and manner of their presentation are chosen and varied with singular felicity; they are simply children, being, doing, enjoying, like children. Who will ever forget that exquisite *Miss Boothby*? Gainsborough, too, is a master in this field—unsurpassed in its fidelity to nature is that *Girl Feeding Pigs*. Examples of more recent date will readily recur. The subject is tempting, and might hold us long; it must not: but recall to mind the children in Faed's pathetic picture, *From Dawn to Sunset*, and those in his *Sunbeam*. See how Wilkie has painted them in his *Blind Fiddler*; Mulready, in his *Toyseller*; Cope, in his *Two Mothers*; Webster, in his *Roast Pig*; Hardy, in his *Sweep*; and, not to write a catalogue, look at that child asleep on its mother's shoulder, the flowers dropped from its opening hand, in Millais' *Order of Release*; supremely beautiful, is it not? And of his latest work, *The Ransom*, the charm and glory is that radiant child, once looked on, never to be forgotten. Could I forgive myself if I left unnoticed the Christ-child in Hunt's master-piece?

I was going to speak of Shakspeare and the poets, and how they, artists in words, have painted children; and I meant to touch on the teaching and government, the sicknesses and death of children; but I have already

gossiped long enough. One suggestion only, and that a practical and seasonable one, for fitting conclusion.

Children are counted by thousands among the sufferers in Lancashire. Hunger, nakedness, and cold are hard to bear, even with manly and womanly intelligence, courage, and resolution. To those poor young creatures who do not understand, who have not courage, who cannot resolve, but who only *are* hungry, half-naked, and cold, such things are death. The hourly sight of the sufferings of children is the bitterest of all woes in many of those now desolated northern homes. On our part, who see not, but only hear the tale, the apprehension of those sufferings becomes one of the most powerful incentives to patient, persevering beneficence. At such a time as this, no kindly emotion awakened for children must be allowed to die out or end in itself; every such emotion is a divine plea, to which the right response is, action—*solid help to those who are in sorest need.*

HOW LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN DRAWLINTON WAS INTRODUCED AT COURT.

Among other fallacies that deform the Human mind there exists this one, that the north of England is not a pleasant place in which to spend the winter. The same prejudice prevails in even a greater degree against Scotland. I have no doubt, from what I know of them, that the inhabitants of the latter country are prepared with a proper refutation of *that* calumny; but as for the former locality, comprehending at least those parts of the northern counties which make up the Lake district, I take its defence into my own hands. I have wintered in Cumberland myself, and found the climate Italian.

As for the views, the glories of Lake and Fell which the Cockneys come to look at in the summer-time, they are greatly enhanced by the presence of King Frost. He holds his shining court upon the mountain-sides; he sleeps in silent valleys folded in unfathomable snow; he revels on the smooth and tinkling meres, through moonlit nights; he hangs his sparkling tapestries on the pines beside the noiseless roadways, and beacons the ruddy wayfarer with sunflame from a hundred hill-tops; he lays his imperious finger on the cataract in its leap, and bids it hang in air. The icy hills are kind to shelter us, and the soft-falling snows are but as extra blankets—double doors. The passes, it is true, are sometimes closed, and in the evening there reappears the coach, which with six steaming steeds went by at noon in hopes to make its way where General Snow has stuck up his 'No Thoroughfare.' And thereupon there is no Post next day—no bills, no notices of deaths of friends, no summonses to the county court, no challenges to mortal strife, no urgent news to ruffle our smooth lives, and (worse than all) to call us away from Cumberland. To me—a Paterfamilias—the non-arrival of the post is of course an unmitigated blessing, but even in those days when I was dangling after Laura, it was pleasant. She was safe not to get a letter from the Guardsman for that day at least. How the good squire, her father, could ever have encouraged that hateful, little, supercilious man-milliner—— But there, I will say no more; the ways of papas are more intelligible to me now than at that period. He may have seen some objection to making a son-in-law of myself, his nephew, with only a hundred and fifty pounds a year from a supernumerary clerkship in the Stamp and Wafer Office, or he may have perceived some advantages in Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton, which I confess I was unable to discover. [Laura was not engaged to two people, but the man was in the Coldstreams, and had the above compound title.] He was the heir of his Uncle Snipe of List Castle, formerly tailor in Bond Street, and really a very eligible *parti*, although I was always quoting

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool,

and other depreciating lines against him out of *Locksley Hall*. I don't know a prettier poem for young people in our circumstances than that.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses sing,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the Spring;
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

The stately ships were confined to a small yacht of my uncle's and its attendant gig, and even these were in the boat-house, because the lake was frozen; but 'our spirits rushed together' all the same in spite of this slight difference of detail. If it be urged by the social moralist that they had no business to do anything of the kind, since the young lady was engaged, I reply (for self and Laura) that we were cousins, one of the most elastic and delightful of relationships; and, moreover, O Severe One! she was *not* engaged exactly. She was in a sort of matrimonial novitiate only, and not absolutely pledged to take the veil—and Drawlinton—after all. He had permission to correspond with her; he had her father's good word in his favour; and if time, &c. &c. For my part, I was not actually backing myself against time in the matter, nor would I have urged Laura to defiance of the paternal mandate, had it been absolutely issued; but if Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton had accidentally run himself through with his own sword, instead of tripping himself up with his scabbard, as was his habit when in full regimentals, I should not have formed one of the firing-party that would have honoured his interment.

It was undoubtedly Laura's society which made that winter in Cumberland so Italian; but, besides, my uncle's house was the very home of fun and high spirits. He had another daughter, who would have been charming, had she not had a sister, and there were a number of young-lady friends of theirs stopping at Mellbeck Hall, which made it paradise for as many young men who were staying there likewise. We males sometimes deserted them in the daytime to make alpine excursions, or shoot wild-duck, woodcock, and even such small deer as fieldfare; but in the evenings there was no such cruel separation, and smoking was prohibited in the billiard-room until after ten o'clock, so that the girls might partake of the dynamical amusement without being choked. Why archery and croquet should be considered more feminine occupations than Billiards, I cannot think. The last-named game is by far the most graceful, and the least fatiguing. The 'cue' in a lady's hand is like a fairy's wand; the 'rest' becomes a dumb instrument of music—breathes an eloquent silence; while the scoring-board is the theatre whereon her delightful love of cheating comes into the prettiest play. The very score itself suggests the pleasantest speeches.

'You are *one* to *love*,* are you not, Laura? Then the general opinion is correct.'

'What are you, Laura? 17? Are you sure you have made no mistake? I should have thought you were more.'

'Let me see—are you spot or plain? Not plain, that's certain; and if a blush can be called a spot—— Now, it is not fair to hit my fingers, Laura, just as I I'm going to make a stroke.'

I used to enjoy billiards with Cousin Laura very much. I liked it in the mornings best, when we played alone, and the other men were gone out

* Lives there a reader so benighted as not to know the game of billiards? If so, let me tell him *love* is *nothing* at that anomalous amusement.

shooting. 'Dear me,' said she, addressing her ball upon one occasion, 'I wish you'd "kiss."'

'My dearest Laura,' said I, 'I will do it with much pleasure; but I am astonished at your asking for it.'

We took an immense time to play a single game. There were others, however, at Mellbeck Hall whom even billiards could not content, and who clamoured for private theatricals.

'Spare my drawing-room!' ejaculated my aunt.

'Keep your tomfooleries out of the library,' stipulated my uncle, 'and you may do your worst.'

The very day after this conditional consent had been obtained, myself and Robert Shaw, barrister-at-law by profession, but amateur comic actor by practice and nature, started off to Ripton to procure the necessary 'properties.' There was a theatre at that respectable county town, but there was at present no company playing there; and therefore we were sure to be able to take our pick of the theatrical wardrobe. Mr Puff, the manager, looked radiant when we announced to him our errand; how he managed to keep himself so fat was a wonder to all who knew the circumstances of the Cumberland provincial drama; he fed on Hope, and like the classical character who had accustomed himself to poisons, it had no power to thin him, but rather the reverse. The dramatic corps which he was wont to engage were not numerically strong, however powerful in a Thespian sense, and yet 'the house' was rarely more numerous than 'the company.' Under these circumstances, the Buskin languished, the Sock dwindled, and Mr Puff was very glad to let both of them out, with as many tunics and trunk-hose, tiaras and turbans, Spanish hats and Italian mantles into the bargain, as we chose to select.

I shall never forget our visit to that uninhabited temple of Thespis; its gloom and vastness, its unceilinged heights, its fathomless and unexpected abysms, struck a mystic chill into me. Shaw, to whom scenic dust was native atmosphere, enjoyed it immensely, despising the manager's frequent injunctions to be careful of a gaping trap-door here, and there a tottering 'wing.' At last, however, Pride, personified in the young barrister, had a fall; he fell head-foremost down a perfectly perpendicular staircase, known as 'Jacob's Ladder,' and would most undoubtedly have been killed on the spot, but that the manager, who was standing at the bottom thereof, candle in hand, and expostulating on the dangers of the way, received him on the most cushiony portion of his own person. The concussion expelled all the stock of breath which Mr Puff possessed, and, as we feared, the vital spark as well; but after about five minutes, his lips began to move, and he was heard to whisper an apology for having got in the gentleman's way. This was a great relief to my legal friend (who had been wondering during the interval what sum he could set aside for the support of Mrs Puff and her seven fatherless children), and he acceded to the manager's own terms respecting the loan we required with the most unbusiness-like promptitude.

We drove back to Mellbeck with the wardrobe and weapons of fifteen centuries, and the materials for every species of dramatic entertainment. Within the week, the necessary duplicate copies of 'Lacy's Acting Edition' were placed in our eager hands, and the whole house was 'stage-struck.' Even my most respectable aunt was never so happy as when she was hearing one or other of us repeat our part, or acceding to the request of the stage-manager to come and see how things looked. Conversation ceased to be original, and became entirely composed of ridiculous and malapropos quotation. We came upon one another in secluded places, walking alone, but speaking and gesticulating as if to a very considerable audience. The parson of the parish met Shaw on the high-road, using his umbrella as a javelin, and indulging in such forcible blank verse that he sent the doctor up to the Hall, with lancets in his pocket, and quite prepared to sign an order for our friend's being taken care of for the remainder of his days. Laura heard me *my* lessons, and she repeated hers to me. When the stage direction stated, *They embrace*, I was very particular to adhere to it. Her father himself had said that unless the thing was done thoroughly, and the text most strictly followed, we should have a failure as sure as we lived. '*Beware how you anger your parent, Angelina*,' said one acting edition, and '*This is no time for false delicacy, Jemima Anne*,' said another, and most appropriate observations they were. No wonder my uncle was anxious for our dramatic success, for he had asked half the county to be spectators of it. The great hall was capable of accommodating nearly three hundred persons, while the gallery that led therefrom was to be given over to the servants of the house and those of the invited guests. All was bustle and preparation, and highest expectancy; and nothing occurred to mar our mirth, save a vague threat of Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton's paying Mellbeck Hall a visit. However, he said he would write again in case he was coming; and, thank goodness, he did *not* write.

The 'company' were admirably drilled and perfect in all their *rôles* when the great day arrived. It was ushered in by one of the most terrible falls of snow that I remember to have seen; and we were in great anxiety lest the 'house' should thereby suffer in numbers. So violent was the storm, that the post did not arrive as usual; but in the afternoon, the skies relented, and a biting frost rendered the fallen snow almost as hard as the roads. Nobody stayed away who could possibly get to us, and only a few spent the night in the neighbouring passes, the coachmen being admitted into the family circle inside the vehicles, as otherwise they would have perished of cold. *We*, however, had only to do with those who came. The ringing of the prompter's bell, for the curtain to draw up, was a dreadful moment to those of us whose first appearance was made that night upon the Mellbeck stage. In consequence of this, a very serious mischance was nearly occurring. After having attired myself as Charles II. in the green-room, I went into the ladies' apartment (as is the custom with all masculine amateurs), to receive the final 'titivations,' to have my hat and feathers placed becomingly, and to get my moustaches accurately gummed on—for in those days young gentlemen in the Stamp and Wafer Office did not keep moustaches of their own. Laura was in a dreadful state of nervousness, within a very little, indeed, of what is called 'stage-fright,' and of course it was my duty to do all I could to encourage her. When we parted to make our separate entrances upon the stage, she scarcely knew what she was about, poor thing, and for my part I was very little better.

'Law, Miss Laura,' observed her handmaid, who was at the wing, 'how odd you do look in the mous*taches!*' We had unfortunately gummed them *on both sides*, and they had passed, unperceived by myself and my cousin, from my upper lip to hers.

Fortunately, the maid was a country girl, who had never seen a 'stage-play,' and she thought the peculiarity was intentional.

'If you don't like it, Polly,' said Laura, with admirable presence of mind, 'I will "go on" without it;' which she accordingly did; and considering the circumstances, the dear girl acquitted herself to perfection.

After the 'dress-piece,' there was a gorgeous extravaganza, which was to have been followed by a farce; but—as will presently appear—the extravaganza itself was rendered farce enough. The *Court of Queen Elizabeth* was the scene to be represented, and uncommonly well did Laura look as the maiden-monarch; Shaw was Sir Philip Sidney in complete armour, and I was the court-fool, by no means

similarly apparelled. A simple attire of red cloth in a single piece was all that Mr Puff had provided me with; it came over my head, to be sure, leaving only an opening for my face, which was surmounted by two red ears, but certainly nobody could charge me with a superfluity of costume. I crept into it through a hole in the stomach, which was afterwards laced up again; and really, in the passages of that great house, and, indeed, anywhere not in the immediate vicinity of the hall-stove, I felt rather cold. Moreover, everybody fell into fits of laughter whenever they beheld me; and although I was playing the fool, I knew this was not a tribute to my dramatic powers.

The queen was, as Chaucer expresses it, 'in her nobley'—that is to say, with all her lords and ladies in waiting around her, and it was the period for the fool and the knight to make their appearance in her court together. Sir Philip Sidney had been pinking me facetiously with his sword-point, and deriding my attempts to retort upon his mailed limbs with a bladder full of pease; but we suddenly desisted from our unequal contest upon hearing a bell ring very violently. It was not the call-boy's bell (which we were expecting), but the front-door bell, which, as we well knew, there was nobody to answer. The whole of the servants, whether native or imported, were up in the gallery, admiring my Laura. It seemed cruel to disturb them; but some belated guest was evidently clamouring for admittance, and must at anyrate be let in. He was probably impatient at being out in the snow so long, for the echoes of the great bell had scarcely ceased before its tones began again. They were loud enough; but they could not penetrate into the great hall, and make themselves heard above the dramatic dialogue, and the roars of applause which accompanied it; it was therefore necessary that we should open the front-door ourselves. We could do this without passing through the hall, which communicated with the lobby by a door of its own. I felt excessively cold as the bolts were being withdrawn by Shaw, each of which seemed to admit a current of icy air; but it did not strike me at the time that my dress was a peculiar one, and likely to excite alarm in a guest who was accustomed to the ordinary livery of footmen. A muffled figure stood at the entrance, and thrust his way impatiently in: 'What the mischief do you mean by keeping me wait'—— But the indignant tones of Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton (for he it was) were hushed as the moonlight gleamed upon the nodding plumes of the author of the *Arcadia*, and the red limbs of his companion of the cap and bells. If I may utter such a libel upon a member of the gallant Coldstreams, I will go so far as to say that he was a little intimidated, when, urged by an irresistible impulse, I hit him over the head with my bladder of pease, and Sir Philip Sidney drew his sword with a medieval oath, and bade him 'Forward.' We opened the hall-door, and pushed Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton right on to the stage, and then held the door ajar, to see what would come of it.

Imagine a gentleman with a railway-rug in one hand, and a *Bradshaw* in the other, standing at the foot of a stately throne, surrounded by all the attributes of sovereignty; the actors as astonished as himself; the audience, imagining his appearance to form a portion of the extravaganza, applauding him with hands and feet; Queen Elizabeth in convulsions of laughter; the knight and the fool holding on to one another in such mirth as only happens to mortals once in a lifetime; Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton white with mingled passion and terror; and my dear uncle endeavouring to apologise to him at the top of his voice from one of the back-benches.

No incident that I can possibly conceive could ever surpass that appearance of Drawlinton upon the Mellbeck boards. I have told it to hundreds of people (one of them a literary gentleman, who spoiled the story by putting it into fine English), and never without rapturous applause; but I cannot hope to reproduce that scene for others as it still abides upon my own mental retina.

The grand result of the thing to *me*, however, was, that Lieutenant and Captain Drawlinton never got over it. Not only could Laura not set eyes upon him without laughing, but my jolly uncle was always exploding into guffaws, which he in vain assured his intended son-in-law were excited by circumstances unconnected with his introduction to the Elizabethan court. I bless that snow-storm which stopped the mails, and prevented my rival's letter from announcing his coming; I love old Cumberland for being subject to such happy mischances, and will maintain its climate to be Italian against all detractors; for, thanks to them, my cousin Laura was made nearer than cousin unto me, and dearer than life; and she *stoops* over my shoulder as I write these concluding lines, and repeats that delightful process which once lost me a pair of moustachios.

SEA-WEED.

If sea-weed, in whole or in part, is really nutritious as food, its importance to us deserves to be dwelt upon. How much of it there is on the coasts of any particular country, of course no one can tell. Mr Stanford, who read a valuable paper on this subject, a few months ago, before the Society of Arts, elicited a statement from Mr W. L. Scott to the effect that 'Great Britain alone, irrespective of Ireland and the Scottish isles, possesses a sea-coast line of about seven thousand miles in length, from which I have reason to believe that sea-weed could be collected to an average of three thousand tons per mile per annum.' On what evidence this stupendous estimate has been made, we cannot say; but the quantity of sea-weed must necessarily be enormous, and, like other vegetable produce, it is always growing.

There is a kind of sea-weed called *laver*, much eaten for food; or rather, the *Porphyra laciniata* and *vulgaris* constitute laver when stewed into a kind of sauce; in Ireland, it is called *slobe*. Sometimes these particular kinds of weed are gathered in early spring, pounded or bruised, stewed with a little water, and eaten with pepper, vinegar, and butter; sometimes they are stewed with leeks or onions; sometimes salted, preserved in jars, and stewed and eaten with lemon-juice. The appearance of laver is unpleasant, and deters many persons from eating it; but when this reluctance has been overcome, the laver is valuable, for it may be preserved for an indefinite time in jars, and might be useful for whale-crews in high latitudes, where it could be gathered and preserved. The kind called *Irish moss*, or *carrageen*, is, in its preserved state, a whitish translucent substance, obtained from the *Chondrus crispus* and *Chondrus mamillosus*. These two kinds of sea-weed, found in immense quantity on the western coast of Ireland, contain a large percentage of nutritive jelly, which can easily be separated; this constitutes the carrageen of the shops. It is not exactly regarded as food, but as a useful addition to the regimen of invalids; it is for this purpose boiled in water, strained, boiled again with milk, sugar, and spices, moulded into a shape like blanc-mange, and finally eaten with cream. As cattle-food, it is used as a fattening auxiliary, the jelly being combined with any other food taken by sheep, calves, and pigs. *Iceland moss* produces a jelly more suitable for the food of man even than that from Irish moss. *Dulse* is a name given on the Scottish coast to another kind of sea-weed used as food; the Highlanders call it *duillsk*, and the Irish *dilliesk*; the botanical name being *Rhodomenia palmata*. Sometimes it is washed and dried, and chewed like tobacco;

sometimes, when too tough to be thus eaten, it is fried; while at other times it is used as a thickening ingredient for soup or broth; and in the island of Skye it is esteemed as a means of inducing perspiration during some illnesses, the weed being boiled and mixed with butter.

Ceylon moss, found all over the Indian Archipelago, has become a large item of trade in the Chinese junks. This weed (*Plocaria candida*) is generally eaten raw, after some of the mucilage and moisture have been squeezed out of it, sauce or spices being used as an accompaniment; or it is macerated, dried for keeping, and then boiled for eating. The jelly from Ceylon moss is obtained by boiling in water, flavoured with spices and lemon or orange juice, sweetened with sugar or any saccharine substance, boiled again, and strained—with the addition of white of egg. One pound of prepared moss will make four gallons of good, firm, transparent jelly. Mr Simmonds (in his *Waste Substances*) says that this jelly will keep good in hot climates longer than any animal jelly; that it coagulates very rapidly and easily; that it is both delicate and nutritious; that having no taste or odour of its own, it will agreeably take any that may be imparted to it; that it is quickly soluble in the mouth, and easily digests. With milk and other ingredients, it makes an excellent blanc-mange; and, boiled in milk and sweetened, it becomes a nutritive diet for children. Dr Macgowan has collected in the east many different kinds of sea-weed which the Chinese apply to purposes of food—*Laurencia papillosa*, for making *yang-tsai*, or 'ocean vegetable;' *gelidium corneum*, made into an iced jelly, and sugared, and sold in the streets in hot weather; *laminaria saccharina*, usually boiled with pork; *porphyra vulgaris*, eaten as a relish to ice; *chorda filum*, boiled with various kinds of food to form a broth; and *gracilaria crassa*, cooked with soy or vinegar. The so-called *Japanese isinglass*, often imported into this country, is the jelly from one or other of these numerous kinds of sea-weed. *Marine sugar*, a sort of manna, is obtainable from many kinds of dried sea-weed. *Sowle bread* is a Welsh name for the *ulva lactuca*, fried in small flat cakes, and flavoured with vinegar or lemon-juice.

We do not suppose that Mr Thorley, in that 'food for cattle' which tempts us in all kinds of pictorial and typographical forms, has anything to do with sea-weed; but this substance unquestionably constitutes cattle-food in various parts of the world. We have said that Irish moss or carrageen is used as a fattening auxiliary for animals. In the Western Isles, and on the west coast of Ireland, horses, cattle, and sheep find a large percentage of their winter-food in the *fucus vesiculosus*. The Norwegians call it *kine-tang* or *cow-weed*, and acknowledge it as a valuable adjunct to the food for cattle and horses. The Gothlanders call it *swine-tang;* they boil it, and mix it with coarse flour as a fattening food for pigs. The *fucus serratus* is the *bred-tang* of Norway, when sprinkled with meal and given to cattle.

In *medicine*, sea-weed has made its value apparent in many ways. Some physicians suppose that scurvy, that terror of seamen, is due mainly to the absence of potash in the salt meat which forms so large an element in ship-provisions; and that lime-juice and lemon-juice are efficacious chiefly in virtue of the proportion of this substance which they contain. If such be the case, it is argued, then sea-weed is likely to be a wholesome accompaniment to, and corrective of, salt meat, seeing that it is generally rich in potash. The *fucus vesiculosus* yields a jelly which was recommended by Dr Russell in glandular diseases. It is important to bear in mind that *iodine*, now deemed so invaluable in all diseases of this class, is obtained chiefly from sea-weed. The ancients were prone to use marine plants for glandular diseases: a testimony, so far as it goes, to support the view here taken. There is an old saying in the Hebrides, that he who eats dulse is protected from the scurvy. The villagers of Switzerland, who are afflicted with that terrible disease called goître (glandular wens of monstrous size in the neck), are much accustomed to chew the stem of a particular kind of water-weed (*sea*-weed it can hardly be called, in such a region, unless brought from elsewhere), as a possible or partial preventive. Some of the North American Indians burn a particular kind of weed to ashes, and apply it to glandular swellings. The Siamese mix sea-weed with their betel for medicinal purposes. The Borneans prepare many kinds of medicines from sea-weed. The substance called *Vegetable Ethiops*, used in glandular and scrofulous diseases, is a kind of charcoal produced by burning sea-weed in close vessels; the efficacy, as in most of the other cases, being mainly due to the iodine.

Considered in reference to manufactures, *kelp* is undoubtedly the most important product of sea-weed. Its manufacturing history is not a little curious. Kelp is sometimes used as a name for the weed itself, but more properly it applies to a mixture of carbonate, muriate, and sulphate of soda, with iodine and extraneous matter, resulting from the burning of sea-weed. This process takes place in pits dug near the shore; the materials consumed leave a hard dark-coloured cake, which is gathered and sent to market. Many different kinds of sea-weed are available; for if they contain carbonate of soda, they are useful for the purpose in view. The weed is not burned at once; it is gathered in the summer, dried and collected like hay, and burned towards the end of the season. The preparing of kelp commenced in the Orkneys about 1720. The islanders at first feared that the smoke from the kelp-kilns would poison the fish in the sea and the corn in the fields; but when they found that this was not the case, they took kindly to the work; and the value of those estates greatly increased in which there was much sea-weed on the shore. At the beginning of the present century, this kelp was worth thirty thousand pounds a year to the islands—three thousand tons at ten pounds per ton. During the great war of the next few years, the price rose to twenty pounds per ton, and the kelp-makers were becoming prosperous. From that time, however, the trade fell off. Kelp was used chiefly to furnish carbonate of lime for soap-making, glass-making, and other manufacturing arts; but when it was found that Spanish barilla yielded this carbonate in superior quality, kelp began to be neglected. Still more serious was the result when the high duty was removed from common salt, and carbonate of soda was obtained from thence. The market-price of kelp fell step by step, until it left only a very small margin of profit beyond the working expenses. The Orkneys and the Hebrides suffered severely. Manufacturers gave up the use of kelp as soon as they could, not only because other sources became cheaper, but because the kelp was very unequal in its quality. There seems no hope that the kelp-makers will ever recover their prosperity; for the salt and brine of Cheshire are practically illimitable, and these have become the source whence our carbonate of soda is almost wholly obtained. One slight rise in kelp is due to the iodine which it contains, and which is more largely used than ever in medicine, in photography, and in many of the arts. Iodine, and also chloride of potassium (another valuable chemical substance), are separated from the kelp by a careful series of processes—comprising breaking up the kelp, steeping it in water, evaporating in an open vessel, concentrating to a certain point by boiling, separating the carbonate and other salts of soda, cooling the remaining liquor till it deposits crystals of chloride of potassium, and then extracting iodine from the residue. Although iodine is widely diffused in nature, it is obtainable more easily from kelp than from any other source. The

bardarrig or *drift-weed* of the Scottish islands is the kind which yields the best kelp; and this, by careful processes, will give ten to fifteen pounds of iodine to the ton. At present, about ten thousand tons of kelp are made per annum on the shores of the British islands, worth about four pounds per ton, the sea-weed for yielding this quantity being no less than two hundred thousand tons in the wet state. Nearly the whole of this is made for the sake of the iodine, iodide of potassium, and chloride of potassium, obtainable from it. One particular firm, Messrs Paterson of Glasgow, have nearly four-fifths of the entire trade in their own hands.

But kelp, with its valuable iodides and chlorides, is by no means the only example of a useful application of sea-weed in the arts. The French government has ordered the systematic gathering of sea-weed on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, to serve as wadding for cannon; the weed is washed and dried, to prevent the absorption of damp; it becomes elastic and incombustible as a wadding, and keeps the metal of the cannon cool. In Denmark, sea-weed is used as a packing material, and for stuffing bedding and cushions. M. Lagout, a French engineer of Languedoc, recommends the employment of certain kinds of sea-weed as a lining for roofs and walls. He states that such substances are slow conductors of heat and cold; that when compressed into a compound mass, they are slow conductors of sound also; that they are almost incombustible; that even when they do burn, they only smoulder gradually; and that they do not harbour vermin. The summer temperature of the south of France being much hotter than that of England, some contrivance is necessary to make the attics, garrets, or upper *étages*, habitable; and M. Lagout thinks that this object may be attained by placing a thick layer of dry sea-weed between the roof and the ceiling of the rooms, and another between the outer and inner walls of the rooms. The Ceylon moss has long been used by the Chinese for making glue or size; and other kinds for preparing gum or varnish, useful for strengthening and varnishing paper, and glazing gauze and silk. Dr Stenhouse has shewn how sea-weed may be used for obtaining acetic acid or vinegar. The *fucus vesiculosus* is employed in the Channel Islands as a fuel for smoke-drying pork and fish. The old stems of the *laminaria digitata* are used for making knife-handles; they are cut into pieces about four inches long; the tangs of gardeners' pruning or grafting knives are thrust into them; and the weed, on contracting and hardening, firmly holds the knife—indeed, some of them become in time so very hard and shrivelled as barely to be distinguished from stag's horn. Carrageen is often employed for making bandoline or fixature for women's hair; and in Bavaria it is used instead of isinglass for clarifying beer.

Sea-weed, as may be supposed, is among the many vegetable substances which have been tried as substitutes for rags in paper-making; unquestionably, they are available for this purpose, but the paper so made has not obtained much favour with the public. As to the *Zostera marina*, the sea-weed which was to do such wonderful things for the starving operatives of Lancashire, in supplying them with an inexhaustible substitute for cotton, it was introduced with far too much flourish of trumpets; the substance must take its place among many other proposed substitutes, and must modestly wait for the approval of those who will assuredly make use of it if ever, and whenever, they find it advantageous so to do—and not till then. Some kinds of sea-weed will dissolve entirely when treated with alkalies, and then constitute a useful substitute for soap. Jelly from sea-weed is sometimes used for dressing the warp of webs in the loom, and for sizing pulp in the paper-maker's vat. If we were to enter into the usages of the less civilised nations, we should find that sea-weed is applied to a great variety of purposes—such as the water-pitchers made by the aboriginal Tasmanians from a broad-leaved weed; the fishing-lines used on the north-west coast of America; the trumpets by some of the islanders of the Pacific; and the ropes made by the Vancouver islanders—all from sea-weed.

The use of sea-weed for *manure* is perhaps that for which it is best known. In the Channel Islands, *varec* or *vraic* is the principal, and often the only manure for the fields and farms. So highly is it valued, that special laws have been passed for regulating the collection and equal distribution of the sea-weed thrown upon the shore. 'No sea-weed, no corn-yard,' has passed into a Jersey proverb. There are two kinds—*vraic venant*, or drift-weed, cast up by stormy seas on the shore; and *vraic scié*, or cut-weed, cut from the rocks at low water. The former is the best, being very rich in iodine and salts of potash. The cottagers living on the coast are almost wholly employed in collecting the drift-weed by means of large wooden rakes, the collecting being done in the daytime all through the year. The weed is either thickly spread upon the land, and ploughed in while fresh, or it is slowly burned as fuel, in order to obtain the ashes as manure. The cut-weed can only be cut, by law, at certain seasons of the year, usually in summer, and this is a joyous period, something like our harvest-home. It is supposed that sixty thousand loads of vraic are used annually as manure in Jersey and Guernsey. The poorer farmers on most coasts know the value of sea-weed as manure. On the west coast of Ireland, drift-weed is used as the only manure for the potato-crop. The Hebrides, and the Scotch western coast, use much *tangle* or sea-weed for this purpose; and in Fifeshire, sea-weed is regarded as an especially good manure for clover-land. English farmers have got into the habit of using more expensive manures; but the Isle of Thanet is said to have thriven much from the use of the humble sea-weed. From the nature of the substance, wet sea-weed is very bulky and heavy, compared with the quantity of solid available material in it; and on this account it is better fitted for a poor country, where the wages of labour are low, than for one more advanced in general wealth. In the Isle of Arran, the Duke of Hamilton assigns to each of his tenants a certain portion of the sea-shore, according to the extent of his land. Sometimes rather curious and knotty points of law have arisen, to determine to whom sea-weed belongs on our coasts. Is it the landlord, or the neighbouring farmer, or the public generally; or does it belong to the Queen, who claims everything between high-water and low-water? The learned should settle this, for the substance in dispute is of growing importance.

THE LOST BROTHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE House of Rosenburgh had been as rich and powerful in its day as most of the baronial families of Upper Austria, but extravagance in one generation, and losses by the Seven Years' War in another, had reduced its possessions to a small estate, half farm and half forest land, and an old castle situated at the foot of the Carpathians. There the last baron had retired, after serving the empress-queen in all her wars, with much praise but little profit, and there he died, a few months before her majesty, leaving a widow, two sons, and the orphan daughter of a military friend, whom he had adopted and affianced to his eldest boy, because she was portionless and had no relations. Madame Rosenburgh was one of the best housewives in that end of Germany. Her husband had left her a faithful old steward, named Hans Muller, who had served the family for forty years, and never married, because he could not find a wife

sufficiently devoted to the Rosenburgh interest. Under their joint-management, if the family could not be made rich, they did not at least look poor. The best that could be made of old house and well-worn furniture, marshy field, and unreclaimed forest, was accomplished. Little Gertrude was kept at home, to be educated by Madame and Father Stephen, who came down from his poor mountain-convent every month to confess the family, and carry back a supply of country provisions for himself and brethren, his spiritual services being always paid in kind, for money was scarce at the foot of the Carpathians. Ulrich and Englebert were sent to the university of Vienna, the one being heir to the estate, and the other intended for the church, as the Rosenburghs had connections of influence in that quarter.

Gertrude was then in her eleventh year, a girl of small growth, but pretty and good. She had come into the family a mere infant, and Madame Rosenburgh, having no daughter of her own, took the orphan girl to her heart, and occasionally boasted that she would bring up a good wife for her son. If a thorough knowledge of pastry, pickling, and all manner of household affairs, constituted the goodness of a spouse—and it does go some way—Gertrude already promised to become the best of helpmates; but that, together with a very little reading, and some practice on the spinet, were all the accomplishments of which she or her instructors ever dreamed. Ulrich was eighteen, and Englebert two years younger. Though so near in age, there was little personal resemblance between the brothers, and still less of character. Ulrich was so strikingly handsome as to be distinguished for that fact among the fifteen hundred students of his university. Gay and ardent, witty and thoughtless, his class-fellows said he should have been born in France rather than in Austria; but the steadiest among them liked his company, and the most impertinent did not care to provoke him. Englebert, on the contrary, just escaped plainness, and was every inch an Austrian; cautious by nature, slow by habit, always likely to make a respectable, but never a brilliant figure. He was fond of distinction, wealth, and all the world's good things, if they could be had cheap, but not at all disposed to run risks or overexert himself. Both the Rosenburghs were good sons to their widowed mother, good brothers to little Gertrude, and good young masters to all the servants and peasants; but from the baroness to the woodman, everybody loved the handsome, gay Ulrich best, and thought Providence had done quite right in making him heir to the estate. Strange as it may appear, Englebert thought so too. Ulrich's high spirit and superior energy gave him the command far more than his seniority; besides, he had a noble, generous disposition, which made him the constant friend and helper of his younger brother, and bound the latter to him by ties of pride and affection. There was not much companionship between them. Their tastes and pursuits were different, and that difference grew wider with advancing years. Ulrich preferred public amusements and gay society; Englebert liked quiet evenings, country rambles, gazing at old pictures, and attempts at drawing; yet few brothers agreed better, and none were more ready to stand by each other.

Their time at the university passed with as little adventure as that of most students in Vienna. Ulrich got into several scrapes, but they were not serious, fought two duels without any bad consequence, and came home with his brother every vacation-time to find Gertrude growing taller and prettier, the baroness prouder of her exploits in the domestic line, and the old castle duller than ever. Still there was no fretting against the family arrangement. The young heir of Rosenburgh stood quite prepared to marry his destined bride at the close of his college course. Gertrude never imagined that anything else was possible for her. Between her dutiful sons and her notable daughter-in-law, Madame Rosenburgh was one of the best contented widows within sight of the Carpathians. There was but one difficulty in her family, and that was with the quiet, cautious Englebert, who did not like to be made a priest. The Rosenburghs belonged to the prevailing religion of Austria, and were sound Catholics. Englebert said he never would have the vocation requisite for holy orders; he could serve the church, himself, and his family much better if they would only allow him to be a painter. An artist in Vienna had told him he had talents. He shewed sketches of two broken bridges, a ruined castle, and a wind-mill, which half his class had admired, and reminded the baroness that painters sometimes lived at court, and were counted great men. Madame Rosenburgh had never heard of any nobleman's son becoming an artist; neither had Father Stephen, nor Hans Muller. So the subject remained an open question, debated in the long evenings, every vacation-time, between the above-mentioned trio and the two brothers, for Ulrich, as usual, took Englebert's part; and the latter quietly sketched away from season to season, lounged in every studio to which he could get admission, and entered cautious protests against the gown and surplice.

Thus occupied, Englebert scarcely observed, till it became the talk and wonder of his fellow-students, the unaccountable change which passed over Ulrich as their university studies drew to a close. His buoyant and boundless spirits, so long the joy of every student-company, were now checkered by fits of gloomy and absent thought. He excused himself from the merry gatherings which had been his delight, cared for neither ball nor theatre, yet often went out alone in the evening, nobody knew where. Some said it was an affair of the heart, and had all come out of a masquerade at the last carnival, where Ulrich had his fortune told by a beautiful gipsy, and they heard it whispered she was an Italian countess. Others averred he had got entangled with the Rosicrucians. That ancient order of quacks, or what you will, had waked up once more, as so many trampled-out traditions did before the first heavings of the French Revolution, and made Vienna its head-quarters, to the great scandal of the old-school nobles and the orthodox clergy. The well-meaning, but not very clear-headed monarch, Joseph II., having got rid of his mother's management, and resolved to bring in the millennium at once, patronised them in common with all people with extraordinary pretensions; and they were said to raise ghosts and foretell events with more than usual facility in the neighbourhood of the old castle. Ulrich's solitary walks were taken in that direction, but beyond this, the vigilance and curiosity of the students could make no discovery. Englebert once ventured to question him, but he shewed such unwonted anger at his interference, that the younger brother, with his accustomed preference for a quiet life, made up his mind to let the secret alone.

Both brothers took respectable degrees as Bachelors of Art, took leave of their college-friends, and were packing up clothes and books in the fast-falling twilight, to set out for Rosenburgh Castle next morning.

'We'll go home, brother,' said Ulrich, waking out of one of his absent fits—the house-porter afterwards recollected that a foreign-looking page had brought him a letter that afternoon—'we'll go home, and you will be an artist, if you like. I wish you had been born to inherit the estate, and marry Gertrude.'

'Don't you like to marry her, brother?' said Englebert, as a suspicion connected with the carnival story crossed his mind.

'I will marry her,' cried Ulrich resolutely, as if somebody had been advising him to the contrary. 'It was my father's last command; it is the wish of

my mother's heart; Gertrude is a good girl, and has no other provision.'

'But don't you like Gertrude?' inquired his brother.

'Of course I do—everybody ought to like a good, pretty, industrious young woman. But, Englebert, don't lock that portmanteau; I am going to the next street, to get a present of tobacco for old Hans; it will make his heart merry in the long winter evenings yonder, when there is nothing to be heard but the moan of the wind, and the hum of the spinning-wheels. I'll be back before supper.' And seizing his hat, Ulrich darted down stairs at his usual rapid pace.

Englebert lit his lamp, and read and sketched till the streets of Vienna began to grow quiet, but Ulrich did not come back. At length, he went out and inquired for him at the tobacconist's; but Ulrich had not been there. He called at the lodging of his student-friends; none of them had seen him. The night passed, the morning came, and still no appearance of Ulrich. The police were applied to, and their machinery set in motion. Every place, of good and evil fame, in the city was searched. The young baron was advertised for far and wide—the Danube itself was searched; but from the moment he left his brother and the packing up, all trace or token of Ulrich Rosenburgh was lost.

It was with a heavy and bewildered heart that Englebert went home without his brother. The unaccountable manner of Ulrich's disappearance wrought strangely on the secluded household of the castle. Neither Madame Rosenburgh nor Gertrude could believe it for some time. Ulrich was playing his friends a trick; he had gone on an excursion, and would soon come back. But when weeks and months had passed away, and still no return, no intelligence, Gertrude came down one morning and told the baroness that Ulrich was dead, for she had seen him in her dream, dressed as he used to be, but lying in a strange-looking coffin. From that time, a dreary despair fell on them; the hope and anchor of both lives was gone; and with the consciousness of her great loss, a dark suspicion of her remaining son crept into Madame Rosenburgh's mind. The removal of his elder brother must leave him heir of the inheritance. He alone had been with Ulrich when the latter so suddenly disappeared in Vienna, and his account of the circumstance was at once vague and improbable. Englebert's home was thus rendered no longer tenantable for him. The strongest affections of his nature had been given to Ulrich; he missed him night and day; the uncertainty which hung over his fate made himself neither heir nor younger son—and feeling himself grievously wronged by the suspicions which his mother could not conceal, he scarcely asked her consent to go and study painting in Italy. Thus bereft of both her children, the baroness sought consolation in the observances and austerities of her church, as one on whose house a strange judgment had fallen. Gertrude followed her example; so did the elder servants. Father Stephen found it expedient to come and reside with them as a permanent director, and a monastic gloom settled on the halls of Rosenburgh.

Years passed away. The baroness grew old and infirm; Gertrude withered into German spinsterhood; Hans Muller went home to his old master; Father Stephen made his own last confession, and was succeeded in his office by a younger monk; Englebert von Rosenburgh became, not a great artist, for that was not in him, but a first-class portrait-painter, who put crowned heads and court beauties on canvas, to their own and the public's entire satisfaction. While he was growing to that height in the profession, the French Revolution had come like another deluge, changing the face of things: no pope had been left in Rome, no Doge in Venice, no lady at Loretto.

Old prisons had been opened, old palaces turned out, but the peace of Amiens had just been signed, and there was to be an everlasting settlement of Europe. People supposed it to have already commenced at Vienna, where Francis, afterwards known as the First of Metternich's subjects, had made a new empire of his old Austria. There the rich and idle assembled out of every corner where they had taken refuge from the French and the war; and good society, with its beauty and fashion, card-tables and scandal, was fully re-established.

One of the brightest stars in that reconstructed heaven was the Countess of Falkenstein. Though no longer young, she was still beautiful, with that half-eastern beauty peculiar to the daughters of old Venice, where she was born. Tall, stately, and slender, she had a clear brown complexion; eyes at once soft and brilliant; hair in whose lustrous blackness Time had yet sown no gray; a winning smile; and a hand which might have served Hebe when presenting Jupiter his cup. The countess was accomplished as well as fair; she danced superbly, sang divinely, had talk for artists, wits, and poets. The splendour of her jewels, and the elegance of her costume, were said to be envied by ladies of the imperial family. Her charms were known to have broken the hearts of an admiring host, beginning with archbishops, and ending with barons of the Holy Roman empire; yet such was the dignity of her manner and the prudence of her deportment, that even in a city believed to be its native seat, gossip could find nothing to tell concerning the countess.

She had been twice married: first, to an Italian; and secondly, to an Austrian count. Both her husbands were old men; and in departing this life, they had both left her solid consolations. From the Italian, she inherited certain silk-growing estates in Lombardy. The Austrian had endowed her with broad lands and a baronial mansion in the county which supplied his title; and Madame Falkenstein had remained faithful to his memory, though her weeds had been cast off for almost seven summers. Regarding the lady's early history, nothing certain was known; there was a vague tradition floating through Vienna that she came of a noble but reduced Venetian family, who had placed her in a convent, by way of provision; but how she managed to get back into the world, could not be ascertained.

Nobody ever accused the countess of eccentricity. She presented a charming example of doing as Rome did, on all occasions, and was therefore esteemed a pattern of propriety; yet there were two particulars in Madame Falkenstein's conduct at which people had wondered till they got tired of that exercise, and of which explanations had been attempted by everybody but herself. First, it was said, that neither in her town-house, her country castle, nor anywhere else, would she ever remain longer than six weeks. Secondly, that wherever she went, on journey or excursion, visit or pilgrimage—and the countess being a good Catholic, took some trips of the latter kind—there went with her a huge trunk, covered with black leather, bound with iron, and never known to be opened. Servants had been bribed and lovers sworn to discover its contents; the curiosity of the *beau monde* is powerful; but the best directed efforts had been hitherto unsuccessful. The anxious circles got no further than ingenious speculations. Some said she kept her convent habiliments, together with her shroud and other instruments of penance, there; some, that it was filled with the private papers of the late Count Falkenstein, who had been an *employé* of Prince Kaunitz, in his youth; some, that the archives of her Venetian ancestors were treasured up in that trunk; and if so, they must have been heavy records, for all the porters that ever lifted it agreed on its weight being no trifle.

The trunk was an old subject, and a very unsatisfactory one; so was Madame Falkenstein's movings. From capital to capital, and from watering-place to watering-place, she generally made the tour of

fashionable Europe once a year. But something new at length began to be heard regarding the countess; shrewd people were predicting a third change of her name, and all Vienna were envying, criticising, and inquiring after the fortunate artist, whose acquaintance she had made at Florence, and who had followed in her train to the Austrian capital. Everybody knew him as the painter Von Emsgraff, whose portraits were universally admired. He was neither rich nor strikingly handsome, a man within sight of forty, said to be nobly born, but separated from his family for reasons not to be found out; and the never-ceasing wonder of all the men was, what Madame Falkenstein saw in him to charm her.

There is nothing more difficult to define than the special attractions with which Cupid tips his arrows for the fairer part of mankind. A score of deserving objects may come begging for a lady's heart, and find no charity; yet somebody not a whit better, or, it may be, much worse, calls some morning, and carries it away. There must be a luck in these things; so thought the painter, when Madame Falkenstein, after being induced by the persuasions of a good-natured cardinal to give him a sitting, became, first, his zealous patron, then his attached friend, and finally the lady of his devoirs, with whom there was every prospect of a favourable hearing. How much he had insinuated, served, and flattered, in the progress of his promotion, may be guessed only by a lady's man of first-rate practice. Others had paid as humble homage, but not to such purpose. Had his cold, cautious nature the charm of contrast for the fervid, jealous temperament which still flashed at times in her Venetian eyes? or was the secret of his success to be found in the fact, that the suitor was no captive, but a free man, and had lost neither his heart nor his head by the business? In that ancient and admirable game of love-making, there is no advantage equal to this freedom. The man who enjoys it has ten to one of the interested party; and so it was that the not very handsome, not very rich, not very talented artist, courted, followed, flattered, but did not love the beautiful, brilliant, and wealthy Countess of Falkenstein.

There was a girl who used to watch goats and knit within sight of her father's cottage beside the Upper Danube, when he was sketching there, and all the princesses he ever had the honour of painting got her portrait; but such an alliance was not to be thought of by one who could call himself Emsgraff, and had a nobler name to boast. As he grew older and wiser in the world's ways, Englebert von Rosenburgh discovered that it would never do for the heir-apparent of his ancient House to follow the profession of an artist with his name and lineage blazoned to the world. A great deal of question and remark must be the consequence, which suited neither his caution nor his pride. Among the many unemployed titles of his family was that of Emsgraff, or Lord of the Ems, from some real or imaginary conquest made on that river in the feudal times. The younger sons had been accustomed to bear it in the flourishing days of the Rosenburghs; and Englebert reclaimed their ancient honours by taking it for his name as soon as he began to paint portraits. To all intents and purposes, he was lord of the lonely castle and forest-land; might have called himself baron any day with that poor and much encumbered estate. On the mystery of his brother's disappearance, time had thrown no light. Last time he visited the baroness, now fallen into dotage, she asked when he would bring Ulrich home. Gertrude watched him wherever he went about the castle, and the old servants believed it was a troubled conscience that would not let him stay longer in its dulness and poverty. Poor as well as dull had the old home of the Rosenburghs become by the death of Hans Muller and the incapacity of the baroness. Englebert was not the man to take the management of his ancestral estate under such circumstances. In common with many of the slow and steady order, he had a strong attachment to the finery and the pride of life. To live in one of the noble mansions of Vienna, and flourish at court as the Baron von Rosenburgh, with fortune and appendages becoming that dignity, would have suited his taste exactly. His professional gains were considerable, but he spent them, and despised the mode of their coming; and when it dawned upon him that the silk-growing lands in Lombardy, and the still more ample estates in Falkenstein, might be made his by the blessing of the church, who can wonder that he followed up his advantage with all the energy and resolution possible for such a prudent general? No day elapsed without his humble duty being done in Viennese fashion, at her toilet, in her boudoir, or beside her chariot in the Prater. No wish of hers, whether expressed or understood, was left ungratified, no command unfulfilled; but he avoided all mention of his history and family, lest some suspicion, like that which troubled his mother's peace, might enter the mind of the countess; made great but circumspect endeavours to fathom the mystery of the trunk and the travelling; and deferred the all-important question, partly to get his mind set at rest on those important subjects, and partly to throw the handkerchief with greater certainty.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH:

A CONTRAST.

The traveller who makes his first passage across the Channel from England into France, can scarcely be more struck—though in a different way—with the change in the habits and manners of the people, and in the general aspect of the country, than he who, for the first time, crosses the imaginary barrier which separates the Northern and Southern States of America—called Mason and Dixon's Line. Travelling southward from New York, he journeys through a populous country. Everywhere—even in the smallest village—appear traces of business; everybody—even to the women and children—seems to be occupied. Everywhere along the route, churches and school-houses are to be met with; railways cross and recross each other in every direction, and even the country hotels are seldom the resort of lounging idlers. There is an incessant, almost a painful activity apparent, and the stranger is often inclined to ask: 'Whence all this bustle and turmoil? What supports these innumerable towns and villages? On what do these crowds of people subsist? What does this country produce, to constitute the basis of this commercial prosperity?'

After leaving Washington, however, all is changed; between Baltimore and the former town, instead of the busy dépôts and hotels which meet the eye of the stranger at every stopping-place farther North, nothing is to be seen but an occasional paltry stage-house. There is little bustle, little of the eager panting after the almighty dollar; the piazzas of the hotels are filled with groups of idlers engaged in conversation, and though the shops in the villages are open, one feels almost unwilling to disturb the repose of the shopkeepers by applying to them to satisfy one's wants.

The atmosphere of the South begins to be breathed at Baltimore, although Washington stands as a sort of neutral ground between the legitimate South and North. Once, however, actually across the mysterious Mason and Dixon's Line, and even the Northern American feels that he is in a strange land. Everything is in repose (I write of course without reference, at present, to the civil war now waging between the two sections of the country); the habits and manners, the aspect of the people, are all different; the keen shrewdness which characterises the visages of the

Northerners, especially the New-Englanders, is no longer visible; a general habit and appearance of *insouciance* everywhere prevails. The Northern people are essentially an urban population; they crowd towards the cities, and their houses line the highways of the country. The Southerners, on the contrary, are a rural people; they not only affect the country, but they build their houses far from the highways. A stranger might travel over the public roads through many of the best and most populous districts of the South, and believe himself to be travelling in a wilderness.

There is no doubt that the present struggle, whichsoever way it may terminate, will in a great measure modify the manners and habits of the people of both sections; but such was the marked difference between the two peoples, when I first took up my residence in the South.

Like many others, before visiting the South, I had formed a mistaken notion of its people. From witnessing the somewhat ostentatious display of wealth, and the apparent habits of luxury manifested by that class of southern planters who were in the habit of visiting Saratoga springs, Newport, and other fashionable watering-places in the North, I had conceived an erroneous opinion regarding the wealth of the planters as a class, which a very short residence in the Southern States tended to dissipate. I found that, excepting the comparatively few of independent wealth, the planter-class are far from maintaining that luxurious style of living at home which they were accustomed to exhibit abroad. I had pictured the residence of a planter as something resembling that of an English landed proprietor, his mansion surrounded by pleasure-grounds, containing hot-houses and conservatories, and every appliance natural and artificial to please the eye and gratify the senses. On the contrary, with very few exceptions, and those among the few old families of Virginia and South Carolina, I found the 'great houses'—as the residences of the planters are frequently termed by the negroes and poor whites—to be large, rambling, and sometimes merely wooden structures, with balconies running round them; roomy enough inside, but often poorly and scantily furnished; while the pleasure-grounds, where any such existed, were overgrown with weeds and brushwood, without any regard being paid to their culture or adornment. Instead of the luxurious style of living I had anticipated, I found that the majority, even of the wealthy planters, live plainly enough at home. Salt meat constitutes the major portion of the animal food consumed during the greater portion of the year; and though there is an abundance of everything plain and simple—at least when visitors are present—and an apparently spontaneous flow of hospitality which naturally gratifies its recipients, there is little pretence to luxury beyond that which the country itself supplies; while the poorer classes of the white population exist in a condition of poverty and neglect of many even of the ordinary decencies of life, which it is painful to witness.

The Southern people do not even make the most of the gifts which nature has so profusely bestowed upon them.

Wild ducks—especially the 'canvas back'—are considered to be great delicacies in the North, and fetch a high price in the New York markets; yet they seldom appear on a Southern table, and are seldom seen in the market at Richmond, although they abound on the banks of the Virginia rivers. They are put on the table in wealthy houses, when strangers are present, but seldom at other times. In the autumn, the rice-birds frequently darken the air on Cooper River, and are killed in great abundance. Yet who ever sees a rice-bird for sale in Charleston market? The Southern rivers abound in fish, some of which are unrivalled in flavour by that of any fresh-water fish in America, but they never find their way to Richmond or Charleston; while for the cod-fish and shad, which are frequently to be purchased at a cheap rate, the South is indebted to Northern enterprise; and if the latter fish were not plentiful in Northern waters, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia would absorb them likewise.

Very few travellers either in the Northern or Southern States are enabled to form a correct idea of the people; they generally pass through the country too rapidly, and are either fêted, until they are led to see everything *en couleur de rose*, or else they travel filled with prejudices, which compel them to behold everything with jaundiced eyes. In Europe, the class of travellers who are fitted to write books illustrative of habits and manners, are frequently long resident in the countries of which they write. To America, men of culture and leisure merely pay flying visits, while the foreign residents of the country are usually men whose time and thoughts are occupied with the details of their business and with making money.

Thus it is that there is so much discrepancy in the records of travellers through the United States. Some praise the South, and decry the North, and *vice versâ*. Some assert that the slave population of the South is, as a general rule, treated with a degree of cruelty which is an outrage upon humanity; others see in the slaves a happy race of people, loving and beloved by their masters, and realising the imaginary golden days when the patriarchal system of society prevailed upon the earth. Both are right, and both are wrong. There are in the United States, as in other lands, many things to admire, and many things to condemn, and those alone who have lived for a long period in both the Northern and Southern States can form a really competent opinion of the merits and demerits of either.

As a matter of course, the war has already created a vast difference in the social life of the Southern people. Everything now is in confusion, and society in many of the cities is totally disorganised. I have written as I found the South four years ago, when I first went thither to reside. Even then, however, nearly three years before hostilities actually broke out, the growing enmity of the South towards the North was everywhere apparent. No one who has not lately resided in the South, can form any idea of the intense hatred which the Southern people bear to the Yankees; and *now*, in the South, all Northerners, to whatever section of the country they belong, are termed Yankees. I have seen little children of both sexes lifted to the knee of their gray-haired grandsire, and taught with their earliest accents to lisp hatred to the Yankees; and I have heard women of education and culture, and generally kindly and gentle feelings, use language in reference to their Northern fellow-countrymen which one would think no feminine lips could utter. I was generally resident in Richmond, Virginia, for two years before the war broke out, and although the people of the North seemed to have little idea that the 'irresistible conflict,' so long predicted, was near at hand, or was other than a cant phrase, with no real meaning, it must have been apparent to every one living in the border States, that nothing less than a total change of policy on the part of the North could avert the threatened evil; though I believe that the most ardent of Southern sympathisers had no idea that the result would be so terrible. Had they thought so, I doubt whether even *they* would have provoked the strife; but now that it has commenced, the feeling in the South must change miraculously if, let the consequences be what they may, they will ever again join the Union on its former construction.

Probably nowhere was the bitter feeling against the North so strong as in the cities of Charleston and Richmond. Fremont had just been defeated

when I arrived at the latter city, and it was then freely remarked, that the election of Buchanan had alone saved the country. It was well known throughout the South that the Republican party had acquired a great accession of power during the earlier period of Buchanan's occupation of the presidential chair, and it was resolved by the leaders of the Southern party that, let what might be the result, the triumph of the Republican, or, as it was termed in the South, the Ultra-abolition party, at the next election, should be the signal for a general revolt of the disaffected States. The rapid increase of the Republican party also, and perhaps, above all, the rabid articles of the Republican press, had an effect upon the South, which perhaps, had they suspected its virulence, would have arrested the pens of the writers. Secretly, the leaders of the Southern party prepared for the impending conflict. There were traitors in Buchanan's cabinet; but the old president—more weak than sinning—little suspected, I truly believe, the length to which his advisers were prepared to go. Floyd and Cobb openly professed their opposition to the course the North was taking, and Cobb resigned; but Floyd seized the opportunity of his position as Secretary-of-war to convey, secretly, large stores of ammunition to the South, and a large supply of arms to the Southern arsenals from the manufactories at Springfield and other places; besides this, he took care to despatch the greater number of the national vessels to foreign stations, so that, in the event of an outbreak, they should not be at hand to be at the service of the new government. There is no doubt that the commanders of the vessels of war—the majority of whom, with their officers, were Southerners, were not altogether ignorant of the object of Secretary Floyd, and were willing to further his plans. That many of them were so, the event proved; but the people of the North must have been sadly blinded by a false sense of security not to have taken alarm at the proceedings of the cabinet ministers.

There was a strange feeling in Richmond during the period of the election of President Lincoln. Previously, there had been much fierce discussion, and the feelings of the people were excited to their utmost tension, but on the day of the election a portentous calm prevailed throughout the city. As the election proceeded, bulletins were posted at the newspaper offices, and throughout the day crowds of people hung around the offices, greedily devouring the contents of each dispatch. But all the lively discussion of the previous days was hushed; the stores, in many instances, were closed, but the streets—though thronged with people—were unusually silent. As each report shewed a fresh triumph to the Republicans, there was no open demonstration of anger or disappointment; but the eager readers pressed each other's hands, and gazed into each other's faces, and after reading the bulletin, passed on in silence. Little groups assembled at the corners of the streets, and conversed in whispers. A solemn silence seemed to preside over the usually busy town. And even when the last bulletin proclaimed the election of Lincoln, no palpable excitement was apparent. In the evening, the streets were almost deserted. A strange quiet prevailed; but the club-houses and public-houses were crowded with people, listening, with outward calmness, but deep inward feeling, to the speeches of the orators of the different assemblies.

The North was completely deceived by this apparently calm reception of the news; but the residents of the city, and those who had closely studied the course of events, and witnessed the proceedings of the day, knew full well that this apparent calm, this solemn silence after the intense feeling of previous days, was but the lull which precedes the outburst of the tornado.

After the fall of Fort Sumter, when hostilities fairly commenced, the young men of Richmond were as eager for the fray as those of Charleston, South Carolina, who were the first to fire upon the flag beneath whose folds their native land had for fourscore years enjoyed a career of prosperity unequalled in history. At Bull's Run, or, as the Southerners term it, Manassas Plains, there were more volunteers from Richmond than from any other district or city of the South, and though the victory rested with the South, the battle cost Richmond dear. There were few families of any note who had not to mourn a friend or relative; for though the Southern loss was concealed as far as possible, in order to dishearten the North, it was very severe, far more so than was ever made public, even in Beauregard's official report. There was an attempt at illumination in the city, there were outward signs of rejoicing; but many a despairing widow, many a heart-broken mother, many a weeping sister, mourned with a sorrow which it will take years to obliterate, the results of the first battle in which the North and South were arrayed against each other in the open field.

Since then, Richmond has been the capital of the Southern confederacy; but if the South should eventually gain its independence, it is questionable whether either Richmond or Washington would remain the capitals of the two new confederacies which would then be created; it is not probable, I say, that they will continue to exist so near each other, and so near the borders of the two nations.

Richmond is the capital of the South from expediency; Washington has been the capital of the United States through an acknowledged mistake, which has frequently been regretted, but which probably would never have been rectified if the present unhappy struggle had not occurred. Now, even in case of the eventual success of the North, there are many who believe that New York, the commercial capital, would make the most desirable political capital for the country; while, in the event of a separation, either Charleston or New Orleans, or perhaps some inland city of Georgia or Alabama, will be the capital of the South, in place of Richmond, which can never become a great commercial emporium, and which is too far north for a Southern political capital.

CHEVALIERS OF INDUSTRY.

'THE most gentlemanly man I ever met in my life,' said Lord Byron, in depreciation of appearances, 'was a pickpocket.' M. Houdin, too, of whom none can say 'that he is no conjurer,' seems to award the palm for elegant demeanour and address to the fashionable cardsharper. After which two opinions, let no man boast himself of mere external advantages.

Lord Byron, however, spoke from an experience of rogues that was limited indeed compared to that of the great professor of prestigiation. After helping to establish French supremacy in Algeria by eclipsing the miracles of the Marabouts, M. Houdin has been acting semi-officially as a detecter of swindlers in France, nor can we imagine a calling more suited to his genius and antecedents; for this dexterous gentleman, who has flabbergasted us so often with his wondrous tricks, and made us almost doubt whether the repeal of the laws against witchcraft was not a little premature, seems to have mixed with very queer company from his youth up. Undefiled himself, he has touched a good deal of pitch. His heart has always condemned the crime of the Cheat, but he has not, he confesses, been able to withhold his admiration from the skill with which the *coup* has been effected; and it should be the earnest hope of all of us that M. Houdin may continue honest, for he could take the teeth from the jaws of every one of us, if he pleased, and we should never know who did

it. In a recent work,* this formidable person, so fortunately a friend of Society, has laid bare the ingenious machinery by which the Chevaliers of Industry make prey of the public, but very properly without directions for use. He has put people on their guard without teaching them how to attack others; and, in particular, he has set forth before the eyes of the infatuated the utter hopelessness of their winning at a gambling-table in the long-run—the certain ruin that must sooner or later overtake all those persons whom in our continental trips to Homburg or Baden-Baden we see sitting with rouleaux of gold before them, day after day, watching a party-coloured ball roll round a table with greater interest than astronomer ever took in planet.

This class of persons have almost always some particular plan of their own, which they confidently believe must succeed at last; and even when they have lost their all by it, they imagine that all could be regained by the same method, with only this or that additional precaution. Old men and maidens, nobles and peasants—every age and degree of men and women—offer themselves up at the unhallowed altar; and Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, abase themselves in a common humiliation before this stupid superstition. Nay, even professional gamblers, who are cheats themselves, incredible as it may seem, cannot sometimes resist the fascinations of that most mercenary of sirens—the roulette-table; '*blasés* with the successes which they themselves have created, they sigh for the excitement caused by real play, in which they find retributive justice, and fortune takes a sure revenge for former deeds of wrong.' These systems, or 'martingales,' as they are technically called, upon which the players rely, are all fallacious, and oppose themselves in vain to even the recognised advantages which 'the bank' possesses; while in many cases, the bank does not confine itself to its legitimate profit, and especially is this the case in America, where the proprietors of such establishments control the vagaries of fortune after the following 'spry' and characteristic fashion. 'In the centre of the tables for play, a mechanical spring is concealed, which, by being touched, can make the ball enter the division of "pair" or "impair" at pleasure. If "pair" is the favourite, and large stakes are on it, the spring under the table is touched, and, by tightening by the hundredth part of an inch all the "pairs," the ball is forced to enter the "impairs," which are larger. Whilst this is going on, the victims are pricking their cards and reckoning their chances of winning; but what can the most learned calculator do against a push of the knee?'

Such cases as these, if even they happen in England, concern only a very bad portion of society, and whether it is cheated or not, is perhaps of no great matter; but abroad, and in the United States, this is not so. In France, in particular, if we are to believe M. Houdin, play in public—especially card-playing—is very common, and even private society is infested by very large numbers of professional sharpers—Greeks.†

These gentry sometimes exercise their calling separately, but more commonly with the help of one or two confederates; and sometimes they unite together in large numbers, so as to form a regular club, which they entice as many people to join as possible, and then divide the gains. The members of these joint-stock companies, however, are rather suspicious of one another, and not without good reason. After an evening in which the dupes are known to have lost very heavily, there are often not so many *louis* to divide as there ought to be, whereupon a personal search is instituted. There are ways, however, of eluding even this precaution, to Greeks of genius. They stick the money under the table with pieces of wax, and collect it afterwards; or they swallow the coins, and take an emetic when they get home. The proverb of honour among thieves is indeed by no means elastic enough to include these persons; they even find a piquancy in swindling one another, which the duping of the general public cannot afford them.

Thus, an Italian acquaintance of our author's, called Candour (upon some *lucus a non lucendo* principle), informs two other Greeks, his friends, that he has picked up a provincial minor—'a young man from the country,' and proposes that they shall pluck him in concert. He introduces them to the destined victim under titles borrowed from the nobility, and they all four sup together at the *Maison Dorée*, and afterwards play *bouillotte*. Candour has arranged with his two friends that the provincial is to win to the extent of three thousand francs at first, after which they are to fleece him in genuine earnest. An immense pocket-book, crammed with notes, which he carelessly suffers to lie on the table, affords them hopes of the most brilliant hue. He is intoxicated with his good-fortune, and proposes higher stakes; but unfortunately, just as he does so, his nose begins to bleed profusely, and he has to leave the room apologising for the unseasonable hæmorrhage, to which he is constitutionally subject. M. Candour, filled with compassionate interest, rushes after him. The two Greeks, beholding the pocket-book left behind, propose that they shall imagine they have won its contents, and be off with them at once; if they meet the owner, they have only to say that they were about to return to him his property. They accordingly settle the bill, with a handsome douceur to the waiter (for the Greeks are not illiberal). At the bottom of the staircase, the one who has the pocket-book in his possession stops short.

'I say, Patoche, a thought has just struck me. Go back and tell that waiter that we intend going to the Café Riche to continue our game. This will give us time, in case of pursuit.'

No sooner has poor Patoche departed, than his companion vanishes with the pocket-book.

After all, however, the wily Greek is deceived; the pocket-book is only filled with waste paper, and the young provincial is Greek No. 4, who has played out this little game in concert with the ingenuous Candour.

Every Greek worthy of the title carries a second purse filled with false money or flash notes, to inspire confidence, as in the above case, during the absence of its proprietor.

To English ears, we repeat, these things sound monstrous, because we are fortunately a respectable nation. We have never possessed an adjutant-general whose defalcations, to the amount of many thousands, arose, as we are quietly told by the American press, from the circumstance of his having 'met in with gamblers on his road to join the army.'* It is rarely

* *The Sharper Detected and Exposed.* By Robert Houdin. Chapman and Hall.

† The application of that well-known name to Chevaliers of Industry arose thus: 'Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV., a certain Chevalier of Greek origin, named Apoulos, was admitted into the court circle, where he played with such success, and won so largely, that suspicions were aroused as to the fairness of his play. His dexterity was astonishing; but one day he was taken *flagrante delicto*, and condemned to the galleys for a period of twenty years. The circumstance made a great noise at the time, and, ever since, similar rogues have been termed "Greeks."'

* Since this paper was written, the method by which this piece of 'sharping' was accomplished has been revealed as follows. There is nothing more ingenious in M. Houdin's book than this. 'No wonder Paymaster Cook, when he proceeded to gamble, lost the money destined for payment of the Federal soldiers. He played in a room of which the walls and ceiling were papered with paper of a star pattern; a small hole had been bored through the ceiling in the centre of a star here and there, and in the room above a person stretched on a mattress was able to look into Cook's hand, and by a telegraphic signal-machine communicating through the wall and floor, to indicate, in gentle raps on the professional gambler's boot or slipper a description of the cards

even at Bath, Cheltenham, or Leamington, that M. Houdin would have had the chance of watching such an exhibition of skill as was afforded to him at a certain subscription-ball at the *Veau qui tète* (Sucking Calf) in Paris. He had been playing a little, and lost ten francs, which was all he could then afford to lose, for 'at twenty-five years of age,' says he, with a smile, 'one is seldom a millionaire.' He had therefore no spirits for dancing, but derived some pleasure from looking on at the card-tables and seeing others lose. In particular, he watches a game at écarté, where the stakes are large.

'The player behind whom I stood was most unfortunate; he had lost four games one after another.

'I began to think that I had brought my ill-luck to my neighbour. Wishing to be strictly impartial, I resolved to make him some amends, by transporting it and myself to the side of his adversary.

'The man behind whom I now placed myself was about forty years of age. He had a frank, open countenance, and boasted a huge pair of thick "blondes moustaches." He wore a blue coat, buttoned up to the throat, which gave him a military air; this, together with his *distinguée* appearance, and easy, gentlemanlike manners, betokened a man accustomed to the best society.

'He was most fortunate in his play, and after each game, invariably, whilst collecting and dealing the cards, kept alluding to his wonderful luck, as if he wished to justify himself to his opponent.

"If," said he, addressing his adversary, "you had, unluckily for me, played a diamond instead of a spade, I should have been forced to take it, and you would have made the trick."

'This manner of particularising facts rather astonished me. I was at this time *au fait* at some of the tricks of the Greeks, and their way of discoursing on the game. It also struck me that I perceived him making certain passes, to which I was no stranger.

'I stood for some time looking on with the greatest attention, thinking I might be deceived in my conjectures. The game was played with the most perfect regularity; however, I allowed no movement of his to escape me.

'In the end, my minute and determined investigation met with the success it deserved; a false move which he made put me on the scent, and I now felt sure that the fortunate winner was nothing more than a Greek of the first-water.

'I confess with shame, that once in possession of the secret of these manœuvres, I took the greatest delight in seeing them executed. Under the pretext of ascertaining the truth of my suspicions, I made friends with my conscience, and indulged in a spectacle truly interesting to me. It was charming to observe my hero, with his elegant address, collecting the cards, sorting them, and selecting those which he thought would be of use to him; then classing them in the most natural manner, and at length cutting them for his own benefit, before the eyes of a whole host of spectators. Poor dupes, I pitied them. In the end, my feelings became more worthy of me, and I returned to my better self. Laying aside my admiration, I resolved to put a stop to the continued success of the elegant sharper. In consequence of this determination, I went up to one of our commissaries of police, named Brissard, who I knew was intelligent and energetic. I told him what I had seen. Brissard followed me—waited until the individual I pointed out to him rose from the table (a Greek is not imprudent enough to go on winning the whole evening), and when, after being successful eight consecutive times, he ceded his place, my friend addressed him without further circumlocution.

"Sir," said he, "I am one of the police in attendance. I have not the honour of knowing you. May I ask who introduced you here?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the Greek, with great assurance, a benevolent smile playing on his features. "I was introduced by my friend M——" (at the same time mentioning a well-known name) "to one of your colleagues, who gave me a most favourable reception. However, sir, if you will come with me, we will go and find my friend, who will confirm what I have stated. Stay, I think he is on this side the room."

'Startled at the frankness of this reply, Brissard, thinking that I must have been mistaken, was on the point of apologising, but on a sign from me, he followed the Greek, who led the way, and appeared to be searching for his friend in every direction. The crowd was so great we had great difficulty in following him. All at once the blue coat disappeared, as if by enchantment. In vain did we look for him in the room. We soon found that our man, in passing near the door, had slipped out.

"I 'll catch him yet," said Brissard, running towards the cloak-room; "the fugitive must be bareheaded; he has not had time to get his hat. The address of his hatter may help us."

"Madame," asked he, addressing the woman in charge of the hats and cloaks, "has a gentleman with large moustaches just been here to get his hat?"

"No, sir."

"That will do. Take great care of the last hat which is not claimed, and keep it for me."

'He then went on to the *concierge*.

"Tell me, have you just seen any one go out?"

"Yes, sir; a tall man with big moustaches."

"That's he; and he was bareheaded?"

"Yes; but after going a few steps, he pulled out an opera-hat from under his coat, and put it on his head."

"The rascal had made his arrangements beforehand," said Brissard. "We are done."'

If this accomplished Greek had been subjected to a microscopical personal examination, some or all of the following peculiarities would have been detected. There would have been found—item, two compartments, termed *finettes*, in the back of the waistband of his trousers, filled with false cards, which he would substitute for those on the table whenever it was necessary: item, two others in his waistcoat, termed *costières*, under the left armpit, and used for the same purpose: item, a snuff-box, on the lid of which is a small medallion, enclosing the miniature of a lady exquisitely painted; this excites the admiration even of an adversary, who, in the pauses of the game, may take it up and shew it to his friends as a harmless gewgaw; when the play begins, however, the proprietor of this jewel requires a pinch of snuff, and thereby gives himself an opportunity of drawing the box towards him; at the same time, he presses a spring, which withdraws the portrait, and substitutes for it a convex glass, which, when he deals, being underneath the faces of the cards he gives to his adversary, exposes to him every one of them; when all is over, the medallion returns to its place, and the Greek offers a pinch of snuff to his victims. There is still another piece of jewellery; item, a ring, termed *trépan*, which is hollow, and forms a reservoir filled with very liquid ink, wherewith its proprietor can mark any card he pleases with an almost imperceptible spot before the very eyes of his adversary; for dominoes, this pen, as it may be called, is made of steel, for scratching the same felonious mark.

Card-marking is a very ingenious process, whereby the back of any card is designated by a single spot, according to its position. Even M. Houdin was once almost deceived. As for tinted cards, or cards with any pattern on their backs—such as unsuspecting folks are accustomed to use in English drawing-rooms—no Frenchman that has any pretensions to

held by the man who was to be "fleeced." The tenants of the rooms being in debt, the sheriff has had to transact business upon the premises, and in the course of his researches made this discovery.'

sagacity, it seems, would dream of playing with *them;* but even with white cards, one is not safe in Paris. 'In the year 1849,' writes M. Houdin, 'the judge of the Criminal Court of the Seine begged me to examine a hundred and fifty packs of cards, which were supposed to have been tampered with. They were found in the possession of a man whose antecedents were far from being as pure as the colour of his cards. The cards were, in fact, all white, and had hitherto defied the most minute inspection. It was impossible for the most practised eye to discover that they had been altered or marked in any way. They seemed all of the best quality. I spent nearly a fortnight in examining—not only with my naked eye, but with a strong magnifying glass—the card-board, the shape, and the almost imperceptible shades of each of these one hundred and fifty packs of cards. I could detect nothing; and tired out, I was going to give the same opinion as the experts who had previously examined them. "There is certainly nothing wrong with these cards," exclaimed I, one evening, in a pettish tone, throwing the pack from me across the table. All at once, on the shining back of one of the cards, near one of the corners, I thought I saw a dull-looking spot, which had before escaped me. On looking close at it, it disappeared; but, strange to say, as I went far off from it, it re-appeared. "How glad I am," cried I aloud, enthusiastically. "Now I see what it is. It's all right. This, then, is the mark!" and following the rules used by sharpers, I satisfied myself that on every card there was the same spot, which, being placed in various parts, were distinctive signs of the card and the suit.'

At first sight, it would seem difficult to designate different cards by the same spot; but by dividing the card into four sections (for the suits), by eight (for the important cards), it can be very simply managed. Such precautions as these, it may be easily imagined, more than counterbalance the various 'fetiches' in which honest players sometimes put their confidence, such as 'having the hinges,' or marking with double guineas, as well as the more startling methods by which French players, it appears, endeavour to conciliate Fortune—namely, 'by wearing amulets made of the dried heart of a black hen, the head of a beetle, or a bit of the cord with which a malefactor has been hung.' Moreover, the most jealously guarded saloons, the most exclusive clubs, have been found to be no more a guarantee of fair cards than of fair-play. 'The Greek finds out the name and address of the tradesman who furnishes the playing-cards to the house or club which he is in the habit of frequenting; he then goes to the shop, and makes a few trifling purchases, just to pave his way. He does this more than once, and returns again and again. At length, one fine day, he calls at the shop to select, for a friend (he says), a dozen or half-a-dozen packs of cards, according as the shop is a large or a small one. The next morning, pretending that the cards are not of the colour required, he takes them back again. The packets being unopened, the shopkeeper has no hesitation in receiving and changing them for others. But the Greek has passed the night in opening and re-sealing the packets by a peculiar process known to sharpers. The cards have been marked by him, before returning them to the shopkeeper, who has them now in his shop. The cheat is accomplished, and the Greek is biding his time.'

Finally, even if we entertain the ridiculous supposition that keen observation and prudence will defend an honest player against a Greek, yet certainly no sagacity can do so against two of them cheating in concert. The Secret Telegraph, for instance, would ruin a human combination of Hoyle and King Solomon, without the least hope of escape. This is carried on between a player at écarté, or piquet, and his confederate, after the following ingenious fashion, and without the least vulgar conventionalities of cheating, such as making signs or noises. 'If the confederate looks at, 1. His associate, he means—a king; 2. The cards of his adversary—a queen; 3. The stakes—a knave; 4. The opposite side—an ace. And at the same time that he tells the card, he also tells the colour, by the following signs: 1. The mouth slightly open—a heart; 2. The mouth shut, a diamond; 3. The upper lip slightly projecting over the under, a club; 4. The under lip projecting beyond the upper—a spade. Thus, for instance, if the Greek wishes to tell that the adversary holds the queen, the knave, and the ace of hearts, he looks successively at the cards of his adversary, at the stakes, and on the opposite side, holding his mouth slightly open the whole time.'

We will hope that this is a sort of telegraph which has no great extension and few branches in operation in this country; that our clubs are tolerably free from snuff-boxes with mirrors on them; and our drawing-rooms from guests with a superabundance of pockets. The sharper in England must mainly content himself with the skittle-alley as the arena of his triumphs. Still, there are not a few respectable members of English society, keepers not only of gigs but of pews, who, during their annual visits to the continent, are not so prudent or well-conducted as they are at home; who do not consider gambling to be vicious when it is the custom of the country which they visit. Such persons, to whom high moral arguments would be addressed in vain, cannot but have their eyes opened by the perusal of M. Houdin's little volume.

As for the Sharpers themselves, we scarcely need his testimony to be assured that, when not engaged in cheating, they pass the heyday of their lives in riot and debauchery, and die, without exception, in abject and friendless poverty.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

PLAINLY to read the written doom
Traced on the wall of that dear room,
Yet smile, to check infecting gloom.

From night to night, and day to day,
To keep determined Death at bay,
Our best, our only hope—delay.

To sink with every sinking sun,
On wearied knees, and one by one,
Apart to sob: 'Thy will be done.'

To gasp, from lips of dumb despair:
'O God! who knowest all, forbear
To mark the mockery of our prayer.'

All this was seen, and done, and prayed,
The while our hearts felt half betrayed
By Him who thus withheld His aid.

O Ruler of the passion-blast!
Pity, forgive, and bless the past,
And reunite us all at last.

The buried sun from night shall rise,
His reflex steals along the skies,
And day's full dawn behind it lies.

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MONEY-MAKING AND MONEY-MAKERS.

THERE are two certain methods of making money in the world, independent of 'coining'—which last is a means so disrespectable, as to place it out of the pale of discussion in this *Journal*. The first, which marches in slow time, is effected by Application; and the second, which does not march at all, but takes standing-leaps wherever there is opportunity, by Genius.

Any man, not absolutely an idiot, can amass vast sums of money, who applies his energies solely to that end. The merest beggar, who has youth on his side to start with, and sets himself resolutely to make as much and to spend as little as possible, is pretty sure, if he be 'spared' till threescore years and ten, to have laid up a great treasure—'a very pretty sum,' as Mr Rogers calls it, 'to begin the next world with.' In a commercial country such as ours, it is generally imagined that he who has made money, must have done so by some sort of extraordinary sagacity; but this needs not to be the case. If a man have only self-denial—which is a very different thing from unselfishness—a very little brains will take him a great way on the road to wealth. Wife, children, and friends have only to be dispensed with; the interchange of social amenities, the indulgence of all personal gratifications, save one, to be resolutely checked; the human being to become a machine set on a railway, on which the points are never altered; and even a fool shall thus become a very rich man. It will be urged by many, that a fool would be incapable of such sacrifices; but that objection arises because we have a conventional notion of a fool. In truth, none but the very greatest of fools would barter all the sweets of existence for a sack full of gold. As a general rule, a man of moderate wealth is wiser than a poor man; poverty is itself so objectionable a condition, that persons of sense will make great struggles, and exercise considerable abnegation to escape falling into it; but even a poor man is wiser than one who has *set his heart* on money, and made it, for in attaining his goal, he drops all that is worth living for on the road. To decry wealth is as vulgar as to worship it; but the man with whom the making of money is the end of life is more pitiable even than the spendthrift, inasmuch as the latter may have some fond heart—wounded by himself, perchance—to pity him; but the former has bartered all hearts for gold. I do not speak of misers, for they are a kind of madmen—human ravens, with a horrible instinct for hiding things away in holes—but of those who, *having no necessity*, still concentrate their hearts and minds upon the acquisition of gain. It is vain for such persons to say: 'When I have made this or that sum, I will stop, and begin to enjoy myself;' for, through long disuse, they have lost the very faculty of enjoyment. They may purchase friends indeed; but bought friends are as unsatisfactory as artificial flowers. They may determine to become quite social acquisitions themselves; but how are they to set about it? A wrangler who has never known anything of poetry beyond the Rule of Three in verse, might just as well shut himself up with Shelley's *Skylark*, with the intention of entertaining thoughts too deep for tears.

The universal desire for making money which floods the advertisement sheets, and covers the blank walls, and exhibits itself at every turn in external life, has been somewhat unjustly ridiculed and reprobated; for the persons censured are not necessarily greedy after gain for its own sake, but are urgently in want of something which gain will supply. I may advertise my indispensable corn-plaster, or placard my famous feat of holding on to a rope by my eyelids, without my mind being entirely engrossed by the consideration of the profits arising therefrom; or I may sweep a fashionable crossing, and very urgently importune the passers-by, and yet, when work is done, I may be an excellent father, husband, citizen, and a most congenial companion at the dinner-table, without suffering the coppers which distend my pockets to corrode my soul.

The man who 'keeps his eye on the main chance,' *without winking*, is, in short, a very disagreeable person, but one who is quite certain to attain his end. Uncle Alf, for instance, who died last year, worth L.50,000, never winked once through a life of seventy years; he left his wealth to hospitals at last, and his generosity is extolled in elegant Latin and fresh gilding on the walls of many a board-room; but he was never generous save on that one occasion, and with what—being his nephew—I may almost call *other people's property*. He patronised the first of the two methods of 'making money'—namely, by Application; and it cannot be said that he did not earn it, for he was a parish doctor. What sort of a

man Uncle Alfred was when he began that promising profession, I know not except from hearsay; for when I first became acquainted with him, he was the head of the medical firm of Smug and Snawley, and drove a—well, a pill-box upon wheels. Snawley did all the parish business, and all the 'club' cases—which were undertaken for 2s. 6d. a head—and Alfred Smug, F.R.C.S., confined his practice to the paying patients only. For a man to have laid by anything in such a position as Snawley occupied, and which Smug had originally filled, shewed certainly a very great talent for acquisition in my deceased uncle; and when he once began to have a balance at his banker's, it is easy to believe that it increased in geometrical progression. But he never grew proud, not he; he used to say that there were very few men in the world who could afford *that* luxury; but to the day of his death would hob and nob with the smallest farmer (at the latter's expense), or sit for hours by the bedside of an ailing artisan, were he only in receipt of good wages, and not a member of the Benefit Society aforesaid. No poor man ever left Uncle Alfred's house without the kindest advice and the most powerful medicines—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—provided that he had the money to pay for them; if he had not the money, 'Mr Snawley would be at home in the course of the afternoon, and attend to his esteemed order.'

I really do not know a more pleasing type of the money-getter by Application than the relative I have in my mind. He never gave me a rude word (although I was far from rich myself), nor even unpalatable advice, as most uncles do, nor the least suspicion, during our lengthened connection, that he had any design of leaving his property in charity. He has even praised me when I sometimes paid a turnpike for him out of my own pocket, observing that he always liked to see a young man free with his money. His memory will long abide in the district, and if his actions do not exactly 'smell sweet and blossom in his dust,' it must be remembered that he kept a dispensary and not a market-garden. I will conclude with one of his actions.

He was coming home one afternoon in the pill-box through a certain hamlet, when an excited woman ran out of one of the cottages, and besought him to look in and see her husband, who had a bad leg. Drops of compassion began to gather upon Uncle Alfred's eyelids as she told her pitiful story, while he remarked the respectability of her attire, and the promise of payment given by the external appearance of the cottage.

'A bad leg, has he?' observed he, having convinced himself of the solvency of the sufferer; 'and how did he get that?'

The poor woman, who had already entered into the most elaborate details, began again, and this time Mr Smug listened.

'So you thought it was ringworm, did you? And Mrs Nettlerash recommended you to put ink to it, did she? And you thought it was not worth while to call in the doctor, eh? Ah! let me see your poor —I mean your dear husband's leg.'

Then he entered the cottage, the furniture of which came up to his expectations, and was ushered to the bedside of the patient, and examined his leg.

'It is a very providential circumstance, my good woman, that you called me in when you did. You may thank your stars that Mrs Nettlerash did not make you a widow in a very short time. Ringworm! ink! Why, good heavens, the case is a most serious one, a case surrounded by doubts and difficulties—he has got indications of *Dontnoyer Tryagenyer*.'

'Heaven preserve him!' exclaimed the poor woman.

'I must see him night and morning, then,' observed my uncle gravely. 'Let one of your lads come home with me for a bottle of lotion and some pills. Good-bye, my good man; keep up your spirits.' And Uncle Alf slowly descended the stairs, muttering portions of a Latin prescription. Still he was not so self-involved as to leave the house without giving the woman time to offer him a fee.

'I must see your husband constantly,' reiterated he, with the intention of making the delicate operation of payment less awkward to the lady.

'Well, sir, if he be so bad as that, I think you'd better give us a ticket for the club at once, so that we may draw the sick allowance.'

'The club!' exclaimed Uncle Alf, holding on to the table for support—'do you belong to the club?' Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he murmured: 'Why, I never used my spectacles! Did I use my spectacles, my good woman? No, I thought not. Dear me, how extraordinary that I should have forgotten them!' He drew an enormous pair from his coat-pocket, and observed: 'I must see your husband's leg *again*, with *these* on.' After the second inspection of the limb, Uncle Alf addressed the wife as follows:

'It is a very providential circumstance that I came up to see this poor man a second time, and wearing my spectacles. I had quite mistaken the nature of his complaint at first. I should have gone away, leaving you a prey to groundless alarm. There is not the slightest cause for my giving you a certificate for the club. It is the simplest—I had almost said a healthy form of ringworm. It is altogether unnecessary that I should see your husband again. He can't do better than go on with the ink.'

Uncle Alf drove home at a quicker pace than customary that afternoon, observing to himself repeatedly, that he had never wasted half an hour in his life before, and I don't believe he ever had.

He died, as I have said, worth fifty thousand pounds, but without having experienced the least enjoyment in life beyond amassing that treasure. A great number of persons attended his funeral, but not one of them would have been present except for their curiosity to see the contents of his will, which, however, greatly disappointed them. R. I. P.

The money-makers by Genius are very much more interesting than the class to which Uncle Alf belonged. They do not sacrifice themselves at the altar of Plutus, and yet they never let slip a profitable opportunity of paying their devotions to that deity. They cannot be said to speculate, and yet they are the originators of all sorts of prosperous enterprises. They either create a demand in the public, by persuading it, for instance, that it has got diptheria, for which they sell anti-diptheric plasters; or they supply a demand which already exists, as by inventing a coat-collar to confound garrotters. I have no doubt (although I have as yet seen no prospectus from the company), that they have already started a tungstate-of-soda-washerwomen's-association to mitigate the evils of crinoline. Instances of their ingenuity appear in the advertising columns of the *Times* daily, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes in the police reports. A butcher in Newgate Market lately conceived an admirable plan of making money, which, however, can never become of general utility, since only a butcher, or at least a gentleman who possesses a live ox and a slaughter-house, can put it into execution. This butcher directed an unhappy foreigner, proceeding to Paternoster Row—perhaps with the intention of selling the copyright of a work upon zoology—up a *cul de sac* of his own, and immediately afterwards drove an ox in after him, like a ramrod after a cartridge. Iron bars alone surrounded the whole of this arena, so that the general public were not deprived of any of the exciting spectacle. The foreign gentleman, after expecting instant death for a few hours, which must have seemed rather long ones, offered a ransom of half-a-crown; this being deemed by his captor as much as he was likely to get, was

graciously accepted, and the ox having been pulled backwards (as I suppose) by the tail, the terrified alien was suffered to make his escape. A police magistrate, to whom he subsequently applied for redress, instead of taking a humorous view of this little pecuniary transaction, fined the butcher forty shillings, but the frowns of the Secretary of State himself would not suppress my admiration for my ingenious countryman. There was no preconcerted plan, no bait, no lure of any description, as in the vulgar transactions of the share-market; but the opportunity of making money presenting itself, it was taken advantage of on the instant with what rough materials chanced to be handy.

For Genius, I know nothing like the above, except the exploit of a certain inhabitant of Whitechapel, now in years, but who was greatly esteemed among the medical profession in his youth, for body-snatching. Passing down Fleet Street in the full tide of a summer noon, he had the good-fortune to be near a gentleman who dropped down with *coup de soliel*, and almost instantly expired. Most persons would have had their judgments disordered by such a distressing accident; some might have been shocked; a few might even have been moved to pity; but our astute young gentleman, upon the instant, took upon himself the filial duties of a bereaved and affectionate son. He wrung his hands with vehemence, he pulled a hair or two out of his head in affected agony, he called upon his parent to acknowledge him —which was hardly to have been expected—with his last breath; then he explained to the gathering multitude that he was not rich, and that the funeral expenses of his deceased relative thus cut off before their eyes, would fall uncommon heavy on his orphaned shoulders; having collected a handsome sum to defray the undertaker's bill, he placed the body with many tears in a hackney-coach, and sold it to the surgeons, reserving its handsome suit of clothes for his own wearing.

Uncle Alf, and the money-getters of his class, with all the will in the world for doing such a stroke of business, would have been utterly incapable of so grand a *coup* as this.

I know, however, no more pleasing example of the talent under consideration, than was exhibited by Mr Toby Large, a publican of the village in which I am at present residing, and it is the more to be admired since he made his gain out of what would seem to be a disadvantage. Toby labours under the personal defect—or perhaps I should say excess—of weighing about three-and-twenty stone, and this makes him a little short-winded. Travel of all kinds is irksome to him, but he always goes to London at Christmas-time to see the pantomimes, and a very unwelcome sight to the money-takers he is, for he takes up the room of three at the price of one. The innkeepers are not very anxious to see him either, for his appetite at 'the ordinary' is *extra*ordinary, so that he rarely honours the same hotel with his patronage twice. This last Christmas, he was at the *Three Tuns*, where the following piece of good-fortune befell him, which I give in his own words.

'After supper one night there was a lot of folks in the smoking-room, and the talk turned upon runners and such like—what you calls Predestinism, because, I suppose, most matches is "made safe" beforehand. There was two or three talking very big about *Deerfoot* and the *Windsor Antelope*, and a heap of fellows famous with their feet; and presently one turns round to me and observes that I look very much as if I wanted to make a match, for that I was just the figure for a runner. All the company larfed at this; but when I answered that it was no matter how I *looked*, but that I was quite ready to run *Deerfoot*, or any other man, for a hundred yards, if I might name my own ground, and have ten yards in advance, I thought all that heard me would have died o' larfing—thin as they were. Would I wager anything to prove my word, said they.

"Well," said I, "I am no betting-man, but I'll wager fifty pounds."

"Done," says the fellow who had first spoken; "you shall run agen *me;* it is a great deal too good a thing to let Deerfoot have. Let us stake our money with the landlord, and sign articles at once."

'So I drew up the document, setting forth that the race was to come off that day-week down at Mudboro' here, in Wunman's Lane. The London chap did not even take the trouble to come down and look at the ground, he felt so sure of the money, and yet he didn't get it neither. I said I was to have ten yards start; but, bless ye, half a yard would have been quite enough in Wunman's Lane. I can scarcely get along it, broadside on, by myself, and as for *passing me*, why my very shadder can hardly do it. His fifty pounds was handed over without our going through the formality of a start at all; and the London chap was very good-natured about it too; all he asked was for me to give him particulars of my weight and size, and permission to use my name in any bets of a similar kind; so now parties come down pretty often, whom he has persuaded to back themselves agen me *on my own ground* with a little start, and goes back disappointed enough, and pays their money. Yes; though I says it as shouldn't say it, I calls it a very knowing way of turning a pound or two.'

And, for my own part, I agree with Mr Toby Large, and think him a kind of Genius, although his personal appearance, I allow, is opposed to that theory.

As a general rule, men don't make money in mines, I believe, although most people try their luck with them. I suppose there are few persons with a few hundred pounds to spare who have not, at some period or other, seen a nice opportunity for a little investment under ground. It is not a thing that you can easily get a 'warm' man to confess, but most of our well-to-do acquaintances have once in their lives seen 'a promising opening' in some mine or another, and dropped their money down it. The capacities of a mine for *swallowing* the precious metals are unrivalled, whatever may be its powers of producing them. Wheal Lucy Jane has a more confirmed habit of making 'calls' than any lady of fashion, and in the end but too often turns out the reverse of weal. Even if this be not the case, the speculation is far too risky to be undertaken by any genuine money-maker. Application is of no use whatever in such case, and even Genius commonly fails—but not always. David Digges, Esq., who inhabits the best house in Mudboro', and patronises Mr Toby Large pretty freely in the matter of *Kinahan's* whisky, which he prefers after dinner to what he calls 'your wishy-washey drinks,' such as claret, owes all his wealth to a mine, or rather to the ingenuity with which he worked it. Mr Digges's hands are horny, which he is not ashamed to own comes from hard labour with the pick and spade. A very few years ago he was a common miner in Wheal Something-or-other down in Cornwall. Hopes were entertained of it by the proprietary, but it had given small indications as yet of being a Wheel of Fortune to anybody. A small vein of tin had been discovered and exhausted, and subsequent researches had not as yet hit upon a second. Every encouragement, however, was given to the workmen, who were promised a large percentage on the ore when found. The manager, who lived in the neighbouring town, had given orders that he should be communicated with whenever the vein should be struck, and all was expectancy and excavation. In the meantime, however, the L.10 shares fell down to eighteenpence, and the financial prospects of the concern were the subject of commercial ribaldry. David Digges, who, without being a money-maker in a bad

sense, was a diligent, hard-working fellow, and had laid by a few pounds, was down in the mine one morning early with two of his companions, when the long-looked-for discovery was made. A stroke of the pick-axe laid bare to their delighted eyes a seam of tin, which, for all they knew, might reach westward to the Bristol Channel, and downward to the antipodes. You may imagine how each man rested on his weapon for a moment, and looked at his fellows—

> Like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken,
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent—upon a peak in Darien.

'*One* on us,' observed David Digges, 'ought to go and tell the manager.'

'That's true,' remarked the others, but without moving, for they knew they would lose time, and the percentage on what they excavated by so doing.

'I'll go myself,' said Digges, 'if nobody else will.'

And his friends praised his virtuous resolution, and set him down for a fool. Both parties were wise after their fashion, David had Genius, and the others only Application. He walked away into the town, but did not go directly to the manager—not liking, perhaps, to disturb that gentleman at so early an hour. He went to the telegraph-office instead, and sent word by it to a man on whom he could depend in London to purchase all the shares in the mine that could be got under a certain very low figure. After transacting this little bit of business, he delighted the manager with the news of what had happened, and then returned to his two friends. They looked at him rather pityingly, for they had made at least a sovereign apiece during his somewhat prolonged absence. Mr David Digges, however, had made, as it subsequently turned out, L.12,500 by that morning's work.

I had the pleasure of hearing the above incident from Mr Digges's own lips, for he is never so pleased as when he is talking about his own good-fortune. He leads, or rather forces the conversation on to Mines whenever he can; and a very curious instance of it occurred only yesterday at my own dinner-table. Dr Sophtly, who is as anxious to talk about his subject as Digges is about mines, was detailing to us as usual some medical experience of his own, wherein the rank of his patient and his professional skill were dwelt upon with equal unction. 'Her ladyship died yesterday, sir, in spite of all my efforts, and I may say that I left nothing untried that is sanctioned by science. I gave her gold as a last resource; she took hundreds of grains of gold, upon my sacred word of honour. It lies in her still, poor thing, for gold is absorbed and carried into the tissues.'

'Do you mean to say, doctor,' inquired Digges, excitedly, 'that her ladyship has gold in her now?'

'Most certainly I do,' returned Dr Sophtly.

'Then let us form a company at once and *work her*,' exclaimed Mr David Digges with rapture: 'Come, who's for shares?'

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

TWELVE years ago, in an article entitled 'Time,' we speculated on the enlarged chronology required for humanity upon earth, in consequence of modern discoveries, and spoke of two hundred centuries as not too much to allow for it. The ideas of the learned upon this subject were then comparatively vague; they have since acquired some consistence, and now it seems likely that twenty thousand years will erelong be regarded as rather a moderate time to assign to the past existence of the human family. Not that the late researches of geology point definitely to any number of years; but the facts argue generally so vast a tract of time, that two hundred centuries would appear little in comparison.

Sir Charles Lyell, who is both an accomplished geologist and a philosophical writer, has deemed the present a fit crisis to summarise the discoveries on this subject, with the view of arriving, if possible, at some conclusion, more or less approximate to the truth. He has executed his task, in our opinion, in a very creditable manner, though obviously leaving it open to much subsequent revision, as might indeed have been expected, from what we previously knew of the state of the facts.*

The remains of man are, after all, found only in the latest and most superficial formation. The long procession of animal life had gone through the Palæozoic Rocks, the Secondary or Mesozoic, and the Tertiary—first invertebrates, then fishes, next reptiles, with traces of birds, finally mammals—and still no appearance of the Master Animal had been presented. Over all, however, lie the beds of clay, silt, sand, and gravel, constituting the Pleistocene or Drift, and surfaced by moss and vegetable soil. This, also, is a formation of many strata—strata so varied as to shew frequent changes of condition, and thereby indicating a vast space of time. It is here that we find the natural hieroglyphics which tell us of early man. From them it appears that the present general arrangements of land and water had not, as was once assumed, been formed when the featherless biped first began to walk the surface. He was at first associated with mammals, which no longer dwell in our region of the globe. Large areas now grow totally different kinds of timber from what first saluted his eyes with the glory of leaf and flower. So that, though we cannot say he has existed for a certain number of years, we may be well assured he has lived a very long time, much longer than our fathers, in their wildest dreams, imagined.

Sir Charles, on the whole, sustains the vague but sublime chronology of Man first instituted by the Danish antiquaries—that is to say, primitive man made utensils and weapons out of the flint, stone, and bone; he next moulded articles of bronze; afterwards he attained to the use of iron. To these epochs, as is well known, the names of Stone, Bronze, and Iron Age are applied. Now man, all through the three thousand years of written history, has had iron. It follows that the Bronze Age in the main was antecedent to three thousand years ago. How long it lasted, or how long before three thousand years ago the Stone Age terminated, is a question the solution of which can only be obtained approximately by antiquarian research. We find, for example, that it was once customary in Switzerland to have dwellings of wood raised upon piles within the margin of the lakes: their remains have lately been explored, and some were found to be associated with bronze, some with stone articles. In one instance, a gradual deposition of alluvium has placed the remains of the lake-dwelling so far inland, that, taking modern accumulations as a measure, it must be three thousand three hundred years since the Bronze Age people lived in that lake-dwelling. In another instance, where the relics indicated the Stone period, a similar rule of measurement indicated a lapse of nearly seven thousand years. In Denmark, similar inferences are formed from certain ancient refuse-heaps found all round the coast. Here, bones of many animals are found, mingled with shells of oysters much larger than those now living in the Baltic, and stone implements, but none of bronze. Now, from the size of the oysters, it becomes evident that the Baltic was not formerly, as now, a brackish sea. It consequently appears that there has been a change of relative level of sea and land since the existence of the people of whom these refuse-heaps are memorials.

* 8vo. Murray, London. 1863.

A large department of the evidence is furnished by the numerous bone-caves found in the limestone-beds throughout England, France, and Germany. The number of such recesses, containing bones of man mingled with those of extinct animals, throughout Europe is surprisingly great. The only feasible way of accounting for them is to suppose that the bones were carried in by water—floating relics of the animated beings which inhabited the adjacent country, and indebted for their preservation to the protection of the caverns, while all similar relics scattered over the upper surface decayed under the atmospheric influences. But if such a view is to be admitted, we have it clearly placed before us, that the surface has undergone great geologic changes since the deposition took place, as no running or other waters now reach these caverns; consequently, the existence of man preceded these geologic changes.

Sir Charles examines with care, and sets forth very clearly, the stratigraphy of a number of places where traces of Man have been found in the Drift. As our readers must be generally aware, it is only about four years since English geologists first admitted that the Drift, or Superficial Formation, contained any relics of man at all. Now, they acknowledge this fact, not merely in regard to the French locality long ago insisted upon by M. Boucher des Perthes, but also in regard to sundry places in our own island. The general results are very striking. When we examine the surface-beds on the coast of Norfolk, we find that subsequently to a time when a forest grew upon the original chalk surface, giving shelter to a primitive elephant (*Elephas meridionalis*), to a primitive rhinoceros (*R. Etruscus*), and other extinct mammals, there had been a deep submergence of the land, and a glacial sea deposited a deep bed of compact clay mingled with boulders borne from great distances to the northward. After this, there were other deposits, including one in which the sand-beds are curiously contorted—supposed to have been an effect of stranded masses of ice. An emergence followed, giving occasion and time for denudations or cuttings in the above deposits; for example, the valley of the Thames was now scooped out, leaving relics of the former surface on the top of Muswell Hill and certain similar eminences in Essex. *At this point, Man comes in.* He occupies those valleys in company with a number of mammalian animals, all of them since changed (Elephas primigenius, Rhinoceros tichorhinus, Equus fossilis, Cervus tarandus, Felis spelæa, Hyena spelæa, &c.); but a new submergence takes place, covering the ground he had occupied with fresh deposits of gravel, sand, marl—burying beneath and amongst these the only relics of humanity which perhaps were capable of preservation; namely, the rude implements of flint which primitive man fashions for fishing, the chase, and war. It is to us an impressive idea, that our early ancestors were doomed to witness and to suffer from extensive sinkings of the land into the sea. But this is not all. After the epoch just described, glacial conditions were resumed, on a condition more limited than before, but greatly exceeding what we now witness and experience. Sir Charles laboriously makes this out from considerations regarding the Parallel Roads of Glenroy; but he might have made sure of it with less trouble by adverting to a Coarse Gravel, composed of the detritus of subaërial glaciers which overlies in Scotland the brick clay which corresponds with the deposits in England containing the remains of the extinct mammals last enumerated.* The partial diffusion of this stuff (for it is but partial) must have been owing to the drifting away of masses of the glaciers from the extremities of their respective valleys, as is seen to be the case on the coast of Greenland at the present day. In Scotland, every suitable Alpine system exhibits, at its outlets into the surrounding low country, prodigious masses of gravel, superficially sorted and stratified, but composed at bottom of pure moraine matter. Every one who has examined the gravels round the places where the Spey and Findhorn and the Tay debouch from the hills, or seen the gravelly masses at Carstairs, in the valley of the Clyde, and Melrose and Lessudden, in that of the Tweed, must have some conception of what we mean. But even these comparatively recent events were followed by others marking further lapses of time, for the moraine accumulations have all been subjected to strong watery action, and in many instances exhibit those terraces which mark pauses in the subsequent emergence. An example of the latter fact, complicated curiously with a memorial of earlier events, is presented at the mouth of Glen Jorsa, in the island of Arran. The moraine produced by the ancient glacier of the valley is there thrown over the terrace of erosion, twenty-five feet above present sea-level, which is traced not only round that island, but all the neighbouring coasts. It is also superficially marked with terraces of its own to a considerable height. The terrace of erosion of the Scottish coasts consequently belongs to a system of things or events antecedent to the period of the subaërial glaciers of the same country.

The history of our species is thus, it will be perceived, put into a most interesting connection with geological events, and shewn to be of vast though undefinable extent. Rather unexpectedly, while the mammalian associates of early Man have all been changed, the marine and fresh-water testacea remain the same.

* Papers by David Milne Home, Robert Chambers, and Professor Fleming.

THE LOST BROTHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

THERE are no worse managers of love-affairs than cautious men, particularly when they have to deal with characters opposite to their own. That very generalship which was to make Englebert's conquest complete, roused the jealousy of Madame Falkenstein's Italian nature, and made her set a keen but silent watch on all his proceedings. Madame had a maid named Constanza. Like her mistress, she had been born beside the lagoons, and was a true Venetian. Her age was the same, but she had not worn so well, perhaps because nature had not been so liberal to her, for Constanza never could have been pretty. A rough and now wrinkled skin, a wide mouth, with thin lips, a pair of fierce black eyes, with a most decided squint, and a nose long and sharp as the beak of the old Roman eagle, did not form an agreeable contour; but Constanza was an Italian woman, and could therefore look out for lovers, lay snares, coquette, and, if need were, intrigue as keenly as the brightest beauty in the land. She was the daughter of madame's nurse; had been brought up with her in the family palace hard by the church of St Mark; came with her from Venice, and served her faithfully through her marriages and travels; had her entire confidence, and was believed to know the secret of the trunk, though nobody had been bold enough to tempt her fidelity by either bribe or question. To this confidante of many years, the countess imparted her suspicions. Did this mere artist dare to trifle with her? Was his allegiance growing cold? Had his eye found another star? Constanza would take notes, and observe his comings and goings.

Ill betide the power which has made mischief between maid and mistress, and ladies of every degree, since men began to be faithless! Constanza did take notes at first dutifully for the countess, but by and by it was for herself. Among his other abilities for getting through this world with credit,

Englebert was blessed with a quick eye; it made him aware that the black erratic orbs of the waiting-woman followed all his movements, and he naturally concluded that her heart had fallen before the attractions which her mistress had found so irresistible. The conquest was not one to boast of, but Constanza knew all that concerned the countess, and he had learned from wicked wits, perhaps from experience, that seldom does woman's faith or friendship hold out against delicate attentions. Accordingly, the delicate attentions were paid, sparingly indeed, and altogether on the sly, for the Falkenstein estates were not to be lightly risked. There was a glance for Constanza when madame chanced to be looking another way, a hasty compliment when they met on the stairs, and a pair of gilt ear-rings judiciously presented when the countess was from home. The old bird was caught with the chaff, as, in spite of the proverb, old birds are apt to be. Constanza was vain enough to imagine that she had snared her mistress's lover. There was the charm of his superior rank, the carrying on of a secret intrigue, which is the life and soul of a true Venetian, and she applied her mind to it in good earnest. The German Englebert had not calculated, however, on the combustible materials with which he had undertaken to play. Regarding herself as the real, though secret idol of his affections, the ancient waiting-woman learned in time to consider her mistress a usurping rival, and resented the daily service performed at her shrine with a mixture of jealousy and impertinence not to be met with except among the confidential maids of Italy. How far the countess saw into the matter was never known. Though a Venetian, she was a woman of the world, had self-command, and great cause, as was eventually proved, to bear with Constanza.

One of the most magnificent apartments in all Vienna was the dressing-room which Madame Falkenstein had fitted up for herself in her own town-house. All the age could boast of interior decoration was there—rich cabinets, choice paintings, mirrors framed in porcelain and silver, hangings in which were woven pictures from the classic poets, and a toilet apparatus of crystal and gold, by which Cleopatra of Egypt might have dressed. Englebert's artistic eye and love of splendour had often rejoiced in that room, and at times when the thought crossed him, a stealthy look had been cast behind the rich curtains for that mysterious trunk. It was nowhere to be seen; perhaps had no existence except in Vienna gossip; but there was a large closet, opening beside the dressing-table, dimly lighted, and looking blank and bare. He had never been within, but had caught glimpses of a large crucifix, and a massive object covered with black, which he took to be an altar, and presumed it was madame's private chapel. Opposite that closet-door, Englebert was seated one forenoon, when everybody was preparing for the carnival. The countess sat at her toilet, conversing about masks and costumes, while Constanza braided her long hair, in the strictly classic fashion which was then the rage in Paris.

'Should I ever attempt to paint Venus at her toilet, she will have such hair,' said the artist; and the compliment was but the utterance of his thoughts, for the locks of Beauty's queen could not have been more abundant, soft, and shining.

'It's growing gray,' cried Constanza, with the very triumph of malice in her look and tone, holding up between her fingers two hairs which she had just discovered, and the ends of which were undoubtedly white.

Whatever the countess might have tolerated, this went beyond her patience. There was a momentary flash like summer-lightning in her eyes, and then she said in a calm and haughty tone: 'Go, Constanza, and send Magdaliné here: she shall dress my hair in future.'

If ever there was wrath too deep for utterance, it appeared in the waiting-maid's look as she left the room with a threatening gesture towards the closet-door, which Madame Falkenstein did not see, but it chilled Englebert's blood. What did she mean? His glances, compliments, ear-rings, had extracted nothing but those displays of awkward jealousy which had amused him till now, when he felt convinced it was no longer safe to pay attentions to Constanza.

'Those people are so ready to forget themselves,' said the countess, speaking as if nothing had happened to discompose her. 'Constanza has been a useful waiting-woman, but something seems to disturb her mind of late; sometimes I fear the poor woman's senses are leaving her. What is your opinion, Herr Emsgraff?'

Englebert's caution never left him. He assured the countess that he had scarcely observed her maid, and could therefore give no opinion on the subject; on which Madame Falkenstein recurred to her former conversation. Magdaliné, her second maid, proceeded with the braiding; and the painter went home, determined to make a bold stroke, and declare himself on his very next visit, before Constanza had time to ruin his prospects. His resolution was carried into effect on the following day when *tête-à-tête* with the countess in her boudoir. Lovers were required to talk of flames and threaten suicide in those days. Englebert went very respectably through the whole ritual of despair, and his destiny was propitious. Softened, perhaps, by the sight of her first gray hairs, Madame Falkenstein listened as favourably as could be expected from a well-dowered and much-courted widow. She declared her intention of founding a convent, and retiring into it from the sins and follies of the world, spoke with a sigh of her fading youth and her solitary condition, hinted that she was not quite insensible to the merits of Herr Emsgraff; in short, she gave him leave to hope with a sentimental propriety that would have rejoiced the heart of Madame de Genlis. Thus encouraged, the painter pressed his suit day after day with becoming fervour; his mind was, moreover, relieved by the decided reformation wrought on Constanza. Her sin against madame's dignity was too great to be easily forgiven, and she had been kept at needle-work in a back-room, by way of penance, while the less presuming Magdaliné officiated in her stead. How the confidential maid retrieved her position, was not for a gentleman to know exactly, but never was waiting-woman more improved by a short sequestration; the airs of rivalry were gone, her demeanour to her mistress was edifyingly humble, her eye never so much as wandered in Englebert's direction, and the prudent suitor took care to be perfectly unconscious of her existence.

Some time before that carnival, the Princess Lieven had come to carry on fashionable life and Russian diplomacy in the Austrian capital, as she did in many a capital beside, and the city could talk of nothing but the grand *bal masqué* given at her mansion on the evening of the popular festival. The court were to be present, and the principal rooms were therefore kept select, but everybody who came in costume had free admittance to the outer apartments; and as complete disguise was the order of the day, there was great anticipation, and a deal of subsequent gossip. Madame Falkenstein was one of the invited guests. She contrived to obtain a card for Herr Emsgraff also, but made it a point to conceal her intended character and costume from the painter, who, of course, declared that he would recognise her under any disguise. His own appearance was to be made as a crusader; he had provided himself with knightly armour, and studied the part under madame's direction. Her good taste and general information qualified the lady to give counsel in such matters, but Englebert had another device on which she was not consulted. To see the by-play, and give himself every advantage, he determined to make his first essay in

the costume of a charcoal-burner from his native forests, and accordingly, accoutred with canvas coat, wooden shoes, and cap of wild-cat's skin, he repaired to the scene of festivity. A blaze of lights, a deadlock of carriages, and a crowd as if all Austria had come there to see, were the outward signs of the diplomatic princess being at home. The throng of maskers was scarcely less dense within. Englebert danced with nuns, cracked carnival jokes with Italian bandits, admired fine eyes which shone through vizards, and at length began to think it was time to assume his superior character and look after the countess.

He lingered a moment in one of the outer rooms, looking on the motley crowd from the curtained recess of a window, and thinking of carnivals long ago when he and Ulrich were at college. Suddenly there was a hard hand laid on his shoulder, and a shrill voice said in his ear: 'You are going to marry Madame Falkenstein—come with me, and I will shew you what she keeps in her closet.'

Englebert turned and saw a begging-friar well got up, only that he looked lazier and dirtier than most of his order, and now glided on before him as if to lead the way. The painter followed; he knew the voice to be that of the reformed Constanza; her gesture at the closet-door crossed his memory, but on he went, being a man of curiosity and courage; such an opportunity might not come again. It was carnival-time, and all the city were abroad. His guide conducted him through streets and lanes he scarcely knew, except that they led towards the old castle, and at the end of a dark alley, unlocked a door in a high wall, and they entered a wild neglected garden, overgrown with long grass and old trees, through which the wind moaned as if it had been a churchyard. A door at the end of this garden opened on a narrow stair lighted by a loophole in the wall, by which the rising moon shone in; it led directly into what seemed a great cupboard, but on emerging, Englebert found it was one of the richly inlaid wardrobes he had so often admired in Madame Falkenstein's magnificent dressing-room.

'I know you don't love me,' cried Constanza, flinging off her mask; 'but look at this; for all her fine reputation, it has been with her these last twenty years, and I never knew her to forget the keys before. Come in, and bring that lamp with you,' she continued, as the closet lock clicked under her hand.

Englebert obeyed. There stood the crucifix, and the massive black object of which he had caught glimpses. It was no altar, but an immense trunk, long, old-fashioned, and bound with iron. Constanza darted to it, thrust in the key, and strained with all her might; the lock yielded slowly with a grating sound of rust and disuse. She threw up the lid, and a fear seemed to come over her. There was a strange odour of strong and heavy perfumes, something covered with three linen sheets.

'Lift them, and look for yourself,' she cried. Englebert did so; and there, in the very dress he wore on the evening of his disappearance, twenty years before, covered with what seemed withered leaves and flowers, and with the dry, fleshless look of a mummy, lay the corpse of the long-lost Ulrich! Englebert was not a man of delicate nerves, but the horror of the discovery overcame him; he staggered back, faint and sick, and leaned against the wall.

'She murdered him,' said Constanza in a shrill whisper: 'he was a student, and used to come here in the evenings the very way I brought you. The old Count Scorza, her first husband, was dying then; his great-grandfather used to deal with the Jews, when they were forbidden in Austria, and made that stair for the business. I never knew this man's name; but he would go home and marry some girl he was promised to, in spite of all she could say; and when he came to see her for the last time, she would have him stay to supper; but he never rose from the table. There were strong poisons made in our Venice; I know what went into the sauce that night, which neither I nor my mistress tasted. She had sworn she would never part with him; and before midnight, old Barbetta, who used to live behind St Mary's Church, and do jobs of the kind for the Capuchins, was at work embalming the body. We laid it in here when he had finished. It is a family trunk, you see, and came from Venice with my mistress's wedding-clothes in it; but they used to keep the books of the Council of Ten there; three of her grand uncles were clerks to it, and made out most of the secret warrants for executions. There it has lain ever since. The trunk went with us wherever we went. I have heard people wondering at it, but my mistress never lost sight of it for four-and-twenty hours together till this day. The old Count Scorza died; she was a mourning widow for two or three years; then my lord of Falkenstein turned up, and never guessed what sort of a trunk his lady had at home and abroad. He is gone this many a year; and now she says she will put the thing away, for her heart has found a purer affection. Haven't I done you a charity? though I helped in it all, and would have done anything for my mistress then; she had not crossed me: but now you may tell the police, if you like; I want nothing but revenge.'

There was an officer of the secret police waiting for Madame Falkenstein's return from the *bal masqué*, where she had excited universal admiration by the splendour of her costume and the elegance of her performance as the Sultana Zobide. An hour after her arrival, a carriage guarded by gens d'armes left the old Count Scorza's town-house; it contained his charming countess, but not her confidential maid; while Herr Emsgraff was communicating with the police, she had locked up everything, taken the keys with her, and disappeared so completely, that neither search, inquiry, nor the offer of large rewards could obtain the slightest clue to her hiding-place. Madame Falkenstein's trial was strictly private; it involved three noble families, and when was rank unconsidered in Austria? As Constanza could not be found, there was no evidence against her but that of her own trunk. She attempted no defence; but she had been always a liberal patroness of the church, and the Archbishop of Vienna, together with sundry Italian cardinals, interested themselves so warmly in her favour, that she was allowed to retire to a Benedictine convent in Venice, which one of her ancestors had founded; and it is said that a more reluctant nun never took the veil. Her Falkenstein estates were forfeited to the crown, and like the rest of the county changed hands between France and Austria as the fortunes of that long war went. Her maid was never heard of, even by the police; but attached to one of the Italian regiments which marched with the French army on its Russian campaign, there was a *vivandière* so old, withered, and notable for a fierce temper and a bunch of rusty keys hanging from her leathern belt, that the French soldiers called her St Peter's grandmother.

As for the fortunate painter, concerning whom all Vienna had wondered and talked, he assisted at a funeral-ceremony, performed by torchlight, in the crypt of the Rosenburgh chapel. There were but two other mourners—the once pretty Gertrude, now a woman of middle age, and the decrepit baroness, saying she was satisfied with Englebert, for he had brought back Ulrich at last. The events of that carnival-night had given him enough of fashionable life and high match-making. He retired to the old family castle, in due time laid the baroness in the crypt beside her eldest son, lived under Gertrude's management, went about his lands like a man whose days were crossed, and died when the Congress was sitting in Vienna, leaving among the peasantry a dark and doubtful

reputation, for the honest people still believe that he had some hand in the disappearance of his lost brother.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

In a recent article we shewed how numerous and interesting are the points of contact between the heir to the throne and the Duchy of Cornwall. Fully as important in most respects, and still more so in others, is the relationship borne by the sovereign to the Duchy of Lancaster. Our readers may remember, that when the Queen sent a large contribution to the Lancashire Fund several months ago, she did it expressly in her capacity as 'Duchess of Lancaster,' to identify herself more completely with that county, its inhabitants, and their distresses. She is, then, Duchess of Lancaster; and there is a cabinet minister called the Chancellor of that duchy; and Lancaster is a county *palatine*, which evidently means something; and there is a 'Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster' in London, associated in some way with the Savoy precincts. Readers really need not be ashamed of confessing their ignorance of this matter, for the information relating to it lies a good deal scattered. The following is, in brief, the history of the thing:

There was a family of the De Lancasters very soon after the Conquest; but the establishment of a place in the peerage for that county dates about six centuries ago, when Henry III. gave the title of Earl of Lancaster to his second son, Edmund Plantagenet. Edmund was succeeded in the earldom by his son, Thomas Plantagenet. This Thomas fell into trouble during a stormy period; he lost his title in 1321, and then lost his head. Soon after this, Robert Bruce, king of Scots, crossed the border, passed through Westmoreland into Lancashire, and sadly devastated Lancaster. Its material prosperity recovered by very slow degrees; but the earldom was not long in abeyance, for in 1327, Henry Plantagenet, brother to the luckless Thomas, received the forfeited title. He was succeeded by another Henry, who after a time was raised from the rank of Earl to that of Duke of Lancaster in the year 1351. Now we are coming to the royal part of the affair. The great John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III., had three wives, one of whom was the heiress to the Lancaster estates. In the year of his marriage (1359) with this heiress, the Lady Blanche, the 'Court of the Duchy Chamber of Lancaster' was established; and in 1361, on the death of the lady's father, her husband became Duke of Lancaster. He enlarged the castle, built the grand gateway tower, succoured and improved the town, and lived there in great state, almost as a sovereign. John's son, Henry of Bolingbroke, inherited the duchy and all its privileges after him; and while Duke of Lancaster, he managed that rebellion which led to the deposition of Richard II., the duke himself becoming Henry IV. in 1399. Speaking in general terms, it may be said that from that day to this the Duchy of Lancaster has belonged to the sovereign; for, though the Wars of the Roses shook the tenure not a little, yet it maintained itself all throughout, and has never been disturbed by any of the subsequent troubles. All our kings, from Henry IV. to William IV., were Dukes of Lancaster; and all our Queens Regnant, from Mary to Victoria, duchesses of the same. So far as the mere name duke goes, it implies no particular sovereign privileges: all we have yet shewn is, that the Queen is the Duchess.

But now comes the next stage. Lancaster is a county *palatine*, an honour (be its value what it may) which is shared by only two other among the English counties. It appears that 'Count Palatine' was once a feudal title. Very early in the history of France, before the time of Charlemagne, there was a high courtly officer called the 'Comes Palatii,' or 'Count of the Palace;' a kind of major-domo, lord chamberlain, or master of the royal household. Or rather his functions had more of a judicial character, seeing that he was the presiding judge in all causes that came to the king's immediate audience. At a later date, a power similar to this was awarded to other persons in other places; that is, a feudal lord was invested, on his own territorial possessions, with a judicial power similar to that which the Comes Palatii had exercised in the palace. The *Palatinate* of Germany was in all probability established in this way. When Germany was under an emperor, some of the minor states were held by vassal-princes or dukes, whose privileges were given to them in their capacity as feudatories. There was a Count Palatine, lord of the County Palatine, more than eight hundred years ago; and there were two districts known as the Upper and Lower Palatinate—the one now included in Bavaria, and the other in Baden and some of the neighbouring states. There are three counties palatine in England—Lancaster, Chester, and Durham. The Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Chester are both called Counts Palatine, in heraldic language. At one time, Pembroke was a county palatine, but its palatinate was taken away by Henry VIII. The Archbishop of York had palatinate powers in one part of Northumberland, but they were declared void in the time of Elizabeth. Durham, as a county palatine, was down to so late a date as 1836 attached to the bishopric, the bishop having the lofty title of 'Prince Palatine;' but by an act of parliament passed in that year, the palatinate jurisdiction was transferred to the crown. Taking the Dukes of Lancaster and the Earls of Chester as exemplars of counts palatine, we find that they had high judicial rank in those respective counties in past days. They had their Chanceries and Courts of Common Pleas; they appointed their magistrates and law-officers; they had the power of pardoning treasons, murders, and felonies; all writs and judicial proceedings were issued and carried on in their names; and the king's writ was of no force within the counties palatine. Such great powers were held several centuries back; they were curtailed by degrees. All our palatinates but three are gone, and these three are held by royalty. The Queen is Duchess of Lancaster and Princess Palatine of Durham, while the Prince of Wales is Earl of Chester. The earldom, with the palatinate privileges, was held by subjects from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Henry VIII.; in the last-named reign they were transferred to the crown. The sovereign is Earl (or Countess) of Chester when there is no Prince of Wales. As to Lancaster, it was made a county palatine by Edward III., and for many generations there was a complexity between the privileges of the duchy and the county palatine; but these were afterwards reconciled. Such, then, is the meaning of the Queen being Countess Palatine as well as Duchess of Lancaster.

The love of hereditary rank, power, or dignity is pretty strongly implanted in most of us—even though we sometimes persuade ourselves that such matters are becoming obsolete; and there is a curious example of this tendency in connection with the great feudal or royal fief of Lancaster. An expensive folio volume was printed in 1855, solely with the purpose of shewing that a certain inhabitant of Newcastle-on-Tyne is lineally descended from John of Gaunt, 'Duke of Lancaster, King of Castile, &c.' There is a portrait of the gentleman himself—an average, well-to-do, intelligent Englishman, but in no special way suggesting any analogy with the great duke who was the son of a king, the uncle of a king, the son-in-law of a king, and the father of a king,

although never a king himself. The volume was prepared at the expense of this gentleman's son, a bookseller in another busy town of the north. No other object seems to have been held in view. The Northumbrian does not claim the Duchy of Lancaster from Queen Victoria, or any of the palatinate powers; he claims no royalties, duties, fees, rents, powers, privileges, or any other worldly advantages; he simply wants to shew that his grandfather's grandmother's great-great-grandmother's father (or something of the kind) was one of the sons of John of Gaunt. The argument proceeds thus: John of Gaunt, born in 1340, became Duke of Lancaster, Earl of Richmond, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lincoln, Earl of Leicester, Steward of England, and (by marrying Constance, daughter of Peter the Cruel) heir to the thrones of Castile and Leon. This tremendous man, master of so many titles, married three wives. The first became mother of Henry IV., through which channel our Queen inherits the Duchy of Lancaster; the second was the Spanish princess, with whom we have no more concern here; the third was the mother of a boy who became Marquis of Dorset, through whom the Northumbrian gentleman traces his lineage. Therefore, while one of John of Gaunt's sons took all the plums from the pudding, another (a step-brother of the lucky one) could only transmit a narrow stream of the ducal blood to posterity. Then on we go. The Marquis of Dorset had a son, the Earl of Somerset; and the earl had six children, of whom one had nine children; and of these nine, one daughter married the Duke of Ormond; her daughter married the Earl of Northumberland; and of their five children, one (about three hundred years ago) married a Miss Harbottle. Here, for the first time, the blood of a commoner seems to have mingled with the blood of the Lancasters; and it is through this commoner that our Northumbrian traces his lineage. We then come to all sorts of commoners' names, and to Quakers, and to druggists, booksellers, and other traders—everybody seeming to have an amazing number of children; until at last we arrive at the individual for whom the claim is put forward. As to the claim itself, it is very comforting to know that Queen Victoria is not likely to be dethroned by it, or deprived of the title of Duchess of Lancaster. The curiosity of the book is—not the assertion that a plain man of this age is descended from a man who was mighty six hundred years ago (for such instances must obviously be numerous enough, when the mighty man had a large number of children who lived to have families of their own)—but the fact that the author is able to shew the various links of the chain.

The Queen possesses whatever is now left of the palatinate powers of the duchy, and whatever is left of the landed and other revenues derivable therefrom. The office of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Lancaster Place (near Waterloo Bridge) is a small affair in a business point of view; but the officials are numerous enough. There are a Chancellor and Vice-chancellor, a Council of Noble and Right Honourable personages, an Attorney and Solicitor General, an Auditor and a Coroner, Queen's Serjeant and Queen's Counsel, Record Clerk and Solicitor, and the Sheriffs of Lancashire—all to assist her Majesty in managing the affairs of the duchy.

As to the cash-account, the revenue which the Queen receives from the duchy, there is a return submitted to parliament, in virtue of a rule laid down shortly after the present reign commenced. A medley of items it certainly is. First, there are 'Rents and profits of courts accrued to her Majesty,' amounting to about L.26,000 per annum. Then there are 'Royalties and reservations of dues'—'Rents of mines and quarries'—'Fines on the renewal of leases'—'Sales of timber'—'Produce of escheats and forfeitures'—and 'Annuity received from the Consolidated Fund, under the acts for the purchase and surrender of the duties of prisage and butlerage within the county palatine.' These and a few other items make up a sum-total of about L.50,000 a year. Then, on the other side of the account, a sum of money is made over annually for her Majesty's use, under the care of the Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse; another sum is appropriated to paying the salaries, allowances, and pensions of the officers of the duchy and their clerks, the justices of assize and the law-officers of the county palatine, the receivers and agents of revenue, the stewards and bailiffs of honours and manors, and other persons; another sum is absorbed for surveys, valuations, plans, repairs, improvements, donations, charities, rates and taxes, travelling expenses, audit expenses, and miscellaneous disbursements of a multifarious nature. One item, not very large in amount, has rather a Robin Hood-like tone about it; it refers to the expenses of 'the axebearer and master of the game in Needwood Forest, in watching, feeding, and preserving the game, and transmitting it to her Majesty's larder.' Besides this revenue account, there is also a capital account, of which the receipts are mainly made up of sums of money for grants in fee, grants of rents, and copyhold enfranchisements; while the disbursements appear in the form of permanent improvements to the estates of the duchy—such as the drainage of land, and the erection of farm-buildings.

Some of the minor items in the above-noticed account admit us into another secret concerning this remarkable duchy. In two or three recent years, there have been payments for 'Repairing damage occasioned by the fire at the Savoy Chapel on 16th September 1860'—'Repairing and fitting-up the Savoy Chapel'—and 'Alteration of the seats in the Savoy Chapel.' What can this mean? It appears, by looking into this matter a little closely, that the Savoy has had quite a history, in connection with the duchy. More than six hundred years ago, the Earl of Richmond and Savoy built a palace on the south side of the Strand, between what are now Waterloo Bridge and the Adelphi. This, which he called Savoy Palace, he afterwards gave to a fraternity of monks. The fraternity sold it to Elinor, queen of Henry III., as a residence for her second son, the Earl of Lancaster. The first Duke of Lancaster rebuilt the palace; and King John of France was kept a prisoner here after the battle of Poitiers in 1356. John of Gaunt came into possession of this, as well as of the other estates of the House of Lancaster. The notable Wat Tyler destroyed Savoy Palace in 1381. The site remained neglected till 1505, when Henry VII. rebuilt so much of the structure as would fit it as a hospital for a hundred poor and sick persons. Charles II. established a French chapel here. Towards the close of the same century, the precincts of the Savoy appear to have become a harbour for desperate characters; for, in a number of the *Postman* for July 1696, the following incident is related: 'On Tuesday, a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and after some consultation agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers; after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him first to the Maypole [a centre for May-day gambols, in the Strand of those days]; but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuse.' Strype, writing in 1720, describes the Savoy as containing a parish church, a French church, a Dutch church, a Lutheran church, a Protestant Dissenters' church, a prison, a government printing-office, and a few relics of the old building inhabited by coopers, &c. To this present day, the Savoy is a medley. There are an Episcopal chapel, a Lutheran church, a Lutheran school, a series of wharfs, a plate-glass warehouse, a newspaper office,

and several traders and other trades—all on the site of the ancient palace and garden. The chapel, called St Mary le Savoy, is now a precinct or (so-called) parish church, and was the chapel belonging to the cluster of buildings erected by Henry VII. We suppose we are correct in assuming that much of this estate, if not all, still belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster. There is, within and around this spot, a district called the 'Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster,' beginning within Temple Bar, and running as far as Cecil Street. Without going into these old-world matters, it may suffice to say, that a 'liberty' is a royal grant or privilege, awarded to some person or corporation as a favour, and exercised within a certain defined district. There was evidently such a liberty or franchise in and around the Savoy estate of the Dukes of Lancaster. The rascaldom mentioned by Strype arose out of a right of sanctuary within the Savoy.

DOGGED IN THE STREETS.

THE hour-hand of the office-clock was getting near four o'clock, and we all three left our desks and began to reach down our greatcoats and comforters from the pegs on which they hung. Only four o'clock—indeed it wanted two minutes to the hour—but it was very dark in the City, and but for the flaring gas, we could not have distinguished the white dial-plate and the black slender hands.

'George,' said Mr Jones, 'you are going my way, I suppose.'

Mr Jones was our senior partner (Jones, Ellis, and Ford, of Lombard Street), and George was Mr Ellis, next in standing in our firm. Mr Jones, a moneyed man, lived on Wimbledon Common, in a remarkably neat villa, and Ellis was his neighbour. They generally came and went by the same train, and I guessed that our chief was not sorry, on this foggy winter afternoon, to have the pleasure of Ellis's company through the darkling streets; for robberies, attended with violence, were very rife; and all the smart leading articles in the papers could not write them down.

George and his senior partner were going the same way, much to the latter's contentment, and they put on their outer wraps cheerily enough.

'Ford, you're a tremendous pedestrian, we all know, but you'll have a long trudge of it this foggy afternoon to Northumberland Villa, eh?' said the chief in his jocular way.

I laughed. Ellis and I have a habit of laughing when Mr Jones is inclined to be facetious. He is a kind man, as well as a warm one, and his dinners are first-rate. As I put on my Inverness cape, however, and wound my woollen shawl round my neck, the chief said more seriously: 'Don't walk, Ford, if you'll take my advice. Better have half-a-crown's worth of cab, than get your teeth knocked out, or your neck twisted, eh?'

'And in that confounded cape of yours, you haven't fair-play: couldn't use your arms, you know,' remarked Ellis, swinging his loaded stick rather boastfully. I made some joking rejoinder, took my umbrella from the stand, and we all sallied into the outer office, where the old cashier was locking his desk, and where the clerks were putting on their greatcoats and hats. An instant more, and we had parted.

'Take care how you go home, John: good people are scarce,' were the last words of my partner Ellis. We turned different ways; he, with the head of our firm, towards the railway terminus, and I in a westerly direction. Northumberland Villa, semi-detached, is in Park Village; and Mr Jones was not incorrect when he said that a long trudge lay before me. I did not, however, intend to walk the whole way; the afternoon was not a tempting one for out-door exercise. As I jostled my way down Lombard Street, the greasy pavement was alive with clerks freshly set free; porters were putting up shutters and turning off gas, and every house of business was being abandoned to the care of the night-watchman. It was dark, raw, and very damp; the fog had turned to a drizzle of something between rain and thawed snow, which fell lazily through the murky air. The streets were full of liquid mud.

'Never mind,' said I, as I turned into the Poultry, much elbowed and pushed by brisker or more impatient pedestrians coming up in the rear—'never mind; I shall find a yellow Citizen or a green Hampstead 'bus directly, and so get a lift.'

But as luck would have it, all the omnibuses I saw with the horses' heads turned westward were full to overflowing, inside and out, with usually a candidate or two balancing upon the knife-board. It was an unpleasant day, dirty under foot, gloomy overhead, and all public vehicles filled very well and very fast. I hailed several cads, but the drivers shook their heads forbiddingly at me, in token that their living cargo was complete, and I walked on.

Cheapside was very bright, bustling, and cheerful, and I felt a sense of encouragement as I went past its well-lighted shops and all their glow of gaslit wealth and glitter. But Newgate Street, with its mud blacker than ink, and more tenacious than treacle, and the swarthy shadow of its great dark prison frowning on the narrowed thoroughfare, was less agreeable, and my spirits sunk within me as I remembered the weary distance between home and myself. The omnibuses rolled on, full as herring-tubs, and inexorable as fate. I put up my umbrella, and picked my way along the slippery flagstones.

It was in Skinner Street that I first became conscious, no, conscious is too strong a word—it would be more accurate to say that I there first suspected that some one was following me. It would be difficult to explain the grounds on which I, a mere unit in a hurrying stream of human life, pouring steadily from the eastward, formed such a notion as this, and yet I did form it. Followed, certainly followed.

The person to whom my suspicions attached was a big man, tall and broad-shouldered, wearing a flat cap and a shaggy overcoat of some rough blue stuff, such as pilots and seamen wear, and of a cut that used, years ago, to be styled by the ugly name of wraprascal. He carried no umbrella, but had a red woollen comforter thickly rolled about his neck, and half hidden by his bushy beard and untrimmed whiskers. A rough customer, in every sense of the word.

This man, whose face I could not see, shaded as it was by the projecting peak of his slouched cap, had a roving, seafaring look and bearing; and but for his queer conduct as regarded myself, I should merely have set him down for a sailor fresh from foreign parts, and rather out of his reckoning in that quarter of London; but then he was following me!

I first became aware that this was the case by accidentally turning my head, when I saw him standing on the curbstone, and staring hard at me by the light of one of the street-lamps. Then, as I turned away, he strode swiftly after me, checked himself abruptly, and falling a step or two behind, adapted his pace to mine. I knew this to be a fact, because I first stepped out smartly, in hopes of distancing him, and next lingered and dawdled in front of shop-windows; but quite in vain; he kept a little behind me, do as I would.

I splashed from one side to the other of the long crossing at Farringdon Street, and pursued my course up Holborn Hill. The street-lamps loomed hazy and yellow through the dusk and driving sleet, and I had to struggle with my umbrella as the eddies of wind threatened to turn it inside out; but from time to time, under pretence of looking in at the window of some shop or other, I stole a glance at my follower.

Sure enough, there he was, steadily tracking me as a shark follows a slave-ship. I could distinguish his heavy footfall on the pavement amid all the other trampling feet that bustled by. There he was, muffled up, tall, stout, and patient as one that bides his time.

I pushed on along High Holborn, walking rapidly, but with a jaunty air of unconcern. More than half ashamed to feel myself acting a part before this man, this strangely pertinacious pursuer, I yet could not help assuming a careless indifference, and began to whistle, to shew how unconcerned I was. I lingered before the oyster-shops, as if quite fascinated by the tempting carnation of the lobsters, the pencilled red and white of the prawns, the succulent promise of the delicate natives reposing in the little green tubs of clear water. So companionable and tempting looked the stock in trade of these establishments, that I could hardly refrain from going in and settling to the task of oyster-swallowing, if I could but so shake off the spy at my heels. For he was at my heels always. If I stopped, he stopped; if I accelerated my pace, a few strides brought him into his old position. He kept near me, and steadily held me in view. Had I been a dashing gentleman of the old school, I should have set this human sleuth-hound down for a bailiff. I was nothing of the sort—I did not owe a sixpence. Yet I might be mistaken. Ugly as matters looked, he might not be dogging me; or, admitting the fact, he might mean no harm. Some vagrant fancy, some idle whim, so I reasoned with myself, on the part of a stranger to the metropolis, perhaps a foreigner, was possibly at the bottom of the whole affair. I hastened on.

Never too quick for him who followed, never too slow, I advanced westwards. He kept on behind me with a measured ringing tread that was plainly regulated by my own. Twice I stopped, faced about, and looked angrily back at my too solid shadow. But the big man, almost as much hidden by beard and comforter, as far as his hairy face was concerned, as if he had worn a mask, coolly waited my moving, and then moved on in unison. He would not take a hint, that was certain. Although not more timid, I hope, than my neighbours, I felt a cold chill creeping through my veins as I remembered the numerous outrages that London had lately seen. English Thugs prowled about our streets, as every fresh day's police report told but too well, and there was a hideous rage and mania for garrotting. The frightful sameness of the cases made each brutal street-attack appear twin-brother to its predecessor, but I, like most Londoners, knew how many acts of ruffianism never found their way into print at all. Acquaintances of my own had been throttled, bruised, trampled in the mud, and had picked themselves up with aching bones and rifled pockets, only too thankful if not disfigured for life. Good as the police might be, it could not be always on the spot where blows were struck and property taken.

A strong fellow, that one behind. His loosely hung, muscular limbs carried him over the ground with no apparent effort, even when I walked my speediest, and I could walk very swiftly on occasion, as most Londoners can. I glanced over my shoulder, and nervously compared my own strength with his. He had the advantage of me in all ways. A head and shoulders taller, as near as I could guess, he was also much heavier, and more bulky, and the bare brown hand that swung at his left side was that of one used to labour. The other hand was thrust into a side-pocket of his rough coat, grasping, for aught I knew, some weapon. He carried no stick, but there was ample room to conceal a bludgeon within the folds of his wraprascal, and I knew how little space was needed for the stowage of a life-preserver, or of those brass 'knuckle-dusters' which our villains have borrowed from those of America. He seemed to be alone, but that might be a mere feint. Ill-looking fellows hung about the dark mouths of courts and alleys, and there were, as usual, plenty of evil-visaged, slouching forms in greasy fustian in front of the gin-shops.

For a long time, my course had lain in a straight line, but when I arrived at the yawning gulf of Gray's Inn Lane, I felt disposed to wheel off sharply to the right, and so get rid of my tormentor. But remembering into what labyrinths of ill name and lawless character I should have to plunge, I resisted the temptation, the rather that I felt sure that my pursuer was not easily to be baffled. On I went, towards Oxford Street. For the time being, I knew I was safe; no one would dare to molest me in the middle of that active throng that surrounded me; and I stopped to gaze at a display of toys, at some patent inventions, at a show of upholstery with a baby-jumper prominent in its midst, all to prove to my own wayward satisfaction that I was a free agent. Perhaps I began to grow a little ashamed of letting this man absorb my thoughts, as he did.

'Cab, sir? cab, sir?'

I was passing the long cab-rank at Holborn Bars, and I suppose my sidelong glances and wavering, undecided gait had aroused the attention of the cabmen. Why did I shake my head in sign of negation, and pass on? Not, certainly, from a deliberate preference of the paltry saving—the fare from Holborn Bars to Park Village being no mighty matter—to safety from whatever danger might be on my track. No, it was the tyrannical power of habit; that power which rules us all, especially in trifles, and which urged me on. I had laid down for myself as a maxim, never to hire a cab when alone, and in my constant progress to and from the City, I had saved a good deal of loose silver by a strict adherence to this self-denying plan. Although a partner in a well-known firm, I had not long been promoted from the desk, and was by no means rich enough to disregard small savings. I therefore half mechanically refused a cab, and continued my way on foot.

Arrived at Southampton Street, I hesitated. My ordinary route lay to the right, across the squares, and so towards home, far off in the north-west district. But I could not face the loneliness of those great desolate enclosures, with such a shadow at my heels, and I knew that my best security was in holding to the more populous thoroughfares. Straight on, then, I went along New Oxford Street, and without actually turning my head, I contrived to get an occasional sidelong peep at the man behind me. He never swerved for one instant from his steady pursuit. Tottenham Court Road at last, with its muddy and encumbered crossing, its numerous lights, and its roar of jostling traffic where several great arteries of London met. Three or more omnibuses, all full, and a number of drays and cabs, were mixed up in confusion, with the usual bawling and flogging, stamping of hoofs and rasping of wheels, while a policeman was very busy in restoring order.

He stood at the corner, with his arm uplifted, waving back an obstinate driver, and the lamplight fell full on his shiny hat, and the striped bracelet round his blue sleeve. He was the first of the force I had met, and for a moment the idea of appealing to him for protection, for the removal of the annoying satellite at my heels, flashed upon my mind. Would it be very absurd or cowardly, I wondered, to act thus. I glanced back; my follower had halted on seeing me halt, and stood motionless. For a minute or two, I stood among the persons who had gathered to gaze at the 'lock' of vehicles and the gesticulating constable, and feigned to be absorbed in the sight, while I was weighing the question whether or not to speak. The 'lock' came to an end; the drays, cabs, 'buses, rumbled by, and a caravan of foot-passengers went stumbling across. The policeman rested a moment, looking up and down the street. I approached, and

was clearing my voice to address him. Ten yards off loomed the uncouth figure of the spy.

What choked my voice and drowned the words before they could find utterance? An Englishman's fear of ridicule, and nothing else. Had the constable been alone, I should have pointed out the suspicious figure following me. But about the corner had clustered a knot of rough fellows in tattered fustian, bantering and jeering one another and the passers-by, in half-tipsy waggishness, and I could not make my mind up to speak before them, and to become their laughing-stock by a tacit confession of timidity.

I waited, paced to and fro, tried to catch the officer's eye. The policeman never observed me. He adjusted his belt, struck his gloved hands together to warm them, and went on along his beat. The opportunity was lost.

As I darted at a swinging pace down Tottenham Court Road, pushing hastily past those ahead of me, and shouldering the living stream in a reckless manner which provoked more than one uncomplimentary speech, my thoughts were busy indeed. Old superstitions, half-forgotten events, came crowding on my memory. It was Friday, an unlucky day in popular credence. I had never connected the idea of misfortune with the day before, but as I remembered the solemn manner in which I had heard my grandmother rebuke sceptics on the subject, I winced uncomfortably. Suppose, just suppose some mischief were to happen to me, some serious mischief, who could say how sad the results might be for those I loved, and who were dependent on me? Little Polly and Lucy at home; Harry, named after my brother in the colonies, and who had just gone to school, what would become of them if I were taken away? And Jane, my dear thoughtful Jane, who had cheered me so long and unselfishly through my struggles, was she to be plunged back into poverty so lately escaped, so bravely borne? This might come to pass—if—if——

He was on my traces yet, unswerving and vigilant. He made no effort to approach, but kept me well in view, and maintained his position, walk as fast as I might. His big form looked bigger and more threatening as night fell, and the shadows darkened.

'I declare,' said I, conquering habit by a mental effort, 'I 'll hail the first empty cab I see.'

So I did, in effect, or rather I hailed several passing cabs, none of which happened to be disengaged, and got for answer a brief shake of the head or a total absence of attention.

'After all,' said I, plucking up resolution from my disappointment, 'I may as well walk. This fellow is perhaps no garrotter—some private detective, I daresay, on the track of the wrong man, and he will presently tail off. At the worst, he is alone, to the best of my knowledge.'

But when I got into the Hampstead Road, and towards the end of the broad frequented thoroughfare, I found myself lingering to stare into shop-windows, deriving a curious interest from gazing at quartern loaves, whole sheep, greens, mildewed prints of fabulous fashions, and even a hideous doll's head decorated with the wire and brown-paper skeleton of a bonnet. I could scarcely bear, in fact, to go on into the net-work of lonely little streets in front of me, and I stood shivering and hesitating on their verge, like a timid bather on the bank of a chilly river. Yet I felt that I *must* go on. I had some pride left. Very nervous I was, but not so dead to a sense of shame that I would appeal to the passers-by, or enter a shop to ask for protection.

The man in the rough coat was in no hurry: when I stepped out, he stepped out; when I dawdled, so did he. There he was, affecting to be as much absorbed in contemplating the shop-windows as I; but he never relaxed his watchfulness, and when I moved, he moved. A cab was coming up, empty, as I guessed, by its slow pace, which was far within the moderate speed enjoined by act of parliament. I raised my umbrella. The man did not remark the signal. I called out lustily.

'I can't take another fare, sir, if it was ever so. My 'oss is dead-beat, and ill, too, and I must get him into the stable as soon as I can.'

He jogged on, and I made the plunge which I had so dreaded, and, with a sinking heart, pursued my way towards the wan lamps and the quiet streets. My follower held sturdily on; I heard his heavy footfall on the silent pavement, and as I looked fearfully back, there he was. A couple of quick strides, and he could seize me by the throat. He had a clear stage now, for the very few passengers we met seemed only intent on making the best of their way, and were not likely to interfere in case of a scuffle. It had ceased to rain, but a damp chill pervaded the air, and the sky was inky black.

I should soon be home now, under ordinary circumstances, but I knew that now or never must come the crisis. That tall form had not stalked at my heels from the City for nothing, and the lonely quarter we were traversing gave small prospect of rescue to the weaker party. How I wished for a weapon, or, better still, for muscles hardened by outdoor exercise, and the robust strength which is seldom possessed by a city-bred man! Many a stout countryman, I knew, would make light of such an encounter as that which menaced me with a single antagonist. But I was what London air and sedentary habits had made me—no match for the brawny ruffian behind me, and yet I resolved to resist to the best of my power. How long the way seemed, with those heavy boots ringing on the flagstones three yards off, and no reasonable hope of getting off unharmed! Sorely tempted to run, I yet restrained myself, and betrayed no apprehension.

My thoughts succeeded one another rapidly, and they were bitter enough. For my life, I had not much fear, but I might be disfigured, maimed—might be long laid up, unfit for business, nay, might receive some injury which would numb the subtile convolutions of the brain, and change me into a drivelling idiot for the rest of my existence. Such things had been before, as I knew too well, when bludgeons and nailed highlows were in free use on the battered, bleeding victim of the garrotter's assault. And my poor wife and children would suffer in my suffering. Although a banker, I had little capital beyond my own industry and knowledge of business; my life was uninsured, my share in the bank but a modest one; and our happiness—the happiness of a whole family—was at the mercy of a chance blow.

Northumberland Villa! How bright and kindly looked the lamp that had twinkled me a welcome so often!—the household beacon that I had many a night been pleased to see, when weary of the cares and battles of the outer world! But to-night its radiance seemed saddened. I was near my home, not in it, and many a slip might ensue between cup and lip. Perhaps I should never enter my own house save as a ghastly, blood-besmeared load, carried by those who had picked me up, rifled and insensible, with gory face and throat blackened by strangulation, out of the street-mud.

He had come nearer, as if he divined that the goal was all but reached, and that I should soon be safe. With a swift, tigerish stride, he had diminished the distance between us, and could be upon me in an instant. Both his muscular hands were now concealed in his pockets. Although a peaceful man, I could hardly help springing at his throat, to finish the affair, and make an end of the suspense. But now I was close to the door—close, yet I hardly relaxed my speed, reluctant as I was to give my grim shadow warning of my intention. Suddenly I stopped, and thrust out my hand to grasp the door-bell. The light of the lamp fell broad and clear on my face. With a

smothered cry, just as my fingers closed upon the cold metal of the bell-pull, the fellow made a dart forward, and threw his powerful arms round my neck.

The 'hug' at last!—here, on my own threshold! Despair, anger, indignation gave me new force, and while I tugged at the bell, sending a sharp, continuous peal ringing through the house, I fought and struggled in the ruffian's grasp with a power that surprised myself. The door flew open, and Jemima, with wide-open eyes, and Buttons the page, appeared, with my wife's pretty, frightened face looking out from the background, and the little ones prattling and peeping in the midst. The garrotter had let me go, his cap had fallen off in the struggle.

'Good heavens, John, don't you know me?' he gasped out.

'Know you!—I—why, it can't be Harry!' said I faintly.

'Yes, it is Harry!—Harry—Brother Harry from Australia!' said the big man, picking up his cap; 'and a pretty trot you've given me, John, my boy.'

To shake Harry's hand till my own ached, to bring him in and bid him kiss his new sister, Jane, whom I had courted and married since he went off to Australia, fifteen years ago, and to make an entry into the snug, well-lit drawing-room, was a moment's work.

A manly fellow my brother, with his dark curling hair, his tanned face, and the huge bushy beard of the colonial stock-farming cut—a brave fellow, and a good, kind fellow, well to do, owing to his steady industry on the other side of the world, and come home to marry an honest English girl, as I hope, to brighten his fireside in Victoria. He was soon at home; the children took to him at once; and as for Jane, she knew him well by report, and he had sent her many a present and many a kind message.

'But how came you, Harry, to follow me thus?'

'Well, John, here's the long and short of it. I came by the *Blue Bell*, and reached London at 3.15. When I had got my traps to the Golden Cross, and secured a bed, I posted citywards to catch you; but I found it was after bank-hours, and I had lost your letter announcing your change of residence, and no more knew your address than the Wandering Jew's. Then I saw a fellow coming along, and, thinks I, there's Jack!—but you're a good deal altered, John, paler and fatter for these fifteen years of London—and, on my life, I didn't care to speak, lest it might be a mistake, though I tracked you on the chance, till I got a good look. That's all, John.'

LIFE ON ASCENSION.

We were on our homeward voyage from Australia, had touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and re-embarked and passed St Helena, when on the 2d January, two days after leaving that island, our happy Christmas amusements and pleasant anticipations of England before us, were broken in upon by the announcement that steam or smoke was issuing from the forepart of the ship. Using the most active exertions by battening down the hatches, cutting holes in the deck, and pumping in as much water as the fire-engine force-pump could throw amongst the cargo, consisting of wool, now smouldering into flame, we were successful in keeping the devouring element under till we arrived at the island of Ascension, where it turned out, on examination, that one of the deck-beams had been charred to a cinder throughout its whole length, the deck nearly burned through in several places, and many of the bales of wool reduced to ashes. While during these three trying days we had borne our part with the officers and crew in endeavouring to extinguish the fire, we had fortunately sighted a Dutch bark, on board of which our female passengers and children had been placed in safety, and keeping each other company, we now anchored in Clarence Bay, and landed on the island of Ascension on the 5th of January.

Here we were immediately transferred to the *Meander* man-of-war; the lady-passengers and female steerage passengers and their children being accommodated with a house on shore, while the cargo was being got out of our own ship, and the damage done by the fire repaired.

Landing on the broad stone steps cut out of the solid rock, styled the 'Pier Head,' a point not always easily accessible, owing to the fury with which the rollers break upon this coast, we were met by the governor, Captain B——, and other officers of the island, to whose kindness and hospitality we owe it, that what at first seemed a month's imprisonment till the arrival of the Cape mail-steamer, by which we had resolved on finishing the remainder of our voyage, became a period of interest and enjoyment.

Installed in the quarters kindly given up to our use, we soon made ourselves familiar with the appearance of the little town or garrison. To our right was an abrupt conical hill, called Flagstaff or Cross Hill, from which are signalled the various steamers and vessels approaching the island. On the face of the hill, a little above and to the right of the town, was the residence of the governor, at the same time commandant of the island and captain of the *Meander*. The town consisted of the church, the hospital, the store, a library with reading-room, a mess-room, and the officers' quarters. No pavement covered the sides of the street, to ease the feet of the traveller foot-sore with walking over such a rugged road; not a tree, not a vestige of anything green, softened the harsh volcanic aspect of the place, except where, here and there, a tubful of earth stationed in front of the house, with an acacia or some oriental shrub growing in it, shewed that the inmate prosecuted gardening even under difficulties. These were the quarters of the officers; while on the left-hand side, coming up from the pier, stood the huts of the marines. But Europeans constitute only one-third of the population of Ascension, the Africans or Krumen amounting to two hundred, and occupying a number of huts by themselves, which are consequently christened Kru Town. This little village of 'darkies' is on the right-hand side of the pier, about half-way between it and the garrison cemetery. The latter place, a neat little enclosure with white sand-walks, contains the remains of many who have died on the island, while recruiting from the effects of the coast-fever. Several of the graves were supplied with wooden slabs dashed with the white sand of Ascension, which gave them the appearance of stone, while others had been furnished with funereal tablets sent out from England.

As the island and its inhabitants are under the rule of the captain of the *Meander*, who is changed every three or four years—as the soil is incapable of supporting either animal or vegetable life, except in a very limited degree towards the summit—and as every article of food is imported, it is absolutely necessary that all people living at Ascension should be placed under discipline, and have their food served out like rations on board ship. In consequence of this, at 5.30 A. M. a bugle-sound rouses all sleepers. At 6, marines, sailors, and Krumen muster on the parade-ground, and are assigned their day's occupation. It is usual with the officers and civilians, if any, to rise at this hour, and after taking a cup of tea, go out for a morning walk, this being the coolest hour in the day, for the sun does not rise till 7; but as soon as it is up, the heat is very intense; indeed, those who have been long resident on the island aver, that from 7 to 8 in the morning is the hottest part of the day. At 7 A. M., the lieutenant or captain of marines attends on the parade-ground to distribute the milk brought down on mules' backs from the foot of Green Mountain. The only pasturage-ground that

exists on Ascension is situated on the summit of the island, and is reached by a winding road about seven miles long. By the time the milk has reached its destination, much of it has been turned into butter; this is strained off with a sieve, and becomes the perquisite of the officer on duty—the only fresh butter met with on the island; while so scarce and so valuable is the milk, that a gill is the allowance to each person. No distinction is made between male and female, child and adult; but in the matter of water, which is only rain collected in a large tank, a gallon more is given to a female than a male; and so highly prized is this extra allowance, that a mother, on the birth of a son, has been known to express her sorrow for its sex, with: 'Oh, I wish it had been a girl, for then I should have had another gallon of water.'

At 8 A.M., a bell is rung for breakfast; at 9, for resuming work—the chaplain sometimes holding prayers in the interval; at 1 P.M., for dinner; at 6, for supper; at 9 P.M., for retiring to rest. Of course, these bells are not intended for officers and civilians, most of whom dine at 6 P.M., but solely for the work-people. Rations are served every day at a certain hour, as on board ship, and your servant, whether marine or African, is expected to attend and get your allowance. These consist usually of salt beef or pork, with two or three times a week an allowance of fresh meat, but so lean and dry after a four-weeks' voyage from the Cape of Good Hope, that it is more like a piece of horn or glue; biscuits or flour, rice, preserved vegetables, and other articles. When a goat or kid is killed—since these animals are kept for the sake of their milk, of which, or of flesh, there cannot be much, as they are fed entirely on biscuits—it is considered the correct thing to invite your friends to dinner, or to forward a piece to each; while the present of a fowl or a pair of pigeons is looked upon as a great compliment. A bottle of beer is allowed to each adult a day, but for this he pays; but the 'darkie,' who draws his at the same price as the white (a shilling a bottle), stows it away for future speculation, waiting till some man-of-war comes in, when, by smuggling it off to the ship, he will make a clear profit of 1s. 6d. a bottle out of Jack. Fish naturally forms a large part of the sustenance of these islanders, and consists chiefly of rock cod, cavally, and rock oysters—the last of which, it may be remarked, are not oysters at all. Twice a day, boats are sent out by the direction of the governor, and when they return—usually about 9.30 A.M. and 3 P.M.—a bell is rung, when your servant is expected to attend and draw your share, which will vary according to the haul. So much do the habits of the people assimilate to a life on board ship, that a kitchen goes by the name of a galley; and the officers' quarters, the only street on the island, as well as the interior of the church, are lighted up at night with ship-lamps.

As Ascension is situated a few degrees south of the line, it is, of course, exceedingly hot; but, fortunately for its inhabitants, has the redeeming and salubrious feature of lying in the very track of the south-east trade-winds, advantage of which has been taken by glazing the windows on one side of the house only, while on the other, which is exposed to the breeze, wire-gauze is substituted.

The roadstead, like all the harbours on the southern coast of Africa, is exposed to the inroad of heavy rollers; to prevent loss of life from which, a flag is hoisted to indicate danger; and when two are up, no one is permitted either to leave the shore or the ships in the offing. Sometimes the phenomenon will exist of heavy rollers close inshore, and a perfectly smooth sea some two or three hundred yards beyond, which is accounted for on the supposition, that there has been a heavy gale far out at sea, the evidence of which crops out in shallower water near the land.

To those who are not conversant with the appearance of Ascension, we cannot give a better idea of its scoriaceous aspect than by comparing it with those large hills of refuse coal and shale disentombed from the workings of an extensive coal-mine, only that volcanic action has given the cinders of Ascension a more compact and vitreous structure. Small as the island is—it being but ten miles long by five broad—there are many points of interest worth visiting.

The convalescent hospital and the pasturage-ground, which are situated near the summit of the island, constitute one of the usual excursions of visitors. It is reached by a zigzag road about seven miles long, and as the exposure to the sun is very great, the expedition requires a propitiously cool day. There are, of course, no carriages to be had for hire to take a party up this ascent; but one vehicle, bequeathed by a former commandant to the ladies of the island, is usually at the service of visitors, which in our own case was most kindly supplemented by that of the governor. Mules are the beasts of burden on the island, horses being seldom met with. It is on this pasturage-ground that the cows are fed which supply the inhabitants with milk, and that the few trees capable of flourishing on those volcanic ashes exist. Job's tears drop in abundance from the tree that produces them, in this fit place for a weeping penitent. Ferns flourish on the small green patch, two indigenous, the others imported; while a variety of esculent vegetables—cabbages, turnips, &c.—are reared for the use of the patients in the hospital. There is but one plant indigenous to the island which is brought to table and cooked as food, and that is purslain, which, to those who are not over-fastidious in taste, may form a tolerable substitute for lettuce in the composition of a salad.

Another excursion is to 'Comfortless Cove,' a rocky inlet some three or four miles from the landing-place, accessible either by a rough track over the volcanic hillocks, or more comfortably by boat, and bearing its cheerless name from the last resting-place of the crews of several ships who died victims to the coast-fever. They were landed here, and located in tents, in order to prevent the spread of the disease to the other inhabitants of the island, and as one after another succumbed, they were buried by heaping great piles or tumuli of cinders on their coffins. Some of these mounds are whitewashed, and receive an annual coating from some attentive hand, and others are distinguished by a cross or some such simple memorial.

A favourite spot for picnics is styled 'Wide-awake Fair,' a rocky part of the coast where innumerable flocks of birds of a duck or guillemot species have taken up their quarters, where, on firing a gun, countless myriads immediately rise up from the crevices in the rock, darkening the sky with their numbers, and deafening the visitor with their incessant quack.

On the south-west side of the island is a bay, named 'Turtle Bay,' where these animals, which constitute no small part of the sustenance of the inhabitants, are captured. It is usually the females that are taken as they come up on the beach to lay their eggs; this they do by depositing them on the shore, and having scratched up a quantity of sand with their hind feet, and covered them over, leave them there to be incubated by the heat of the sun. Having accomplished the work for which she came on shore, the turtle makes immediately for the sea, but is interrupted on her return, and being turned over on her back, is allowed to lie there in a helpless position till the boat signalled for from the 'Pier Head' comes round to convey all that may have been taken to the turtle-ponds, situated on the left side of the pier, where they are kept till required for consumption.

Of course, from a barren island like this there are not many curiosities which the traveller can carry home as a memento of his visit. Hard vitreous pieces

of the lavas which constitute the bulk of the island are common in the hands of collectors; the white sand found in some of the sheltered bays, composed entirely of finely pounded shells, with which the walks of the little cemetery are strewed; and the crystal sand from the bay of that name, which, when placed under the microscope, looks like minute portions of precious stones.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SHORT note read before the Royal Society on the spectra of some of the fixed stars, is worth mention, as shewing that almost simultaneous observations of stars with the spectroscope were made in this country and in America. Mr Rutherford of New York, having placed a prism, with other needful appliances, inside his telescope, was enabled to take spectra of fourteen principal stars, which he compared with those of the sun and moon. The results are interesting. 'The star-spectra,' he says, 'present such varieties that it is difficult to point out any mode of classification.' So for the present he divides them into three groups: 1. Those of which the lines and bands most nearly resemble those of the sun—the reddish or golden stars, of which Capella and Arcturus are examples. 2. Those of which Sirius is the type, white stars, presenting spectra wholly unlike that of the sun. 3. Those comprising *alpha* Virginis, Rigel, &c., also white stars, but shewing no lines. 'Perhaps,' says Mr Rutherford, 'these contain no mineral substance, or are incandescent without flame.' And he continues: 'One thought I cannot forbear suggesting —we have long known that "one star differeth from another star in glory;" we have now the strongest evidence that they also differ in constituent materials —some of them perhaps having no elements to be found in some other. What, then, becomes,' he asks, 'of that homogeneity of original diffuse matter which is almost a logical necessity of the nebular hypothesis?'

Father Secchi of the Observatory at Rome has taken up the question of Force as expounded by Professor Tyndall in his lecture last year at the Royal Institution—namely, that the sun is the centre or origin of all the physical forces or movements with which we are acquainted. 'But how,' inquires the Roman astronomer, 'does this movement or series of movements return to the sun? Who knows but what that part of the heat thus emanating from the sun, which is not lost by radiation into space, is converted into an impulsion of the mass of the earth towards the sun?' The meaning of this is, that as heat produces motion, so a certain quantity of the motion which comes to us from the sun is not reflected or sent back again, but remains imprisoned in the mass of the globe. This imprisonment of an energetic principle should go on without limit, if some mode of escape, of maintaining the due balance, were not found. This mode of escape, or discharge, may be, as Father Secchi expresses it, 'an incessant fall of the earth towards the sun.' Thus, in this view, the overplus of power that comes to us from the sun, is the means by which the earth is compelled, year by year, to follow its orbit round the great central luminary. This is one of the most interesting questions in physical astronomy, and we shall watch with interest for the observations which the astronomers of Europe may make thereupon.

A new traction-engine has been tried at Rochester, manufactured by a firm of that town, for a copper-mining company in Australia, who intend to use engines of the same kind for the transport of their ores from the mines to the coast, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. The economy, it appears, will be great; the transport at present costs ten pounds a ton, while with the traction-engine it will not be more than two pounds. The engine in question drew a load of forty tons contained in six wagons, turned sharp corners, travelled along narrow streets, ascended hills of which the rise is one in twelve and one in eight, the rate of speed throughout the trial varying from three to six miles an hour. The result may be regarded as satisfactory, and conclusive on the question as to whether steam-power can be advantageously used on common roads.

We notice in a foreign journal that the heavy oil of bitumen has been used with advantage for the lubrication of the insides of heaters and boilers of large engines. A manufacturer at Mulhouse states that he finds the use of the oil economical, since, when applied to the inner surface of a boiler, it prevents the incrustation which does so much harm, and by keeping the metal clean, requires a smaller consumption of fuel. Moreover, a clean boiler lasts longer than a foul one. Considering that there are seventy patents for the prevention of deposits in boilers, this seems worth notice.

The Pneumatic Dispatch through underground tubes has become a fact, and mail-bags full of letters are now blown from the Euston Square terminus to the central post-office of the north-west district. The success of this portion incites to further operations, and we are promised that our much-vexed metropolitan streets shall be again dug up to lay miles on miles of tubes for the use of the post-office, and deliverers of small parcels. In anticipating the hindrance that will ensue in crowded thoroughfares, we the more appreciate the subway which underlies the new street in Southwark, and which is to be constructed beneath the new street planned to extend from Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House in connection with the Thames Embankment. In these subways, which may be described as well-built tunnels running along the middle of a street, pipes of any kind may be fixed or repaired, and led into houses through the lateral openings without disturbing the surface.

Underground dispatch has been also attempted by the electricians: they place a small carriage on a railway within a tube, in which insulated wires and coils are properly fixed. The carriage is furnished with an electric battery connected with the wires, and when these and the coils are charged, the carriage runs forwards at considerable speed.

Among recent American inventions, we notice a machine which, by the rotation of two spiral rods, will mix dough, clay or plaster, or churn butter, or beat eggs. The spirals being right and left handed, produce such a commotion in the vessel as thoroughly to mix and agitate whatever is placed therein.—Another is a coal-oil lamp, which has a reservoir containing water placed immediately below the perforated air-chamber, so that the steam produced by the heating of the water mixes with the air, passes upwards to the base of the flame, thereby rendering the light clear and brilliant, and neutralising the unpleasant smell of the oil.—Another is a weighing scale for the use of iron manufacturers, which comprises a series of levers bearing the weights, that may be connected with or detached from the platform at pleasure: the advantage being that each ingredient may have its own lever and weight undisturbed, that the levers may be enclosed in a case and locked up, shewing nothing more than a small projecting pin in a slot, by which means the workmen employed to weigh are kept ignorant of the proportions used in the manufacture of different kinds of iron.—Another is a grain-binder, an adjunct to the reaping-machine, which ties the corn in bundles as fast as it is cut. The mode of operation appears to be that when the stalks fall on the platform, they are grasped by an arm, which pulls them tightly into a frame, where a length of wire is passed round the bundle, and cut, and fastened by twisting its ends by the turning of a crank. Then the jaws open, the bundle is released, the nippers seize the end of the

wire, and all is ready for the next sheaf. Whether this contrivance is likely to be as useful as it is ingenious, we leave to agriculturists to decide; but whatever may be the opinion of farmers, we think that poets and painters would protest against the use of iron-bound wheat-sheaves.—Another Yankee notion is an inner shoe-sole, through which damp cannot rise to the foot. It consists of a thin brass plate placed between two slices of wood, all held together by eyelets, which, as the inventor describes, admit a circulation of air.

The New Jersey Zinc Company (United States) manufacture a peculiar kind of white pig iron, which has been discovered to possess a remarkable property. If this be coarsely pulverised and sprinkled on a red or white hot bar of wrought iron, the powdered pig iron melts and flows entirely over the surface of the bar, producing a sort of case-hardened enamel, which resists the edge of tools. It is thought that ornamental surfaces of cast iron may be enamelled in a similar way.

In a discussion which took place on the reading of a paper on Ropemaking, before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, certain facts were mentioned which will interest persons who use ropes in their business. It had been found by experience that hemp-ropes made by hand were stronger than those made by machinery; hence the use of the machines had been given up at Deptford Dockyard. The strength of different kinds of hemp is thus stated: taking the breaking-weight of St Petersburg hemp-rope at 100, that of Italian hemp-rope is 107, and of Manilla rope, 73. Tarred rope is weaker than untarred, other circumstances being the same, for the quality of the tar seriously affects the strength of the rope. Hence the strongest ropes are hawser-laid or three-strand ropes made of untarred Italian or Russian hemp. Comparing metal with hemp: an iron wire-rope $1\frac{1}{16}$ inch diameter broke with a weight of $18\frac{1}{4}$ tons: a hemp-rope to bear the same load would require to be nearly 3 inches diameter; it would weigh 16 pounds to the fathom, while a fathom of the wire-rope would not weigh more than 10 pounds. One of the latest wire-rope-making machines will turn out 10,000 yards of strand in 10 hours: four times the quantity of former machines. Steel wire-ropes are from 10 to 50 per cent. stronger than ropes of iron wire; but both become brittle by use, for the same reason that railway-carriage axles become brittle—namely, through the crystallisation produced by long-continued friction. Hemp-ropes do not crystallise; but 'beyond a certain depth, a hemp-rope used for winding in a pit would kill itself; that is, the great weight of the rope itself hanging down the pit, and the consequent continued stretching every time it was lowered, would eventually cause it to become almost rotten.' It is possible, however, by greater care in the process of manufacture, to increase the strength of hempen ropes. A compound rope strengthened by metal is sometimes made; it contains a wire in the centre of each yarn; and these yarns are spun into ropes in the ordinary way.

The Society of Arts have been discussing Submarine Telegraphs, the Growth of Cotton in India, and Cooking Dépôts for the Working Classes. The last subject was well supported by reference to what has been accomplished at Glasgow, where fourteen dépôts have been opened to supply breakfasts and dinners to the working-classes, good in quality and moderate in price. At these places, a breakfast may be had for a penny, or for fourpence; and a dinner for the same sum, well cooked, and served with proper regard to order and cleanliness. The success has been so complete, that we hope to see other large towns following the example of Glasgow. Good cookery has a civilising influence; it checks the craving for the stimulus of alcoholic drinks.

Dr Frankland's lecture on Artificial Illumination, delivered at the Royal Institution, was an able exposition of the progress made in that branch of art during the past ten years. Within that period, the electric light had been successfully introduced for the illumination of light-houses, as at the South Foreland. Gas had been improved; so much so, that the objectionable sulphur compounds so much complained of in ordinary gas could now be got rid of by heating the gas with hydrate of lime, during the process of manufacture, up to a temperature of 400 degrees. A heretofore unknown compound of coal-gas—acetylene—had been discovered by Berthelot, a French chemist, which it is thought will have great influence on the manufacture of gas in future. Then there was the rock-oil, of which already 180,000,000 gallons had been exported from Canada alone; and Dr Frankland places this oil and paraffine foremost among substances useful for ordinary illuminating purposes. But it requires a properly constructed lamp; and the lecturer exhibited one with a modification introduced by himself, which consists of an outside cylinder wherein the air becomes heated, and in turn heats the pipe through which the oil or gas passes; hence the atmosphere and the burning fluid meet at a high temperature. By this means, a better light is produced with a saving of cost. Dr Frankland thinks that the course of scientific investigation will some day lead to the discovery of a process by which the heat of coal will be transferred directly into light and electricity.

We observe that a communication has been made to the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, which is likely to be interesting to paper-makers, as it describes a fibrous plant, possessed, so far as we can judge, of the qualities so much desired by all who own paper-mills. The plant is one of the malvaceous or mallow tribe, known to botanists as the *Hibiscus Moscheutos* or *palustris*, and grows well on swampy grounds which the ordinary farmer regards as waste. It is indigenous in some of the northern United States, and has been named American jute; but it is entirely different from the plant which produces the jute of India. The person by whom its qualities were discovered sowed an acre of ground in the neighbourhood of Burlington, New Jersey, with Hibiscus seeds; the plants grew well, unmolested by insects, and the estimate is that the acre will yield three and a half tons of fibre. It appears further, that the fibre can be easily separated from the pith: for rope-making it is said to be superior to Manilla hemp; and the paper-makers of Philadelphia consider it worth one hundred dollars a ton as a substitute for rags. Specimens of the rope were laid before the Institute, and an examination of the fibre led to the conclusion that it would be suitable for various kinds of woven goods.

THE CUCKOO.

When a warm and scented steam
  Rises from the flowering earth;
When the green leaves are all still,
  And the song-birds cease their mirth;
In the silence before rain,
Comes the cuckoo back again.

When the spring is all but gone—
  Tearful April, laughing May—
When a hush comes on the woods,
  And the sunbeams cease to play;
In the silence before rain,
Comes the cuckoo's voice again.

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WHAT A 'LITTLE BIRD' (OR TWO) HAS TOLD ME ABOUT HIMSELF.

ANY one who has been tempted to indulge in a good country ramble, on one of those fine days—so calm, serene, and beautiful—with which we are sometimes favoured towards the end of October, must have been struck with surprise at the unusual silence that prevails around. The most superficial observer of the common objects of the country—which can be made so *un*commonly interesting to those who will hear and see—cannot have failed to notice, and lament, the absence of those familiar voices which, but a very short time ago, were wont to make the woods and valleys vocal with their melodies. The glad full chorus that attended his footsteps during a corresponding walk in May, has gradually declined in volume, until, with rare exceptions, it has dwindled into a solo by Mr Cockrobin, whose broken, and somewhat melancholy strain, with its fitful intervals of silence, is not unlike an attempt to sing an elaborate air from some oratorio without the necessary accompaniment. How is this? Why should spring have so many jubilant anthems chanted in her praise, and autumn be almost destitute of music?

It is true that many of our sweet singers, with an instinctive dread of the severity of an English winter, have winged their mysterious flight to sunnier and far-distant lands. The blackcap, the twittering swallow, and the fussy little whitethroat (whose song is said by some authorities to rival that of the nightingale, and by others, to be harsh and unpleasant, so much do doctors differ), have departed. Many of the finest of our feathered musicians, however, still remain, but have altogether lost the power or the disposition to chant. There is the thrush, for instance, the prince of our northern songsters, with his brown back and finely speckled breast, living a much wilder life now than he did when encumbered with the cares of a rising family. He holds his whiskered bill well up in the air, and has an expression of astonishment in his widely opened eyes, as if he was always 'quite surprised at meeting *you* here;' but his magnificent song, as remarkable for its amazing power, as for the variety and suddenness of its transitions, is now no longer heard echoing through the valley. There is the blackbird, with his glossy clerical suit—grown somewhat rusty—and his bright yellow bill—'golden dagger,' as Tennyson, thinking of his stabbed fruit, appropriately terms it; but his rich mellow music—distinguishable from that of the thrush by being mostly pitched in a lower key, by less abruptness, and by an apparent want of freedom in delivery, as if he had got a small *pea* under his tongue, or had some other impediment in his speech that prevented a free articulation—his noble voice—the baritone among birds—has left him. He still gives vent occasionally to that loud laugh-like screech of his, when suddenly startled, and when flitting from bush to bush—with his tail spread out like a fan—which may have been the Rev. Gilbert White's reason for classing him among the birds that sing on the wing. There are plenty of larks, too, flying about, in small family groups, preparatory to gathering into large winter-flocks, but none of them seem to be ambitious to be taken for that

> Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky!

that Wordsworth mentions, which is said to be

> Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and home.

Except now and then giving utterance to a sharp 'chirrup, chirrup,' as they chase each other in anger or in sport, they now are silent. There is the smart little chaffinch, too, fraternising with his late antagonists, and hopping about our country roads, to which he seems to be extremely partial. Though deserted by his faithless wife, he is apparently as active and as busy as ever. Still, his dapper summer-coat has now lost much of its gloss, as if the first shock of grief at the flighty conduct of his partner, and mother of his family, had literally taken the shine out of him, and left him with the seedy, broken-down look of one who has seen better days. If he retains much of his animation, he has altogether forgotten that cheerful but rather monotonous ditty of his, which, beginning on a high note, came rattling down the scale to an abrupt finish. Even the melancholy yellowhammer now forgets to pipe his little lay; he no longer sits like a beggar by the road-side, pitifully bewailing his condition, informing passers-by in plaintive tones that he has 'very little bread, and no che-ese.'

This singular silence on the part of our native warblers at one season, compared with their volubility at another, has always been a puzzle to naturalists. Some have attempted to account for it

on physical grounds, thinking it probable there might be some natural obstruction, such as contraction or rigidity of the larynx. That such can hardly be the case is shewn, not only by the fact that we have some birds that sing in winter, but also by the fact, that the Germans, by various cruel methods, succeed in making their favourite the chaffinch—exclusively a spring songster naturally—pipe his merry notes in autumn too. The poets—who, as usual, have carried the general public along with them—have mostly held stoutly to the belief, that love is at once the inspiration and the burden of all birdish melody; that each impassioned lay is neither more nor less than a genuine love-song: 'Love gave it energy, love gave it birth.' As birds indulge the tender passion during a part of the year only, their silence during the remainder is thus easily explained. This is a pleasant and highly poetic belief, but one with which the out-door naturalist, who, according to White, is 'one who takes his observations from the subject itself, and not from the writings of others,' will not be disposed to coincide. He will be much more likely to agree with that accurate observer of nature at first hand, when he declares that, 'during the amorous season, such a jealousy prevails between the male birds, that they can hardly bear to be together in the same hedge or field. Most of the singing and elation of spirits at that time seem to me to be the effect of rivalry and emulation, and it is to this spirit of jealousy that I chiefly attribute the equal dispersion of birds in the spring over the face of the country.' This assertion of one having authority, which knocks the rose-pink out of many an 'elegant extract,' and reduces the sweet love-songs of the grove into a kind of melodious Billingsgate, will be generally verified by observation. The crowing of the common domestic cock—which is his 'easy method' of singing, and which, when once fairly learned, is always the same, but is nevertheless perfectly original, no two ever crowing exactly alike—is evidently intended for the ear of his antagonist on the adjoining dunghill, rather than for that of dear Dame Partlett, or the prim Miss Pullet at his side, towards whom he adopts a very different tone. So, if some fine evening you listen attentively to the wonderfully varied music of the thrush, perched, it may be, on the spire of the village church, or on the topmost twig of the parson's poplars—for he loves a lofty perch when singing—you will probably conclude it is more a challenge and defiance of some saucy rival at a distance, by whom he is regularly answered, than it is an expression of tenderness and attachment to his mate in the bush close by, who is patiently engaged in her tedious process of making young mouths, that will soon be clamorous to be filled.

Confirmatory of this bird-Billingsgate theory, it is well known that many, indeed most of our wild warblers, are only rivals and singers during a part of the year, and that their songs and rivalry begin and end together. The males of any locality who have been in a state of open war in spring, will probably form part of the same flock, and live together in peace and silence over winter. Those who *do* continue their song, also continue their opposition. Familiar instances of these two classes are furnished by the redbreast and the chaffinch. About the time when nearly all other birds agree to sink their differences, and say no more about them for a while, the hatred of the robin towards all his race seems to acquire additional force, and his songs additional vigour. Though he has generally been classed among the very few birds that sing all the year round, yet the shy and comparatively silent bird, hopping about the hedge-bottoms in secluded corners, in the vicinity of his nest, in summer, is nothing like the same bird in October, piping from the chimney-top a clear defiance against all red-breasted comers. His notes at this time are said by some to have a tone of melancholy about them, a plaintive sadness not discernible at any other season. Still, judging by results, the poet can hardly be said to 'hold the mirror up to nature,' when he says:

> List the robin's plaintive ditty,
> Perched on yonder blossomed aloe;
> He sings of love, and woe, and pity,
> Pity, love, and woe.

Perhaps he does, to the listening poet; but to the listening robin—who may reasonably be expected to be better acquainted with the language—he sings of something very different, something, indeed, of the nature of an insult, provocative of a reply, equally plaintive, which is oftener than otherwise the prelude to a desperate engagement. Whatever can be the cause of this general favourite's excessive hostility to all his own kind, is a mystery. Love is out of the question at a season when the tender passion is never indulged; besides, he attacks all indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex. Neither can it spring from a desire to preserve his feeding-ground free from intrusion, for then he would drive off other small birds as well. Though never on very intimate terms with them, yet he will feed quietly with the piebald wagtail, the tame hedge-warbler, and others, and is extremely polite in making way for that self-assertive individual with the murderous nursery reputation, the sparrow, who has evidently not acquired his shocking bad character for nothing, the bold fellow daring to dispute the precedence with him, soon feeling the weight of his thick heavy bill.

Let another redbreast appear upon the scene, however, and it has the same effect on Mr Robin that a red rag is proverbially said to have upon a turkey-cock. It does not matter how near the family relationship may be between the two, when they meet, there is no alternative but to fight or fly. It may be only their 'love' and 'pity' for each other; but if it is their method of shewing it, it is something like that in vogue at Donnybrook Fair, where

> Pat meets wid his friend, and for *love* knocks him down
> Wid his sprig o' shillalah and shamrock so green.

Are the tuneful combatants, ever ready for a row, we see about our dwellings towards the end of autumn, all males? or do the females assume for a time the song, the swagger, and the pugnacious spirit of their mates? Let us hope, for the credit of the feminine character, that they follow the example of their friends the lady-chaffinches, and retire to more peaceful quarters, leaving the gentlemen to fight their quarrels out among themselves.

Very different to the protracted vindictiveness of the robin is the policy pursued by the chaffinch. Though one of the most violent of our little feathered pugilists during the breeding season—when he is also the most indefatigable of our native singers—he is one of the first to forget his song and to forgive his enemies. The male birds, who at one period could not meet without a battle, will, towards the fall of the year, affect each other's society, and live together very amicably. This, however, if they are fond of company, may not be so much a matter of choice as of necessity, large numbers of the females having gathered themselves together and gone in search of more congenial quarters, leaving their husbands and sons behind them, who have, in consequence, been called 'bachelors.' Whether they actually leave their country, or remain in the south of England, where vast flocks of hens are sometimes seen late in the year, appears to be somewhat doubtful. I was at first inclined to believe that this reported migration of the hens only might have arisen from the greater resemblance the sexes bear to each other in winter than they do in summer. The finery of the cock becomes a good deal faded: he loses the bright shady hues of his neck, which glittered in the

summer-sun as if the feathers were all tipped with jewels; and he is almost reduced to the dingy plainness of his modestly attired mate. Still, the difference between the two is sufficiently obvious to prevent mistakes; and as the separation of the sexes is by no means a complete one, there is always opportunity for comparison. I have noticed, too, that the proportion of hen-birds in a flock is always greater during hard frost or snow than when the weather is moderately mild. Notwithstanding his lively manner and his cheerful music, the chaffinch has never been a particular favourite in England—seldom being thought worthy of a cage, or of that place in our households so frequently occupied by some of his congeners. But in Germany, he holds a very different position. There, the chaffinch is as much esteemed for his song as an over-finely bred Belgian canary is among our English 'Fancy' for his senseless shape. Dr Bechstein, in a note to his admirable *Natural History of Cage-birds*, says: 'Ruhl is a large manufacturing village in Thuringia, the inhabitants of which, mostly cutlers, have such a passion for chaffinches, that some have gone ninety miles from home to take with bird-lime one of these birds distinguished by its song, and have given one of their cows for a fine songster; from which has arisen their common expression, *such a chaffinch is worth a cow*. A common workman will give a *louis d'or* (sixteen shillings) for a chaffinch he admires, and willingly live on bread and water to gain the money. An amateur cannot hear one that sings in a superior style *The Double Trill of the Harz* without being in an ecstasy. I have heard them say that one which sings this melody perfectly, certainly can converse from its pronouncing the syllables so distinctly.'

The same author gives an elaborate description of eight of the many different varieties into which his enthusiastic countrymen have succeeded in dividing the songs of the chaffinch. Some of these melodies are subdivided again into four, and sometimes six varieties of different degrees of excellence; the bird that is able to sing perfectly *The Double Trill of the Harz*, which is composed of six strains, ending in the word *Weingeh*, or vinegay, being considered a prodigy. These subtle divisions of the music of one of our commonest wild-birds, who with us is reckoned 'no great shakes' as a singer, may appear fanciful enough to canary-loving Englishmen; but no one can help admiring the careful study and the nice musical ear necessary to discover so many shades of difference in the whistling of a common chaffinch. Should these particulars appear to some to be rather trivial, let us hope that others may be induced by them to take rather more interest than they have hitherto done in the smart little fellow, with the coat of many colours, hopping about our country walks, who, in return for their kindly notice, will not object to act the part of a living barometer, by giving warning of approaching rain.

The amateur-ornithologist, when taking his walks abroad in the land, in autumn and in winter, if he is not enlivened with the sweet music of his numerous feathered acquaintances, is never left altogether without amusement. If there is no longer their melodious conversation to listen to, and interpret, birds have other points of interest, the study of which, if not quite so engaging, will not be without profit. A very moderate practice will soon enable any one to distinguish many birds by their flight alone, long before they are near enough to do so by their shape and colour. Observation will discover almost as many peculiarities in their methods of locomotion, on the ground and in the air, as there is in their voices or their plumage. A group of small birds hopping about the yard or garden on a winter's day, in search of a stray seed or two, will disclose many points of difference in their gait, which a casual observer would never notice. Others that have the same way of moving over the ground, differ very materially in their passage through the air. The starling, the skylark, and the wagtail always run or walk when on the land—the last-named being the smallest of our walking birds—yet they all three differ much in their manner of flying. Starlings, who are always in a prodigious hurry, move steadily and rapidly along with regular strokes of the wing, in a kind of swimming motion, which, as they often fly together in considerable numbers, enables them to keep pretty close to each other. Skylarks have a fluttering uncertain manner, that gives to a flock in winter a somewhat confused and straggling appearance. Wagtails, who never move in very large companies, have a much more eccentric movement, passing through the air in a series of irregular bounds or curves, rising and falling gracefully, and every now and then giving vent to a sharp chirp, which appears to be their only attempt at music. They have a bold, confident style of flying, without any of that strange indecision which characterises the higher flights of some of our small birds, who, when startled to a greater height than usual, jerk about from side to side, as if utterly unable to make up their minds which way to steer. If the wagtail cannot be very highly recommended as a teacher of music, there is no bird better able to give lessons in agility. To watch him about the month of September, when he leaves the solitary water-courses he has haunted during summer, and takes to the fields in which cattle are grazing—to see him running about the nose of some old horse or cow, with whom he has a perfect understanding, and witness the marvellous dexterity with which he seizes his prey, is a treat, and a display of activity no mountebank can match.

If the birds already mentioned are not sufficient or interesting enough to engage the attention of our country rambler, let him, for a change, wend his way by the margin of some sluggish, unfrequented stream, and compare the slow but stately movements of the hungry heron with the dart-like rapidity of the snipe, or the heavy laboured flight of the wild-duck, with its head stretched forth as if for balance; and if, with such a variety of entertainment, he still returns unsatisfied, his appetite for feathered novelty must be indeed prodigious.

ETIQUETTE.

A CERTAIN weekly review, in one of those beautiful articles upon social life for which it is so justly celebrated, once deigned to notice the Autobiography of a Bagman. The reviewer, accustomed, as usual, to mingle only with persons of the very first rank, and sitting, as it were, upon a cloud, above the tumult of the working-world, was so good as to allow that it was doubtful, after all, whether the middle classes (inclusive of Irish peers, baronets, and the borough members) did not enjoy life, upon the whole, as much as himself and other persons moving in the highest circles. 'There must be much vulgarity, of course,' said he (or words to that effect) 'in this class of creatures, but their rude pleasures are numerous, and they do not seem to be bound hand and foot, as we are, by the golden chains of etiquette.' There were many other lovely sentences, the precise terms of which I forget, but the whole essay had exactly the effect upon me which it was doubtless intended to have; I stood, as it seemed, a long way off, with downcast eyes, and thought how good it was of so great a man to contribute to periodical literature, and especially how graceful was his disavowal of any superiority in his high position, as respected the enjoyment of life. I thought this last was only affected by the writer out of delicacy (for which the paper with which he was connected is famous), in order to console persons like myself—in a humble position of life—for their low estate; but I have since come to the conclusion that, whether he meant to do so or not, he spoke the truth.

I have now in my custody (for it is only lent, alas!) a charming volume (bound in violet and gold), called *Court Etiquette*, and I wish, with all my heart, that I had possessed it earlier; for so should I have been preserved from much dissatisfaction with my own rank in the world, as well as envy of kings, princes, peers, and others of similar condition. My disenchantment is the more complete, since the author of the work in question is himself a great admirer of what he describes, and would encourage me to immolate myself upon the very altar of which he is a minister. He would adjure me to make an effort to improve my present position, which he points out as little less than degrading. In the Tables of Precedence, there are no less than one hundred and twenty-eight classes, and I find myself in the *hundred-and-twenty-third* (!), immediately after Subalterns in the Army. '123. Professional gentlemen—as solicitors, attorneys, proctors, engineers, architects, medical practitioners (not being physicians), artists, *literary men*, merchants, master-manufacturers, scientific professors, and others not engaged in manual labour, farming of land, or retail trade.' The wife of an ensign in a marching regiment would therefore be taken down to dinner before mine!

I am not to comfort myself, says the stern editor of this volume, with the idea that these things are regulated by any passing conventional arrangement, for that is a notion 'which can only exist among those who have everything to learn upon this subject;' I am not to conceive that precedence is 'a fantastic thing, ruled by the fluctuating laws of fashionable life;' or a useless thing, 'to be discarded by all persons of common sense who have the necessary courage;' or a modern institution, 'intended to act as a bulwark to the titled classes.' No; this system rests upon the authority of acts of parliament, solemn decisions in courts of justice, and public instruments proceeding from the crown. The Romans, I am reminded, by a special law in the Theodosian code, actually made it *sacrilege* for any person, even inadvertently, to take the seat belonging to another; while by one of the laws of Canute, a person sitting above his station was to be pelted out of his place with stones.

> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And hark! what discord follows.

It is no wonder, however, that I was in ignorance of many of these weighty matters. 'The Man of the World'—under which *nom de plume* some eminent personage has condescended to edit this volume—assures us, in the beginning, that *Court Etiquette* has never before been written upon by any one who is acquainted with the subject. How is it possible that persons in the hundred-and-twenty-third class of precedence can write about Levées, Drawing-rooms, and Audiences (all very different matters, be it observed), without even the privilege of the *Entrée?* 'By *sufferance*, the author of that article which appears in the newspapers under the head of the Court Circular, is allowed to stand near the windows in the Tapestry Chamber, and he is permitted to copy the cards which have been left on the table of the Queen's Page. In this imperfect and unauthorised way, the public at large gain the only knowledge they possess respecting the persons present at Drawing-rooms, Levées, Courts, and Audiences.' The stern exclusiveness of the writer of that sentence is truly admirable, and in these levelling modern days, has scarce a parallel, except in the writer in the weekly review above referred to. From internal evidence, indeed, I have come to the conclusion, that the 'Man of the World' and the Reviewer in question are one and the same persons. Each is obviously a man of rank; each is tenacious of his hereditary social privileges; each indulges in a cynical philosophy, which does not spare even the very class which he upholds. 'The Fashionable World,' admits my editor, 'is at once despotic and servile, mean and ambitious, precise and whimsical; it opens not its doors to wealth, though it shuts them upon poverty; it admits not nobility, but it spurns low birth; ignorance is no disqualification, learning no advantage. . . . Still, it is highly useful to a state that there shall be *one* band of men at least—a solid, impregnable square, erecting its haughty standards in courts and palaces, to shew the man of money there is something he cannot buy, to shew the man of land that there is something he cannot grow, to shew the man of title there is something he cannot inherit, and to shew the democrat there is something he cannot pilfer.' If this is not fine writing, I know not what can deserve that title; and it suggests to my mind nothing less than a vision of the late Samuel Johnson in a court costume, stolen from his enemy, Lord Chesterfield.

Our Man of the World, however eminent he be, is not, I conceive, himself a peer; there are certain remarks of his which betray a decided leaning towards that portion of the aristocracy which do not possess seats in the Upper House. 'The House of Lords is only a small section of the aristocracy, and includes among its members only a portion of the peerage. . . . There are upwards of one hundred-and-thirty-seven peers—genuine Peers—who have no seats whatever.'* And again: 'That great body called the aristocracy would scarcely exhibit a sensible diminution of its members if the whole Peerage were engulfed in an earthquake.' Let us escape from this awful thought into the presence of royalty.

In his sublime contempt for the general public, and his sense of their lack of all great social opportunities, our editor has entitled his chapter upon behaviour in the presence of kings, '*Accidental* Intercourse with Royalty;' whereby he means, not the meeting a monarch in a narrow lane, and apologising for driving over him, but the exhibiting to him some manufactory, doing the honours of some public entertainment, or explaining some invention of one's own to his royal ear; in trying circumstances of that character, says our monitor, 'having heard some loose details of Court Ceremonials, people know not whether to bow, to kneel, or to run away!' For the comfort of these uneducated persons, 'it will be desirable to state, that on such occasions their chief duty will be to remain with uncovered head whether it rains, hails, or shines, and to restrain all attempts at speech except in reply to questions.' Now, if this be really the case, would it not be better for delicate persons (unless in very fine weather), and for talkative persons (at all times) to be uneducated, and to run away? 'If presented by name, it will be necessary to bow twice, the second salutation being made to follow immediately upon the acknowledging bow of royalty, of which it is intended as a dutiful expression of thanks.' With respect to foreign princes, our editor gives us no information as to posture, but, judging by what they expect in other matters, we should think it but right to approach them upon all-fours. 'The attendants of Foreign Princes are in the habit of keeping close to the Royal Personage, waiting upon every glance, and not presuming to notice any person or anything [such as the moon?] except that which happens at the instant to be under the observation of their prince.' There must be some credit, as Mark Tapley would say, to courtiers who are jolly under such circumstances as these.

It seems, however, that in the best circles—even when not regal—conversation is by no means too sprightly and natural. Whoever aims at success in good society, says our mentor, gravely, must abstain from general reflections upon classes or orders of men, for though none of your auditors may actually belong to the set in question, some one is sure to be

* In the House of Lords, that is. There is, of course, no such physical defect (whatever the Radicals may say) by which a lord may be recognised.

too closely connected with them to make your remarks agreeable. 'We find, therefore, that cliques, coteries, nations, sects, professions, and even clubs, are too sacred to be meddled with by the man who desires to be well received.' These exceptions must rather narrow the field of fashionable conversation.

Again: 'Abstain from reasoning—you must eschew logic. It will be "Greek" to the women,* for few of them can follow out the briefest and neatest demonstration. . . . Abstain from anecdote, unless it be fresh, short, pointed, appropriate, *and of application evident to the stupidest member of the corporation of dunces*, else it will fail in good society. . . . Abstain from speaking of your own profession, and *in fact about anything that may interest yourself*. . . . Abstain from appearing indifferent; whatever is good enough for other persons to *say*, is good enough for you to *hear*. Learn the art of being interested in everybody's twaddle. . . . Abstain, above all things, from any species of wit that can dazzle and offend; the pettiest attempts at wit must excite envy if innocent, and enmity if sarcastic. . . . Abstain from speaking Toryism, Whiggism, Radicalism, Puseyism, Evangelism, or even Church of Englandism. . . . Abstain as much as possible from criticism of *modern* works in literature, science, or art. The friends of the author or artist may be at your elbow, and irritated by blame, or his rivals be there, and offended by praise. . . . Abstain from confessing any peculiarity of taste, but rather admire and condemn according to the intellect, taste, and acquirements of your company. You will fall out of the social sphere if you rise above or sink below the level of the commonest intelligence. . . . Abstain—abstain—abstain—such is the beginning, the middle, and the end of every injunction.'

Thus he who would stand well with good society must be a total abstainer as to conversation, or confine himself to the Weather and the—no, not the Crops, for that may offend the Manufacturing Interest. Yet you must talk, and that at considerable length, for 'all abbreviations are marks of under-breeding carefully to be avoided.' I do not know at what period this admirable volume was published; for being, I suppose, intended for all Time, it bears no date, but this last fashionable statute must have fallen into desuetude; otherwise, such a phrase as 'I thank you,' would not be cut down to 'Thanks,' in every young lady's mouth, as it now is. I am the more inclined to place the date far back, from the following alarming statement: 'Whoever retires from the dinner-table without revisiting the ladies, is understood to have committed the impropriety of getting tipsy, and to feel himself thenceforward unfit for their society. The more modest a man is, the more cautious he will be to avoid this self-imposed stigma.' This is really dreadful. The change from those detailed instructions concerning the pink of behaviour above stairs, to this warning against helpless intoxication below, is tremendous and alarming! Let us see what other solecism has to be guarded against! The butler should not wear white gloves; 'the practice followed in the best circles is to cause him to wrap his thumb in the corner of a napkin.' Thus attired, it would be the height of under-breeding to express sympathy with him under the impression that he had cut that thumb.' The remarks of our author concerning the being late for dinner (if my vulgar approbation is of any value to him) have my most cordial concurrence; as usual, he has expressed them with peculiar felicity. 'A town in flames caused Blucher to be later at Waterloo than was expected; but unless you also have tumbrils which would run the risk of explosion, even such an impediment as this is scarcely a justification for being late at a dinner-party.'

* Ladies, please to observe these remarks are not the original views of the present writer; they are in the text of *Court Etiquette*.

Besides these useful hints for our conduct on every-day occasions, our Man of the World affords us directions respecting births, marriages, and burials, if we would wish them to be effected in a polite manner. At marriages, for instance, he observes, that it is but too usual in the middle ranks of life for the bridegroom, after the ceremony, to salute the bride. 'This practice is decidedly to be avoided; it is *never* followed by people in the best society. A bridegroom with any tact will take care that this is known to his wife, since *any disappointment of expectations* would be a breach of good-breeding.' In sending out marriage-cards, there is no especial mandate against using gummed envelopes, but this is probably for the same reason that Draco omitted parricide in his list of offences: our Man of the World cannot picture to himself such a want of decorum. In ordinary correspondence, he says, 'an envelope should always cover the letter, and wax should close it. However prettily a crest may be embossed upon the envelope, the practice of securing the letter by moistening the gummed corner is as *disgusting* as the use of a wafer. . . . There is no pomposity or affectation in any gentleman sealing his letter with the crest or arms of his family; and to omit it, or to borrow the seal of a friend, *would be as absurd as to write that friend's name instead of his own*.'

Finally, be careful of people's Names. 'They are as sacred as personal honour. Every man thinks his name an integral part of himself; how he received it, or when he will part with it, he knows not; nor can any demonstration separate it from the idea of his personal identity. A jest upon such a subject is therefore resented with *the utmost virulence*, and though habitual caution may seal a man's lips on the instant of the offence, *he will neither forgive nor forget it*.' These bloodthirsty remarks are continued to great length, and help to strengthen in me that disinclination to aspire to the best circles which our author's advice as to Conversation first implanted in my once envious bosom. I am rather dull of hearing, and it is just possible that I might address some aristocratic individual by a name only approximate to his own. I might call a De Wilkyn, Bilkins, for instance, and get my throat cut in the most gentleman-like manner conceivable.

No, my friends of the middle classes, let us be content with our position. Let us not yearn after those spheres wherein the butler enwraps his thumb in damask. The Reviewer above referred to condescended to tell us the truth when he remarked, that upon the whole—if he might judge from what he saw of us across the immense interval of social position between us and him—we enjoy ourselves after our coarse fashion as much as the very best society, and perhaps even a thought more. The Lord Steward may never be commanded by Her Majesty to invite you to dinner, my friends; but if so, consider there is some mistake among the court officials, which often happens. And let us dine together, and drink Her health—God bless Her—all the same, in porter with a head to it.

THE BLACK EXCHANGE:

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

My first setting up was in Charleston, South Carolina, where I got a profitable practice among the neighbouring planters, and became man of business to Arthur Fosbrook, Esquire. He was one of the richest men in the state, and of one of the oldest families; his plantation, besides being of more than common extent, yielded the best cotton, indigo, and tobacco. It had been in the Fosbrooks' possession for a century and more; the grandfather of my employer was one of Washington's officers in the War of Independence; in short, the Fosbrooks were reckoned chiefs among the Carolina aristocracy, for,

strange as it may appear, republican America boasts such a class, particularly in the Southern States. Their plantation being within three miles of Charleston, they kept no town-house, as many of the up-country planters do, or did in my time—let me observe, it is forty years ago—the city being a sort of capital for all the Southern States, much frequented by retired West Indians, with their fortunes made, and boasting a good deal of fashion and select society. Fosbrook Hall, within three miles of it, was a large, antiquated, stately-looking place, which, but for its southern verandahs and summer windows of lattice-work, would have reminded one of some old family mansion far away in England. It had got lawn, garden, and park on the old-country model. The first Fosbrook had laid them out when he settled in South Carolina, and built his house on lands granted to him by George I., it was said for active service against the Old Chevalier. My employer was his last male descendant, and failing his line, the rich plantation, house, and all, must pass to a far-off cousin, the heir-at-law, who was then a colonel in the United States army, not very young, for he had distinguished himself at the defence of New Orleans in the last brush with England, but still unmarried, though remarkably handsome, and in high repute with the ladies. Some said he couldn't meet with a fortune to his mind, his sword and his expectations being all the gallant colonel had; and as the latter hung about Fosbrook Hall, they were likely to be soon fulfilled or disappointed, for Arthur Fosbrook had a daughter, his only child, heiress to rank, wealth, and name, and now beginning to be talked of among beaux and belles in the early South as woman-grown, for she was just fifteen. They had fixed that age, I know not why, as the proper one for bringing out in Charleston; and Miss Fosbrook was to be brought out with becoming pomp and solemnity at a grand ball on her fifteenth birthday, which happened six months after I had become acquainted with the family, and established in her father's business. A letter of introduction which I had brought from a legal firm of some eminence in London, with which his family had an ancient connection, first recommended me to Mr Fosbrook, and I was received by him and his not only as a lawyer, but a friend. The peculiar institution of the South has one good effect as regards white men with their wits for an estate—the African race serving for everybody's inferior, all of the perfect European blood are equalised as gentlemen, and a wealthy planter thus receiving his attorney, is by no means so remarkable as it might seem to English eyes. So I got acquainted with the Fosbrooks, ladies and all; but I liked the gentleman best, and therein did not differ from every acquaintance of the family. He was a handsome, high-spirited man, agreeable in his manners, chivalrous in honour, generous to a fault, and so good-natured, that anybody with little enough of conscience could persuade or coax him into anything. In other respects, Mr Fosbrook was, like most Southern gentlemen, a good shot, a good rider, a good billiard-player, a polished man of the world, and a bit of a *bon-vivant*. Mrs Fosbrook was known to be a great deal more strait-laced and serious. She was great in church-going, uncommonly proper, and could talk religion and morality by the mile; but when it suited the lady's whims or tempers, she was capable of doing hard or sly things, which her husband would not have thought of. It was said she had been a belle in her youth, but American belleship quickly passes; it had gone from Mrs Fosbrook for many a year, and left her faded, but very genteel—what the women call ladylike; well informed, too, out of schools and books, but narrow-minded by nature, and strongly inclined to censoriousness and jealousy.

The daughter, Miss Letitia, was expected to fill her mother's place in the world of youth and fashion, and the girl had some beauty, but no resemblance to either of her parents. Her complexion was remarkably dark; her features had a full, almost coarse cast; it would have been treason to say so, but they slightly approached the negro mould. She was tall and well developed for her years, had fine black eyes, and hair of the same colour; they said it was rather too wavy, and could never be dressed in smooth bands. But people liked Miss Letitia better than her mother, for she was livelier and more good-natured than ever that excellent lady could have been, though quite as proud of herself, her rank, and her fashion, and somewhat tinctured with the maternal inclination to jealousy. Miss Letitia had a companion, or rather playfellow, whom nobody that frequented the house could miss knowing, she was so constantly with the young lady and in the family rooms. Her name was Letitia too; but they called her Letty, by way of proper distinction, for the blood of Africa was in her veins, and she was the daughter of a slave. Letty's mother, unlike the rest of Mr Fosbrook's negroes, was not a native of his estate, but had been purchased, together with her unborn child, at the sale of a deceased West Indian's establishment; she had been parted from her husband, it was said, through Mrs Fosbrook's determination to have the woman but not the man in her household. She was not a complete African, but something whiter than a mulatto—I think it was a Spanish trace she had—and they called her Elva, probably an abbreviation of Elvira. A thin, wiry, early withered woman she looked; but there was a piercing intelligence in her keen black eyes, not common to the negro race; she was more grave and silent, too, than is their wont, was thought to have a deal of discretion, and known to be great in needle-work. Her European origin accounted to most people for this superiority, and it also helped to account for the surprising beauty of her daughter. Letty was positively fair, with finely cut features, long glossy hair, and a figure so finely moulded, yet so slender, that she might have stood for the youngest of the Graces. To a stranger, it was astonishing that the girl could have come of African blood, but one gets accustomed to any wonder. Everybody knew her to be Elva's daughter, born on the same day as Miss Letitia, and allowed to grow up as her playfellow and foster-sister, for Elva was made nurse to the infant heiress, having either by her wisdom or good-luck acquired the particular confidence and cold-blooded liking of Mrs Fosbrook, and continued to be her right-hand woman and family seamstress till the time of my story.

Curious it is that, though the African race are held in bondage in the Southern States, the same amount of personal repulsion, or rather antipathy, to them does not prevail as in the North. The negro nurse and negro playfellow have a hold on the affections and memory of the plantation child, which its grown-up life acknowledges; and where dispositions are good and circumstances favourable, slavery thus becomes something like what it must have been in patriarchal times. When secession was yet undreamed of, and vigilance committees were not, that state of things was common enough in the Carolinas, and long established at Fosbrook Hall. The master's will was law, but it was guided by good-nature and good customs. The old negroes had seen him get his first lessons in walking; the young had grown up under his government. They were all well provided for, and not overworked. The outdoor people had their pretty cottages and gardens, where the children played; and the aged rested literally under vines and fig-trees. The house-servants had the comforts and sociability of a numerous well-kept establishment, with all the life, gaiety, and ease of a wealthy planter's mansion within three miles of Charleston. They kept all manner of festivals; all the family birthdays, including their own; had Sunday dresses, all white, of course,

with flashy rings and pins, and very few troubles except the pleasing of the missis, which was generally allowed to be a difficult task, and seldom properly accomplished by any but Elva. The quantity of fine needle-work she did for Mrs Fosbrook was something to be astonished at. The good lady took a sort of pride in shewing off the collars, sleeves, and trimmings worked by the 'woman she had bought almost in spite of Mr Fosbrook, and saved him the trouble he should have had with that self-willed, obstinate-looking man, Elva's husband. The poor creature was so much better without him. Did not all her friends see how contentedly she sat in her own little room, or the back verandah, working away from morning till night? That woman was a treasure.' Elva's daughter was not in such favour with the missis, though a gentler, more sweet-tempered girl could not have been found among black or white. Indeed, there was something both soft and sad in Letty's look and manner, which made one believe in omens when her after-fate was come. It was perhaps the gentleness and sweetness of her disposition, as well as their early playtimes, which made the young heiress cling so fondly to her humble companion, and take such delight in her society, even when grown-up life, with its duties and distinctions, came on. They had never been seen separate, except when her mother wanted Letty, and Miss Letitia had to go to lessons, to which the young lady was not partial; and when, at last, the bringing-out time came, and she was expected to be admired and married in due time, Miss Letitia still protested that Letty and she should never part, but live together as mistress and maid, 'just like mamma and Elva.'

The young lady was in that mind when her fifteenth birthday arrived. Cards of invitation had been issued three weeks before to the half of Charleston. I had the honour of receiving one, and can vouch that it was a large and well-dressed gathering; but the principal guest of the evening was Colonel Fosbrook. Though never on bad terms with the proprietor, he had been seldom at the Hall. Some said its lady was not to his mind, some that his military duties took him to different quarters. At all events, he was known by reputation rather than by sight to Mr Fosbrook's friends; but all who saw him that evening acknowledged that a more distinguished-looking or agreeable man never entered a Carolina ball-room. Mr Fosbrook had made a point of having him on the birthday. His excellent lady and he were too prudent to say it in so many words, but I, as their family lawyer, guessed that they had set their hearts on a match between the colonel and the heiress. Though at least twenty years her senior, he was only in the prime of life, a man whom any lady might choose with credit to her taste. Moreover, the colonel had high principles, sound sense, and prudence, was a Fosbrook of the same descent, the heir-at-law after Miss Letitia, and most suitable to perpetuate the name and line.

He was expected to stay for some weeks, but could not arrive before the evening of the birthday. I remember being introduced to him in the crowded ball-room, and observing that, though attentive to all the ladies, as became a Southern gentleman, he shewed a particular regard for the daughter of the house, and the belle of the evening. I forget how long her mother and female friends had been occupied with what she should wear. The young lady's complexion puzzled them. At last, they fixed on amber satin, with gold ornaments, in which, I must say, Miss Letitia looked well. They had at the same time agreed—because nothing else would serve the heiress—on dressing Letty handsomely, but in white, which no Southern lady will wear, being, wonderful to say, the negroes' chosen colour, and allowing her to appear in public as Miss Letitia's personal attendant.

I suppose Colonel Fosbrook had never seen the girl before; but at the close of the first dance, as he was conducting Miss Letitia to her seat, Letty came up on the discharge of her duties. How promoted and happy, yet timid withal, the sweet girl looked, as she handed the heiress her expensive Parisian fan. Never did man approaching forty look so struck as the colonel; he said nothing for a few minutes, but his eyes were fixed on Letty; she saw it, blushed deeply, and stole away behind her mistress, while he inquired of Mr Fosbrook, who came up at the moment: 'Where on earth did you find that lovely girl?'

'Oh, my daughter's maid,' said Fosbrook, with his accustomed ease.

'She is not a negro?' said the colonel.

'Yes, I assure you. I bought her mother in Charleston. She is wonderfully fair, I must allow, and a good girl. Letitia has always liked her, and would have her here to-night.'

The rest of Mr Fosbrook's communication was made in a tone too low for my hearing; but all that brilliant evening, wherever Letty came or went through the handsome suite of reception-rooms, anxious to make herself useful, and on her promotion, his eyes followed the girl; I saw him gazing after her while Mrs Fosbrook was preaching to him about doing good, and Miss Letitia tossing her head, and shewing off her jewels. It became manifest to me, also, that both mother and daughter could see as well as I, and the sight was one to bring the worst part of their natures uppermost. Can any woman commit a greater sin against another than to get admired in her stead? The colonel did admire Letty, maid and of negro origin as she was, and there was many an eye in the ball-room that followed the slight, graceful figure, and fair, winning face as well as his, though on nobody was the impression so marked. The man could not help shewing it, for all his sense and experience, and I was not prepared for the effect it had on the young heiress. She grew positively ugly—awful, as the Americans say—with ill-temper and jealousy. I thought she would strike poor Letty when the innocent creature came to settle her wreath, thrown back by a haughty toss. Miss Letitia, frowning fiercely, said: 'I don't want you here any more;' and Mrs Fosbrook desired the nearest servant to tell that girl she might go down stairs. Poor Letty went on the instant, looking as if she had committed murder. The colonel, who had witnessed all, seemed astonished, angry, and a little out of his discretion, for he rose from Miss Letitia's side with a very brief apology, walked straight out to the verandah, and stayed there, pacing about for half an hour and more. When he came back, Colonel Fosbrook was himself again. We saw no more of Letty, had a magnificent supper, and all went home at daybreak. Miss Letitia and her mother seemed to have recovered their good-humour. The colonel continued his visit, as expected. They were never without company to dinner or tea; I was always invited, Mr Fosbrook having taken a particular fancy to me, and thus I had an opportunity of seeing that attentions were still paid to the daughter of the house; but her playfellow and foster-sister was not in the request she had been; Letty was manifestly kept out of sight, and under surveillance; and when the poor girl did chance to become visible, it was sad to see the resigned and helpless sorrow that had settled on her fair young face. I am not sure that the colonel had not interested her also; I observed her peeping out at his comings and goings from back-windows and hidden corners, though Letty had not much opportunity for that, as Mrs Fosbrook now sent her to work with her mother, remarking, that 'Elva was a prudent, sensible creature, and would keep nonsense out of the girl's head.'

I don't know how Elva fulfilled the expected duty;

but coming to talk on particular business with Mr Fosbrook one afternoon—a time when Southern ladies are generally fast within doors—I found the colonel leaning over the rails of the back verandah, where Letty sat at work. He was evidently talking to the girl; she had let her muslin fall, and was picking it up all in a flush. The colonel saw he was caught, but was too much of a gentleman to shew it, bade me good-day without changing his position, asked if I had seen the morning papers, if there were any news, but did not observe that there were a pair of fierce, cold, jealous eyes taking notes of him from the window above, where the Venetian blind concealed his excellent hostess. The colonel walked into the house with me, and Letty went on with her sewing. I saw her sitting there when my business was done, stitching away, but the flush had faded then, and she looked sad and thoughtful.

All the way home, I had thoughts about the colonel's intentions, and Mrs Fosbrook's next move; it was no affair of mine, but one could not help feeling an interest in poor Letty and the ill-luck that seemed closing round her.

That same week, the colonel went off to join his regiment; I happened to be particularly busy with the affairs of a broken-up land-company, and had no occasion to go to the Hall for some time; but Mr Fosbrook called at my office one morning, seemed very friendly, talked of two or three trifling matters, and had evidently something else in his mind—something disagreeable, and hard to begin speaking about. He looked at his watch, looked out of the window, and then said: 'By the by, Mr Clarkson, you must manage a piece of business for me—a particular and unpleasant one, I must say—we are going to part with Letty. Yes,' he continued, catching my astonished look; 'Mrs Fosbrook will have it so; she says the girl has got upsetting notions, and will give trouble. I cannot see it myself, but Mrs Fosbrook is an uncommonly observant woman. At anyrate,' and the man looked desperately worried, 'there is no putting women off a thing once they take it in their heads.'

'And Miss Fosbrook?' said I.

'Oh, she agrees with her mother, which is very proper; but it goes against my conscience, and the girl is so young. Do come over, and try to talk her out of it to-morrow evening: a lawyer should be able to do that, if anybody can.'

I knew the cause of poor Letty's condemnation, one which Mr Fosbrook would not acknowledge, had it been made known to him; and I also knew that talking to ladies of Mrs Fosbrook's mould against any piece of spleen was about as useful as talking against the tide. I went, nevertheless, as requested, got on the subject, and made nothing of it. Mrs Fosbrook discoursed of her principles, her responsibility, and her sense of duty; but on Letty's being disposed of, sent off the plantation, sold, in short, she was resolved, beyond the power of argument. I suggested that, if it were thought proper to remove the girl, she might be apprenticed or boarded out; but Mrs Fosbrook would hear of no such compromise. It was contrary to her principles to raise coloured people so far above their natural position. Letty's mother had been bought and sold, and so should she. I mentioned how hard it would be to part them, the girl so young, and the woman having no other child; but Mrs Fosbrook was clear on keeping Elva, she was such a charming worker. Who would do her sleeves and collars properly, if Elva were gone? Besides, the woman was not at all attached to her daughter. No doubt, that was Letty's fault, though she had not observed it before. Elva was uncommonly sensible for a person of colour, and would know it was all for the best.

'You'll be sorry to part with Letty?' said I to Miss Letitia, who at that moment came in from her evening walk.

'Yes, no; that is, if mamma thinks it right;' and the young heiress admired her new Paris bonnet in the chimney-glass. The bringing-out and the jealousy had done their work—there was no hope from that quarter; and I could only go back to my office with an earnest wish that the ladies might change their minds. I had heard nothing from the Hall, and kept well out of it for three weeks, when Mr Fosbrook once more called. I'll do him the justice to say he looked more worried than ever, and throwing himself into a chair, said: 'It's of no use, Clarkson; that business must be done. I have no peace at home day or night, and I'll stand it no longer. No doubt, Mrs Fosbrook knows better than I do all about girls, black or white. Letty must go; I know it is the best thing for her too, Clarkson. They wouldn't be kind to her, if I held out; and her mother don't care about the girl. She cares for nobody, as far as I see, but Mrs Fosbrook, though it was she that made me part Elva from her husband. That always went against my mind, yet you see it has turned out well, and so may this. She is a very observant woman. You'll do the best you can, Clarkson. I don't care about the price—it may go to buy the girl clothes—but find some good, honest, kindly home for her, where she will be taken care of, and get into no mischief or hard work. After bringing her up so with my own girl, and she so pretty and good-tempered, whatever they may say of her now, I couldn't rest in my house if Letty were not well provided for; but you'll do the best you can.'

I promised to do so, being by this time aware of the necessity. Since Letty had become a cause of family disquiet, her immediate removal was the best thing for all parties; but I had some difficulty in finding the sort of purchaser which Mr Fosbrook's instructions and my own inclinations urged me to seek. At length, however, as price was no object, I hit upon a member of the before-mentioned land-company, whom its business had brought to Charleston from the borders of the Dismal Swamp in North Carolina, where he had reclaimed and brought into cultivation an extensive farm, which, with the help of three maiden sisters, he was making a small Mount Harmony of his own. Whether they were Dunkers, Shakers, or New Jerusalemites, I never ascertained; but he and his managing sisters I knew to be just, conscientious, and kindly. Letty would be safe and well among them, once she got reconciled to the new life, and far enough out of Mrs Fosbrook's way. I thought it would be terrible work breaking the news to her; but the lady of high principles made no ceremony about that, and poor Letty seemed to have expected something of the kind. Fosbrook told me she never said a word, but bowed her head and stole away with the tears in her eyes. A strange and hopeless resignation seemed to have come over the girl; she did not cry or lament, but packed up her clothes as she was told, took a quiet, kindly leave of all the negroes—there was not a dry eye among them but her own—bade Mrs Fosbrook good-bye with the same gentle sadness, and going up to her former playfellow, said: 'Farewell, Miss Letitia. I hope you will get a better maid, and be always happy; but I did not think you would see me sold and sent away.' On hearing that, the heiress began to cry violently, and at last went into hysterics, for which Mrs Fosbrook scolded Letty. The master of the Hall had gone off on a shooting excursion, I charitably believe, to spare himself the scene; and I saw her safe off, little trunk and all, in the good farmer's travelling-wagon, and went back to my office with a relieved mind.

Elva had made no demonstrations at her daughter's departure. The footman told me afterwards that she had gone privately to Mrs Fosbrook, when the matter was first guessed at, and begged of her, earnestly but calmly, not to send her child from her; but that excellent lady heard her with the same

unmoved composure to which I had been treated, and made the woman understand that her intentions were to be acquiesced in, and should be carried out. Elva subsided into resignation at once, parted quietly with her daughter, and continued to stitch away in her own room or the back-verandah, as if nothing had happened. If the woman had any repinings or regrets, the Fosbrooks were too much occupied to notice them, for the colonel came back the week after Letty's departure. If he missed her, nobody was allowed to be aware of it; he must have heard of the transaction from some one about the house, and that visit was not a long one. But the Fosbrooks paid him every attention, wrote, invited, sent tokens of their remembrance, and in a couple of months more the colonel came back again; by that time, having probably made up his mind that there was no more prudent course for him, the heir-at-law, than to marry the heiress-apparent, as the family were willing, and the young lady nothing loath. He came and paid attentions accordingly. All the Fosbrooks' circle knew it would be a match, and a match it was. Having fairly commenced his suit, the colonel would lose no time; he must rejoin his regiment, which might be ordered to Florida, where the Indians were then giving trouble. Of course, he was an impatient lover, as all men are at forty years. So the Fosbrooks gave their consent. It was early for Miss Letitia to enter on the responsibilities of married life; but girls marry young in South Carolina, and the dark complexion and large growth made her look beyond her years.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, in the most fashionable church of Charleston; there were half a score of bridemaids, and finery enough to keep the ladies talking for a fortnight. I forget the number of dresses and the amount of bridal presents provided for the heiress; they were sufficient to have turned the head of a wiser girl. Everybody agreed that Miss Letitia had the surest prospect of happiness. She certainly queened it wonderfully for the middle of her sixteenth year. The colonel was her own choice, as well as that of her parents, notwithstanding the disparity of their age. On his account, she had parted with her early playfellow, and in the fuss, the grandeur, and the novelty, seemed to have forgotten that Letty ever existed. I suppose Mrs Fosbrook forgot too, she was so engaged with the glory of her house, and preaching about their overflowing cup and the duty of thankfulness. But the master of the Hall did not forget, though he had gone to shoot, for fear of the scene which did not take place at her going away; he spoke of the poor girl often in my office, and made me write to the good people in North Carolina, inquiring about her. Their reports were all favourable as regarded Letty's conduct—her patience, her gentleness, her good-nature, were subjects of continual praise from the farmer and his managing sisters; but they wrote only in reply to my letters. I had not written for some time, till Fosbrook reminded me of it a few days before the wedding; and their answer grieved us both, for it stated that poor Letty, though she took kindly to the place and people, seemed to pine away latterly, and had caught the swamp-fever, from which she had no strength to recover, and died on the very day of Miss Letitia's marriage. Fosbrook could not keep the news to himself, though he at first promised to do so; but in the general excitement it seemed to affect nobody in the Hall, not even Elva, which Mrs Fosbrook thought an additional proof of her sense. She had undertaken the breaking of the news to the bereaved mother, and performed it to her own satisfaction. I believe she also broke it to the colonel and his bride when they returned from that indispensable excursion which people must take after the ceremony of white veils and orange blossoms, the half-score of bridemaids and elegant *déjeûner*. They do these things in style in South Carolina; and Miss Letitia had come through them so creditably, and had so much more to do in the way of receiving visits, and attending bridal-parties, that there was no time for regret or repentance. I never heard what she said or did on the occasion; but while the visits were going on, and the parties pending, poor Elva slipped on the stair while running up with a tucker, ordered in great haste, that Mrs Colonel Fosbrook might see how it would suit with her cream-coloured tabinet, fell to the bottom, and broke her leg. She had the best medical attendance, of course; a woman who could work such sleeves and collars was not to be neglected, though, as her excellent mistress remarked, 'she could work just as well without the limb: what a mercy it was not one of her arms.' But from some constitutional cause, the accident could not be remedied—the broken bone would not adhere, the wound would not heal, and the doctor at length announced his dread of mortification. He added—I presume it was to settle Mrs Fosbrook—that there was no use in attempting to amputate the limb, the patient's system had been so vitiated by her sedentary life, she had no chance of recovery. His opinion was confirmed in a few days; mortification set in, and poor Elva's death-warrant was sealed.

The doctor had been seeing her for the last time, and gone away saying he could do nothing more—the woman would not hold out till sunset, when I called to pay my congratulatory visit to the new-married pair. The ceremony had been postponed on account of business, but all the world was visiting, and so must I. It was a glorious day, in the early spring-time of the South, before the fierce heat set in, and everything looked bright and beautiful about Fosbrook Hall. The abode of pleasantness and peace it seemed, and I was admiring the prospect from the bay-windows of the drawing-room; while Mrs Fosbrook, having no other listeners, just then was going on about the overflowing cup, and how thankful they should be, when her own maid came in with a whispered message. 'It is poor Elva,' said the excellent lady, breaking off her strain; 'she has taken a strange fancy to see us all in her room: the maid said she spoke of having something to tell; but of course it is only a fancy of the poor creature; still I think we should go—what do you say, Mr Clarkson?—it will remind us of our latter end, and no doubt encourage poor Elva.'

We all rose, the two couples and myself, for Mr Fosbrook said: 'Come along, Clarkson,' and proceeded to Elva's room. It was neat and orderly, as she had always kept it; the morning sun was shimmering through the white-curtained window, and the scent of flowers came in from the garden beyond; and the woman, who was to be encouraged on her last journey, sat up in bed wan and worn with sickness, but looking more lively and energetic than ever she had seemed in her stitching-days, and with a keener light in her deep black eyes.

'How are you, Elva?' said Fosbrook, coming kindly forward.

'Not very well, master; but I am going home,' said Elva, 'to the long home prepared for black and white; and there is something I want to tell you all before I go, particularly the missis here;' and Elva fixed her eyes on the mistress she was said to have been so much attached to, with a look of such piercing power as for once in her life struck that lady speechless. 'Did not you buy me away from my husband sixteen years ago, when he was sold far west, and I never saw him more? Did not you sell my only child away from me, till she died of fever on the edge of the Dismal Swamp, and wasn't it all in the order of Providence, or it never could have happened? You told me so, and I was to believe it, and not repine. Now, I 'll tell you something that must have been in the order of Providence, for it happened too. It was not my daughter that died on the edge of the Dismal

Swamp—but your own! It was not your daughter that went in the carriage and the finery to be married in Charleston church—but mine!'

'What do you say, woman?' cried Mr Fosbrook, losing all command of himself.

'I say the truth; and I'll tell you how it happened. The children were born on the same day; and the missis sent me word that they should get the same name, and be brought up together; but I knew that my child could be bought and sold as its father and mother had been. The poor slave was not used to be cared for, like the rich lady, and could get up sooner; so in the dead of the second night, when the monthly nurse had taken too much peach-brandy, and slept soundly, I crept into the room, and made a fair exchange—a black one, may be you'll call it, but colours don't shew at that time of life. I left my own child in the fine satin-covered cradle, and took Mrs Fosbrook's baby to the basket beside my bed. The one was mine, and the other was hers ever after. There is my daughter, the heiress of Fosbrook Hall,' she continued, addressing her mistress; 'and yonder lies yours, in the churchyard by the Dismal Swamp. That is how the whites can make out blood and race; but it was all in the order of Providence, or it couldn't have happened, you know;' and Elva flung herself back with a burst of vengeful and triumphant laughter, that made the roof ring.

'You wretch, it is all a falsehood! Where do you expect to go to?' cried Mrs Fosbrook.

'Madam, it is most probably true,' said the colonel, who had stood silently listening at the foot of the bed, like a man heart-stricken and admonished—'it is most probably true. Let the dying woman alone: the past can neither be recalled nor altered; and she has followed our example, in calling our own sins and selfishness the works of Providence. Come away.'

We all walked back to the drawing-room, and the ladies did not faint. As for myself and every soul that heard Elva's confession, we felt convinced that it was true. Of course, in law, the testimony of a revengeful slave would count for nothing; but we had all eyes and memories, and their evidence was not to be set aside as regarded poor sold Letty, and the fair face which had been such a cause of jealousy and despite. Moreover, the revelation could not be kept a secret—it was too publicly made; many of the servants had been within hearing, and nobody doubted it, though Elva could not be induced to give any further particulars. Perhaps the woman had none to give; at any rate, she spoke little after that wild laugh, but gradually sunk and died, as the doctor had predicted, an hour before sunset.

Her tale made no apparent difference to the Fosbrooks; all things and all people remained in their places—there were the senior and the junior couples, the father and his son-in-law, the mother and her daughter; but it went abroad, was canvassed in every drawing-room and on every plantation, in Charleston clubs and coffee-houses, and wherever the Fosbrooks were known. It touched nothing visible, yet their lives were changed, and the different effects were curious. Mr Fosbrook's steady and domestic habits gradually forsook him; he took to the clubs, the gaming-tables, it was said to all manner of dissipation, was never at home, and believed to be virtually separated from Mrs Fosbrook. She continued to preach; I suppose nothing could alter the woman; but she was left very much in the background, for Fosbrook Hall became a lonely mansion, shorn of its splendour and retinue, between her husband's extravagance and a step to which the colonel urged him—namely, the gradual emancipation of all his negroes. The fact could be accomplished more easily at that time, than in these days of ferment and civil war. It was managed by Mr Fosbrook's son-in-law, on the estate which he had married for. How much he regretted the real heiress, and the misfortunes which had fallen upon her, for his sake, people could only conjecture; but certain it was, that from being gay and careless, he became a serious man, resigned his commission in the army, took to the emancipation business, but prudently and with forethought; and when it was fairly accomplished, and the negroes put in ways of getting their own living, he removed with his wife to Pennsylvania, where he entered the Society of Friends, and continued to the end of his days to be a moderate and rational abolitionist. He returned only once to South Carolina, and that was at the time of Mr Fosbrook's death, which happened ten years after the colonel's marriage. Then he settled the old lady in a first-rate boarding-house, and sold the Hall and plantation. I understand it passed through many hands afterwards, and got the reputation of being unlucky, for the populace, and especially the negroes, gave the place a new title, from some memory of Elva's confession, and called it the Black Exchange.

ROSA BONHEUR.

Somewhere about 1820, a young artist of no small promise resolutely bade Paris and his dreams of future celebrity a long farewell, to settle down as a drawing-master at Bordeaux; for in the old vinous city lived Raymond Bonheur's parents, poor, aged, and infirm, and to their maintenance and comfort the son nobly chose to devote himself. This sacrifice on the shrine of filial duty was to be more than repaid by the purest domestic happiness. Among his earliest pupils was a young girl from Altona, poor, like himself, but of a very pleasing person, and endowed with a good share of talent and energy. A tender relation speedily sprang up between master and scholar; the old people looked on approvingly, and, before long, Raymond brought his wife home to the humble household. Madame R. Bonheur, who was a good pianist, gave music-lessons; the number of her husband's pupils steadily increased, and a family of four children crowned the married happiness of the couple. Rosalie, the eldest of these, and the subject of our sketch, was born March 22, 1822.

She was only ten years old when her father lost his wife, and, his parents being now dead, he decided, under the restlessness of his first grief, to transplant his family to Paris. Henceforth, the little ones seem to have passed a somewhat cheerless childhood. Their father's time was wholly engrossed by his professional duties; they had few opportunities for finding new playfellows in place of those they had left behind, and a mother's tenderness was ill replaced by the care of an elderly housekeeper, cross and somewhat tyrannical, as faithful old servants are apt to be towards children. As for Rosa, perhaps she suffered more than the others under this government. The child had all sorts of odd ways, which clashed dreadfully with old Nanon's notions of what was *propre* and *gentil*. She made friends with the whole dog-and-cat population of the *quartier*. If she met cattle on the road to market, she would run into the midst of the drove, and pat them right and left, and, like luckless little Peepy, had a perfect mania for following sheep out of town. A terrible child, declared Nanon, who could be taught neither prayers nor catechism, and who had actually only learned her letters from a gray parrot which had a knack of repeating the alphabet. The housekeeper, in despair over her charge, earnestly entreated that Rosa might be sent as day-boarder to the nuns of Chaillot. To the sisters, Rosa accordingly went. Her attendance at school became sadly irregular, but no one, it seems, interfered for correction. The truth was, that the child found a way, though by no means the nearest to school, which led through the Bois de Boulogne, not at

that time trim and artificial, as in the present day, but a real wood, with stately forest trees, and wild tangles of undergrowth. Here, hour after hour, the future painter would linger alone, unconsciously drinking in lessons far more to the purpose, we fancy, than any a convent school-room could afford.

Years passed on; Rosa was now fifteen, and her father thought it high time she should be put into some way of earning her bread. He naturally consulted the sisters of Chaillot. They reported their pupil to be a strange girl, of whom nothing could be made: she had very little power, they said, of acquiring knowledge, and it would be sheer waste of time and money to educate her for a governess; the only thing on earth to which she might be put was perhaps needle-work of some sort. Before M. Bonheur left the convent parlour, and without the least reference to Rosa's own ideas on the subject, he had decided upon placing her with a dressmaker. This apprenticeship, however, only lasted one week; at the end of that time, her father, calling to see his daughter, was startled to find her looking wretchedly ill, and was, moreover, touched to the heart when the motherless girl, throwing her arms round his neck in an agony of tears, besought her release. M. Bonheur had the good sense to take her away at once. But not the less heavily did the poor drawing-master sigh over this fresh burden added to his cares, as, with Rosa on his arm, he walked home through those bustling Paris streets. Almost in despair, he looked down at the swarthy brow, the strongly marked lines of the young face beside him. This portionless girl, who could never hope to be married for her beauty, and of whom neither housekeeper, governess, nor dressmaker could be made—what in the world was a poor man to do with such an impracticable subject? Had his wife been still living, no doubt all painful perplexities of the kind might have been spared; her quick-sighted, maternal instinct would, ere this, have divined those artistic tendencies which, up to the present time, were a secret alike to the father and to Rosa herself.

M. Bonheur decided to meet the difficult question, or rather to postpone it for a year to come, by placing the young lady in a good school, where his services were taken as an equivalent. For the first time in her life, Rosa entered the drawing-class, and—though progressing as little as ever in what school advertisements sum up as the usual branches of a polite education—in it, to her father's delighted surprise, she speedily outstripped her companions. The year ended, Rosa asked his permission to return home, and devote herself entirely to the studio. M. Bonheur, who had by this time received abundant proofs of her talent, gladly consented; she became his favourite pupil, and brought to her work all the energy of a mind which had struggled into freedom; all that patience and zeal which are the true tokens of genius. Not that our artist was at once to discover her peculiar vocation. That strong tendency towards the ideal, always so seductive to the feminine intellect, till it has learned the measure of its powers, led Rosa to the exclusive study of high art. She copied daily in the Louvre, her imagination fired by the grandeur and majesty of the great masters, and hardly vouchsafed a glance at the cattle-pieces of Paul Potter, Cuyp, and other artists of the same school, among whose noble brotherhood she was herself to be enrolled. Two years of laborious painstaking, however, sufficed to teach her that no place had been kept for her in the lofty region of high art. Dark hours of self-distrust and self-torture followed the unwelcome discovery, till, shut up in her solitary attic, the young aspirant bitterly questioned whether nature might not, after all, have bestowed upon her no better capacity for art than for dressmaking. Perhaps each one of us might recall, in his or her personal history, a season of unusual depression, when memory, as if with a generous effort to relieve the fancy, has conjured up some bright scene from the past for us, with the vividness of a photograph. A similar experience broke through Rosa's listless gloom. On a sudden there flashed upon the young girl, who had no doubt been pent too long in a populous city, the vision of one splendid summer day, when she had played truant in the Bois de Boulogne. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, she seized a pencil, sketched out the ideal landscape as it rose before her, and had learned, once and for all, the true bent of her genius. The very next morning, with characteristic decision, Rosa had turned her back on the Louvre, and was walking off, brushes and palette in hand, two miles away into the country, to sketch from nature.

'Every way to the right goal is right,' Goethe tells us, 'from all points of the compass.' And thus Mademoiselle Bonheur had the satisfaction of finding her honest hard work at the Louvre by no means thrown away. From those severe studies of the master-works of art she brought a clearer eye, a deeper insight, and a wiser love for nature. Occasionally she exchanged her easel for a modelling apparatus, and moulded groups of animals as she saw them in the fields. These efforts at plastic art, with no guidance beyond that of natural aptitude and inventive power, must have been accomplished with great difficulty. Although we cannot consider that the animal sculptures exhibited from time to time by Mademoiselle Bonheur, have any way increased her reputation, yet her practice in this kindred branch of art has been highly valuable to her as a painter; especially has she thereby attained that firm and subtle hand in execution, which is too rare a quality among female artists.

Winter, of course, interrupted these outdoor studies; she then divided her time between such sketches as she could make in a stable belonging to an abattoir, and careful study of the best animal painters in the Louvre. One living creature, too, Rosa possessed, which served both for model and companion—a pet sheep, she had bought as a lamb, and contrived, somehow, to keep fat and flourishing in a corner of her attic on the sixth story. In such wise she lived, working for very small gains, but always steadily working. The young artist, then nineteen, was for the first time represented by two small pieces 'Rabbits,' and 'A Study of Sheep and Goats,' in the Paris Exhibition of 1841. After that date, her pictures appeared annually in the salon. The very high order of merit in the drawing, and the technical skill they displayed, were acknowledged by connoisseurs, but for the public in general they seemed to have few attractions until the Exhibition of 1848. During the previous summer, Rosa had at last escaped from her long imprisonment in the capital, and now, from the breezy pastures of Auvergne, she sent a canvas glowing with the life and inspiration of nature. Horace Vernet himself pronounced her 'Cantal Oxen' to be the best picture of its kind in the salon, and his opinion was endorsed by the admiring crowd who gathered round it day after day. Our painter had achieved the true triumph of art; she had satisfied both the connoisseur and the multitude. Horace Vernet presented her, in the name of the Provisional Government, with a magnificent Sèvres vase, besides the medal of the first class awarded to the picture; and an English gentleman gave a solid proof of his appreciation by purchasing it for L.600. The 'Cantal Oxen' lie ruminating in a state of dull dreamy content, which is admirably expressed. The lines of the bones, and movement of the muscles under their hides; the play of light and shadow over their comely backs and broad haunches; the breath, the white foam, the drowsy motion of the lower jaws—every minute detail has been perfectly given. The creatures are grouped in the foreground of a landscape, simple, appropriate, and faithful to nature. The sky is a

bright breezy blue, through which floats one exquisite web of summer-cloud.

Her picture of the next year, 1849, 'Oxen ploughing near Nevers,' is doubtless fresh in the memory of most visitors to the International Exhibition. Many an English rustic paid it there the honest compliment of staring wide-mouthed approbation; and this recalls a bonâ-fide criticism, more to the point, perhaps, than anything the present writer could find to say concerning its merits. During the Exhibition, on a certain sweltering day between haytime and harvest, a gigantic farmer from the Fens, where agriculturists and water-beetles respectively arrive at amazing size, was watched as he contemplated the picture aforesaid. Presently plunging into the crowd, back he came, dragging a flustered female on his arm. 'Lookee, Becky,' roared Bucolicus, his jolly fist so near the canvas as to draw the attention of policeman X—'lookee, *picturs* here be about as cheap as rats in a granary; but *them's* beastses, Becky, and *that's* ploughing!' Great as the popularity of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse-fair' has been, the 'Ploughing near Nevers,' and its companion picture, 'Haymaking,' now both in the Luxembourg, rank perhaps higher in artistic merit. The last, exhibited in 1855, would, as the official announcement distinctly states, have obtained the cross of the Legion of Honour, but for the sex of the artist; a dictum, so it seems to us, nothing short of a slur on the boasted gallantry of our Gallic neighbours.

In 1849, Mademoiselle Bonheur was appointed by government Director of the female School of Design. In the course of the same year, her father, who had found leisure, during the latter part of his life, to send several pictures of respectable merit to the salon, was carried off by cholera. He left his younger children to their sister's special care, and the trust has been nobly fulfilled. Auguste Bonheur follows her steps as landscape and animal painter; her second brother, Isidore, is well known as an animal sculptor, and the graceful compositions in still-life and flower-painting by Madame Peyrol, the youngest of the family, are deservedly admired. Mademoiselle Bonheur has chosen as her Paris residence an old-fashioned house in the Rue d'Assas, with a large courtyard attached. Entering this, you find a farm-yard in the heart of the city; round it are stables and cattle-sheds; in the middle, a good-sized piece of pasture is enclosed, where sheep, goats, and heifers browse together on the best of terms. Here a peacock airs his train in the sun; there a knot of pigeons coo and beckon, cocks crow, guinea-fowl call, hens clamour over their brood. At intervals over the strident din of the poultry booms the deep bellow of a Highland steer, or one long bay from a favourite English hound. Cross the threshold of the painting-room, and there are these living models multiplied on the walls by studies more or less finished, but all portrait-like in their faithfulness, all instinct with that subtle charm which has been well called the painter's magic. Presently in comes a goat, evidently free of the sanctum; trots round with a critical air, which is irresistibly comic; wags his venerable beard over sundry sketches of himself, and away clatters Capricornus again. Next appears Margot, a beautiful mare, coming straight up to her owner's easel with those affectionate whinnyings which beg some token of recognition quite as plainly as any human utterance. The figure, in a loose costume, something between blouse and paletot, seated before the easel, appears somewhat insignificant; but now as the artist looks up with a smile at her favourite, one glance at the face, which most of us know through Dubufe's portrait, at the massive forehead, at the fine intent eyes, the physiognomy, in which strength and simplicity are so rarely blended, suffices to impress you with the presence of genius.

Rosa Bonheur's works are so highly appreciated by English amateurs, that they are becoming more numerous in this country than in her own. Several of them, including her delicious 'Morning in the Highlands,' the 'Horse-fair,' the 'Ploughing near Nevers,' and the 'Haymaking,' are well known through engravings or lithographs. Perhaps the high favour she enjoys on our own side of the Channel may be mainly attributed to the vivid realism of her style. Her pictures are eminently calculated to enlarge our enjoyment of outdoor nature; this she presents to us precisely as it appears, not perhaps to every eye, but to that of the painter. There is no conventional arrangement, no vicious over-elaboration, no pretension whatever, not so much as a pretension to simplicity. What she gives us is true, wholesome reality, as observed with a clear eye, and set forth by a skilful hand.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

It is possible that the above title may seem to some to partake of the nature of that famous scene in a popular drama, called the *Sensation Header*, but if so, this is only in appearance. The present writer has no intention of 'shocking' the public into becoming purchasers of this periodical—a method of applying electricity to Circulation of which he has never approved. Remember, however, 'we *could* do it, an we would.' There lives no reader so bald but that I could raise a hair or two upon him, if I chose, by the recital of horrid stories. My brain is just now teeming with them. It has been my duty of late months—through certain exceptional circumstances, which need not be here explained—to wade through the red Catalogues of Human Crime. The motive which prompted, nay, compelled me so to do exists no longer, but the effect of these awful researches unfortunately remains. De Quincey tells us that he was dreadfully punished in dreams for having benevolently given a wandering Malay a portion of that opium which was his own habitual solace. Every night, through an association of ideas, excited by that contemptible tramp, the great philosopher was transported in imagination (which to him was reality) to Southern Asia—the cradle of the human race, and the seat of awful images and associations. He found himself fixed for centuries at the summit of pagodas, or locked up in their secret rooms. He was the idol; he was the priest; he was worshipped; he was sacrificed. Let him tell the dreadful story in his own half-humorous, half-ghastly way. 'I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Iris and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. Thousands of years I lived, and was buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.'

I allow that these could not have been what are popularly known and wished as 'pleasant dreams;' but compared to the nightly miseries that *I* have lately suffered, those slumbers of Mr De Quincey were Elysian. Crocodiles and pagodas must convey a sense of unreality in their terrors, even in dreams. I do not believe, notwithstanding all his protestations, that the Opium Eater suffered as any imaginative linen-draper's assistant would do on the night succeeding a Sunday spent in the perusal of the *Newgate Calendar*, and ending with a supper of toasted cheese. The hours of sleep would probably be devoted to his autobiography, as a criminal of the deepest dye. Remorse and Terror would hunt him down in the most natural manner, until Detection took him off their hands. Then he would smell rue; he would stand in the dock before the awful presence of the judge; the

verdict 'Guilty' would be most distinctly enunciated by the foreman of the jury; and all the subsequent proceedings on the scaffold would be carried on with elaborate detail. Fortunate, indeed, for that imaginative apprentice if the demon of dreams was so far merciful; the probability is that he would seem to refuse to plead, and hear the following judgment read against him, ordained in all such cases of contumacy: 'You shall be sent to the prison from whence you came, and put into a mean room, stopped from the light, and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw, or other covering. You shall lie upon your back; your head shall be covered, and your feet shall be bare. One of your arms shall be drawn with a cord to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side; and your legs shall be served in the like manner. Then shall be laid upon your body as much iron or stone as you can bear, *and more*. And the first day after, you shall have three morsels of barley-bread, without any drink; and the second day, you shall be allowed to drink as much as you can, at three times, of water that is next the prison-door, except running water, without any bread; and this shall be your diet till you die.' Then the imaginative apprentice would (in nightmare) be pressed to death with deliberation, and suffer the just punishment of reading such sad literature upon a Sunday, followed by toasted cheese.

Now, although the present writer eats no supper, the *Newgate Calendar* is but as a work of the late estimable Mrs Barbauld, compared with those which have (perforce) formed the subject of his studies for the last six months or so. Crime, ancient and modern; crime, foreign, British, and colonial; and punishments, far worse than crime — abhorrent, unnatural, prolonged—these things have formed my sole literary food of late, and I have only just risen from the banquet. Do not imagine, therefore, that any periodical, however cheap, however profusely illustrated, however bent upon elevating the masses by the sublime engine of Terror, could compete with me, if I only chose to take up that highly popular line, in the cheerful art of chilling the blood and marrow. Given the desire on my own part, and given (which would never be given) the permission to gratify it, by the conductors of this *Journal*, and I flatter myself I could make a good many people's nights uncomfortable.

There was lately exhibiting on a blank wall in London, a magnificent painting, designed, doubtless, to increase the circulation of some cheap periodical: the colouring was gorgeous, and the scale of the picture a little over life-size; the subject was as follows: The scene was a sort of domed chamber of immense extent, in which sat a number of judicial persons, masked. A human figure, doubtless the accused person, tightly bound, was suspended from the ceiling (like a chandelier), and oscillated from side to side of it; the oscillations, themselves inconvenient, were rendered more so by two enormous torches, placed opposite to one another, into one or other of which the human pendulum infallibly swung at the end of each vibration. His examination was conducted during the interval of aërial passage, when he was not singeing, and his replies (which must have been singularly clear and valuable) were set down in writing by the judges. Altogether, it was an exciting illustration, and reflected equal credit upon the brain that conceived it, the hand that executed it, and the bill-sticker who had placed it in a most excellent situation in New Oxford Street, where nobody could fail to see it. But as for any terror that the author of that scene designed to excite in my individual bosom—why, compared to certain *real* situations which it (unhappily) recalled at once to my memory, it seemed quite a humane and dignified method of conducting a criminal investigation. If, on the other hand, it was intended as an illustration of the severity of Punishment—to *me*, so recently familiar with the desperate wickednesses which have before now been legally committed under that title, it seems calculated (by its mildness) to bring the fine old criminal laws of our own, and especially of a neighbouring country, into contempt.

What was it, for instance, as a punishment, compared to that of Madame Gamp of Paris (no Mrs Harris, remember, but a real person), condemned for the murder of no less than sixty infants, and executed on the 28th of May 1672? 'A gibbet was erected, under which a fire was made, and the prisoner being brought to the place of execution, was hung up in a large iron cage, in which were also placed sixteen wild cats, which had been caught in the woods for that purpose. When the heat of the fire became unendurable, the cats flew upon the woman, as the cause of the intense pain they felt. In about fifteen minutes'—— But that surely is enough, and more than enough, to convince folk that the present writer possesses some very raw material indeed for sensation-writing, if he only chose to use it.

Having, however, exhibited his power for evil, let him hasten to shew himself to be the harmless being he naturally is. In sober fact, his works have been hitherto of rather a moral and didactic character. He naturally belongs to the school of Mrs Hannah More; he has written poems (but far from passionate ones) upon the affections; he even thinks 'there is something to be said' for the principles of the Vegetarians. The respectable public may feel themselves, therefore, perfectly safe in his spotless hands, even when he takes Crime for his subject. Let them be assured that nothing to raise the hair upon the head of infancy, or the blush upon the cheek of innocence, will emanate from his pen, though extracting from the annals of justice. He must write about *them*, because his head (as has been stated) is full of nothing else, and the head has something to do with Literature still, all detraction notwithstanding; but he will set down nothing alarming, nothing shocking; he 'will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove, he will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.' For in the hideous Abyss of Crime in which he has been groping, there are some things not hideous, nor even unlovely. There are not a few that are humorous and amusing. There are many that point a moral even for the best of us; while it is needless to say that almost all have a deep human interest. They interest us intensely even now, as we read their written record. But what must have been the attraction of each case at the time of its occurrence! How the coffee-houses must have rung with it! How the newspapers must have teemed with it! How the coachmen and guards of the royal mails must have been importuned by open-mouthed country folks to tell the latest particulars of it! What wretchedness must have been caused by it, not only in the persons who suffered at the hands of the criminal, and in the criminal himself, but what is far worse, in his (or her) innocent relatives or friends!

The romance of the matter lies almost always among these last; the rogues themselves are for the most part commonplace, and (but for the severity of their punishment) unpitiable enough. The chivalric Turpin, so celebrated in song and fiction, is in sober prose a brutal ruffian, who places a most respectable elderly lady on the fire, to persuade her to reveal the hiding-place of her silver spoons; who drinks to such a degree that he forgets his professional engagements, and who robs poor servant-girls in spite of the merciful entreaties of his own companions. The hero of the *Colleen Bawn* and his devoted foster-brother are, off the stage, a couple of remorseless villains, who quarrel about money, and then denounce one another; instead of merely drowning the lovely Ellen in a picturesque lake, they cut her to pieces, just as the unromantic Greenacre served his less lamented victim, and one of

them sells her clothes. It is singular how any halo can grow around such wretches as these, no matter what period of time may have elapsed since the commission of their enormities; but what is still more wonderful, they were often canonised at the very time when their guilt was most apparent. Turpin, for instance, with nothing but his good looks to recommend him, was rescued after death from the hands of the surgeons by the populace of York, who, after carrying his body in procession through the town, replaced him in the grave from which science had stolen him, and filled his coffin with unslaked lime, to prevent any future profanation of the body of their favourite.

A still more remarkable instance of misplaced sympathy was exhibited in the case of one Hartley, an unmitigated scoundrel and footpad, who was hanged at Tyburn in 1722. Six young women dressed in white betook themselves to St James's to present a petition in his behalf. The singularity of their appearance gained them an interview with his majesty, whom they informed that if he would but pardon the offender, they would cast lots for which should be the future Mrs Hartley. The king, however, very properly observed that the fellow was more worthy of the gallows than to be the husband of any of these charming suppliants. Their prayer was the more singular, since Hartley was a widower, and had married his first wife for a reason which he took no pains to conceal. 'She was a worthy woman,' he said, 'whose first husband happening to be hanged, I married her, that she might not reproach me with a repetition of his virtues.'

With such a warning so immediately before him, one would have thought that Mr Hartley would have been careful to avoid the fatal Tree. The very contrary of this, however, seems to be the case with most criminals, and may well be considered in judging of the merits or demerits of public executions. Familiarity with the scaffold always bred contempt. Mr John Smith, a housebreaker, was hung (upon four convictions) on a certain 5th of December. After a quarter of an hour's suspension, a reprieve arrived, which would have been too tardy for most people, but upon this malefactor's being cut down, life was still found in him, and he was resuscitated. He pleaded to his pardon on the following February, but in a little while appeared *again* in the prisoner's dock, charged with a new offence of the same kind. In consequence of some technical difficulties, the jury brought in a special verdict, in consequence of which the affair was left to the opinion of the twelve judges, who decided in his favour. After this second escape, he was again indicted for fresh crimes, and again escaped the halter by dying a natural death within the prison walls. Nay, we even find the very executioner, Jack Ketch himself, in the person of one John Price, incurring the last penalty of the law. He had filled his dreadful office for some years, and had probably witnessed the last moments of hundreds of his fellow-creatures, had watched their agonies of mind and body, had listened to their exhortations and their prayers. All this, however, seems only to have rendered the man totally callous. Being a person of extravagant habits, he was on one occasion actually arrested *in the cart* on his return from an execution, and only discharged from custody 'by payment of the wages he had that day earned, and the produce of the three suits of clothes taken from the bodies of the executed men;' afterwards, he was lodged in the Marshalsea for debt, and 'being unable to attend his business at the next sessions of the old Bailey,' he lost his peculiar 'government situation.' After this, breaking out of prison, Mr John Price committed a particularly atrocious murder, and himself suffered death, at the hands of his successor, in 1718.

Such examples as these, of which we might adduce a hundred others, are not only curiosities of crime, but lessons for our legislators. A spectacle which is thus lost upon the hangman, is not likely to have much moral influence upon a licentious mob, who make a gala of an execution morning. Not half a century ago, there was an average of two of these *per week*, or if the exhibitions were rarer, they were enhanced by the presence of a proportionate number of victims. Notwithstanding the frequency of these savage festivals, they were always excessively popular; while if there was anything at all extraordinary about the crime to be expiated, the 'dangerous classes' heaved and bellowed in front of Newgate like a stormy sea. Upon one occasion, these unfortunate persons paid dearly enough for their brutal curiosity. Two men, called Holloway and Haggerty, were sentenced to be hung on February 23, 1807, for a murder committed no less than five years previously. There really seems to have been some doubt of their guilt, and the excitement of the populace arose to the highest pitch. The crowd to witness their execution was (considering the narrowness of the locality)* quite unparalleled, and was computed at 40,000. The pressure was such that long before the malefactors appeared, numbers of persons were crying out in vain to escape, while their attempts to do so only increased the confusion. The screams of the women were dreadful. From all parts arose cries of 'murder, murder,' and females and children were seen expiring without the possibility of affording them the least assistance. At Green Arbour Lane (nearly opposite to the debtors' door), a frightful occurrence took place. A pieman's basket (which stood on a sort of four-legged table) was overturned, and the people fell over the basket and the man as he strove to recover his wares. Those who did so never rose again. A poor woman, with a child at her breast, however, forced it into the arms of the man nearest to her, as she fell, adjuring him for God's sake to save its life; the man, himself in great personal danger, threw the infant from him, which was caught by another man, and so from hand to hand it passed, until a good-natured fellow contrived to struggle with it under a cart, where he deposited it in safety till the danger was over and the mob dispersed. Seven persons lost their lives in the centre of the throng by suffocation alone. A great portion fought with one another with the like savage fury, wherewith the prisoners in the Black Hole of Culcutta contended for the window. During the hour appointed for the suspension of the criminals, small assistance could be afforded, but after they were cut down, the constables cleared the streets, in which they found nearly one hundred persons dead or insensible. It does not appear that the survivors received any moral benefit even from this. If the example of public executions, however, is salutary, what a pattern population ought we not to have had in those early times! Forgery was an offence seldom or never pardoned, yet bank forgeries increased in number from January 1798 to January 1819 from 1102 to 30,475. In the first of those years there were 15 prosecutions for this offence, and in the last, 242! The most venial crime subjected the prisoner to the extremest punishment. No wonder the satirist exclaimed:

> Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
> With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.

More offences were made capital during the single reign of George III., than during the reigns of all the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts put together. In the nine years between 1819 and 1825 (both inclusive), no less than 7770 were sentenced to death, although

* A precisely similar catastrophe, in even a still more limited area, has unhappily occurred since the above lines were written—namely, in front of the Mansion House—on the occasion of the late Illuminations. A child was also preserved in a manner almost identical with that described in the text.

only 579 were actually executed. Unless so much mercy as this was shewn, it was well understood that juries would not convict, preferring to violate their oaths rather than thus to purvey victims by wholesale to the shambles of the law. A few years previous, matters were still worse. In 1785, no less than twenty persons were executed at once, before Newgate, and not one of them for any offence which is now capital. In 1789, One Hundred and Eighteen prisoners lay under sentence of death together. They were brought to the bar of the Old Bailey by ten at a time, and individually offered the king's pardon on condition of being transported to Botany Bay for life. The contrast between such a state of things and the present is still more marked by the following circumstance. The horrors of transportation were then so well understood, that several of these unhappy men refused to receive the proffered boon. Instead of the 'Thank you, my lord,' with which the prisoner now receives his sentence of penal servitude, eight of these criminals chose rather to die than to be transported. The recorder addressed himself to each, exhorting them 'not to treat the benignity of their sovereign with contempt, and so to add, by a refusal of his mercy, the crime of self-murder to those for which their lives had become forfeited.' But all was useless; they were remanded to Newgate, and placed in the condemned cells. On the same day, however, the chaplain persuaded five out of the eight to think better of their strange determination. The adjournment of the court was then delayed, in hopes of the giving in of the recalcitrant three, but in vain. The warrant for their execution was made out, upon which two out of the three accepted the offered terms. The third refused to do so until the scaffold had been erected, and the sheriff was actually escorting him to his doom.

As a general rule, it was not the mere hanging that the criminals of old objected to, but the being dissected—'teased,' as they called it—afterwards. 'I have killed the best wife in the world,' observed Vincent Davis, upon his apprehension for that awful act, 'and I am certain of being hanged; but, for God's sake, don't let me be anatomised.' They had an equal horror of being hung in chains. Jackson, who was a principal actor in the most diabolical murder in the annals of British crime—that of the two unfortunate excisemen in Sussex—was so struck with terror at being measured for his irons, that he expired upon the spot. The ignorance which is the characteristic of most of the criminals of to-day, was, in the case of their prototypes, stupendous. The thought that most engrossed the mind of the condemned was, to remember to kick off his shoes when he reached the scaffold, in order to defeat the prophecy (often uttered against him, probably, in his misspent youth) that he would die in them. They quite believed in the virtue of their own dead hands applied to warts and wens, and as soon as they were turned off, it was a perquisite of the executioner's to admit persons upon the scaffold to be 'touched' for those defects. John Young, condemned for forgery in 1748, in Edinburgh, having heard that the crown law of Scotland enacted that condemned prisoners should be executed between two and four o'clock, persuaded himself that if he could procrastinate his fate beyond that time, his life would be preserved. Thereupon he actually secured the iron door of his room in such a manner that when the hour of death arrived, his jailer could not get at him. A number of smiths and masons were sent for, but no admittance could be obtained, while they were all of opinion that an aperture could not be made in the wall without endangering the whole fabric. In these strange circumstances, the lord provost and other magistrates assembled together, and debated as to what should be done, when it was determined to enter the room by breaking through the floor of that immediately above it. Six soldiers descended in this manner, and after a sharp conflict, the unhappy man was secured, and carried to execution. This instance is remarkable as contrasting with the accurate understanding displayed now a days, even by the most boorish criminals, of the state of the law and of all things that affect their individual offence.

Prisoners of a higher class sometimes adopted scarcely less curious methods for the preservation of their lives. Gahagan and Conner, condemned 'for diminishing the current coin of the realm,' about the same time as Young, composed poetical addresses, the one, To the Duchess of Queensberry, and the other, To His Royal Highness Prince George (afterwards King George III.), eldest son to Frederick, Prince of Wales, on his acting the part of Cato at Leicester House.

> Hail, little Cato, taught to tread the stage
> Awful as Cato of the Roman age;
> How vast the hopes of thy maturer years,
> When in the boy such manly power appears.

If ever flattery was excusable, it certainly was so in the case of this unhappy poet, about whose verses, nowhere absolutely contemptible, there is a real pathos at the conclusion. About to prophesy all sorts of glory to the future monarch, the author is overwhelmed by his own immediate wretchedness:

> The captive Muse forbids the lays,
> Unfit to stretch the merit I would praise.
> Such at whose heels no galling shackles ring
> May raise the voice and boldly touch the string;
> But I, cramped hand and foot, in jail must stay,
> Dreading each hour the execution day;
> Nor will my Pegasus obey the rod,
> With massy iron barbarously shod;
> Thrice I essayed to force him up the height,
> And thrice the painful gyves restrained his flight.

The same author also, while in jail, translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse, and dedicated it to the then prime minister, the Duke of Newcastle. But neither Ancient nor Modern muse availed him. The only merciful Institution of those good old times was the Jail Fever.

These things are sad to read of, albeit the comparison of Now with Then should fill us with cheerful joy—and all but the morbid are glad to escape from them. It will be the aim of the present writer to confine his future chapters, as much as possible, to the more curious Leaves of these dark Annals; to narrations of mystery, of humour, and of pathos, leaving 'the triple tree' and its sad fruit untouched. No chronological order will be preserved in the narrations; but in order to start with dignity, I propose to commence with a couple of historical inquiries in one chapter—'Who killed Charles I.? And was his royal body hung in chains at Tyburn?'*

STARVING THE EARTH.

Every seven years, we are told, the human body is renewed; every particle of which it was composed at the beginning of that period will have disappeared before the end of it, and fresh matter will have been drawn from earth, air, and water to supply the void. So with the sea; it is continually ascending to the clouds in vapour, and descending in rain. The earth itself is subject to the same conditions, is constantly decaying, and must constantly be repaired. Like the pelican of the classic legend, it has to feed its offspring with its own body—vegetation of all kinds is perpetually preying on its vitals, and robbing it of its most material essences. But when vegetation takes its natural course, it returns to the soil, in its decay,

* The site of the famous 'Tree' is now occupied by a house in Connaught Square.

as much as it withdrew when it sprung into existence, and thus a new crop is able to find sustenance in the ashes of the old one.

The agriculture of man, however, as pursued in these latter days, is of a pernicious character, for it takes away, while it does not replace; it stimulates the rapidity with which the earth can bring forth fruit only at the expense of its powers of endurance. In short, it is the story over again of the goose and the golden eggs, of the *peau de chagrin*, which conferred on the possessor present prosperity at the cost of so many years deducted from existence by every wish fulfilled. We get immense harvests now a days, but a high authority has just announced that the vegetable mould, upon which the permanent fertility of the land depends, is rapidly being used up. We are exacting too much from the earth, and starving it at the same time, for we deny it a proper amount of that pabulum which results from the growth of plants that take a lengthened possession of the soil, and that bequeath it a good legacy of refuse matter. Already, we are told, in the eastern states of North America, from the state of Maine to Florida, in Lower Germany, west of the Vistula, and in many parts of Spain and France, the vegetable mould is much exhausted, and no means are taken to prevent ultimate sterility. Moreover, in Northern Africa, and in many parts of Western and Central Asia, where man, in former times, destroyed the forest cover, and wasted the natural mould, the country has become arid desert, and animal and vegetable life have been extinguished. To make matters still worse, this deterioration of the soil has produced an evil effect on the atmosphere, from which there is no longer vegetation to draw down moisture; thus the mists vanish, the dew ceases, the rain fails, and the rivers are dried up. All this is, of course, very dreadful. The only question is, whether it is true?

There is, it is certain, too much reason to fear that our farmers have been indulging rather too freely in the use of artificial manures. Ever since the end of the last century, immense quantities of bones have been imported into Great Britain. To furnish this supply, the battle-fields of Leipsic, Waterloo, and the Crimea, have been raked up, and the catacombs of Sicily cleared of the bones of many generations. About 4,000,000 tons of phosphates, in the form of bones, linseed cakes, rapeseed, &c., and nearly 300,000 tons of guano, are annually imported into England, in order to be applied to the soil. Now, these manures quicken the fertility of the soil, and produce luxuriant crops; but every rich harvest thus raised involves so many years of subsequent sterility. It has been said, that he who makes two blades of grain grow where only one grew before, is a public benefactor; but the case is clearly changed when the consequence of producing two blades in one season is to incapacitate the soil from yielding even a single blade a few years afterwards. It is a delusion to suppose that a dose of artificial manure permanently strengthens the soil. As it has been well said, one might as well expect to grow strong on brandy and malt liquor, as to give real substance to the earth by a mere chemical dram. Or, to take a closer illustration: what the farmers have been doing in regard to the soil, is as absurd as trying to nourish a man on chemical preparations instead of ordinary food. It is quite true, that we eat flesh for the sake of the iron, and bread for the sake of the lime, which it contains; but it would be madness to forswear steaks and loaves, and swallow the iron and the lime in the shape of drugs. This is what the agriculturists have done to the earth; they have dosed it with phosphates, when it wanted natural manure —the sewage of towns, the refuse of the byre and the fold, and above all, the remains of its own crops. Wherever vegetation maintains a permanent footing, it leaves in the annual fall and decay of parts a certain amount of matter which adds increased powers of production. Thus the earth gets back a large proportion of what it gave, with the addition of certain valuable elements extracted by the vegetation from the atmosphere. This is its proper food, 'cooked by nature in the most digestible manner possible,' and no amount of chemical stimulants will supply the want of it. Hence our farmers must not be too exacting in their demands on the earth; they must be content with a less rapid succession of crops, and must more frequently return to the soil a portion of its produce. Pasturage is one of the best means of renovating the energies of the land. By the growth of clover and turnips, and their consumption by sheep on the land, the vegetable mould may be not only increased, but improved. It should never be forgotten, that although the laboratory of the chemist may do much for the sick, the laboratory of nature is best for the sound.

A recent writer, in calling attention to the recklessness with which man has overtasked the earth, has expressed a doubt whether any effectual remedy can be found short of the 'repairing agency of nature,' by which regions may be consigned back to the beech and pine, continents submerged for fresh deposits of oceanic sediment, and volcanoes called into operation by land and under the sea. This, however, is rather too gloomy a view of matters. Our agriculturists have apparently, in their eagerness for a short-cut, been misled into a dangerous road, but they have not yet gone too far to return to the safe old highway. If they will only give the earth a little less physic, and a little more food, all may yet be well.

THE MILLER'S MEADOW.

THE swan loves the brook in the Ten-acre Meadow,
Sailing so lordly, so wanton and lordly,
Where the green dragon-fly, jewelled so gaily,
Flits round the mill in the Ten-acre Meadow.

The swallows race by in the Ten-acre Meadow,
Their shadows pursuing, in circles renewing,
Flying as swift as though hawks were pursuing,
Round the broad reach of the Ten-acre Meadow.

The pike loves the dam in the Ten-acre Meadow,
Chasing with fury, like Herod of Jewry,
The innocent dace who are flying his fury,
Troubling the dam in the Ten-acre Meadow.

I love the walk in the Ten-acre Meadow,
So golden with spring-flowers, with spring-flowers so golden,
For there I meet Katy, the miller's own darling,
And there in her fond arms I often am folden.

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SETTLING A PAUPER:

A 'CURIOSITY' OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

ONE of the most remarkable cases that have fallen under my notice since I joined my Circuit, arose out of a dispute respecting what is technically called the 'settlement' of a pauper. This dispute, in its different stages, gave rise to several suits, in which the litigant parties were, on the one side, the parish of Bedminster, or rather that part of it which lies in the city of Bristol; and on the other, the three parishes of St Martin, Prendergast, and St Thomas, in the town of Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire—each parish being represented by its churchwardens and overseers. I shall relate the circumstances as they were to be gathered from the proceedings on both sides. Many a parallel chapter might doubtless be found in those unwritten annals which we are accustomed to call 'short and simple;' and yet these passages in the lives of the poor are so seldom heard of beyond their own class, and so imperfectly understood from what is published respecting them, that to many of my readers the story disclosed by this record will probably seem not a little strange.

I may as well premise, for the information of those who have only a vague notion of what is meant by the 'settlement' of a pauper, that, although a system of parochial relief to the destitute poor was established by parliament in the reign of Henry VIII., it was not until 1662, in the reign of Charles II., that the legislature laid the foundation of what is now known as the 'law of settlement,' or, in plainer words, the law which determines the parish a pauper belongs to, and to what place therefore (in order to give effect to the law as between different parishes) a pauper, who has become an actual recipient of parochial relief elsewhere, may be *removed*. This is what is meant by the 'settlement' of a pauper, and the *removal* of a pauper to his 'place of settlement.'

If we turn to the statute-book for that year, we shall find that there then existed in this country an indigent class of persons, who travelled about, endeavouring to settle themselves in those places where there were 'the best stock,' and 'the largest commons and wastes on which they might build cottages,' and 'the most woods for them to burn and destroy,' roaming about in this manner from place to place, till, as the parliament-roll expresses it, 'at last they become rogues and vagabonds, to the great discouragement of parishes to provide stocks where they are liable to be devoured by strangers!' It was for the purpose of obviating these evils that an act was passed which enabled justices of the peace to remove strangers of this class that were likely to become chargeable to the parish. By the terms of the statute, upon complaint made by the overseers of the poor within forty days after a person coming so to settle in any tenement under the yearly value of ten pounds, the justices might issue their warrant for the removal of such person to the parish where he was '*last legally settled*, either as a native, householder, sojourner, apprentice, or servant for the space of forty days at the least.' Although the law relating to the rights of paupers has been greatly modified since the time of Charles II., this particular enactment is still to be observed with regard to the several heads of settlement it enumerates, and the limits of the authority it conferred.

In this country, wherever a man's parents may have come from, the parish in which he was born is deemed *primâ facie* his place of settlement. As an old case expresses it, 'where the parent is a vagabond, the birth of a legitimate child gains for it a settlement, otherwise it would be *born* a vagrant.' But if a man should *acquire* a settlement in his own right—by estate, or by renting a tenement, for example—he thereby relinquishes and loses his birth-settlement, and thereby also any settlement he may have derived from his parents is superseded. By a like process, a pauper's birth-settlement is superseded by proof of his *father's* birth-settlement, or any settlement derived or acquired by his father while the pauper was an unemancipated member of his family; or if the pauper's father have no settlement, and the mother's maiden-settlement be proved, then the place of the mother's settlement, and not the pauper's own birthplace, would be deemed his place of settlement. Bearing these primary rules in mind, the reader will be enabled to follow without difficulty our account of the process of 'settling' the pauper in the particular case before us.

In the autumn of 1856, Robert Ellis, formerly a sergeant in the 94th Regiment, took up his abode in Bishop Street, Bedminster, bringing with him his wife, named Albina, and her two children by a former marriage. He died there in the following March, leaving his widow, whose little savings had been exhausted

during his last illness, with barely sufficient means to pay for his funeral. Unlike a great many soldiers' wives, Mrs Ellis was industrious and orderly in her habits, and being an excellent needlewoman, she managed to maintain herself and her two children for nearly a year after her husband's death, without any assistance from the parish. But difficulties accumulated upon her, work fell short, and in the winter of 1857—1858 she was driven to apply to the overseers of the poor for relief. There was no pretence for saying that she was *settled* in the parish of Bedminster, and as it was more than probable that she would continue to require relief, it became the duty of those officers to ascertain to what other parish she belonged.

She informed them that she was married to Sergeant Ellis at St Martin's Church, Haverfordwest, in October 1854; that she did not know where he was born, although she had heard that he came from Killaloo, in the county of Clare, Ireland; and that at the time of her marriage with Sergeant Ellis, she was the widow of Henry Taylor, formerly a sergeant in the 37th Regiment, to whom she was married at Carmarthen, in 1845. That after her marriage with Taylor, his regiment being ordered to the island of Ceylon, she had accompanied him thither, and that they had there had three children, two of whom were still living and residing with her—namely, Harriet Louisa Taylor, about nine years old, and Charles Allsop Taylor, about seven years old. She could give no information whatsoever as to the birthplace of her first husband, or where any of his relations were to be found; and she was not aware of either of her deceased husbands having been settled in any particular place. She also said that her maiden name was Albina Griffiths, and that she was the daughter of John Griffiths and Elizabeth his wife, both of whom were dead; and that she was born in the town of Haverfordwest, where, to the best of her belief, her parents had resided all their lives. Upon making inquiries there, it was ascertained that this statement, so far as it related to herself, was correct. She was born in the parish of St Thomas, Haverfordwest, and her father, the said John Griffiths, was born in the parish of St Martin, in the same town.

If the overseers had succeeded in discovering Robert Ellis's place of settlement, it would have been their duty to have applied to the magistrates for an order for her removal thither, together with her two children; for that would have been her *last* place of settlement. Failing to discover that, they had next to inquire where her first husband, Henry Taylor, was settled; but upon both these points they were without any information; and it is possible that Mrs Ellis was not disposed to assist in the inquiry, even if she could have done so, preferring rather to be sent to the place of her own birth. The overseers of Bedminster were consequently obliged to fall back upon her maiden settlement; and the foregoing facts having been deposed to before the magistrates of Bristol, who had jurisdiction in the matter, an order was made—*ex parte*, as is the practice in these cases—for her removal with her two children to the parish of St Martin, Haverfordwest—the birthplace of her father. Then began a legal strife between Bedminster and Haverfordwest for the non-possession of this poor woman and her children, which lasted, with short intermissions, for upwards of two years.

Upon being served with the order to receive the paupers, the overseers of St Martin's proceeded to scrutinise the grounds upon which it was made, and perhaps also, I may say, to exercise their ingenuity to evade it; and in this, be it observed, they simply discharged their duty to their own rate-payers; for it was not to be assumed, without investigation on their part, either that the facts or the legal conclusion therefrom, upon which the order rested, were well founded; and if they should appear to be otherwise, the law gave time to appeal against it. That John Griffiths was born in their parish, could not be disputed; but then Albina the pauper would derive no settlement from him unless she was his legitimate daughter. Had John Griffiths been lawfully married to her mother before her birth? This was the first point for inquiry.

It was ascertained that Albina's mother had been previously married to a sailor, named George Callaghan. This man had suddenly disappeared from Haverfordwest about two years before her marriage with Griffiths; and it was supposed that he had intentionally deserted his wife, and that he was still living at the time of that marriage, which took place on the 17th November 1820. The conduct of the parties certainly tended to confirm this suspicion. Her first marriage was solemnised in the parish in Haverfordwest, where she was then residing; but her marriage with Griffiths; although both of them were then living in the same town, took place at Steynton, a village about seven miles distant, and under her maiden name of Elizabeth Evans. A nice question might arise, under the requisitions of the Marriage Act then in force, as to whether there had been a due publication of the bans of this second marriage. Moreover, some of her relations who were still living remembered to have seen several letters written by Callaghan after he had quitted Haverfordwest, and they particularly spoke of one letter from him which 'Mrs Callaghan,' as they continued to call her, had received shortly after her marriage with Griffiths. He had heard of that marriage, and threatened to 'have the law against her' in consequence. All the information that could be obtained pointed to the conclusion that Callaghan had in fact survived his wife's marriage with Griffiths—but were the legal proofs forthcoming? It must be borne in mind that the law always presumes against the commission of crimes, and that therefore it would be for St Martin's to satisfy the court that the first husband was alive at the time of the second marriage, and not for Bedminster to prove that he was dead. The evidence fell short of what would be required for this purpose.

But if this objection to the order of removal failed, there might still be others of which the proof, notwithstanding the lapse of time, would be less difficult. Had the pauper's father himself derived a settlement from his parents in some other parish? or had he acquired a settlement in his own right elsewhere, which his daughter would follow? Here the inquiries of the overseers of St Martin's were attended with a better prospect of success. Persons were found who remembered John Griffiths in 1816 and 1817, when he was living as footman in the service of Lieutenant Edwards, a naval officer residing in Prendergast, a distinct parish in Haverfordwest. It appeared that he had lived with that gentleman there for more than a year; and as he was then unmarried and without children, this continuous service, from which a yearly hiring was to be presumed, would—according to the

law, as it then stood—gain for him a settlement in that parish.

Such were the facts brought to light; and with the evidence before them of this settlement superseding the one in their own parish, the overseers of St Martin's determined to appeal to the sessions. They did so, and the appeal was tried at Bristol on the 20th of October 1858. It resulted in the 'quashing' of the order for conveying the paupers to that parish, the court holding that the settlement 'by hiring and service' in Prendergast was proved. In gaining that, John Griffiths lost his birth-settlement in St Martin's.

It might be supposed that there would now be no longer any obstacle to the removal of Albina Ellis and her children to the place where it had been adjudged that her father had acquired a settlement, to which she, as his daughter, was entitled. But the rights and liabilities of distinct parishes with regard to the destitute poor, are not so easily determined. The decision of the Court of Quarter-sessions was binding only upon the parties to the suit. As between Bedminster and Prendergast, or any other parish except St Martin's, Haverfordwest, the question was still an open one.

As against Prendergast, however, it will be seen there was a clear *primâ facie* case; for the same evidence of the settlement there might be given by the overseers of Bedminster, as had been held sufficient when adduced on behalf of their late opponents; and in the event of an appeal, the question would have to be tried before the same tribunal. But there was another question behind this settlement—the one which it had been unnecessary for St Martin's to raise, but which to Prendergast might be all-important—namely, the legitimacy of Albina. Although the overseers of Prendergast might be willing to admit John Griffiths's settlement to have been in their parish, it was not to be expected that they would leave unquestioned the legitimacy of the daughter, which would entitle her and her children also thereto, and which, to say the least, was extremely doubtful. Indeed, it would seem that the overseers of Bedminster, where Mrs Ellis continued to receive relief, had themselves grave misgivings on this point; for, notwithstanding their previous contention that she was the legitimate daughter of John Griffiths, and notwithstanding also the result of the late appeal, which was arrived at on that assumption, they now prepared to act as if the marriage of her parents was invalid. Proceeding, then, upon the ground that, being illegitimate—and the settlement of neither of her husbands being known—she would be deemed to be settled in the place of her birth, they obtained an order from the magistrates for conveying her, with her two children, to St Thomas's, Haverfordwest. But that parish, in its turn, refused to receive them, and immediately prepared for an appeal. It will be observed that, so far as related to the marriage, the tables had now been turned. The burden of shewing that it was invalid would now rest upon Bedminster; for while both St Martin's and Prendergast had an interest in questioning the validity of the marriage, the present appellants had an equal interest in asserting it; inasmuch as, if Mrs Ellis were legitimate, the present order might easily be avoided by proving either the birth-settlement of her father in the one parish, or his acquired settlement in the other. Courts of law can only take judicial cognizance of that which is proved in the particular case before them; and therefore such might have been the course of proceeding on the trial of this appeal, that the proof of that same settlement, which, on the late trial, the court had held to have been lost, would now have obliged it to 'quash' the order. But the parish of Bedminster formally withdrew from the suit, and the threatened removal of Mrs Ellis and her children was a second time averted.

The truce was of a short duration. Bedminster had retreated, but only for the purpose of a surer advance upon Haverfordwest. Let Prendergast now prepare to receive its own. The case against this parish might be said to have already undergone a strict legal investigation. The order came. How could it now be met? First of all, for the reasons stated, there would be insuperable difficulties in impeaching the marriage of Albina's parents. What had become of Callaghan, where he had gone to, where he had died, or where he was to be found, if living, no one could tell. The question must therefore be dealt with as if the marriage was valid; and then, how could the removal to Prendergast be resisted? John Griffiths's settlement there was acquired when he was scarcely out of his teens. Was it his 'last' place of settlement? Where had he been living since? And where had he gone to reside after his marriage with Elizabeth Callaghan? And where was she living at that time? Was she merely a lodger in the house of another person, or was she occupying a separate dwelling-house? Unimportant as these inquiries appear at first sight, so peculiar is the law on this subject, they might very likely lead to a knowledge of facts that would relieve Prendergast from the obligation sought to be imposed upon it. They did, in fact, lead to the discovery of another settlement of the pauper Albina's parents. It appeared that, at the time of her second marriage, Mrs Griffiths was living in the parish of St Thomas, Haverfordwest. She was the tenant of a cottage there from year to year, and as she was then in the occupation of it in her own right for an unexpired term, her husband, upon his marriage, became possessed of an interest, or, as the law calls it, an estate, in that cottage. The acquisition of this estate would carry with it a settlement, if he should have afterwards resided upon it, or even elsewhere in the same parish, for forty days.

Here we are presented with one of those curious anomalies in the law which startle persons who are unacquainted with its rules, and cannot trace its reasons. The right conferred upon the husband, and, through him, upon the wife, under the circumstances here stated, is indeed not a little remarkable; for although the estate should be such that the woman, if unmarried, could not gain a settlement in respect of it, yet, if she marry, her husband will gain a settlement by residing for a certain time in the parish where it is situated, and the wife will derive that settlement from him; so that, by marrying, a woman may confer upon her husband that which she did not herself possess, and which, through him, becomes forthwith also her own!

Such had been the right accruing to Mr and Mrs Griffiths in the present instance, and which descended to their daughter. Of course, there was an end now to the settlement in Prendergast upon which Bedminster was relying, and which had done good service to St Martin's on the late trial. John Griffiths had resided with his wife in this very cottage for many years after their marriage. The facts and the conclusion of law therefrom were equally plain. The settlement which he had previously gained in Prendergast, and which had superseded the one in his birthplace, was itself superseded when he acquired this settlement in a different parish. Fortune, by the exercise of what may be called the correlative force of fact and law, continued to declare in favour of Haverfordwest. Nevertheless, in again withdrawing from the position they had taken up, it was, of course, open to the officers of Bedminster to use this last settlement as ground for shifting the obnoxious burden to St Thomas's.

The progress of the case thus far will have sufficed to shew the reader how nice and difficult may be the questions arising upon the issue, whether a pauper belongs to this or that parish. Not only have all the facts relating to age, birth, pedigree, marriage, occupation, residence, time, &c., to be carefully collated

and examined with regard to their separate effect as well as mutual relation, but it generally happens in disputes of this kind between different parishes, that the facts upon which the conclusion of law has to be founded have to be gathered up after the lapse of many years, during which the necessary witnesses may have died, or the documentary proofs been destroyed. Haverfordwest was fortunate a second time in obtaining such evidence. The settlements in Prendergast and St Thomas's both depended upon circumstances which occurred nearly half a century before.

And now it again became a question between Bedminster and its former opponent, St Thomas's. The circumstances were altered. It would be of no consequence now to inquire whether Albina was legitimate or illegitimate—because if the latter, she would belong to St Thomas's, her birthplace; if the former, she would follow her father's settlement, which was in the *same* parish. Nothing further could be ascertained pointing to the probability of John Griffiths having afterwards gained another settlement in some other place before his daughter's marriage to her first husband in 1845.* There could be no defence, then, on the part of St Thomas's, *unless the settlement of either of the husbands could be discovered.* Upon this contingency depended the only chance of this parish being able to evade the order. The overseers of Bedminster had been trying for this long time past to learn from what part of the kingdom these men had come, but without success. St Thomas's could scarcely hope to be more fortunate in this respect. It really seemed as if one place in Haverfordwest had at last been found to which the paupers must be sent, and this *quæstio vexata* set at rest for ever. And be it remarked, that if the order for their removal were not appealed against, no *after-discovery* of a settlement in some other parish that would have prevailed against it would entitle St Thomas's to send them away to such other parish—a rule that may be operative of permanent injustice in cases where facts are afterwards brought to light, which, from no negligence or default of the parish acquiescing in the order, cannot be presently ascertained. But such is the law.

The time for deliberation was fast expiring. Mrs Ellis's statements on all subjects relating to her husbands were so confused and contradictory, that it had been found impossible to make anything of them. Letters had been written to the Secretary of War, and to the commanding officers at the dépôts of the 37th and 94th Regiments, but the answers had yielded nothing that would assist the inquiry. As to Robert Ellis, his name did not even appear upon the rolls of the 94th Regiment; and as to Henry Taylor, there had been a sergeant of that name in the 37th Regiment, but he had died at Colombo, in Ceylon, in 1854. The case seemed a hopeless one for St Thomas's.

At the last moment, a fact was ascertained, in itself of no bearing upon the question, but which ultimately led to the discovery of what had been so long wanting in this remarkable case. Upon being further questioned as to her first husband's family, Mrs Ellis stated that he had a brother, about six years younger than himself, who was also a soldier in the same regiment. What was his name? His name was *Reuben*, and he also had died in Ceylon. Here, then, was a clue. If a family of the name of Taylor could anywhere be found in which there had been two brothers named Henry and Reuben, both of whom had enlisted as soldiers, there would be little difficulty in tracing the place of their birth, and then the only link wanting to complete the chain of proof would be their identity with the husband and brother-in-law of the pauper Albina. Where had these men, or either of them, enlisted? If this could be ascertained with any degree of certainty, and it should appear that they had both enlisted at the same place, as well as into the same regiment, the place of their birth would probably be not far off. Again the authorities at the Horse Guards were applied to, and this time with better success. A man named Reuben Taylor had enlisted into the 37th Regiment at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, in 1850. To Banbury, the town of cakes, the journey from Haverfordwest was a long one, but it was worth taking to accomplish the object in view. Supposing Reuben to have been about twenty years old when he enlisted, the parish register of his baptism might be looked for in Banbury and the neighbouring villages under the year 1830. Many a parish register was searched before the persevering patience of the person to whom this duty was intrusted was rewarded. In the little village of Horley, in Oxfordshire, about seven miles from Banbury, there lived an old man, named Richard Taylor, and his wife Ann Taylor; and in the church hard by were the records of the baptism of their nine children, all of whom were born in Horley, and two of whom were named 'Henry' and 'Reuben.' What had become of them?

'Ah, sir!' said the old man, 'it's many a day since I hear tell of my two brave boys. Henry went as a soldier first; and when Reuben was old enough, he went after his brother. The poor boy listed into the same regiment before he was eighteen years old.'

'And, pray, what was the *number* of the regiment, Mr Taylor?'

'Why, the 37th to be sure, sir; and Henry, he rose to be sergeant.'

'And where was the regiment stationed when Reuben enlisted?' asked the stranger, around whom the younger branches of the third generation of the family were now crowding.

'Indeed, sir, and that I can't say; but it was at some place in what they call the East Indies; and both my sons died there—Henry first, and then Reuben.'

'Wait afore you say as you don't know, Richard,' interrupted the goodwife. 'Why not shew the gentleman the letters as we got from Henry while he was there?'

The letters were produced, and with them also a handsome Malacca cane—a cherished token of affection in that humble home, for it had been a dying gift from Henry to his father, intrusted to the hands of Sergeant Osborne of the 15th Regiment, and which the kind sergeant, faithful to his promise, had made a journey into Oxfordshire expressly to deliver. Most of the letters were dated from Colombo. They spoke of the writer's children—of the boy who had died—of his daughter Harriet—and of the arrival at Colombo of his brother Reuben. One of them concluded with the words, 'From your affectionate *children*, H. and A. Taylor.' But it was observed that Mr and Mrs Taylor had both forgotten the maiden name of their son's wife. The proofs of the identity, however, would have satisfied the most incredulous.

The reader who has patiently traced with me the multiform windings of this dispute to the point it had now reached, may not unnaturally suppose that even now the final materials for 'settling' the paupers had not been found. But it happened otherwise. Bedminster had a strong case against St Thomas's; but it had thus become in the power of St Thomas's to shew that it had a stronger one against Horley. The question between them was tried out upon appeal at Bristol, on the 5th of July 1860. A venerable old man, who had come all the way from Oxfordshire, was called as a witness by the appellants, and had the pleasure of hearing it solemnly argued, *pro* and *con*, whether a respectable-looking woman and two children, who had just made his acquaintance, were his daughter-in-law and grandchildren. He had already acknowledged those children as the veritable son and

* She thereby became what the law calls *emancipated*, and would not follow any settlement her father might afterwards acquire.

daughter of his own son Henry; and the judicial answer did not disappoint him. The legal consequence of this finding has been explained.

Horley parish raised no obstacle, and so it came to pass at last that there the paupers were 'settled.'

SUNRISE ON THE MOON.

It is well known that some new and remarkable facts connected with the physical constitution of the moon have been revealed by the telescope within the last few years; the lunar surface has been measured and mapped by several observers, and its features laid down with as much exactness as if the subject of delineation was some mountainous region of our own planet. The moon's surface presents a wondrous scene of lofty isolated heights, craters of enormous volcanoes, ramparts, and broad plains that look like the beds of former seas, and present a remarkable contrast to the rugged character of the rest of the surface. That what we look upon are really mountains and mountainous ranges is sufficiently evident from the fact, that the shadows they cast have the exact proportion, as to length, which they ought to have from the inclination of the sun's rays to their position on the moon's surface.

The convex outline of the moon, as turned towards the sun, is always circular, and nearly smooth; but the opposite border of the enlightened part, instead of being an exact and sharply defined ellipse, is always observed to be extremely rugged, and indented with deep recesses and prominent points. The mountains near the border cast long black shadows, as they should evidently do, inasmuch as the sun is rising or setting to those parts of the moon. But as the enlightened edge gradually advances beyond them, or, in other words, as the sun to them gains altitude, their shadows shorten; and at the full moon, when all the light falls in our line of sight, no shadows are seen. By micrometrical measurement of the length of the shadows, the heights of the more conspicuous mountains can be calculated. Before the year 1850, the heights of no fewer than one thousand and ninety-five lunar mountains had been computed, and amongst them occur all degrees of altitude up to nearly twenty-three thousand feet—a height exceeding, by more than a thousand feet, that of Chimborazo in the Andes. It is a remarkable circumstance that the range of lunar Apennines, as they have been called, present a long slope on one side, and precipices on the other, as in the Himalaya Mountains. During the increase of the moon, its mountains appear as small points or islands of light beyond the extreme edge of the enlightened part, those points being the summits illuminated by the sunbeams before the intermediate plain; but gradually, as the light advances, they connect themselves with it, and appear as prominences detached from the dark border.*

The moon, unlike the earth, has many isolated mountains, that is to say, mountains not connected with a group or chain—the mountain named Tycho, which has the appearance of a sugar-loaf, is an example of this. The uniformity of aspect which the lunar mountains for the most part present is a singular and striking feature. They are wonderfully numerous, especially towards the southern portion of the disc, occupying quite the larger part of the moon's surface, and are, as Sir John Herschel remarks, almost universally of an exactly circular or cup-shaped form, foreshortened, however, into ellipses towards the limb. The larger of these elevations have for the most part flat plains within, from which a small steep conical hill rises centrally. They offer, indeed, the very type of the true volcanic character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius, and in a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegræi or the Puy de Dôme, but with the remarkable peculiarity, that the bottom of the crater is, in many instances, very deeply depressed below the general surface of the moon, the internal depth being often twice or three times the external height. It has been computed that profound cavities, regarded as craters, occupy two-fifths of the surface of the moon. One of the most remarkable of these formations is fifty-five miles in diameter; and to give some idea of its magnitude, the late Professor Nichol used to say that, could a visitor approach it, he would see rising before him a wall of rock twelve hundred feet high, like the precipices of Schihallion in Perthshire; and on mounting this height, would look down a declivity or slope of thirteen thousand feet, to a ledge or terrace, and below this would see a lower deep of four thousand feet more: a cavity exceeding, therefore, the height of Mont Blanc, and large enough to hold that mountain besides Chimborazo and Teneriffe. Again, the lunar crater, called Saussure, is ten thousand feet in depth. These astounding calculations are founded on the observation of the sun's light falling on the edge, and illuminating the side of these gigantic depths. The Dead Sea, the greatest known depression on the earth, is thirteen hundred and forty feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

Striæ or lines of light, which appear like ridges, radiate from many of these enormous craters, and might be taken for lava-currents, streaming outwards as they do in all directions, like rays. The ridges that stream from the mountain called Tycho seem to be formed of matter that has greater power of reflecting light than the rock around it; the crater named Copernicus is equally distinguished by these rays. The ridges, in some instances, cross like a wall both valleys and elevations, and traverse the plains as well as the rocky slopes of the lunar mountains; from which fact, and from the great distances they extend, it would seem that they are not such lava-streams as have flowed, for example, from Etna. It has been supposed that a force acting, as it were, centrifugally or explosively, and therefore differently from the force to which we attribute the upheaval of mountain-chains upon the earth, has formed the lunar craters, and overspread the adjacent surface with the ridges or rays in question.

In Professor Phillips's recent contributions to a Report on the Physical Aspect of the Moon, he notices another class of phenomena—certain remarkable rills in the mountains mapped as Aristarchus, Archimedes, and Plato. The last exhibits a large crater; and a bold rock which juts into the interior has been seen during the morning illumination to glow in the sunshine like molten silver, casting a well-defined shadow eastward. The object known as the Stag's-horn Rill, east of the mountain Thebit, appears to be what geologists call a fault or dyke, one side being elevated above the other. Professor Phillips mentions a group of parallel rills about Campanus and Hippalus, and he traces a rill across and through the old crater of the latter mountain. All the rills appear to be rifts or deep fissures resembling crevasses of a glacier; they cast strong shadows from oblique light, and even acquire brightness on one edge of the cavity. Their breadth appears to be only a few hundred feet or yards. The mountain Gassendi is remarkable for rough terraces and ridges within the rings which form the crater. In the interior area there are central elevations of rocky character, which are brought into view by the gradual change in the direction of the incident solar rays as the lunar day advances. In Lord Rosse's magnificent reflecting telescope, the flat bottom of the crater, called Albategnius, is seen to be strewed with blocks not visible in inferior telescopes; while the exterior of another volcanic mountain (Aristillus) is scored all over with deep gullies radiating towards its centre.

* Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 758 (ed. 1850).

The phenomena to which we have now briefly adverted are regarded as decisive marks of volcanic force, and the apparent absolute repose of the moon's surface at the present time, affords a remarkable contrast to the violent action of which it must have been the scene in bygone times.

The reader need not be reminded that our knowledge is limited to one hemisphere or face of the moon, in consequence of the period of its rotation upon its axis corresponding with the period of its revolution round the earth.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENT:

THE STEPS HE TOOK TO SEE THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

HAVING received my credentials from the proprietors of this *Journal*, as Home Correspondent, with particular instructions as to the Royal Procession, I set myself to consider, as soon as the flutter of self-congratulation had somewhat subsided, how this first great task should be most fitly executed. I put aside the idea, suggested to me by an acquaintance connected with the newspaper press, of evolving a royal procession from the depths of my moral consciousness, and made up my mind to see it—either with the naked eye, or through the medium of those 'Binocular Field-glasses, worn round the neck' (!) without which, their inventor informed me, per advertisement, that the procession could *not* be seen. But in what prominent position (being thus decorated) should I place myself, so that not only might I see the coming princess, but that the gratification might (in some degree) be reciprocal? This was the great question.

Money, of course, being no object, should I take an unfurnished house in the city, entirely to myself, at a rent, for the afternoon, which it probably never before fetched *per annum?* I ran my eye down the columns of the Supplement of the *Times*, and perceived therein no less than seven such opportunities only waiting my acceptance and cheques for from thirty to two hundred pounds. 'The best position in all London' was offered me in fifty places; near Fishmongers' Hall, upon the Monument, 'just out of Cheapside,' on Ludgate Hill, at Temple Bar, 'at the corner of Bleak Street' (wherever that is), in Pimlico, at Paddington, and at Windsor. 'Covered seats, obtaining a long and uninterrupted view,' were to be obtained everywhere, even at the most unexpected places, such as Western Road, Brighton, and High St., Tunbridge Wells. Nothing particular could be said upon the advantages possessed by the last two localities, for even the Binoculars only professed to command an area of ten miles; but advertisers who had seats in the City delicately hinted that if you remained in the West End, you might just as well go to bed; while advertisers in the West End retorted that you might *go* to the City, indeed, between the hours of four and seven A.M., but would never return alive on the same evening.

'By the way, we must observe,' remarked Ludgate Hill, 'that as the Princess Alexandra will not reach Bricklayers' Arms Station till about three o'clock in the afternoon, the procession cannot reach the West End till dusk.' The Borough suggested that 'a good daylight view' was preferable. In vain did Farringdon Street—made (somehow) 'doubly desirable, in consequence of the recent amicable arrangements between the government and the civic authorities'—proffer words of peace. Fleet Street sternly remarked: 'The Civic Procession leaves at Temple Bar,' in an Emersonian sentence, all to itself—just as though the entire nation were panting once more to behold that sword-bearer sitting sideways, and preventing the Lord Mayor from looking out of window.

Upon the other hand, the attempts on the part of the Strand to make capital out of the Duke of Buccleuch, as an attractive spectacle, were equally strenuous; while an enthusiast, with half a window to let in a second floor in Pall Mall, endeavoured to excite some public curiosity regarding the members for Westminster.

I was embarrassed by the multitude of favourable opportunities. Should I take twenty-five pounds of window in St James's Street, with 'the use of a bagatelle-table?' Or the two rooms in the Edgeware Road (one of which was a back apartment, looking into a mews), at fifteen guineas, 'with fires and attendance?' Or the suite of apartments 'opposite the Marble Arch' for twenty guineas, from which sum, 'if two ladies of position, whose cards would be given, were permitted to share a window, four guineas would be struck off?' The addition of these eligible females struck me as very desirable; so much so, indeed, that I wonder four guineas *more*, instead of less, were not demanded as the price of their attendance. It was surely an excellent opportunity for wealthy but unaristocratic persons to obtain an introduction to society. If, on the other hand, the ladies were proud and haughty, one could obstruct their view, or even insist upon pulling the blinds down, which we should have a perfect right to do.

Should I take a room 'exclusively for a family,' but 'capable of accommodating five-and-twenty persons,' which is certainly a pretty large domestic circle; or should I hire those 'thousand seats in one lot, in six rows, one above another,' and either occupy that entire space myself, or invite a few personal friends to share it? Or should I purchase 'timber, die square, planks, deals, &c., on very low terms,' at that 'old-established timber-yard' in Southwark, and set up a scaffolding of my own, on that 'eligible piece of waste land near the Bricklayers' Arms?' If so, what should I do with the die square?

Those justly famous 'large and comfortable widows' to be hired at Charing Cross, I gave up with a sigh, for the duties of a Home Correspondent would be inconsistent, I was well aware, with such social temptations. Nor was the above the only misprint in the advertisements of the procession, unless the drawing-room balcony in Connaught Terrace was really 'capable of accommodating twenty thousand volunteers,' and afforded 'an excellent view of upwards of forty persons.' All these things were to be got for money; but what if I could go to my bootmaker's, or my tailor's, or my tooth-extractor's, upon the line of route, and simply request a seat upon the ground of being an excellent customer? Alas, my bootmaker, my tailor, my toothdrawer, had each put forth his advertisement that he 'had now placed all his windows at the service of his patrons, and could positively accommodate no others.' He was obliged, with regret, to publish this statement, 'in order to prevent disappointment.' I wonder whether the patrons were admitted under a guinea a head! I wonder whether my bootmaker (for instance) had an eye (while the other winked) solely directed to puffing his own wares!

Beside these establishments, the only place which was absolutely closed to me was one in 'the escort of the ladies of Great Britain,' from which I was unfortunately precluded by my sex male. But I wonder who made 'the Loyal Suggestion, that the lady-equestrians of England should form an escort to Her Royal Highness the Princess through the streets of London,' for which the fashionable tailor was 'prepared to furnish an equestrian uniform on the auspicious occasion?' Until I beheld his advertisement, I had positively never heard of such a proposal having been made at all!

The advertisement which would have obtained my choice, in my private capacity, would undoubtedly have been that since celebrated one emanating from the churchwardens of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, offering the use of a church and the benefit of clergy, with 'a series of pieces on the organ,' as well as a covered seat in the churchyard adjacent, to behold

our future queen. But a Home Correspondent must restrain his devotional impulses, lest he gets locked up (for example) for two whole hours, contrary to his will, and forbidden to open his mouth, while the subsequent scramble, when the order of release at last arrives, resembles the contents of the Ark endeavouring to escape, as one bear, through a small square aperture. I was still hankering, however, after a seat in St Martin's-in-the-Fields, when Sergeant (of another Temple), a college-friend of mine, of an eminently practical turn of mind, wrote to ask me to lunch with him on the 7th, and after that, to witness the all-engrossing spectacle. He lodged in a street off Piccadilly, which we will call Charges Street (though his invitation was, of course, a friendly one, not to be paid for), and his windows, as I understood, would command an excellent side-view. The attraction, however, set forth in his note was a private billiard-table, upon which himself and friends were to play pool until the time arrived for sight-seeing.

'You remember,' said his postscript, 'those billiard-rooms in the Strand, which we hired on the day of the last great public procession, and got our amusement and our spectacle in one; the proprietors have acquired wisdom since that time, and are charging five-and-thirty guineas for the windows alone.'

That postscript, reminding me, as it did, of a very pleasant far-back day, decided me upon closing with my friend's offer, and giving up, though regretfully, that series of pieces on the organ. There had also been not one syllable breathed by the churchwardens of St Martin in respect to luncheon, and my system requires luncheon almost (or quite) as much as my soul thirsts after impressive harmony.

On the morning of the 7th I started from Portman Square (in one of the very best houses of which locality I reside), with a wedding-favour on my breast, advertised by the vendor as 'handsome, yet chaste,' and which was composed of about half-a-dozen artificial flowers, 'to each of which (he said) was imparted the delicious perfume allotted to it by nature.' I had a slight cold in my head, however, and to that circumstance I may no doubt attribute the fact that I could distinguish none of those odours. The pool in Charges Street was not to begin till twelve o'clock (though, had an earlier hour been appointed, my duties as Home Correspondent would have prevented my attendance), and in the meantime there was much opportunity for observation. I had intended, in the first instance, to turn eastward, but was driven in the precisely opposite direction by an entire regiment of Volunteers, assisted by its mounted staff. This formidable body, bound for the Park, were marching southward down Baker Street, with their colonel at their head, on horseback; and his unaccustomed steed was so dismayed—either by the number of spectators congregated in the square, or by a German band, with Danish colours, which were playing, *Haste to the Wedding*, in opposition to the *Nancy Dawson* of the regimental performers—that it fled down Berkeley Street, despite all the efforts of its rider, and the application of a steel scabbard. The obedient troops followed their leader, and thereupon ensued a scene unparalleled in the annals of military experience. The populace, *who knew he was going wrong*, threw themselves between the colonel and his men, and by ejaculations, gestures, and the waving of cotton umbrellas, compelled them to pause in their misdirected course. 'Back, back!' 'The Park!' 'Where *are* you a-shovin' to?' 'Never mind *'Im;* Ee's run away with, *E* is'—were a few of the emphatic sentences which were addressed, with appropriate action, to the 92d Royal Diddlesex. Their eloquence prevailed; the course of the Volunteers was violently changed, as also that of the Home Correspondent, who, amid a tide of persons of very various callings (including the Portman Square crossing-sweeper, who tossed his broom in passionate appeal to gods and men and Volunteers, in vain), was hurried westward, and only suffered to enjoy the full use of his own legs upon reaching the Edgeware Road.

Finding myself deposited in that thoroughfare by such exceptional and unprecedented means, I deemed it only proper to explore the neighbourhood, and not fight against Fate by endeavouring to retrace my steps. Sombre as the streets hereabouts usually are, they were now gay with extemporised decoration—inexpensive splendour. Banners (of calico) were flying, joy (hand) bells pealing, organs (with a monkey on them) discoursing soul-thrilling music. Upon all faces, too, sat a genuine good feeling, a Welcome not to be purchased by certain monarchs still upon their thrones at the price of half their kingdoms. I have never seen so many smiling lips, or so few frowns, on any London morning. I knew not where the omnibusfuls (if I may be allowed to introduce that graceful word into the English language) of crusty, stupid, egotistic people, who are to be seen daily hurrying citywards, had hid themselves upon the 7th of March at 9 A.M.; but they were certainly absent from the streets, and their places occupied by quite a different company. All tongues were talking about Her—God bless her! Where was she now? they wondered, and when would her sweet face shine upon them there? It was all wonder, for nobody knew anything for certain, except the platform proprietors, some of whom appeared to be in receipt of momentary telegraphs regarding her royal movements. 'Come early;' 'Take your seats, ladies and gents;' 'She'll be here at two;' 'She'll be here at twelve;' 'She'll be here before you're comfortably seated, *now;*' 'Come early, please come early, do!' The bells clashing from the Paddington steeples, echoed, 'Please come early, please come early, do.'

And the public did come early. It came at nine, and it had come at eight, and at seven, and at six. It had come overnight, as I honestly believe, and slept in its numbered seats under the waterproof coverings. It had come with books in its hand to beguile the time, and with sandwiches in its pocket to repair the destruction of tissue, and with brandy-flasks to keep up its spirits at their unprecedented pitch. It had come at two guineas a head, and it had come at sixpence (on a plank gallantly sustained by two washing-tubs, up to the very moment of the arrival of the procession, when it suddenly broke down), and it was going to have its money's worth out, and it wasn't going away. Talk of Patience on a monument—there was a whole cageful of people on the Monument of London that festal morning who smiled at every grief that passed, and at some that did not pass, but remained behind, such as lumbago, and before, such as cold in the head, for days and weeks to come. Patience! let no man prate of that fictitious personage to *me*, who saw her very embodiment, fat and fiery-faced, and forty, sitting with all the persistence of a domestic fowl, in Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, next to its triumphal arch, and ever and anon tapping the same with the handle of her gingham umbrella, from morn to dewy eve. I saw her at nine A.M., and I saw her at six P.M. still tapping, like a woodpecker, as though to ascertain whether that elegant artificial structure could possibly be wood, and not the pure white marble that it seemed.

Individual instances of this virtue are often ludicrous, but the aggregate Patience of a great People is a spectacle sublime. The footways of a city paved with eager faces; the voices hushed, but the eyes speaking; its balconies overflowing; its roofs alive with watching, waiting thousands—this is a stirring sight, my friends, to all of us who are not philosophers or fools. If, just at the moment when the long procession has passed before

you, save that one last carriage, at whose approach all heads are bared in a second, and the air is thick with cheers—when the sound of a mighty people's acclaim bursts suddenly forth, I say, if there is a lump in your throat which forbids you to join in the same, and a tear in your eyes, when you do find voice to join, you need not be ashamed. Very many honourable men will experience those same emotions, although they will probably conceal the fact if you ask them the question. We may ignore the awful Sympathy that exists between every one of us and his fellows, but, thank God, we cannot prevent it.

His pocket-handkerchief having been abstracted while he was setting down the above reflections in the rough, the Home Correspondent wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, and turned his steps towards Pall Mall. The decorations on the road hither were more expensive (but not more prodigal), and the crowds better dressed, with the exception of the police, who, here as there, clothed in their little brief authority, stretched it to its utmost limits. They made many an angel weep, who, flounced and furbelowed, wished to penetrate, as usual, in the precise direction which she was forbidden to pursue, with their stern 'You can't pass here, ma'am: all carriages is to keep to the left.' The steps of the Guards' Monument in Waterloo Place were crowded with living figures, not less steadfast than those upon its summit; they had taken up that position before eight—the hour at which the Lords of the Admiralty were embarking at Woolwich to meet the princess at Gravesend—and stood there with eyes fixed steadfastly to eastward, lest they should lose the first signal of Her coming. The Marionettes (in bridal white, in honour of the occasion), who had pitched their theatre in that open space devoted to such frivolities, immediately beneath the cold shade of the *Athenæum*, could scarce provoke a smile from them. Not so, however, with the people who had not yet obtained a vantage-ground, but who journeyed on in search of one, or waited near the eligible positions in case a vacancy should arise through hunger or disease. 'I shall faint,' observed one stout spectator to his friend, 'if this crush goes on.'

'I wish you would, and then I shall get a step,' replied a lively neighbour; whereat there was a roar of laughter.

Encouraged by this applause, the friend himself remarked: 'If you faint, Jack, I shall double you up, and stand upon you; or let you out at half-a-crown a foot as a bench—and a good deal of money I should clear from a man of your inches.'

Considering what people did pay for as standing-ground—the tables, the chairs, the rickety three-legged stools (but tall, and therefore at a premium)—there was really nothing to surprise one in such a stroke of business. In the plate-glass windows of the shops were exposed such wares as reminded one of an eastern slave-market. The ordinary goods had been removed, and their places occupied by gorgeous females in tiers (and smiles), each numbered from 1 to 70, or even higher: this indicated neither their age nor their price, of course, but only their position in the shop-front; but the passers-by would have it otherwise, and held a mock-auction over their charms, wherewith, though I protest I did not bid, I could not help being vastly amused. The helplessness of the 'lots' in question should have aroused my pity, I know; but their indignation, particularly when a doubt was expressed as to whether their age was not higher than their number, would have drawn smiles from Draco.

Who built the forms—the wooden forms, I mean—for all these females? Who framed the scaffoldings? Who fronted every street with wood in sixty hours? Who, think you, were those men in paper-caps who worked outside every house, by day and night, from Bricklayers' Arms to Paddington? There are not forty thousand carpenters in London, I suppose, nor anything like it. *Who* therefore *were* those men, labouring at a guinea an hour, with as much beer as they could drink? Some of them were unskilled mechanics—*savans* with a turn for planing; others were literary men. I recognised several brethren of the pen myself, sitting on the wrong side of window-sills, and 'cutting out chips,' not with the scissors, but the chisel. The entertainments that have since been given in their chambers have been of a much more luxurious character than before. Not a few Irish members of parliament took the opportunity of re-embracing the profession of their youth, and with a short dudheen in their mouth, tripped up their ladder to the second floors as though it were to Place and Pension. One or two honest Scotch members, too, deploring the universal extravagance, yet (it is said) managed to turn it into a deserving channel by getting their materials from home, by sea (hammers and nails being here at a fabulous premium), and doing a fair day's work for a very fair day's wage. Certain young barristers of my acquaintance have become quite solvent since these royal festivities, having applied their really good natural abilities to gas-piping. They had never had any opportunity of illuminating the courts of Chancery, and they were panting to do it, but the Vice-chancellor said: 'No; if a strong light was thrown *there*, the place would be ruined.'

But these are grave questions of supply and demand with which I have nothing to do. Let me make my way, slowly but surely, not by force, but with that winning manner which is the characteristic of this Home Correspondent, into Charges Street and luncheon. It distressed me to observe that my practical friend Sergeant lived at the northern extremity of this fashionable spot, whence the view of the procession must necessarily be extremely limited; but he assured me that he had taken steps for our beholding it when the time arrived. In the meanwhile, each guest that joined us had something new to tell of the preparations or the multitude. One had come from the City, where he had seen a brass band saved from destruction by the chivalry of some ladies in a balcony, who had made a rope of their laced handkerchiefs, and drawn up bugle and trombone out of the crush; he told of the anguish of the proprietor of the big drum (which the mob wanted to stand upon), and how the same saving hands had made a sort of fire-escape of shawls, and hauled up the monstrous thing amid the cheers of the fickle multitude; and how, after a little, mothers with infants began to importune these Sisters of Charity to take their babes into safe-keeping, so that when he left, the house had already become an Emporium for all things perishable.

The luncheon was excellent, and the pool not less profitable than usual to the Home Correspondent, but a sense of delay in the performance of his duties embittered even these delights. At last, at half-past three o'clock, when the party had dispersed to their clubs and their balconies in divers places, and I was left alone with my practical friend (who was calmly smoking a cigar, as though the Princess was not to pass till to-morrow), I could bear the inaction no longer.

'Come, Sergeant,' said I for the second time, 'what steps are we going to take to see this procession?'

'We are going *to take the steps by which our Mary reaches the chandelier*,' returned he; 'they are eight feet high, and if they will only bear us, we shall see as well as the best of them.'

With these words, he led the way to the pantry, where the article in question was reclining against an upper shelf. It was certainly tall—too tall for stability, I thought—and it had that peculiar weight which is called top-heaviness. But it was too late

then to take any other steps. My practical friend seized hold of the lighter end, and I of the heavier, and we sallied out into Charges Street, like a couple of splendidly attired acrobats, about to give an open-air entertainment.

'A penny more, and up goes the donkey,' cried the crowd, as with one voice; but the impassive Sergeant (who is slightly bald, and solid as to frame and feature) never moved a muscle, either in acknowledgment or dissent, save just so much as was required to keep his glass in his eye.

'A glorious sight!' observed he—as though quite unencumbered with any impediment, and at liberty to enjoy the Beautiful, spelled with its biggest B—'what a sea of faces, what a mass of colour! How strange it seems, while flags are flying everywhere, even from the Victoria Tower, to see Buckingham Palace without its standard.'

'Now, then,' remarked a policeman, walking up to us in that stealthy manner which always means mischief to the civilian; 'you mustn't let out them steps.'

'Gracious goodness!' cried the Home Correspondent, jealous for his social position, 'we had not the remotest idea of doing such a thing, my good man.'

'I am sorry to say, gentlemen,' replied the official in a gentler key, 'that my orders is against having them even put up.'

'Very good,' remarked Sergeant, laying them down in the gutter; 'we were only coming out with them to clean some windows in Piccadilly. If you can get these people away, we 'll set about the job at once; if not, we may stop where we are, I suppose.'

The crowd applauded, the policeman smiled, and we were left for a time the masters of the situation. A perambulator, with two juvenile insides, who had been brought by their considerate nurse to see the procession (to which she had turned their backs, however, while she carried on a whispered conversation with a footman in canary), was the only other obstacle beside our steps which was permitted in the street, within fifty yards of the line of route. We were congratulating ourselves on this monopoly, when down came the policeman again, like a Yankee frigate, who, having once overhauled a little Britisher, and examined her papers, still hankers after an informality, and bids her bring-to again.

'Look here, gents; you mustn't stay here with them ere steps; you mustn't indeed. There's a lady here, at the corner-house, who says you must move on. I've just put her carriage back half a mile, according to orders, as a hobstruction, and what she says is this, says she: "I pays rent and taxes, and yet my coachman mayn't sit at my door; then why is that there perambulator and them steps allowed? Move 'em away, policeman; take 'em to the Green Yard"—which is very ridicklus of her, of course; but what am I to do?'

'Take the perambulator to the Green Yard,' said Sergeant, 'and then come back for the steps.'

The policeman was a well-meaning man enough, and understood his duty. Instead, therefore, of prolonging the discussion, he darted after a ragged man with a bench, who was intruding himself into our neighbourhood, with the sordid intention of making a little money. Almost at the same moment a general irruption of persons in a similar profession took place; they sprang up without warning from the earth, as it seemed, armed with the implements of their dreadful trade. Their leader and forerunner was sacrificed to justice, and his bench confiscated and shattered, but the arm of the Law was powerless with his legion of followers. In half a minute, their rickety forms and tables were covered with spectators at 2*s.* a head, whose vested interests were not to be disturbed with impunity. One energetic lady, a little disguised in liquor, set down a rush-bottomed chair immediately beside us, and disposed of the loan of it to two stout gentlemen at half-a-crown a piece. Both springing up at once to enjoy this post of vantage, their combined weight and momentum proved too much for the material that should have sustained them, and through the rushes they both broke, and stuck in the framework. If it had not been for the look of the thing, they might now just as well have been standing on their own feet, for they were no higher; while their involuntary confinement gave an opportunity for exaction to the proprietress of the misused furniture, who assessed the damages (and got them) at five shillings. These chairs and tables had doubtless done duty at the mouth of many another street that day, and the appearance of their owners proved, as now, the sure precursor of the procession. But a few minutes more, and the cuirasses of the Life-guards were flashing by us, and then 'the hushed amaze of hand and eye,' was succeeded by one long rapturous cheer. It never sank, it never failed while that fair young face could be seen, so eager to please, so anxious, as it seemed, to let every heart be aware that she was conscious of its loyal homage.

May I add, that for one fleeting instant—but which will endure in my glad memory for ever—that right royal glance lit, wonder-struck, upon Sergeant and myself on our strange eminence; She smiled—ah! let me think it was for me alone—as only she *can* smile, upon this Home Correspondent and his enthusiasm; she approved—I am confident that sweet Princess approved—of us, and of the Steps we took to see her pageant pass.

COOKERY.

There is one bond of union that never fails, one touch of nature that really does make the round world kin—the kitchen fire. We all cook our food; all, at least, except a very few islanders of the Polynesian Archipelago, who live on bread-fruit, nuts, and berries, and a still smaller number of Australian Mayals, whose staple is raw shell-fish. For even the greatest savages resemble worthy Triptolemus Yellowley in this wise, that their victuals must 'thole' fire and water. The Iroquois of the eighteenth century were certainly proud of eating raw meat, but this was a perverted taste, indulged in at intervals, out of laziness or bravado.

Given, then, that man is a cooking animal, it is neither useless nor uninstructive to consider the various means by which he has contrived, in all climates and countries, to render his fare at once more palatable and more wholesome than in its crude condition. The earliest race of which we have any knowledge, the race of which the most ancient and sacred of histories gives us information, is the great Aramaic branch of the human family. What the Arab is to-day, he was in Job's time: he alters as little as the grand features of a mountainous district alter within man's memory. The cookery of a nomad nation is of necessity rude. Where everything must be carried from place to place, portability gets to be more regarded than a high standard of excellence. Accordingly, we find Arab cookery carried on almost wholly on camel-back, and on the march. Perched on the high camel-saddles, the women shake the light churn of goat's hide till the milk coagulates into curdy butter; they mix flour with water, and knead up a paste, which is moulded into thin cakes. These cakes, with the aid of a chafing-dish of burning charcoal and a flat iron plate like the old Scottish girdle, are baked into bread, which is eaten, hot and fresh, with the improvised butter and a handful of dates, by the tawny-complexioned men trudging painfully beside the line of

laden beasts. That is enough sustenance for the everyday life of the frugal Bedouin. On high holidays, when a feast is called for, a hole is dug in the ground; it is filled with charcoal and large stones, and fire is kindled till the stones are red-hot. Then a whole sheep, stuffed with pistachio-nuts, rice, raisins, or nothing, is thrust in, with its woolly skin intact, and baked until it is fit for the palates of its uncritical proprietors.

Uncivilised people, destitute of those utensils in metal and clay which are so familiar to us as to appear commonplace, are put to strange shifts when they would dine on roast-meat. The Arab oven of stones is perfectly well known to the Hottentots and Caffres of South Africa, to the New Zealander, the Typee cannibal, and the natives of Madagascar. But most untamed races resort to a sharpened wooden spit, and a broil before a fire, and the savage hunters of Central America simply enclose a Honduras turkey in soft clay, and bake the mass till it cracks.

Europe went through many stages before its culinary progress culminated in French refinements on cookery. The banquets of Homer are enough to give a modern reader a sharp twinge of dyspepsy. The huge ruddy joints twirling languidly before a fierce fire of crackling logs, the platters heaped with half-roasted meat, the barbaric plenty and coarse sensualism, were worthy of the grim Valhalla of the Sagas. Were the gastric nerves stronger then than now? Was Agamemnon, was Ajax, really an overmatch in vital energy for some chosen navvy or life-guardsman of our day? Probably not. Most likely the explanation is to be found in the simple fact, that the old spear-throwing heroes lived very sparely on ordinary occasions, as Greeks have always lived, and had but occasional saturnalia of plentiful butcher's meat.

Athens, Rome, and the rich and learned colonies that sprang from those great commonwealths, cooked on a settled system. They had skilful professors of the art; they had furnaces, ovens, stoves, saucepans, spits, and stewpans. We could not relish all their dishes; their taste and ours would be often at variance. But they were more decent and reasonable in their ordinary style of living than our own hippophagic ancestors of the Gothic irruption, who ate flesh like wolves, and swilled ale and mead like nothing on earth but their drunken, valiant selves. Rome taught them better things, but they were slow to learn the lesson. Feudal kitchens were more picturesque than agreeable; let us try and conjure one up.

A great draughty room, of course above ground, and often at some distance from the main body of the castle or manor-house; a huge smoky fire burning in a monstrous central fireplace of blackened stone, while before the glowing logs revolve five or six spits laden with meat, capons, and game, slowly twirled by strings pulled by two bandy-legged dogs, and as many half-naked urchins, whose whole lives are devoted to that intellectual office. John Cook, clad in white, and with the ladle of office, stands solemnly by, basting the joints, and tapping vigorously on the heads of boy and dog, whenever the roast begins to burn. Scullions, male and female, bustle from oven to stewpan, from the pipkins to the great pot swinging over the fire, squabbling, jeering, and battening on scraps and trimmings of the feast. Meanwhile, in the high gallery, staff in hand, stands my lady the châtelaine, scolding, chiding, threatening stripes for sluttish Joan, stocks for tipsy Will, bread and water for all the recalcitrants, and often descending to lay no light correction on the shoulders of her slow-witted domestics.

Now for the banquet. Trumpets sound, harps twangle, and the falconets and sakers on the wall without—if we are far enough advanced to be younger than Friar Bacon, who invented gunpowder, or King Edward, who put gunpowder to use—roar forth a peal of triumph. Knights and ladies, queens and princes, sit at meat, and pages serve on bended knee, and the old monkish chronicler, boosy and grateful, in his corner jots down on the monastery vellum a high-flown account of the proceedings. But I do not believe they were by any means as fine and splendid as Father Bruno would have us think them; and I am convinced the mistress of the house, in especial, did not enjoy them in the least. How should she? She has wrangled and fought over every item of the bill of fare. That very peacock, glorious with outspread tail and gilded legs, before which the young knights are making rash vows to slay impossible hosts of the Paynim, has been as a nightmare to disturb her rest: the trouble which it took to gild the claws and beak of that tiresome bird, to adjust its train and truss its wings, was only equalled by the toil required to mould that fortress of a pasty, from whose top-crust the live dwarf has just popped his ugly head, amid the laughter of the company. The whole feast represents an amount of planning, work, bullying, and watchfulness that would drive modern housekeepers mad.

It must not be for an instant supposed that even lords and ladies, in the feudal ages, fared sumptuously in their everyday life. They no more looked for peacocks and swans, for pies of nightingales' tongues, or for huge sturgeons baked whole, than middle-class households of our time expect green turtle and guinea-hens at a family dinner. Those who lived in comparative luxury, long years back, had a wearisome diet of corned-beef, smoked wildfowl, stockfish, and salt brawn, with scarcely a vegetable to vary it through the winter-season. Master Cook's ingenuity was reserved almost entirely for the glad days of summer and fresh provisions.

It is probable that the French cooks, however reluctant they might be to admit the fact, derived the first principles of their art from intercourse with Italy. The Medicean queens of France brought many things with them to their adopted country—among others, poisons, perfumes, and cookery. Paris gradually began to take the lead in gastronomic science; but it was not until the reign of Louis the Magnificent that its renown became acknowledged in England. In the meantime, of other national kitchens, the unctuous Spanish one, with its dishes redolent of oil and garlic, was the most remarkable. Russia could offer few native delicacies to the traveller; a miserable mess of cabbage-soup, caviare, quass, and pickled herrings being the chief productions of her indigenous artists. Holland, again, invented little save water-souchée, the boast of Low-Country tables; and though the British and Spanish colonies had many a delicious titbit in the shape of fish or fowl, the dressing was inferior to the material.

Turkish cookery, using the word in its broadest sense, so as to take in all the settled Mohammedan nations of West Asia, was more original in its conceptions. Without dwelling on the lambs roasted whole, and stuffed with fruit, with spices, and occasionally with drugs, for the sake of a new flavour, the pilaff demands mention. A pilaff—which is neither ragout, nor mince-meat, nor even hotch-potch, but a wondrous mingling of all three—is just the succulent greasy dish to suit the appetite of an Asiatic. Then the kabobs, well seasoned, broiled on skewers of jasmine or arbutus, and eaten without the help of forks, are certainly the poetry of mutton. Rissoles are as deftly made, and soups as skilfully thickened, by turbaned men as by the neatest-handed Phillis of the West. Lastly, the cucumber stuffed, not with pearls, but with rice and minced fowl, is a delight to the voyager who was lucky enough to be well grounded in his *Arabian Nights* before leaving the nursery.

English cookery, as it has existed for a century and a half, leaves much room for improvement. Scotland, urged by state reasons to a close alliance with France,

learned many a lesson in culinary science which the southern part of our island had no chance of receiving. England, however, was loath to learn from her old Gallic foe; and the few hints acquired in the days of the Stuarts were forgotten when war closed the road between London and Paris. England, in the eighteenth century, was but ill off in respect of a good culinary ensample. To copy the German kitchen was impossible. Even such a good courtier as Sarah of Marlborough could not long go on eating sour-krout, as a practical compliment to the House of Hanover. The British nobility tried to like the raw ham, Hamburg sausage, pickled cabbage, and well-kept oysters, which their new masters loved, but soon gave up the effort in despair. A long period of anarchy succeeded. Travelled persons—and these were very few, in a day when travel was almost the exclusive privilege of young lords, yawning through the grand tour in company with a cassocked tutor and a supple valet—used to import French cooks, and maintain a table in foreign style. On the other hand, the Squire Westerns of the country party prided themselves on the size of their joints, the rawness of their steaks, and their contempt for alien 'kickshaws.' Had not this rough style of preparing food for the table had its intrinsic demerits, the question would have been simply one of taste. Unhappily, however, human beings are neither ostriches nor gifted with the purse of Fortunatus; and the 'good old English fare' of traditional usage was both dear and indigestible.

It was bad enough that cookmaids should have been, as a rule, the most obstinate and ignorant females to be hired for money, blindly and hopelessly prejudiced against improvement, and sworn contemners of the true principles of their art. It was bad enough that roasts should be scorched on one side, raw on the other; that fierce fires, fast boiling, heavy puddings, and vegetables dyed to a deep green by unwholesome juxtaposition with halfpence, should have been British institutions.

But it was far more pitiful that the women of our working-classes—the wives, mothers, and sisters of our artisans and farm-labourers—should have known so little about good and cheap food, palatably dressed at small cost. Their French sisters, their Dutch and German sisters—almost all continental women of the same order—can conjure up a meal that shall be at once frugal and good of its kind. And as with cottagers and the wives of mechanics, so with soldiers. The helplessness of our men on a campaign is proverbial. They can fight, but not cook. A stray Zouave or Chasseur will kindle his fire, improvise his oven, and dress a dinner under the most wretched circumstances—very likely tossing omelets out of a helmet, and compounding savoury stews in a shaving-can. Unhappily, the art of cooking has been, till very lately, despised among us. It has been esteemed as a mere toilsome occupation, within the compass of any volunteer who had the courage to confront grease, heat, and blackened fingers.

The schools for teaching cookery are excellent things, above all, when the knowledge imparted is of a character suited to the domestic life of the millions. No idea is more thoroughly a mistaken one than that skilled cookery is an expensive and prodigal process. It is possible to be expert and thrifty at one and the same time, and ignorance is apt to be wasteful in the kitchen as well as in other departments. It is wonderful for what small sums a great public kitchen, such as that of one of our model prisons, turns out its thousand rations of nutritious and appetising food. There is no waste there, no neglect: things are made the most of; and while the dinners are excellent, the bill is not too high. The prisoners could not fare so well elsewhere for anything like the low price of their entertainment. It is a pity that this should be as it is—that Britannia's best culinary efforts should benefit the burglar and the garrotter, while English workers so often fare ill and scantily, less from lack of means than want of knowledge.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MANY years ago—say forty, it is not far wrong—there stood, in a pretty country town about fifteen miles from London, a house of this description: it was solidly built of red brick, with white stone-facings, was three stories high, and six windows wide; it had a cheerful green street-door, with a bright brass knocker, and a plate of the same ominous material announced that it was 'Mr Parker's Commercial, Classical, and Mathematical Academy for Young Gentlemen.' I will give presently an extract from Mr Parker's prospectus, which will do justice to his pretensions and qualifications; at present, it is sufficient to say that his house was always filled with the sons of well-to-do farmers and trades-people; and that, whatever else were deficient, plain, wholesome food abounded, and every Saturday night yellow soap and hot water were liberally enforced. Mr Parker's weekly presence at the parish church with his hardy, shining-faced troop, was an advertisement which mothers had in his favour, and challenged their husbands to dispute.

At this academy, in the tenth year of its era, there arrived a new master. Mr Parker had advertised in the *Times* for 'an assistant competent to instruct the junior classes fully, and to assist the principal in directing the studies of the seniors.' Good health and good morals were indispensable, and 'suitable remuneration'—L.30 a year—was offered. The newspaper aforesaid was forwarded, by reason of its containing this advertisement, to the Rev. Miles Stanton, at Deerdale, in Yorkshire, by his attached friend and old schoolfellow, John Smith, a respectable corn-dealer in the City. Mr Smith remarked in a letter accompanying the paper, that, in his opinion, school-keeping was a poor trade, and that school advertisements were all more or less claptrap; that the Rev. Miles and he could recollect being unfairly thrashed, ill-fed, and ill-taught at L.45 per annum, 'under the paternal care and first-rate instruction' of that old rascal Jones; that he would far rather himself put a lad of nineteen into a money-making business; but that every man had his own crotchets; and that having been requested to look out for such an advertisement as the one in question, he sent it without missing a post. He had been to the register-office to which application was directed, and been assured that the advertiser was respectable, the school in fair middle-class repute. If the Rev. Miles thought the situation worth his son's having, he must apply without loss of time; if the boy took it, he would meet him in London, and keep him a few days at his house on his way to Dulford.

Oh! those old-fashioned country parsons' families of long ago, before railways and telegraphs existed, when London seemed as far off as Babylon does from us moderns; when a London paper, rarely seen, was looked on by inexperienced youth as a leaf of a great mystery; when life, untried, seemed something vague, misty, terrifying, yet inviting; when each country-bred boy and girl of intellect and sensibility felt conscious of possessing latent heroism, and saw that its exercise would be required! Are there any such families now? Is there any corner of England yet unreached by the materialising influence of 'stokers and pokers?'

Miles Stanton had taken a first-class at Cambridge; had fallen in love, married a good, pretty girl, without a penny, and settled down in Yorkshire on a perpetual curacy of L.150 per annum, twenty years before the time at which we introduce

him. At first, all had gone gaily as a marriage bell with him and the wife of his heart; the small income sufficed for their modest wants and charities; they discharged their parochial duties faithfully. Their recreations were books, walks in lovely scenery, mutual companionship. Children came, and were dearly welcome; sickness came; it was received with resignation, but it brought expenses; and then succeeded anxieties and pinchings. By the time that the paper containing Mr Parker's advertisement arrived at the Deerdale parson's, he wore shoes of uncouth make, with unseemly patches, and a coat in which black had given way to green. Mrs Stanton's dress was ten years behind the times in date, and the children's attire was quaint and old-fashioned as could be. But what an interesting group they were! The parents, refined by education and self-sacrifice; the little children, personifications of sturdy health, and intelligent enjoyment; the elder, too thoughtful for their years, too sensitive, too imaginative.

The best fitted for the battle of life, however, was fortunately Miles, junior, whom the advertisement was intended to suit. His father had given him an education which had made him, more than a year earlier, fit to matriculate; but funds were absolutely not. The youth's tastes were literary; his abilities, said his parents, first-rate. It would be a thousand pities not to do the little they could do to push him on in the direction that his intellect took; his only chance, however, was to go as usher into a school, read hard while instructing others, and get finally to the university in one of the humble ways open to indigent talent. The young man was willing and sanguine. The undue ideality which threatened his peace was happily balanced by a light-heartedness which was the result of excellent health. The refinement of mind which must receive many shocks during his domestication with vulgar and common-place people, would preserve him from contracting any coarseness. He laughed at Mr Smith's note, applied, in a letter dictated by his father, to Mr Parker, for the honourable post he had to bestow, and was accepted by that person with secret exultation at his own good-fortune, and becoming expressions of condescension. Miles kissed father and mother, brothers and sisters, and followed by the prayers and blessings of fond and pious hearts, departed on the top of the coach to London.

John Smith was too sensible and good-tempered to feel irritated because he could not make his friend see things as he saw them; and with a heart full of kindness, he hastened to the coach-office in good time on the day fixed for Miles's arrival, 'that the poor lad,' as he said to his wife, 'might not feel friendless and disheartened in that great wilderness.' He recognised him at once, as much by the air and tone, so different from his fellow-passengers, to whom the busy world and its ways were not new, as by a likeness to his father at the same age. Approval mingled with the recognition. He saw that there was more material, more work in the younger Miles than in the elder; said to himself that he would never settle down like his father, contented with having merely achieved a college reputation; sighed to think how energetic a man of business was about to be spoiled, but resolved generously that he would do all he could for the boy. It pleased him to find that he was by no means handsome: he had known, he said, hardly any handsome man worth his salt. Women made fools of all good-looking fellows, and spoiled all respectable ambition in them. Mrs Smith agreed with him, but added that Miles's healthiness, intelligence, and good figure prevented his being plain; and she, being a motherly-hearted, though childless woman, made Miles so truly at home, that by the time his three days' visit to her house came to end, he had imparted to her not only all his own hopes and feelings, but an exact statement of all domestic affairs in the modest household at Deerdale; she had written to tell Mrs Stanton that she felt as if she had known her and hers all her life; that she hoped she would feel the same towards her, and accept, as it was meant, five pounds to buy frocks or whatever else she pleased for the dear children. Then Miles, modernised in dress by the good-will and good taste of his new friends, and with a few pounds in his pocket, 'that he might not feel as if he wanted for anything in a strange place,' set out on a new journey, and felt more vividly than before that 'the world was all before him,' and his brave young spirit resolved not to shrink from what seemed tremendous because it was untried.

The stage-coach deposited Miles at Mr Parker's door at about five o'clock on one Saturday evening in the beginning of October. A clean, homely, middle-aged maid-servant opened the door, and took in his luggage, put him into a front-parlour, and said she would tell master. Part of Miles's first letter home tells best his first impressions; so we copy it:

'DARLING MOTHER—I know how you and all at home, "sweet home," long to know what your boy thinks of his new world, and he longs no less to tell you; the more, perhaps, because he thinks he sees already that he can have no real communion with the people among whom his lot is for a while cast. Now, I am not out of spirits, not a bit of it; but what is the use of writing to you unless I tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" Parker received me very civilly; his wife acknowledged me very coldly, but gave me a good tea, by a glorious fire, and made me bodily very comfortable. They are a curious pair, both of them somewhere about forty. He is vulgar, and affects a jollity of manner which stiffens me. She is sternly simple and straightforward in demeanour, and strikes me as being either unhappy or very crabbed. I take most to her, however; she seems to me genuine, and I mean to be very attentive to her. The house is handsome, compared with our own, but has none of the look of refinement which certain books and arrangements have familiarised to us. The boys look healthy and happy, and well fed. It is really ridiculous to attempt a judgment yet, but I cannot help it. I suspect that Parker knows little, and teaches less; that all the labour falls on the assistant, and that he, if he choose, may be tolerably idle without giving umbrage. Parker told me last night that he did not object to my ignorance of school-routine—that I should understand it in a week. He said he had been mainly desirous "to secure a person who was a gentleman in manners and appearance, and who had had such an education as my father was especially calculated to give." I asked him imprudently to which university he belonged. He said to neither—that, in point of fact, his education had been very desultory, and he had got on by industry and quick wits. "You see, sir, my wife had a little money, which gave me a start. I have a flourishing school; and could have more boys, if I had room for them." I am to be in the schoolroom every morning at seven, and to be "monarch of all I survey" till ten. Parker alleges—but I do not believe him—that he has never conquered a youthful habit of sitting up late at night to read hard, and that consequently he cannot get up early in the morning. At all events, I will do my best; and it is as well, because it spares my hot temper, that I am not likely to be subject to any of the slights and insults incident to sensitive ushers, as set forth in that affecting tale of Reginald Rogers, over which, for my sake, poor dear Mary cried her eyes out. This morning we went to church at eleven, heard a good, solid "high and dry" sermon from a learned-looking old gentleman, and dined at one. At two, the boys took me for a long ramble through a pretty, tame, undulating country. There is no afternoon service; the vicar officiates in a neighbouring parish. At five,

we had tea; and now I write to you. I had become quite sorry to leave those dear Smiths. They made me take ten pounds; and were so fatherly and motherly that I had no feeling about it but thankfulness. It *is* a great lift. I can now—as I always intended—repay what my clothes and travelling cost you, and yet begin the world rich, with a prospect of saving, for future expenses, most of my first year's salary. I had forgotten Parker's prospectus; it is not worth while to pay double postage for it, so I copy an extract which is conclusive: "The system of instruction adopted at this establishment is the same as that pursued at the Charterhouse—a system which, if well conducted and rightly understood, cannot fail, by a combination of right ideas, to lead the pupil to the Temple of Fame." I know that my father shudders, but I must give you a little more. "The house, formerly the residence of Fitzmaurice Stubbs, Esq., M.P., is exquisitely located, contiguous to the rich foliage of the Bangham Woods, and encircled by gardens surrounded by other gardens." Now I am thrown for companionship on the man who thinks this—I was going to say, logical English, but he does not know what logical means—the perfection of composition; on boys whose fathers deem it very fine; and on the mysterious mistress of the mansion. She, however, seems disposed to keep me at a distance. Laugh with, while you pity your loving son.'

Miles had made a favourable impression at Parker's. The servants said it was easy to see that he was a born gentleman, and had been well brought up, because he spoke always gently to them, gave very little trouble, and, without being asked, left his dirty shoes at the foot of the stairs, and put on his slippers. There was a spirit of Home surrounding him, which went to Mrs Parker's heart, and, without her realising what it was, made her sigh for an element wanting in her formal household, and feel kindlier towards him than towards any one else. Parker's chief complacency arose from his belief that his school gained increased respectability from Miles's appearance; but he was moreover pleased to find how deferentially the young man, in so many ways his superior, treated him. It made him comfortable in his own estimation, and raised him, he thought, in the estimation of his neighbours.

Meanwhile, Miles, despite all his heroic resolve, felt as if the horse-in-the-mill routine must kill him, or break his spirit. It is sufficiently dull work to teach even clever boys, and when they have begun to appreciate an explanation of critical beauty; but to drill coarse dull ones day after day in mere rudiments, is the dreariest of employments. In Miles's case, there was no relief, no amusement, no society, and his health suffered. He had exchanged domestic love for formality, bracing mountain-air for the atmosphere of a low country, perfect freedom of expression for total reserve. Letters were but a partial solace; they could not be frequent because of the expense. How he wished that the vicar's family would take a fancy to him! but there was no chance of that; the only communication between them and the Parkers was a formal parochial visit paid duly once a year. They had indeed remarked the gentlemanlike usher, and spoken compassionately of him as evidently out of his sphere. Mrs Latham had even lamented that they could not shew him any kindness, without either making an enemy of his vulgar principal, or involving themselves in an acquaintance with him; but that was all; and thus might the case have remained, but for the vicious intentions of a furious cow, thwarted in her motherly instincts by the removal of her calf. Miles was strolling listlessly by the river-side one half-holiday, while the boys amused themselves at will, when he heard a cry of distress, and looking round, saw a little boy pursued by a beast that was fast gaining on him. To rush to the rescue was an impulse that he acted on so speedily that he got between the terrified child and the cow. With equal presence of mind and good-fortune, he picked up a stone, and sent it with such good aim, that the animal received a blow in one eye, which stunned and blinded her. Miles lifted the boy safely over a high gate, just in time to prevent his fainting. It was certainly a double gratification to have rendered so important a service to the vicar's only son, whom Miles knew well by sight; and the absolute necessity for taking him home was a very welcome one. Mrs Latham's love and alarm did full justice to the risk Miles had incurred, and the calamity which he had been the means of averting. The boy, Walter, declared that two minutes later he must have been killed, for his legs were giving way, his eyes were dim, and the cow was very near. Father, mother, sister, attached servant, all united in the warmest thanks; and thus Miles became suddenly domesticated in the only family for whose sympathy he had longed since he arrived in Dulford. He was entreated to call as often as he could, and to say when he could dine with them without infringing on his duties.

Mr Latham's income was but L.300 a year; but having a parsonage and only two children, his position was far easier than Mr Stanton's; and thus Miles was brought into contact with many comforts and luxuries new to him. He gained a step socially as well as in happiness, but felt and betrayed no awkwardness. He had the easiness of adaptation to persons and circumstances which always accompanies his class of intellect, and he fell into his place as valued and indulged young friend, as if he had always filled it. Parker put no impediment in the way of his spending always one weekly half-holiday at the vicarage, and dining there on Sundays and on some other special occasions. He saw that Miles, whom he wished to retain, looked better and worked more cheerfully since he had made friends, and he thought, moreover, that his own social importance was increased by his being able to tell his own patrons and associates that his assistant's father's college reputation was well known to Mr Latham. An extract from a letter of Miles's is a good picture of his life and feelings at this period.

'DARLING MOTHER—I was so glad to hear from you this morning. I hope that my happiness will always increase yours. I am indeed far better off than any of us thought that I could be in my present position. There is the same distance between me and the Parkers, the same respect for her resolute performance of duty, the same total want of confidence in him. The boys are as dull and plebeian as ever; the house is as unhomelike, but I heed it not. I get merrily through my own work, and shew satisfactory interest in the sum-books and fine penmanship which are Parker's glory. I complimented this morning a vindictive-looking spread-eagle with which the captain of the school had adorned the first page of his copy-book, and which Parker deemed the *ne plus ultra* of art. I covered and lettered an old tattered Corderius for him, and told him I would observe to my father that I did not think he valued the work sufficiently. In fact, I feel thoroughly well disposed to every one, and all simply because I have a kind welcome ever awaiting me at the Lathams'. That precious cow! If I had to win my coat-of-arms as well as my daily bread, I would choose that cow rampant for my crest. Mrs Latham's genial smile—her husband's benevolent, learned, refined conversation—Walter's fondness for my society—and Amy's welcome, shewn in many little ways, make me so thoroughly at home, after knowing what it is to be wretchedly the reverse. If I could but bring you all here, or send the Lathams to see you! To-morrow-year I arrived here. How little I thought that in going hence I could regret anything; and yet events and persons must change radically if, in circumstances however prosperous, I leave Dulford without a pang.'

Another year passed, and the Lathams were unchanged, and Miles was still happy. It was night; he had gone to bed healthily tired, and fallen asleep soon. He was awaked by screams and cries for mercy. He sprang out of bed, put on his clothes as quickly as possible, and rushed into the passage. He was met by a servant, who implored him to 'go to master's room for fear he'd kill missus.' Miles was there in a moment. The door was locked; Parker was uttering frightful imprecations, and evidently dealing dreadful blows; the wife's cries and entreaties were growing fainter. 'Call the boys Williams and Briggs directly,' said Miles; 'tell them to come to me; and send two of the others, one to Mr Latham, and the other to the butcher, for help. Be quick. I will break open the door; but that man may overpower me if I am alone.' He threw his whole weight against the door; it gave way; and he beheld Parker, dressed and furiously intoxicated, standing over his senseless wife, from whose head blood was streaming. To knock Parker down was the work of a moment; to keep him down, not so easy; but Williams and Briggs, two strong lads of seventeen and eighteen, came; and the three dragged him, foaming and screaming, into the inner room, threw him on the floor, and locked him in. The maid-servants had raised the unhappy and unconscious wife, and laid her on the bed. Some one had gone for the doctor. Miles breathed, and looked on the horror-struck and wondering faces around him. 'What does all this mean?' he asked.

'Mean!' said the butcher, who, being the nearest neighbour, had first arrived to help. 'Why, that old Parker 's beastly drunk, and has half-killed his wife: not the first time either, I reckon. It have often seemed queer to me that night after night, all the year round, I saw a light burnin' in that 'ere window far into the morning. Folks said he sat up to his books. Don't b'lieve it, said I; more likely to sit over his cups, if there 's any truth in a man's red nose and pimply face; but I didn't think he was such an out-and-out ruffian.' Light flashed on Miles: the study inside the bedroom, just so situated that no one could be asked into it—Parker's unfitness to rise in the morning—the wife's suppressed manner—her joyless performance of her daily duties; and yet it seemed impossible. 'Why, how could such a secret be kept so long?' he asked. 'I never suspected it myself—never heard it hinted.'

'Ah, master, the poor wife kept the secret. Don't you call to mind now how she never took pleasure in nothing, but went about stern-like, meddling with nobody's business, and minding her own? What 'ud 'a become o' the school if she hadn't seen that the boys had good victuals and drink, and that they were washed, and combed, and mended? And didn't the usher as was here afore you say one day down at the blacksmith's that he could astonish people if he liked? I see it all now, plain as a pikestaff. Murder will out; pity it didn't come out sooner. What a life that poor soul has led! And hear to how he curses!' Horrible sounds did indeed proceed from Parker's room; and while the listeners dreaded the wife's recovering her consciousness so as to hear them, no one, for fear of the consequences, dared propose to move her before the doctor had seen her. He came as soon as possible; said it might cost her life to awake to the use of her senses in that room; and, with help, carried her tenderly to the remotest part of the house. She had received, he found, frightful blows on the head, but the skull was not fractured. The loss of blood was perhaps in her favour; at all events, he hoped so. She must be kept in the dark, and perfectly quiet. Who could be trusted to stay with her? It should be some one superior to a servant—some one who would keep others away. Mrs Latham volunteered to stay till some one else could be found. The next point was to dispose of Parker. He was evidently wearing himself out, and he had become less violent, but it was thought nevertheless prudent to handcuff him, and he was put into a cart, and placed in the town Bridewell.

It is bewildering to think of the consequences of one action: we could not bear to know and grasp them all. Volumes might be filled with the various results of Parker's conduct on this night, if they could be traced wherever they extended. There were sixteen boys of different ages to be scattered in other families—there were three servants to be disposed of—Parker and his wife must commence life anew, elsewhere, and in different circumstances. And what must our beloved Miles do? What a mercy it is that we have life only from minute to minute, and for most of us that we move in a small circle! The doctor was gone. The boys had been sent back to bed, and desired to go to sleep, which, of course, they did not, but regaled one another with conjectures as to whether Mrs Parker would die; if she did die, would her husband be hanged? and if she lived, would he beat her again for having called out for help? This being all given up as too difficult for determination, they filled up the time till daylight with such stories as the recent event suggested; and as at that period there were no penny newspapers, and very few newspapers at all, the young soul felt more horrified, and the young intellect more exercised than is possible in this generation, which is familiarised day by day with murder and suicide: the demand almost seeming to create the supply. Miles walked up and down the schoolroom; his thoughts at first dwelt much on the miserable pair with whom he had lived two years, unconscious, and even unsuspicious of the concealed sin and suffering connected with them. His confidingness had received its first shock. An ingenuous young person feels exceeding pain in the first realisation of the fact, that external propriety and the semblance of good principle may for many years co-exist with vicious habits. Next he grieved that he had not been kinder to poor Mrs Parker; and then he thought of himself. He must go elsewhere. What a multitude of thoughts and feelings was connected with this certainty! What a complete change had come over him! He could almost doubt if he were the Miles of twenty-four hours previously. How anxious his father and mother would be!—how shocked! And how miserable he should be among strangers again, and without the Lathams! How he wanted to talk, but there was no one to talk to yet. Mr Latham had gone home to his alarmed children, Mrs Latham stayed with Mrs Parker. It was a relief when the good-natured servant, who had received him on his first arrival at Dulford, brought him a large cup of hot strong tea, told him to drink it, for that he wanted it as much as any one, and that when it was gone, she would bring a couple of blankets to the sofa in the parlour, and that he was to lie down and go to sleep till she called him.

We will hurry over a few of the following events. The boys' parents removed them as soon as possible. Poor Mrs Parker did not recover. It was supposed she died from the shock to her nervous system, as her wounds, though severe, were not necessarily fatal. It was thought to be happy for her that her life was over. Her husband was tried for manslaughter, and transported. The Lathams took Miles to stay with them, while he formed new plans. With Mr Smith's willing aid, he got a mastership in a school of very superior standing, with increased salary; and as his services would not be required till after the coming Christmas vacation, and the journey into Yorkshire was very expensive, Mr Smith suggested his paying him a visit in the interim. This was thankfully accepted; but it was with a heavy heart that Miles counted the few days yet remaining of his visit to the Lathams. He had become thoroughly at home with them, sincerely attached to them all,

and, hurried on by unlooked-for circumstances, he acknowledged to himself that his whole human happiness was involved in Amy. The feeling might have smouldered for years, had not the even tenor of their daily intercourse been troubled by the excitement of recent occurrences, and the prospect of inevitable separation. Miles felt that his love was part of his character—strong, uncompromising, perseverant. That Amy responded to it, he did not doubt; he had never asked her, but he knew it. He thought that her mother was aware of it, and not displeased; but he was sure that Mr Latham did not suspect it, and he anticipated opposition from him. He was undecided how to act. He would not say anything to Amy without her parents' permission, and he dreaded asking that permission, because, if it were withheld, he must shorten his stay at the vicarage. However, he could not go away without knowing how he stood in the matter; he would rather know the worst. Therefore, on the third night before the day fixed for his leaving, he followed Mrs Latham, when he wished her good-night, and said: 'Dear Mrs Latham, may I ask the vicar's leave to win Amy?' She was a little startled, but did not look surprised, and said: 'Yes, Miles; but I cannot encourage you to hope. Mr Latham has never contemplated the possibility of parting from her, and has often said that he thought it a great hardship to bring up daughters for other people. Then, again, your position is but promise—good, hopeful promise, certainly; but health and life are very uncertain.'

'I know all that, Mrs Latham; but as much may be said, after all, of every human desire and project, and I *cannot* go without understanding distinctly what is before me. I think that my temperament requires a certain amount of prevision in order to work effectively.'

Mrs Latham smiled—the smile of a kind mother and observant woman, and said: 'But Amy, Miles—are you sure of Amy?'

'Dear Mrs Latham, I am sure that a girl so young, innocent, and candid as Amy would not treat me so freely as a brother if she could not come to love me in a nearer relation. I know she is sorry I am going away. *Is* she not?'

'I think, Miles, that you and I had better not talk more on this matter till you have seen Mr Latham; I shall leave you to make your own beginning. Good-night.'

Who has not watched for an opportunity to say something critical, and, when the opportunity has come, been afraid to use it? The very next morning, Mr Latham asked Miles to take a walk with him. The good vicar talked of the poor people in the parish, of some crying evils there, of the winter prospects, of all that suggests itself most naturally to the good country clergyman, and for some time did not, being full of his subjects, observe Miles's pre-occupation. At length turning suddenly round, and facing him, he said: 'You are out of spirits, my young friend—you must not give way. I know you are sorry to leave us, and we are sorry to lose you; but even had not this wretched business occurred, we must have separated in another year, that you might pursue your honourable ambition. You will do well—you will make other friends. Come, cheer up!' Miles felt a now-or-never impulse, and with a burning face, said: 'I shall never be in any other house, Mr Latham, what I have been in yours. If even I make other friends as kind and familiar as you and Mrs Latham, I shall never find any one as lovely, good, and dear to me as Amy is; and desperate as the act is made by my poverty and youth, I cannot go without telling you, and asking you, in remembrance of your own early love, to let me hope that if I succeed in life as well as, with God's blessing, I expect to succeed, you will one day give me Amy for my wife.'

If one could have divested one's self of sympathy, one must have laughed at the utter astonishment, mixed with indignation, in the good old man's face. He was literally speechless. Amy asked in marriage! She was a mere child but yesterday. Amy, his only daughter, ever to be taken from him! Why, he had looked forward to her care for both her mother and himself, when they became aged and helpless. And, besides, no one could understand her as well as her mother—no one could take the same care of her as her father. What! had he thought, and toiled, and planned, and saved for this beloved girl, only that she might be taken away from him by a comparative stranger—and she not seventeen. Miles Stanton was not what he had taken him to be: he was either very foolish, or very presumptuous. All this of course flashed through his mind in a tenth of the time occupied in writing it; but Miles, strengthened in resolution by having acted, felt prepared to meet whatever was said; to hear the worst, and conquer it. Mr Latham's voice shook a little when he said: 'I am so utterly surprised, Miles, that I cannot express myself—I do not even know where to begin. If a man of independent means, a man who, according to fair human foresight, could provide for a wife after death as well as during life, asked me for my darling child, I should be angry with him, alarmed, sorry; but you—God forbid that I should hurt any one's feelings! I would especially be tender with the young and struggling—but that you, a mere boy, your future path in life a mere plan, that *you* should ask me to promise her to *you*, is wilder than any action of a sane man with which I am acquainted.'

'I know it—I see it as you see, Mr Latham. I see all in perhaps even a stronger light than you do, for my whole human happiness is in your hands; but, nevertheless, let me talk to you. You know enough of my father's character to be sure that I have been carefully brought up; you see for yourself that I have health, and a more than average share of energy and resolution. You have more than once encouragingly told me that I only want time and opportunity, and that I shall get on. If I succeed, even moderately, I may by this time five years be ordained, take pupils, and do well, as many men do, and by that time Amy will be older. I ask only to be allowed to keep this prospect before me, to correspond with you and Mrs Latham, if not with Amy; and with this understanding, to come and see you sometimes.'

With a sudden painful flash of thought, Mr Latham said: 'Does Amy know all this? Have you said anything to Amy?'

'No, Mr Latham; I would not, without your permission, venture to do that.'

'I am glad of it; not that she would be likely to love any one as well as her parents, but she would have been excited—embarrassed. In this you have behaved well; and, to do you justice, you have behaved well in the openness with which you have come to me; but I cannot give the permission that you ask. You must leave us with a clear understanding that I promise nothing; and that I prohibit your expressing, either by letter or in person, to my daughter, that you feel more in her regard than the kindliness which exists naturally among young people who have spent pleasant days together, and whose parents approve of their acquaintance. I do not say, do not write to my wife or me: I could not say that to a man who saved my child from imminent peril—perhaps death; but I cannot say, come and stay with us. At all events, I cannot say so now: I have been surprised; I am agitated; I will talk to Mrs Latham.' He held out his hand; Miles shook it warmly, and understood that he wished to be left alone.

Mrs Latham had a talent for domestic life, and used it well. Ever self-forgetting, minutely attentive to little things, perfectly sincere, and genuinely kind, she

infused a sense of repose into her family and friends. Every one trusted her. Miles felt perfectly at ease about the conversation that Mr Latham proposed to have with her. He knew that, without opposing her husband, she would smooth everything; that she would take a broader view of all the circumstances; that she was more hopeful, understood Amy better, and was fonder of himself. This soothing conviction, and a brisk walk, enabled him to join the little dinner-party without confusion of manner; and Mrs Latham's cordiality and liveliness kept things going much as usual. It was not uncommon for the vicar to be taciturn, and on an occasion like the present, it was a relief to have him so. Miles knew intuitively that Mrs Latham was aware of all that had passed between him and her husband, and that she would want to talk to him; there was, however, no opportunity that evening, and it passed in the ordinary way. Amy had been decidedly less merry on each succeeding day, but that was only natural. She talked openly and simply, as her brother did, of being so sorry that Miles was going, and how they should miss him; but her mother thought as Miles did, that other love was but sleeping, and might be awaked by a breath. It seemed a pity to do it. One could understand her father's wishing to keep her ever as she was—neither child nor woman. 'Little Rosebud' was his pet-name for her, and very appropriate it was; she was so fair—so blooming; the prettiest blonde imaginable; and her figure, gestures, and movements had a certain graceful neatness which, in a home-scene like that parsonage, was exquisitely in tone.

That particular evening never forsook Miles's memory; to his dying day, he could summon her before his mind's eye as she was then. She was making a shirt for her father. Her little fingers, busy, but not hurried, took twenty pretty turns in five minutes; her long curling hair, pushed for convenience behind her ears, shewed to the full a delicate round cheek, with a low broad forehead just touched by thought. She looked the angel of home. The room was a blending of library and drawing-room: solid-looking books, pictures of reverend men and sober grandams on the walls; the vicar's bureau and writing materials in the snuggest corner; for the rest, crimson furniture, women's work, autumn flowers, birds, a harpsichord, a bright fire. It was hard to say which was most delightful—this evening aspect, or that delicious summer one, when, with windows open, one sat on the cushioned window-seat—half hidden, if it so pleased you, by the curtains—looked into the well-kept garden, inhaled the rich perfume of those giant stocks, listened to that indefinite something which whispers in the air in summer twilight; and if the one you loved were near and true, felt that life was dangerously dear.

Part of the next morning was to be devoted by Mrs Latham to packing for Miles, and thus was afforded an opportunity for a private talk. She told him that she and the vicar had agreed that they should remain on the same mutual terms, provided that he promised to say nothing to Amy about his attachment to her; that he should write occasionally to either of them; and that he should come once or twice a year to see them; but that he must distinctly understand that there was no promise of Amy either given or implied; that they did not wish her to marry for many years; and that, if any one, suitable in every respect, presented himself, they should not oppose him. 'You understand, my dear Miles, that personally we have not only no objection to you, but a sincere regard for you; in fact, we have treated you as a son; but it is altogether too soon for you to think of marrying. We disapprove, for our child's sake, of the wear and tear of a long engagement, and we do not wish to have her heart touched while she is so young.' Poor Miles's face changed from pale to red, and from red to pale, while listening to his sentence; but his natural good sense told him that it was as kind towards him as it was wise towards Amy. If she were capable of returning the love due to his love, she would be constant, though unbound by words. She would hear of him, he would hear of her—he would sometimes see her. All this darted through his mind before he took Mrs Latham's hand and kissed it.

Parting! and parting when one has to smother, and even hide, strong feeling! They breakfasted together for that last time, all sorry, all agitated; the vicar wishing it over; Mrs Latham's countenance varying, and her cheerful voice faltering when she spoke; for she loved the youth who had saved her boy, and who idolised her daughter, and she guessed at new and keen pain in the daughter's heart. But it is over at last. Mrs Latham has kissed Miles; Walter has clung sobbing round his neck, and been taken away by his father. Miles has clasped Amy's hand—he was not forbidden to do that—and something in that last grasp has made the poor Little Rosebud break down thoroughly. Something in Miles's last look at her has told her that he loves her better than his life—that the anguish of his farewell is for her. She and Walter sit down and cry together; and she is glad that he cries—it seems an excuse for her. She knows that his and her tears are very different; but if he cries, why should not she? The kind, wise mother makes an excuse to talk to the father about something in another room; and before long, comes back wanting some little help, something both children can do for her, something that will occupy and interest them a little; and the three spend the long morning together, while papa is at a parish meeting, and they do each other good. By dinner-time, Walter is as merry as ever; and mother and daughter are cheerful and very happy, and trustful in each other. They talk calmly about 'poor Miles;' are sure that the Smiths will make his visit pleasant to him; guess at the people with whom he is to live next; pity him for being so lonely as he must be at first; say that he is, however, sure to make friends; and how much he will have to tell when next he comes to see them. There is a sweet unexpressed new tie between mother and child; a few silent tears come into their eyes when they kiss for good-night; but each falls soon into the peaceful sleep that comes of active, innocent employment; and each awakes next morning, feeling that a new period in life has begun, and each is braced for it.

STANZAS.

O MY Sweet, my Sweet, my Sweet!
May the dawning hold thee dear,
And the orient rose of day
Flush thy dreams with hues of May,
Till a richer dawn appear
In thine eyes, my Sweet!

O my Love, my Love, my Love!
May the kindly hours of day,
Each with blessing on its wings,
Bring thee gifts of glorious things;
And meridian's brightest ray
Light thy smiles, my Love!

O my Life, my Life, my Life!
Blest be all light that on thee shines;
The sun by day, the stars by night;
And blessèd be the moon, whose light
Doth simulate the peace that shrines
Thy gentle heart, my Life, my Life!

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OUR SCHOOL.

Moor, and Jones, and Mordax, and I were talking of the famous case of Puncheon *v.* Puncheon, which recently came before Sir Cresswell Cresswell. 'Ah!' said Moor, 'Puncheon was in our school.' '*Our* school,' said Jones; 'what d'ye mean? You and I were not at school together.' 'No,' said Moor; 'but we always talk of Christ's Hospital as "our school." Whenever there's a murder, or a suicide, or a divorce case; whenever, in fact, anybody distinguishes himself, and we recognise his name as that of an old school-fellow, we express ourselves in that way. The reason of the thing is this, I think: all the fellows who have been educated there fancy that if they use the proper term, people will suppose they began life with some sort of disease, and were in or out patients of the place where they received their education. Besides, the word *hospitaller* rather taxes a man's pronunciation—a shy man doesn't like to venture upon it, and *Christ's Hospitaller* has a sort of profane twang; so we always speak of the home of our boyhood as Our School. O dear me, I had pleasant days there—and unpleasant too, of course; but I believe it is much changed since I was there, which was many, many years ago. They tell me the fellows have all sorts of comforts now: real milk, and spoons to eat their bread and milk with, and meat every day in the week, and night-shirts, and crockery-ware, and are never caned or flogged unless they have committed some offence. I hope good may come of it; but I have my doubts; the age seems tending towards effeminacy. I used to think we were brought up in a manner that would fit us for anything in after-life: we had Smithfield within smelling distance; the shambles over the way; the Compter Prison next door; the Old Bailey close at hand; a dress that made us conspicuous everywhere; rough fare and rougher usage. Now Smithfield is not, nor the Compter either; the Old Bailey certainly remains, and so does the conspicuous dress; but the rough fare and the rougher usage, they tell me, now are past and gone.'

'But what I want to know,' said Jones, 'is what you do with those caps you are supposed to have. You *do* have them, don't you?'

'O yes,' said Moor; 'but you couldn't wear them if you tried; it would require a vast knowledge of statics to make them stick on your head; and what becomes of them, I don't know; I believe some fellows give them to the elephant at the Zoological Gardens.'

'What! to wear?'

'No; to eat. I recollect one fellow myself who, after plying the elephant with buns, and getting his mouth well open, ended by throwing his cap in; but whether the elephant swallowed it or not, I can't say, as we "skedaddled" directly, for fear of consequences.'

'It must be a queer place,' said Mordax, who is a bit of a brute: 'it's a charity-school, isn't it?'

'I am very happy to say,' returned Moor cheerfully, 'that it is. It shews that there was at least once a king who, if he hadn't a kind heart himself, had advisers about him who had; and the number of its governors proves that there are very many people who, for some reason (never mind what), will assist their fellow-creatures; and as far as I am concerned, I honour and reverence the memory of that king, and those advisers; and as for the governors, dead and living, I can only say that whatever their motive was for becoming governors, I hope they don't repent it.'

'But, I say, Moor,' said another, 'tell us how you got in there, and all about it.'

'With great pleasure,' replied Moor, 'I will give you a few of my recollections. You see, when I was about seven years old, my mother, who was a clergyman's widow, of slender, indeed you might say attenuated means, had one morning put into her hands a rather larger letter than ordinary, having read which, she became paler (and she was very pale always) than usual, and more serious than I had ever seen her before. After thinking a short time, she said: "Come here, Bob;" and seeing her so serious, I went without more ado. She placed me on her knee, put my hair off my forehead, and then looking me earnestly in the face, said: "Bobby, dear, would you like to go to school?" "No, ma," answered I decisively. "But you must go some day." The rejoinder to this remark was a blubber, accompanied by symptoms of inattention. After I had been "steadied," it was demanded of me: "Would you like to wear a blue coat and yellow stockings?" This was a vision of splendour which struck my childish fancy amazingly, and I answered with the hesitation of one who feared he was being imposed upon: "Oh!—yes—ma, so—much." "Very well, then, you shall; but you must go to school to wear it. Will you?" "Ye-e-e-e-s." And so I went. The large letter was a presentation to Christ's Hospital;

and a month before I was eight years old, there I was.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' interrupted Mordax; 'and how did you like the dress when you got it?'

'Well,' answered Moor, 'I'm bound to confess that it didn't come up to my expectations. The coat, it is true, was blue enough, but then it was a thought heavier than I could have wished for, and seemed to have been invented for the purpose of checking any tendency one might evince to grow. Then the stockings were undoubtedly yellow, but they were woollen, and new withal, so that I found the first few weeks of my education were occupied in friction of the legs; for if anybody who has been accustomed to wear socks will try new, rough, woollen stockings, he will find that the irritation to the legs is by no means inappreciable. Moreover, I had not calculated upon a yellow petticoat, which I found I was obliged to wear, lest, I suppose, I should grow up with any freedom of gait. In other respects, except that the rough shirt was rather painful to the skin, and the "bands" cut my throat, and the shoes made me limp, and the hailstorm which fell upon my bare head alarmed my mother, lest I should catch my death of cold, I felt considerably elated the first day I donned my new dress.'

'But tell us,' said Mordax, 'about your introduction to the school: don't you go to some place in the country first, as a sort of preparation?'

'Yes, we do; and there I got my first lesson in public-school ways. You see, I had never been away from home before, and consequently when half-a-dozen boys encountered me, and ejaculated "Hollo! here's a new fellow," I was somewhat confused, and my confusion was not relieved when one of them inquired roughly: "What's your name, you fellow?" However, I answered as pleasantly as I could: "Robert." What I had done, I couldn't conceive, but this reply was evidently taken in anything but good part; for my questioner turned to his comrades for counsel. "I say," said he, "did you hear that fellow? What would you do, if you were me?" "Punch his head," was the prompt reply; but fortunately I had a merciful boy to deal with, who simply said: "I say, what a fool you are; what's your other name?" "Moor," said I. "Very well," returned he, "if any other fellow asks your name, mind you say 'Moor.' Most fellows would punch your head for saying 'Robert,' but I won't, if you don't tell anybody." I promised earnestly to keep the matter entirely to myself, and upon the next inquiry about my name, derived great benefit from my instructions.'

'Oh! ah!' said Jones, 'that is much the same at all schools; but I want to hear about the London place. I daresay they treated you very much as babies at the country-school. Tell us what sort of masters you were under in London.'

'If that is what you wish to hear about,' said Moor, 'I have a very vivid recollection of them. Mind, matters are very different now. I am speaking of a long while ago, when the views of the wise man with respect to the rod were more in vogue than they are at present, and you will bear that in mind as I tell you one or two anecdotes respecting our preceptors. First of all, there was the very tall gentleman with the remarkably fine eyes, and particularly benevolent expression, who used to chastise you on Christian principles. This reverend gentleman, I think, was more calculated to "hurt" than any other with whom I ever made (involuntary) acquaintance, and the first time he ever "performed" upon me, he astonished me no less by the singular line of argument which he adopted, than by the chastisement which he inflicted upon me. It happened upon a day that I was seated in my place, learning diligently my lesson of Greek grammar, and immediately behind me was my intimate friend Bigot, who ought to have been engaged in the same occupation; but Bigot's animal spirits were great, and his appreciation of the dead languages small; acting, therefore, upon an irrepressible impulse, and seeing the back of my head temptingly close, it appeared to him likely to be productive of much fun if he should hit me as hard as ever he could with the sharp corners of his Greek grammar; this, accordingly he did. Now, funny as the action most likely was in the abstract, I defy flesh and blood, at ten years of age, to appreciate the joke fully, without a repartee in kind; my fist, therefore, had replied on the instant, and my dear friend's head had just bumped against the wall as the door of the grammar-school opened, and the gentleman who chastised on Christian principles entered.

"Ho, ho!" said he; "come here, you two; come along—c-o-m-e a-long." To this insinuating invitation I replied by jumping nimbly out of my place with all the speed of conscious right, and advancing towards him with all the indignation of outraged virtue.

"Well, sir," said he, "what is the meaning of all this? What did you strike Bigot for?"

"I was learning my lesson, sir," said I, "and Bigot hit me over the head with his book, without provocation, and I struck him."

"Is that so?" he inquired of Bigot, who had crept slowly up, as one who feels himself a culprit.

"Yes, sir," answered Bigot.

"Then, sir," said the reverend gentleman, turning to me, "I shall give you double, *as it is not a Christian virtue to revenge.*" So we were both soundly caned, and it is not wonderful if from that day to this I have a difficulty in seeing the exact distinction between revenge and retributive justice. And yet I still feel kindly towards my judge, for whilst he gave me many kind hints, much good advice, and several gentle lectures, he only caned me once "on Christian principles." All other canings from him I own I well deserved.

'The next reverend gentleman who had the instruction of my mind, and the chastisement of my body, was a very different person. He was short, but powerful in the arm, and did not chastise on any particular principles. It was generally supposed amongst us that "to be or not to be" caned depended not so much upon our deserts, as upon his state of mind and body; insomuch that the boys whose turn it was to be drilled by him in the afternoon, would inquire anxiously of those who had been drilled by him in the morning in what condition of mind and body he appeared to be—whether he were "passy" (passionate), that is, in a state of mental irritation, or the contrary; and whether there were any symptoms of his being ill in health and feeble in body. And I am afraid that if the latter were announced to be the case, there was satisfaction visible in the inquirers' countenances; for when passy and in good bodily health, he was very much given to "slashing about." Besides, he had an ingenious process of instruction, which consisted in "thrashing a lesson out of us." Ordinary persons would suppose that if a class of boys declared they hadn't had time to learn their *quantum* of Virgil, or pleaded that they couldn't understand it, the preceptor would in the one case allow them more time, and in the other proceed to a careful explanation; but the Rev. Mr Whiskers despised such common-place proceedings. "Oh, you don't know it, b'ys" (he always called us "b'ys"), he would cry, "don't you?" or, "Oh, you don't understand it,

don't you? Come up, then, and I'll thr-r-r-ash it out of you!"

'Personally, I rather liked this method of learning the Latin language; for all you had to do, when it came to your turn to construe a word, if you didn't know the English of it, was to hold out your hand, when you received a cut across it with the cane, and the translation was told to you at the same time, and became indelibly fixed upon your memory; but then my hands, particularly in warm weather, were of such a nature that what we called "cakes" produced no effect beyond a slight tingling. The majority of my class-fellows, however, judging from the way in which they bowed their heads forward after each cake, and compressed their hands between their knees, to say nothing of fitful moans and splutterings like the spitting of an angry cat, would have preferred some other style of instilling knowledge. Moreover, Mr Whiskers's patience would fail him sometimes, even when engaged in this educational exercise, and then he would throw the book at the "first boy's" head, bundle us all hastily out of "the study," to reperuse our work, and never fail to apply the toe of his boot to the retreating figure of the last boy. Dire consequences befell me upon one such occasion, for having myself made no mistake, and having heard vague rumours of a quality called justice, I fondly imagined that I might walk quietly out of the study last with impunity; but "O purblind race of miserable men," the inevitable boot was applied to me with such effect that I remained standing opposite my sitting-place on the bench out of sheer agony. Out rushed the Rev. Mr Whiskers—"Why don't you sit down, b'y?" roared he.

"Please, sir, I can't," was the reply.

"Why not, b'y?" continued he.

"Please, sir, you kicked me," answered I; and the Rev. Mr Whiskers's conscience evidently smote him, for he retreated into his study without another word.

'Nor shall I easily forget the fate that befell Limes upon another such occasion. Mr Whiskers had explained to us (after a thrashing of course), the meaning of the Greek word δρόμος. I think he had said that in the particular passage it meant "helter-skelter;" and then he boiled over and turned us all hastily out of his study. Limes being a boy not without a touch of humour, was struck with the appropriateness of the expression to describe our hasty exit, and remarked generally, in rather a louder tone of voice than was under the circumstances judicious: "Here we go δρόμος." In a moment, the hand of Whiskers was in his collar; in another, the cane of Whiskers was describing arcs about all parts of Limes's body; and within the space of three minutes all Limes's sense of humour had vanished, and a long-continued snuffling, as he sat with his face buried in his arms, told a tale of warning to juvenile jokers.

'It goes to my heart to have to liken a reverend gentleman in any way to Diabolus; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the Reverend Whiskers resembled Diabolus in so far as the latter is reported, when in ill-health, to have professed an intention to turn monk, but as soon as he became convalescent, to have scouted the idea with scorn. So it was with Whiskers. How well do I remember the story which my friend Enderton told me of the manner in which his class suffered from too ready a belief in the professions—during a state of feeble health—of Whiskers. Whiskers had been ill, and whilst under the influence of consequent weakness, had summoned Enderton's class before him, and addressed them after this fashion: "You know, b'ys, I have been ill; indeed, I am not at all well now; I don't feel equal to worry of any description. I have felt, too, that I sometimes behave with undue severity towards you; so, for the future, I intend to change all that: we must not quarrel any more. If you have any doubts or difficulties, you must come confidently to me; I will do my best to clear them away for you; and I shall expect you, in return, to do your very best, and spare me all needless annoyance and excitement." This little speech was followed by feeble and dubious cries of "Yes, sir—yes, sir—yes, sir," from one or two of the more trustful "b'ys." Now, so long as the weakness of Whiskers continued, it so happened that there was no occasion to put his professions to the test; but he very soon mended; his strength returned; he walked with the old, firm, quick, irritable step; he clutched and bit the hair upon his cheeks in the well-known snappish manner; he ground his teeth occasionally after his pristine habit; and, in fact, it was dreadfully apparent to all that Whiskers was getting quite well. Now, fate brought it to pass that just at this identical time the class-work became very difficult, and it was suggested to Enderton, who was first boy, to avail himself of the Rev. Mr Whiskers's kind offer for the benefit of the form. But Enderton was by no means of a confiding disposition, particularly when Whiskers was the person with whom he had to deal; he therefore, in the flattest manner known to school-boys (and that is very flat indeed), refused. However, upon its being represented to him that if he didn't, the whole class would set upon him after school, and "pitch into" him, he found himself in a dilemma. So, after pondering awhile, it seemed to him better, both for the sake of his popularity and his skin (since there was just a remote chance that Whiskers really had meant what he said), to encounter Whiskers. He therefore approached him with his most insinuating air, and had just commenced with: "Oh, if you please, sir," when he was interrupted by a sharp "Well, b'y, what is it?"

"Oh, you were kind enough to say, sir"——

"What did I say, eh? eh, b'y?"

"You said, sir, if we didn't understand"——

"Oh, you don't understand such simple stuff as this, b'ys, don't you?" roared Whiskers. "Come up first form, and I'll thr-r-r-ash it out of you!"

'It was a melancholy fact that Whiskers was quite well again.

'Whiskers's was certainly a reign of terror, and I have heard it denied that he ever shewed kindness, but I can assert most positively that he did to me. He descried when I was unwell, and sent me to the infirmary; he cheered me on when I made some progress; and he indicated my claims to reward and promotion when my comrades had forgotten me whilst absent from ill-health. I'll not defend his system of instruction, but I can only say, an occasional caning, even if not quite deserved, made me enjoy my play-hours more, and I can't help thinking that a great deal of the listlessness which I have observed, or fancy I have observed, in boys under the modern system, arises, to a considerable extent, from the banishment of the cane. Oh, the wild yell of delight with which we used to rush into the playground after a morning with Whiskers! The sense of relief and utter abandonment atoned for everything but the kick—I protest still against that kick. But, as I said before, this is all over; I believe a boy objects now to be caned even when he deserves it.

'I remember another reverend gentleman who had singular notions of discipline; he threatened to flog me when I was on a form which was tacitly admitted to be exempt from corporal punishment, because, though of the usual age, I was "only a little fellow;" but he expected me at the same time to be well up in the "higher subjects," which "only a little fellow" who was amenable to flogging was likely to know nothing whatever about. The same gentleman exhibited a similarly ludicrous sense of justice upon another occasion: we had some work to write upon paper, and it so happened that Kinson, who sat next to me, had made exactly the same mistakes in every instance that I had. The conclusion was obvious—one of us had copied from the other. So next morning,

our work having been examined during the evening, the terrific voice of the Reverend Mr Wronghead sent forth from his desk the dread command: "Moor, come here."

"Yes, sir."

"You copied your work yesterday."

"No, sir, I did not."

"Then how could you have it exactly the same as Kinson?"

'The conclusion was tolerably clear, and I simply shrugged my shoulders. But Mr Wronghead had made up his mind; he therefore said severely: "Sit there, sir, in the middle of the school, that all may know you are the dishonourable boy who copied. Write out the whole work a dozen times, and in the course of the morning I shall flog you."

'Now Kinson, who was a most honourable fellow, upon hearing all this, dashed from his place to my rescue, confronted the wrathful Wronghead, and boldly deposed: "It was not Moor who copied, sir; it was I."

"Then he is worse than you for allowing it; you go to your place, and write out the work half-a-dozen times. I shall not flog Moor under the circumstances, but he shall still write out the work a dozen times, and still sit where he is. Do you hear, Moor?"

"Yes, sir," answered I; and there I sat for a week —whenever we came into Wronghead's school—and wondered continually how I was the more guilty of the two. I wouldn't have objected to share the guilt equally, though even then, I think, it would have been hard measure, considering the relations that exist between form-fellows, one of whom has no authority over another. However, all this is past and gone. There is no "funny" justice, I believe, now at our school —boys are no longer in such dread of appearing before him who sits in Wronghead's seat that they have no appetite for their meals, and the boy who takes his stand before that seat with signs of recent breakfast upon his lips, is no longer considered a hero. As I said before, I hope good may come of it.'

'You didn't have any good games at your place,' sneered Mordax, 'did you?'

'I don't know what you mean by *good* games,' returned Moor; 'there was very little cricket and rowing; still the upper few called Grecians did get some of that on half-holidays; nor was such football as we had of much account: but of *rough* games there were several, rough enough for anybody; indeed, they were some of them forbidden by the authorities. The chief were called "Gates," "Cheating Running-over," and "Storm the Castle." In the first, two fellows stood face to face, with a distance between them of about two arms' lengths; and between these two, the other players, having tucked their garments into the smallest possible space behind them, ran one by one at full speed, their object being to force themselves through "the gates" without being caught. The two who formed the gates could catch the runners only by the bundle of garments, and the time for holding them before they were considered "caught" was regulated by the general voice of the players. Each fellow, as he was caught, ranged himself in a line with one or the other of the two forming the original gates, and thus, when a good number played together, there was gradually formed a tolerably long avenue, through which only great bulk and great momentum could carry any one. Of course the components of the gates were not permitted to close round a runner, and only one was allowed to hold him at once; nor could any one move from his place, unless he had caught hold of the runner, and was fairly dragged along by him. The caught was allowed to twist and wriggle himself about as he thought fit, to get rid of his captor, but could not touch him with his hands, unless previous arrangements had been made that "fisting" should be allowed, in which case he might pommel the captor in any part of his body (but not in the face) until the cry of "caught" was raised. With fisting, this game, as may be supposed, was not to be despised in respect of roughness and excitement.

'Cheating Running-over—not a very enticing name —was a game something of the same description, except that the original two stood side by side, and the runners, as they were caught, ranged themselves in a solid mass, the front row only having their hands free, the rest being locked together with their arms round one another's waists, so that the non-caught had at last enough to do to force their way through them. At this game, fisting was always allowed, and it was found of service in making the arms of one leave their hold of the waist of another. Nor was he who could scramble over the heads of the whole mass considered to infringe the laws of the game. But Storm the Castle was the roughest of all. The players divided themselves into two parties; one was to form the defenders of the castle, and the other the assailants; which should be which, was decided by a toss. The defenders ranged themselves in a mass in an arch of the cloisters; the assailants then charged them, and their object was to force their way through the defenders. As any got through, they ranged themselves behind the defenders, and whenever their own party made a rush, did the best they could, by pushing forward the defenders, and clasping the outstretched hands of their own party, to drag them through. And when all were through —though it was not always the case that all *did* get through—the castle was considered taken; and the defenders, if both sides were not too exhausted, became the assailants, and *vice versâ*. Fisting in this game was not allowed; but anybody who objected to being thrown on to the back of his head, or on to his nose, or having his throat pretty tightly compressed, or to being walked over, did well not to join in it. Nor was a loss of a little hair, or a few buttons, or a casual black-eye, or accidental scratchings of the face, or possible breakings of fingers, to be regarded by a player at Storm the Castle. Such were some of our rough games, and I know of none rougher. But I believe they have all vanished with the introduction of better diet, better attention, better justice, and less cane.'

THE POLISH SUBJECTS OF RUSSIA.

THE miserable buildings which a large proportion of the Russian nobility occupy in Russia Proper, are yet superior to those which the Polish nobility inhabit in Russian Poland. Rough, ugly, with little internal accommodation, they are for the most part surrounded with litter of all kinds, including heaps of manure; and this class of building is what is met with through the vast territory which extends from Courland to Kherson, with a few exceptions, where the taste or ambition of the proprietor has induced him to make some improvements. Very few towns which deserve the name are situated in that part of Poland which Russia rules. Warsaw, which, according to the last census, has a population of 160,000, is far in advance of the rest; the town ranking next counting only 27,000 inhabitants; and there being only five others which at the same date possessed a population of 10,000 and upwards. The population of the entire territory within the limits already mentioned is estimated not to exceed seven millions. The nobility, and almost the whole population, are Roman Catholics. There are some Protestants, some members of the United Greek Church, and some who profess themselves members of that Greek Church which has separated from the ancient institution;

but these are said to be comparatively few in number, not from any indifference on the part of the government, which has always shewn itself ready to exercise pressure in favour of the Greek Church, and pretty strong pressure too. But the Poles generally, nobles as well as peasantry, have the strongest dislike of the Russians, with whom they have no sympathy, and whose language and customs they alike despise.

There is another element in the population which holds nearly the whole of the commerce of the country in its hands. For centuries past, in fact, ever since the time of King Casimir, who, during the persecutions of the Jews at the time when the pestilence, known as the Black Death, was desolating Europe, gave a refuge to all of that nation who could reach his territory, the Jews have abounded in Poland. In travelling through it to Kherson, we were astonished to find how large a proportion of the inhabitants of the towns are Jews, and there is not a village without some members of this race, who, even in the poorest locality, are said to find means of making a better living than their neighbours. Every village has its drinking-shop, and almost every landlord is a Jew, who pays the noble proprietor of the estate on which it is situated an annual sum for the privilege of supplying the tenantry with the wretched brandy, mead, and *Kirchwasser*, on which they are so fond of regaling themselves, that a man has been known to exchange all he possessed, even to the crop in his field, for brandy. If the landlord would part with his liquor for cash only, no great harm would be done; his receipts in that case would not be large; but it is a matter of indifference to him whether he takes payment in the shape of articles of apparel, poultry, or any other farm-produce. He will not even refuse to make an advance on a cart-wheel, knowing that his customer will be certain to find means of redeeming this, the vehicle to which it belongs being useless without it. Drunkenness is a vice which is exceedingly prevalent in the country; nor can this be a matter of surprise to those who know how little the peasant has to amuse him. Moreover, there is no moral check; it is the noble who employs him who has the sole right of distilling the liquors he is encouraged to drink, and who sells to the Jew the privilege of vending it among his tenants, and who is therefore by no means likely to dissuade them from expending their earnings in a manner so profitable to himself. You can generally recognise the drinking-shop, whether in the so-called town or village. It consists usually of two rooms, one occupied by the landlord, his family, and his stock in trade; the other appropriated to customers and travellers. Any comparison between the best of these and the most wretched of our village inns, would be greatly to the advantage of the latter. The travellers' room is devoid of furniture, and the floor is of earth, as indeed are the walls, which are made of clayey earth and chopped straw, well kneaded together, and roofed in with thatch. The generality of the cottages which one sees are of similar materials, but smaller; the room on one side of the entrance contains the stove or oven, and serves as the eating and sleeping room; the other is commonly used as the stable, and by the domestic animals generally as a sleeping-place in the cold weather. Between these cottages, grass and weeds grow abundantly, and form no small proportion of the food which nourishes the ducks, geese, and other inhabitants of the farmyard. Under these circumstances, anything worse than the condition of the roadway in the villages, as well as in their immediate vicinity, it is not possible to conceive. When the snow melts, and after heavy rains, the vehicles sink into the mud up to their axles; and to make something like a solid road up to the door of the noble who owns the village, a quantity of stable litter is thrown down, which is gradually worked into a sticky mass, not badly suited for building purposes, but very little suited for pedestrian movements.

The favourite dish of the peasantry is a soup made of chopped beet-root, fermented in salt water, and flavoured with a mixture of herbs. In practice, if not in theory, the Polish peasantry are vegetarians, as indeed the very poor are in all countries; but they are better off as regards variety of diet than the Russian peasantry, owing to their climate being more genial. As to their costume, both male and female, it is seen in its most favourable aspect on the stages of our theatres, the work-day costume of the women being of a much simpler kind, consisting, in fact, of a single garment, with a kind of woollen apron before, and another behind.

Jews do the principal part of the buying and selling. Go through any of the markets, and you will see a number of these people walking up and down, like a body of keen Micawbers waiting for something to turn up. Their glances are directed incessantly towards one or other of the roads which open into the market, and the instant a peasant makes his appearance with a load of vegetables, or anything else, for sale, he is surrounded by them, and tempted with offers, until, what with the hustling and the noise, he hardly knows where he is. Liquor usually forms a portion of the price, and he is both prudent and lucky who manages to return home with a fair proportion of the purchase-money in his pocket. If, as sometimes happens, the crafty trader who has caught him succeeds in making him helplessly drunk, and then, under the pretence that he has taken the value of his merchandise out in brandy, removes it from the cart, and throwing the insensible proprietor of the vehicle into the same, turns the animal adrift with a kick, to find its way home, it is of very little use for the peasant to complain to the authorities.

The information of a traveller merely passing through the country, on the subject of such abuses as these, may be questioned; let us therefore translate an extract from a recently published work, written by M. Lestrelin, who spent sixteen years in Russia and the Russo-Polish provinces. Speaking of Poland, he says: 'In every town there is a kind of police magistrate, whose duty it is to adjudicate upon all complaints brought before him. His pay is so small that he must of necessity rob somebody, or he could not obtain the means to support his family, and furnish himself with a uniform and a droschki, and one way in which he does this is as follows: every Saturday, after the termination of the Jewish Sabbath, he receives a delegation from the corporation of Jews, who bring him a sum of money varying in amount according to the extent of the business transacted in the place. This is one way. Another way is to levy black-mail on the shops separately; if this is not paid within the time specified, he orders the defaulter's shop to be closed till he complies with the requisition. This may appear improbable, nevertheless we vouch for the truth of the assertion of our own personal knowledge. The police-officers generally have a method of dealing with the shopkeepers, which is scarcely less effectual, though it is milder in appearance. Each officer in turn sends an invitation to the shopkeeper to come to a party he is going to give to celebrate his wife's birthday, the baptism of his child, or on some other pretence. The form of the invitation varies according to the trade of the person addressed, but he is given to understand that he is to bring with him a portion of his stock, whatever its nature may be. This is only one of numberless methods of extortion, the Russian police

being about as ingenious as any body of men in the world in finding excuses for plundering those they are appointed to protect. I will just give an instance of this, in which I was personally concerned. I was at Zytomirz, the chief town in Volhynia. At that time, I was unable to speak either Russian or Polish, and was forced to rely on a Jewish interpreter. According to custom, directly I arrived I presented myself at the passport-office, gave up my passport, and asked for a *permis de séjour*. The person whose business it was to attend to such matters asked me, in the usual contemptuous manner, if I was a free-mason; a member of any secret society; why I left France; the object of my journey; what means of subsistence I had; and how long I intended to remain in Russia? After this series of questions, which were made in French, he remarked that my passport was not in form, and that he must get instructions respecting it from St Petersburg. To submit to this decision was a matter of course. Pending the arrival of the permission, I took up my quarters in the best room of the best hotel in the town. Such a room! The bare walls were whitewashed; the bedstead was formed of deal-planks roughly nailed together, without any kind of mattress or covering; two straw-bottomed chairs and a deal-table, crippled in its legs, formed the entire contents of this, the most sumptuously furnished apartment in the hotel. After dragging on a monotonous existence for three weeks in this wretchedly dull place, our interpreter came in one morning, and said, in a manner which he thought knowing: "Are you not vexed that the answer does not come from St Petersburg? If you like, I will put you up to a secret, only I am afraid of compromising myself. You know how the police treat us poor Jews." Then he added, in a drawling tone: "It is only to oblige you that I speak." While saying this, his open hand was held out towards me; the hint was plain enough; I dropped a five-franc piece in it. But this, it appears, was not enough, for the other hand was immediately thrust forward. A second five-franc piece was deposited in this, and then, with a profound bow, he spoke thus: "The officer at the passport-office remarked that you have a very pretty gold watch—the possession of this watch would give him great satisfaction."

"What!" I exclaimed indignantly. "In conformity with Russian usage, I slipped ten francs in his hand when I handed him my passport."

"That doesn't matter; in Russia, they receive with both hands."

"Very well; then I shall go and get my passport back," I said angrily. "I will give up my idea of travelling in the country."

"In the first place," replied the Jew, "he will not let you have your passport back without a fresh proof of your generosity; and then, before quitting the town, you must advertise your intention in three successive issues of the official gazette, and this gazette appears only once a week."

"Why must I do that?"

"Because it is a formality every foreigner has to observe before quitting the Russian dominions: the object of it is to give notice to his creditors, if he has any."

"But I have not been in the town a month—I have not contracted any debt."

"That doesn't signify; they will not alter the law on your account. So you had better continue your journey; only mind you never pay the postage of your letters to foreign countries except when you are in large towns, for, if you do, the official will throw them in the fire, and put your money in his pocket."

'Though fully persuaded that the Jew was acting in collusion with the official, I was so anxious to have done with the matter that I hastened to the passport-office and handed over my watch to the latter, who graciously accepted it, and the next morning presented himself in my room in full uniform, and with a multitude of bows and apologies, gave me the document required to enable me to travel through Russian territory.'

It is not every traveller who is victimised like M. Lestrelin, but in some form or other, every foreigner who enters any part of the Russian empire is made to pay for the privilege, and the more distant from St Petersburg the more he does pay. The large number of troops which have been quartered in the Russo-Polish dominions for so many years past, is said to have been highly detrimental to the morals of the female portion of the population. This has doubtless had a share in fostering the antipathy with which the Poles regard their oppressors, and tended quite as much as the desire for liberty to bring about the present revolution.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

WHO CUT OFF KING CHARLES'S HEAD; AND WAS HE HUNG IN CHAINS ON TYBURN-TREE?

A VERY excellent, but not altogether novel riddle inquires of us: 'Where did the executioner of Charles I. get his dinner upon that fatal day, and of what did it consist?' to which the ridiculous answer is returned: 'He took a chop at the *King's Head* in Westminster.' But although we have long possessed this unnecessary detail of his proceedings, yet, at the period of the event in question, not only was little known concerning this bloody minister of the law—if Law it was—but even his very identity was disputed.

Among the nine-and-twenty Regicides put upon their trial, appears the name of William Hulet, accused not only of imagining and compassing his late majesty's death, but of being the very man who struck the blow. It had fared ill enough with all the prisoners whose trial had preceded his own, and it was not likely that Hulet—the man of the bloody hand—should escape from any absence of crown evidence. There was plenty of that at the Old Bailey, October 10, 1660. Since the king himself had been put to death illegally, his enemies were not to escape through the overstraining of mercy or fairness. The judicial proceedings, says Ludlow, 'were purposely delayed during the time Mr Love was to continue sheriff of London; he being no way to be induced, either for fear or hopes, to permit juries to be packed, in order to second the designs of the Court. But after new sheriffs had been chosen more proper to serve the present occasion, a commission for hearing and determining the matter was directed to thirty-four persons; of whom fifteen had actually engaged for the parliament against the late king.' If the zeal of the apostate is to be feared by his former friends, the Regicides certainly stood in peril. The Duke of Albemarle, late Colonel George Monk, was one of this special commission; he who afterwards 'not only acquiesced in the insults so meanly put upon the corpse of Blake, under whose auspices and command he had performed the most creditable services of his life, but, in the trial of Argyle, produced letters of friendship and confidence to take away the life of a noble man, the zeal and cordiality of whose co-operation with him, proved by such documents, was the chief ground of his execution.' The Earl of Manchester and Denzil Hollis, Esq., were also on the commission, formerly two of the six members designed for execution by the late king, personally concerned in the Great Quarrel, and 'who had contributed the utmost of their endeavours to engage divers of the

gentlemen (upon whom they were now to sit as judges) on that [the Parliamentary] side.' Mr Arthur Annesley had actually been a member of the parliament whilst it had made war upon the king; Finch, condemned for high treason twenty years before, had only escaped by flight; while Sir Oliver Bridgeman, 'who, upon his submission to Cromwell, had been permitted to practise the law in a private manner, and under that colour had served both as spy and agent for his master, was intrusted with the principal management of the tragical scene.'

Even in that awful trial-scene, but a few years before, in revenge for which the present proceedings were held, there could have been scarcely more strange and powerful elements of tragedy; not only were now the places of accused and accusers reversed, but the very tribunal of justice was, in great part, composed of men who were equally liable with the prisoners to be placed at the bar; while the fickle populace, who, when their monarch was on his trial, so sympathised with him that the soldiers of the Commonwealth could not reduce them to silence, now as openly expressed their scorn of the unfair proceedings instituted against his foes. When Mr Windham, in a speech of more loyalty than logic, was urging for a conviction: 'I think a clearer evidence of a fact can never be given than is for these things,' we are told, *Here the spectators hummed;** and the Lord Chief-baron besought them not to turn a court of justice into a farce—as though that transformation had not in reality taken place.

'Guilty,' 'Guilty,' 'Guilty' had been the monotonous verdict of the grand-jury with respect to all the prisoners that had preceded William Hulet; and they had been removed from their places, either at the pregnant 'Look to him, keeper,' of the clerk of the court, or after the dreadful sentence of the judge: 'You that are the prisoner at the bar, you are to receive the sentence of death, which sentence is this: "The Judgment of this Court is, and the Court doth award, That you be led back to the place from whence you came, and from thence to be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and there you shall be hanged by the neck, and being alive, shall be cut down . . . . and your entrails to be taken out of your body, and you living, the same to be burned before your eyes, and your head to be cut off, your body to be divided into four quarters, and head and quarters to be disposed of at the pleasure of the king's majesty; and the Lord have mercy upon your soul."' How strangely does the word 'mercy' peep out, like a daisy in a battle-field, amid that savage and loathsome sentence. The manner in which the Court 'directs,' and the counsel for the Crown imply, are evidence enough of a foregone conclusion in all the cases; and to save time, and useless contention, several of the accused plead guilty at once, and like predestinated sheep, are 'set aside.' In Hulet's case, Sir Edward Turner, attorney to His Highness the Duke of York, *himself one of the Commission*, seems to appear for the prosecution. 'May it please your lordships, and you gentlemen that are sworn of this jury, we are now entering upon the last act of this sad tragedy of the murder of the late king. There have been before you some of the judges, the counsel, the chaplain, and the guard; this prisoner at the bar, in the last place, was one of those, which came with a frock on his body, and a vizor on his face, to do the work. . . . . And we doubt not to pluck off his vizor by and by.' With this delicate joke, the proceedings involving the life or death of the accused person commence.

One Richard Gittens, being formerly in the same regiment as the prisoner, and a sergeant, as *he* also was at that time, states that about two or three days before the king's execution, their colonel, Hewson, sent for thirty-eight of his comrades, including the prisoner and himself, and having sworn them all to secrecy, inquires which of them will undertake the headsman's duty; adding, that whosoever does so shall receive a hundred pounds down, and preferment in the army. 'All refused, and we thought Capt. Hulet did refuse.' However, at the execution, the witness, 'bustling to get near' the scaffold, sees Hulet, 'as far as he can guess, falling on his knees to ask forgiveness of the king before striking the fatal blow. He thought it was he by his speech. Capt. Atkins thought so to. "I told him (Atkins) I would not do it for all the city of London."

"No, nor I either for all the world," saith Atkins; "but you shall see Hulet quickly come to preferment;" and presently after he was made captain-lieutenant.'

The counsel inquires whether the witness recognised Hulet in any other respect beside his voice.

'He had a pair of frieze trunk breeches, and a vizor with a gray beard; and after that time Colonel Benson called him "Father Graybeard," and most of the army likewise; he cannot deny it.'

Hulet does, however, resolutely deny it.

Stammers, another witness, states that nine years after the Execution, the prisoner having known him but for two days, sent for him to his chamber, and confessed to him: 'I was the man that beheaded King Charles, and for doing it, I had a hundred pounds; I was a sergeant at that time.'

The accused denying this, asks who it was that was sent for him, and Stammers cannot remember, 'it was so long ago.' Captain Toogood being sworn, deposes that at the *White Horse* in Carlow he asked the prisoner, whom he had been told had cut the king's head off, whether that was true or no. 'He told me it was true; that he was one of the two persons that were disguised upon the scaffold. I asked him, what if the king had refused to submit to the block? Saith he: "There were staples placed about the scaffold, and I had that about me which would have compelled him." It was generally reported in Ireland that he was the man that cut off the king's head, or that held it up, and I have sometimes heard him called Grandsire Graybeard. On one occasion, being accused thereof, he replied: "Well, what I did I will not be ashamed of; if it were to do again, I would do it."'

One Walter Davis deposes to have asked the accused this same question, and to have received for answer: 'Sir, it was a question I never resolved any man, though often demanded; yet whosoever said it then, it matters not, I say it now—it was the head of a traitor.'

Colonel Nelson witnesses to having had a conversation with Colonel Axtell (a regicide already condemned) as to the matter in question. 'Axtell said I knew those two disguised persons on the scaffold as well as himself; they have been upon service with you many a time. We pitched upon two stout fellows.

* *State Trials*, vol. v. page 1026.

It was Walker and Hulet. Who gave the blow? said I. Saith he: Poor Walker, and Hulet took up the head. I am not sure whether they had thirty pounds apiece, or thirty pounds between them.' Colonel Tomlinson cannot swear to the precise garments of the masked men on the scaffold. 'They had, however, close garments to their bodies; they had hair on their faces; one was gray, the other was flaxen. I think he with the gray hair struck the blow.'

Benjamin Francis is a very eager witness. 'My lords and gentlemen of the jury, as to the prisoner at the bar, he was very active in that horrid act. There was two of them had both cloaths alike. They were in butcher's habits of woollen. One had a black hat and black beard, and the other a gray grisled periwig hung very low. I affirm that he who cut off the king's head was in the gray periwig, and I believe this was about that man's stature (pointing to Mr Hulet), and his beard was of the same colour, if he had any.'*

Counsel here begs to observe that fuller evidence cannot be expected than that which has been given. The prisoner has heard all the witnesses; what has he to say for himself?

With respect to this fulness of evidence, it has been certainly sufficiently amplified, the few pertinent sentences we have extracted being selected from a mass of irrelevant and hearsay matter. The inquiry concerning his majesty's execution, indeed, resembles nothing so much as the evidence in another pathetic story, which has drawn many tears from simple eyes—namely, *Who killed Cock Robin?* There is the Fly with his little eye, and he saw him die, over and over again; there is even the Fish who caught his blood, in the person of many who dipped their handkerchiefs in the sacred stream; but after all, nobody can point out the murderer. There is no confession of the Sparrow, to make matters easy, as in Cock Robin's case. On the contrary, the prisoner states that he could prove an alibi, if only he may be allowed time to send for certain witnesses; that he has been in confinement, and unable to procure them hitherto; that so far from cutting the king's head off, he was imprisoned with nine other sergeants for refusing to be upon the scaffold. He demands that the prisoners be put upon oath as to who did the deed with which he stood charged, for that they could clear him.

The Lord-chief Baron conceives that that would be a pretty thing indeed; 'notwithstanding, it is supposed there are some in court that can say something tending to the information of the jury, *but they are not to be admitted upon oath against the king.*'

Hereupon, a sheriff-officer (but an honest fellow, one would think) voluntarily comes forward, and in the usual loose fashion evidences that he knows a man, one John Rooten, who told him that he was in Rosemary Lane a little after the execution, drinking with the common hangman, Gregory Brandon, and urging him whether he did this deed. 'God forgive me,' saith the hangman; 'I did it, and I had forty half-crowns for my pains.'

A second witness, one Abraham Smith, a waterman, furnishes some very curious but admirably natural matter. 'My lord, so soon as that fatal blow was given, I was walking about Whitehall, down came a file of musketeers. The first word they said was this: Where be the bargemen? Answer was made: Here are none. Away they directed the hangman into my boat. Going into the boat, he gave one of the soldiers half-a-crown. Said the soldiers: Waterman, away with him; begone quickly. But I fearing this hangman had cut off the king's head, I trembled that he should come into my boat, but dared not to examine him on shore for fear of the soldiers; so out I launched, and having got a little way in the water, said I: Who the Devil have I got in my boat? Says my fellow, says he: Why? I directed my speech to him, saying: Are you the hangman that cut off the king's head?—No, as I am a sinner to God, saith he, not I. He shook every joint of him. I knew not what to do; I rowed a little way further, and fell to a new examination of him, when I had got him a little further. Tell me true, said I, are you the hangman that hath cut off the king's head? I cannot carry you, said I.—No, saith he; I was fetched with a troop of horse, and I was kept a close prisoner at Whitehall, and truly I did not do it; I was kept a close prisoner all the while; but they had my instruments.—I said I would sink the boat [O Abraham Smith, Abraham Smith!], if he did not tell me true; but he denied it with several protestations.'

No short-hand writer of to-day has probably ever presented us with a piece of evidence more accurate than the above. There is something truly Shakspearian about its dramatic truth. How often must the man have told this tale, with all its redundancies and repetitions, in taprooms and snug parlours. The colouring was probably altered to suit his audience. When the men of the Protector's guard asked him to narrate that singular personal experience for *their* edification, he probably spared them much of the sentiment. To all unbiassed persons, however, Waterman Smith is a witness whose testimony outweighs all the rest, albeit his threat of sinking the boat (his own boat, and himself on board of it) is a little too enthusiastic even for the occasion.

William Cox deposes, more poetically, to the same effect, namely, that it was Brandon who did the deed.

'When my Lord Capell, Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland were beheaded in Palace Yard, in Westminster, my Lord Capell asked the common hangman, said he: Did you cut off my master's head?—Yes, saith he. Where is the instrument that did it? He then brought the axe. This is the same axe, are you sure? saith my lord.—Yes, my lord, said the hangman; I am very sure it is the same. My Lord Capell took the axe, and kissed it, and gave him five pieces of gold. I heard him say: Sirrah, wert thou not afraid?—Saith the hangman: They made me cut it off, and I had thirty pounds for my pains.' The Lord-chief Baron sums up, on the face of this testimony, dead against the unfortunate Hulet. The jury, 'after a more than ordinary time of consultation,' return to their places.

'William Hulet, *alias* Holet, hold up your hand. Gentlemen, look upon the prisoner at the bar: how say you, is he guilty of the high treason?'

Foreman: 'Guilty.'

Clerk: 'Look to him, keeper. What goods and chattels?'

Jury: 'None, to our knowledge.'

It is fair to state, that in spite of the above verdict, the Court, 'being sensible of the injury done to him,' procured Captain William Hulet's reprieve, although we hear nothing of his pardon. The probability is, that among his republican friends, and while the Cromwellian dynasty lasted, Hulet took no pains to clear himself of the charge in question, but rather, by affecting a certain coyness, acknowledged the soft impeachment; just as one would not mind, under a liberal administration, having the *Letters of Junius* imputed to one; while, in the event of the establishment of a despotic monarchy, such a reputation would be dangerous.

It is singular enough, in the case of a monarch about whom there was so much doubt during his life, that, in addition to the above question as to who was his executioner, there is no little uncertainty as to his burial. The common account is, that immediately

* Conceive what would become of such loose statements as these in a modern court of justice, and under cross-examination!

after his decapitation, his body was embalmed, and buried in Windsor Chapel, in the same vault with Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. It is said to have been seen again on the occasion of the burial of one of the children of the Princess Anne, in the reign of William III.; while there is a detailed account, with which most of us are familiar, of the opening of the royal martyr's coffin, and the examination of its contents, by the Prince Regent in the year 1814. None of these things, however, are incompatible with a curious version of the interment of King Charles's body, which is here subjoined.

In the good old times, whose return is still prayed for by some honest folk, it was customary, upon the restoration of any political party to power, to take not only a great revenge upon their fallen enemies if living, but to commit atrocities upon their bodies, if they had been so fortunate as to escape their attentions by death. Thus, Cromwell's mother, and Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth (a true loyalist at heart, if we are to believe in historical paintings), and Admiral Blake, with many other not unworthy persons, were disentombed from their quiet graves in Westminster Abbey, by command of Charles II., and thrown promiscuously into a pit in St Margaret's Churchyard; while against the skeletons of the late king's more prominent enemies, still severer measures were taken.

By the Houses of Lords and Commons, it was 'Resolved, that the carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, be with all expedition taken up and drawn upon a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged up; and after that, buried under the said gallows.' Some say this was carried into effect. Sir George Wharton, an annalist of that time, asserts that these four corpses were indeed hung 'at the several angles of the triple tree till sunset; then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome trunks thrown in a deep hole under the gallows. Their heads were afterwards set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall.' A Note in Kennett's History describes how the sergeant of the House of Commons went to St Peter's, Westminster, and demanded the body of Cromwell, for the above amiable purpose, and found in a vault in the middle aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, at the east end, his supposed coffin, 'and upon the breast of the corpse (therein) was laid a copper plate, finely gilt, enclosed in a thin case of lead, on the one side whereof were engraved the arms of England impaled with the arms of Oliver.'

But *was* this the body of Oliver Cromwell, after all? Mr Barkstead, son of Regicide Barkstead, executed promptly after the Restoration, deposes to the contrary. He asserts that his father, being lieutenant of the Tower of London, and a great confident of the late Protector, did, among other such confidents, in the time of the Protector's sickness, desire to know where he would be buried; to which he answered: Where he obtained the greatest victory and glory, and as nigh the spot as could be guessed, where the heat of the action was—namely, in the field at Naseby, county Northampton, *which accordingly was thus performed.* 'At midnight, soon after his death, being first embalmed in a leaden coffin, the body was in a hearse conveyed to the said field; the said Mr Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, they found, about the midst of it, a grave, dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side, and the mould on another, in which the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid carefully flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after, like care was taken that the said field was entirely ploughed up, and sown three or four years successively with corn. Several other material circumstances the said Mr Barkstead—who now frequents Richards' Coffee-house—relates, too long to be here inserted.'

In the *Harleian Miscellany*, this version is repeated, after which is added the following: 'Talking over this account of Barkstead's with the Rev. Mr Sm—— of G——, whose father had long resided in Florence as a merchant, and afterwards as minister from King Charles II., and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration; he assured me he had often heard the same account by other hands. Those miscreants always boasting that they had wreaked their revenge against the father as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him whilst living, and *making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead.* He [Cromwell] contrived his own burial, as owned by Barkstead, having all the honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, *into which afterwards was removed the corpse of the martyr*, that, if any sentence should be pronounced, as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king. . . . . The secret being only amongst that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people but the body so exposed was that it was said to be; had not some whose curiosity had brought them nearer the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that, on tying the cord, there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who despatched a messenger to court to acquaint them with the rumour, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have. On which the bodies were immediately ordered down, *to be buried again.* . . . . Many circumstances make this account not altogether improbable; as all those enthusiasts, to the last moment of their lives, ever gloried in the truth of it.'

Lord Clarendon himself seems to give some countenance to the above narration. He describes how the body of Charles was exposed, after execution, to the public view for many days; how it was embalmed, and carried to Windsor, 'to be buried in a decent manner, so that the whole expense should not exceed L.500;' but also how, upon his servants entering the church, with which they had before been well acquainted, 'they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions and those landmarks pulled down by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them where there was a vault in which King Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour were interred. And as near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. . . . . Upon the return of King Charles II., above ten years after the murder of his father, it was generally expected that the body should be removed from that obscure burial, and should be solemnly deposited with his royal ancestors in Henry VII.'s Chapel.' Lord Clarendon goes on to state that Charles II. fully intended this, and gave orders to that effect; but that those who survived of the interment-party being sent down to Windsor, 'they could not satisfy themselves in what place or part of the church the royal body was interred.' They caused the ground 'to be opened at a good distance,' but found it not, and on their relating their failure to the king, 'the thought of that remove was laid aside, and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing further inquiry.'

Upon this matter, Kennett observes: 'It has been

made a question and a wonder by some persons why a monument was not erected to the late king after the Restoration, when the Commons were well inclined to have given a sum of money for that grateful purpose. *We are afraid the true reason was that the royal body could not be found; those who murdered it had disturbed it in the very grave, and carried it away, and God alone knows whether they gave it any second interment.*'

Assuming that Barkstead's narrative is a correct one, it might be easily explained how the body of Charles was afterwards found at Windsor. *His own friends had replaced it after the mistake was discovered.* The matter is certainly open to considerable doubt, although the idea of the substitution might have occurred naturally enough to the Cromwellian party, subsequent to the possibility of their putting it into effect, and been used merely to flout the dominant party. Whether carried out or not, the notion of making Charles's best friends the involuntary ministers of his disgrace, while they imagined they were insulting the bones of his chief foe, is not without a certain grim humour. Nor is it possible for nineteenth-century folk not to experience some little gratification in the thought, that individuals, no matter of what politics, who made warfare with the dead were foiled.

THE NEW YORK BANK-PARLOUR.

The Lincoln Bank of New York, like the other fifty and odd city banks known and vouched for at the clearing-house, has its parlour. There the president or the cashier is to be always found during business-hours, and there the board of directors meet twice a week, for the consideration and dispatch of business. Let us introduce the reader within the exclusive precincts, and shew what kind of place it is.

The parlour is behind the bank-counter, and perhaps for much the same reason that the parlour of a London public-house is usually in the same locality. Were it more conveniently accessible, there is no saying what might sometimes happen, and so, to guard against contingencies, it is placed beyond the reach of all but the official and the favoured outside few. The porter, an assistant-teller, or an assistant-book-keeper, raises a short hinged portion of the counter, draws towards him a narrow door in the front woodwork, to admit those who have the wish and right to enter, and at a few yards' distance stands the portentous doorway.

The room is not more than twelve feet square, and is as hungry-looking as the chamber of a junior counsel in Lincoln's Inn. Along the ceiling there is a lean cornice, on which the dust and blacks of many a long winter have been left undisturbed. On the wall opposite the doorway, where a fireplace would in any other country be sure to be found, there is only an unsightly, projecting, black-leaded stove-pipe, which, after sundry gyrations to diffuse the heat, connects itself with a huge, tubular, black-leaded stove, in which article of supposed luxury Yankee ingenuity has done its utmost to extort a high price for delusive qualities. The only wall-picture to be seen is one which represents the price of wheat, the rate of discount, the notes in circulation, and the specie held by the Bank of England since the first restriction on specie payments. It is greasy, and in harmony with the stove, the stove-pipe, and the dust and blacks on the lean cornice. In the centre of the room there is an oblong walnut dining-table without a cover, the surface of which reveals frequent accidents with the inkstand, and free-and-easy shakes with overcharged pens. Pen-wipers and heavily weighted stand-dishes have evidently not yet found their way into the bank-parlour. A close inspection of the table adds further to our stock of banking knowledge. Where there are stains from accident or carelessness, and where there are none, pen-and-ink faces and full-length caricatures have been drawn, representing the president and the cashier, and individual members of the board, in all sorts of attitudes, and betraying all sorts of emotion. Bank-parlour meetings are not, therefore, so prosaic, nor all the individuals constituting the board so austere as the outer world is sometimes thought to believe. Round the table, again, in the London orthodox public-house style, there stand a dozen cheap hickory-backed and hickory-bottomed office-chairs. On the floor, there is an unassuming Dutch carpet, two or more sheep-skin mats, and as many cast-iron spitting utensils as may be thought necessary when the money-market is 'tightening up,' and a full board is squirting about an inordinate quantity of tobacco-juice.

Such is the parlour. Plain to meanness, and dirty and smoky enough for the commercial room in an out-of-the-way country inn, it nevertheless is the great centre from which good and evil radiate in their most potent forms. The good we see, in the diffusion of accumulated wealth, setting industry in motion, which otherwise would have been unheard of; the evil we see also, in the assistance given to overtrading in hopeful times, which necessarily is withdrawn abruptly when the day of pressure comes. Better furniture, a fireplace, well-papered or painted walls, more room, and a porter in livery at the door, to announce and usher in directors and the privileged ones among the customers, would neither exercise less or more influence, nor change the course of anything.

The preliminaries to a meeting of the board in the bank-parlour are numerous, and in some respects important. The chief matters are the preparation of the bank statement, shewing the loans, deposits, and specie; the posting of the discount register, shewing all the bills and loans at the time current; and the entry into the offer-book of all the bills submitted to the board for discount. From the first is deduced the amount which the bank can lend safely; from the second, the maturing assets is computed; and from the third is learned the demand of the customers of the bank on the unemployed capital which is on hand. A frequent incident is the early visit of an indulged director, whose note-of-hand, secured by collaterals of doubtful value, happens to fall due that day, and which, with the sanction of the president, is retired by the substitution of another note.

When the minimum number of directors necessary for the consideration and dispatch of business have appeared, the board is constituted, and called to order by the president, who takes his seat at the head of the walnut dining-table, with the cashier opposite or at his elbow. The minutes of the previous board-meeting are then read by the cashier, and confirmed. Afterwards, the president delivers a short address, explaining the position of the bank, and the general character of the discount offerings. This is followed by a scrutiny of the offerings, and sometimes by a discussion thereupon. Such is the occupation of the board in the bank-parlour, and the American mode of discounting bills. Between the board meetings, however, there is not unfrequently a considerable amount of discounts done on the responsibility of the president or the cashier; but as such transactions are reported to the next board meeting, and may become the subject of unpleasant comment, the discretion is never as a rule exercised unless in cases in which everything is right. An apparently strong guarantee against abuse in this direction is found in the practice of not submitting any question to the vote. Every

act of the board is practically unanimous, no favour being granted if there is a strongly expressed feeling of dissent; and in those cases in which the malcontents oppose from ignorance, prejudice, or doubt, they usually yield to the representations and assurances of their differently inclined colleagues.

Individually, the leading members of the board are in their way remarkable. Mr Brass, the president, began life in New York as a street-vendor of peanuts and newspapers. Shrewd, indefatigable, and thrifty, he saved a hundred dollars, and taking the money to a bank for safe-keeping, the receiving teller turned out to be one of the pea-nut customers. The boy was not lost sight of afterwards, and eventually was installed in the bank to light the stove, help the porter to carry specie from bank to bank, there being then no clearing-house, and to do the errands. These duties were discharged cheerfully and zealously; and before the boy attained to manhood he had advanced to the position of paying-teller. In that position he remained some years. After the difficulties of 1837, he went westward, and speedily amassing a fortune in 'wild-cat' banking, returned to New York. Old friends gathered round him, his antecedents were considered of the right sort for a new 'institution,' and the Lincoln Bank was accordingly established, with the former pea-nut and newspaper vendor as its president and chief. A more thoroughly 'Young America' representative-man never filled a bank chair. Uniting business qualifications of the highest order, with a suavity, grace, and intelligence which would have done credit to the frequenter of the *salons*, he was a living exemplification of what was attainable under the free government of the republic. The pity is, that the conditions favourable to the formation of the same character are no longer possible. A vindictive and desolating domestic war will inevitably, where it has not done so already, give to 'Young America' of the time, and possibly of the future, more subdued and less-dignified views of their country and of themselves.

The cashier, Mr Sharp, is, of course, no other than the early patron of the street-vendor of pea-nuts and newspapers. He yielded willingly and unreservedly to the success of one many years his junior. Much of the favour with which the Lincoln Bank is regarded in the street, among the shareholders, and by the public, is owing to the skilful watchfulness, method, and organisation of Mr Sharp. In himself, he is a mercantile agency with a staff of active touters and eavesdropping scandal commissaries. He has only to turn to a customer's account to know his man as accurately as if he were his tailor or his valet. A showy balance when the account was opened, large deposits at times by cheque, frequent applications for discounts in sums and names which are glaringly alike, reveals on the instant an unsafe and 'slippery fish.' An even run of balances, and a multiplicity of transactions, giving tellers and bookkeepers no end of trouble, on the contrary, reveals a safe and plodding man of business, likely to be found at all times in his counting-house, and whom the bank is bound to help liberally without a murmur, on a falling market, during a bad season, in the perplexity and retrenchment of an adverse state of the exchange, and even in a time of downright pressure. Mr Sharp has seldom occasion to turn to the accounts themselves; a retentive memory for little things supplying his material for an inductive judgment, when judgment is of some moment. Farrance, in the grocery trade, last autumn accepted a bill for fencing-wire shipped on speculation to California, which the seller deposited, as collateral to his own note, with a bill-broker, who was a customer of the Lincoln Bank; and the bill-broker afterwards needing accommodation from the bank, used the collateral again, thereby letting Mr Sharp into a secret which, to the day of his death, he is sure to remember. Farrance is not therefore to be trusted; or, if trusted, it is to be done cautiously, and to an extent only which would be considered safe in case of accident; for once at least, with his eyes open, he has stepped out of his own proper line. Smibert, the draper, our cashier remembers was discovered on one occasion to have exchanged cheques with some one keeping an account with another bank, neither at the time having a single dollar at his credit; and the sum on the fictitious cheques being drawn out afterwards by Smibert, the bank became the unwilling victim of an unsecured and temporary overdraft. He is therefore a tricky fellow, and his present application is to be refused. Brown, the shipowner, our cashier met at Saratoga the summer before last, when suffering from dyspepsy; and Brown occupied himself with fast horses and fashionable ladies. In the opinion of Mr Sharp, Brown is therefore on the road to ruin, or is strongly bent on setting out upon it. The accommodation is therefore given grudgingly, or is refused.

Ruffles is a regular attender at all the board meetings, and usually arrives half an hour before the proper time, to make himself prepared to discharge his duty in a conscientious manner as a shareholder and director. His colleagues detest him. He is always asking the same questions over again, always on principle opposing the discount of large sums to individual firms, and always doubting the solvency of the best customers of the bank. On principle, he is opposed to discounting bills for transactions with people in the south, in the west, or on the west coast. The loans of a bank, in his opinion, ought to be restricted to paper, the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers of which are at hand and known; and he has often urged that bills for small sums should have a preference over bills for large sums. The reason of this is, that in addition to being illiterate, he is the retired proprietor of a city milk-walk. All his means were accumulated in coppers by his own hands; and habit and vulgar prejudice have so warped his mind, that he is exclusively in favour of little things. Although a unit at the board, the rule of unanimity requires that occasional compliances should be conceded to his demands. One of the ways in which he has been often foiled, when strongly opposing the discount of paper which could not prudently be declined, has been by referring the 'offering' to the president, with power to act if the collaterals were what is called 'number one.'

Two more prominent directors must still be noticed, before all the conflicting influences at work in the bank-parlour are fully known. Scroggins is in the provision-trade, which is one of cash payments; and Whipple is in the leather-trade, which is one of credit. Whipple never says a word when long-dated bills are offered; while Scroggins is opposed to them, unless in the case of a falling market, when accommodation is required by one of his own class. The selfishness and inconsistency of the latter have never once in the course of many years occurred to him, though both have been glaringly apparent to his colleagues.

The way in which the bank-parlour magnates are affected in times of plenty and in times of panic, might now almost be reasoned out *à priori*. In times of plenty, Scroggins and Whipple pull well together, and the voice of Ruffles is seldom heard. The board-meeting is not exactly formal, although Mr Sharp and the president, as a rule, have everything their own way. In times of panic, on the contrary, the rule is to do nothing, but to try to stem the current and avoid the breakers. No application that can be made has much chance of being listened to, and those which are made from doubtful or distrusted quarters have none at all. When light begins to break, or when there is a lull in the crash of business ruin, those whose accounts have stood well, and whose business conduct has been irreproachable, have some faint hope of being

saved; none others have; and how circumspect, therefore, ought those to be whose fair commercial fame is still untarnished! Could the bank-parlour be entered by the thoughtless trader during a period of severe pressure, a lesson would be learned never to be forgotten. The cashier leaves his seat to gain news from the porter, who has been abroad on a secret mission. On his return, the president and directors are informed that Brown & Co. are talked about freely in the street, and that Thomson & Co. opened their place of business one hour later this morning. If Brown & Co. and Thomson & Co. have accounts with the bank, and want accommodation not to be obtained elsewhere, this possibly idle rumour caught by the bank porter may at once seal their fate. Reputation, at such a time, cannot bear to be either touched or questioned. The cashier may next go to the receiving teller, and inquire the character of the late deposits of a certain firm. He answers that they have been 'scaly.' A receiving teller handles cheques and notes with as much sagacity as a salesman in Billingsgate handles fish. The application of the firm is therefore peremptorily refused. The cashier may then go to the paying teller, who, if intelligent, knows every customer's affairs by the cheques he pays across the counter. The class of people to whom a particular firm has been paying cheques lately, are not assuring; and so he answers. Another pillar in the commercial fabric therefore falls.

Walk into a bank, and try to possess yourself of the notes or coin lying carelessly on the counter, and you are watched by eyes which you do not observe. It is the duty of every bank clerk to be vigilant, and the thief is therefore caught. The vigilance of a faithful bank clerk does not, however, stop with watching thieves; every incident in the business of a bank, and every face and garment that comes within his observation, drawing or paying money, suggests an inference which, some time or other, may find expression in the parlour.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Poor Miles! The necessity of facing strangers on the top of the coach helped him to some external control of his emotion, but it was nevertheless so evident in his pale and marked countenance, that his fellow-passengers left him to himself. He felt as if his heart had been torn out by the roots: he doubted then, and for some succeeding days, if he could recover sufficiently to set about hard work. The strong suffer in proportion to their strength; but time and, still more, youthful buoyancy, bring relief, hope, and vigour. Miles was very firm of purpose. During even those first sorrowful days, he kept his plans steadily in view. The Smiths, kind as ever, insisted on his being amused. They attributed his depression to the horrors that had been enacted at Parker's, and congratulated him that he had time to recover before commencing new duties. He was glad to acquiesce tacitly in their mistake. He had not told his mother of his love for Amy; he could not bear its being talked about, even to his father. Soon after his arrival in London, he wrote Mrs Latham a letter, intended to include and interest all her family, and said that he would write again when he had been settled at Leyburn long enough to have some just idea of the people there. The letter tells its own story:

'My dear Mrs Latham—Here I am, quite settled, and I thankfully acknowledge myself very fortunate. Mr and Mrs Manners are good and pleasing—very kind to me, as well as to all their large establishment. Mr Manners has an excellent library, of which he has desired me to make good use, and he is always willing to help my own studies. He told me candidly that he began life as I am beginning it, but with the drawback of very delicate health. What I want most is patience; I fret to do more than I can do, to get on faster than possible. I believe that I should wear myself out if I were not obliged to bend to the boys. Irksome as that is, I am sure it is wholesome discipline. Tell Walter that the fishing here is very good, better than at Dulford, and that I have not forgotten my promise about the flies; I am making some for him, and I shall have an opportunity of sending them soon, with some flower-seeds for you and Amy. Tell her that my mother and Mary have knitted me some stockings, which she would, I think, approve of highly: they are soft and elastic, better than old Dame Green's; but I suppose that she cannot get as fine lambs-wool as we do in the bleak north. I find myself in one respect a hero—that terrible night at Parker's is often talked of, and the boys think my knocking him down a tremendous feat. Did Parker ever make any statement of the cause of his last outbreak? I should like to know what it was. My mother and sister complain that I am a wretched correspondent. Men cannot certainly compete with ladies in letter-writing. With a heart full of gratitude and affection, and a very busy mind, I can say no more to-day than love to all, from, my dear Mrs Latham, yours ever, Miles Stanton.'

So Miles worked away, steadily and hopefully, and the Lathams prospered. He was to divide the mid-summer vacation between them and the Smiths. Prudence forbade the long journey into Yorkshire, and his yearning to see Amy again balanced his natural longing to be at home once more. It wanted but a fortnight to the holidays, when his plans were altered by a letter from his eldest sister.

'Dearest Miles—Nothing but the not knowing what else to do, would make me write as I am about to write to you. Three weeks ago, poor dear papa caught a severe cold from a wetting, and all our usual remedies failed—fever followed. Mamma wore herself out with attendance on him and anxiety for us all. She is now very ill, and Mr Thompson says she has low fever, which may end in typhus. Papa is recovering, but very weak, requiring great care and expensive comforts. Guess how we are to get them! I have been with mamma night and day, but I fear I cannot hold out much longer, and then what will become of everything? Peggy is very good and willing, does, in fact, all that one servant can do, but illness is very troublesome, and I am afraid she must have help. Then the money—it is nearly gone, and there is none coming for the next six weeks. What are we to do, Miles, dear? It is hard to take any from you; you work for it, and your plans will be hindered by giving it, but I know that you will send some willingly. I wish you could come to us; but great as the comfort would be, I do not ask this, but leave you to consider about it. The expense would be very great, and you could not be of as much use as if you were a woman, and you might catch this fever. I shall not tell papa or mamma that I have written till the letter is gone. They would not let me make you unhappy, but I am sure you would rather know the real state of things, and I really do not see what is to become of us.—Your fond sister, Mary.'

This letter reached Miles by the post that brought him one from Mrs Latham, giving him some commissions to execute for her on his way through London; and one from Walter, full of the delight that he and Amy felt in looking forward to his visit. Expecting no unusual news from home, he had indulged the impulse, natural in his circumstances, and read this letter first. He had even enjoyed some delicious day-dreaming before he opened poor Mary's. The revulsion of feeling was great; but there was no struggle between duty and inclination; they coincided. He wrote immediately to Mary, enclosing half a ten-pound note, promising that the other half should follow next day; told her to get wine, a nurse, everything that the invalids and she herself required; said that he would take a little time to consider whether he had better go home, or send the money that his journey would cost; and that he would consult Mrs Latham; assured Mary that he had never before known how much happiness money could give, and that he should feel not only bound, but delighted, to give his last farthing to add to the comfort of those who were so near and dear to him. He felt that a year previously he should have said, nearest and dearest. Next he enclosed Mary's letter to Mrs Latham, telling her what he had done, and asking what he had better do. That good and sensible woman shall speak for herself in her answer to him.

'My dear Miles—The vicar and I, and indeed all of us, are truly sorry for the trouble in your family. For your sake, you know, we feel a particular interest in them. You have only done what we should have expected from you. It does not appear from your sister's letter that your mother is in danger; if she were, I should say, Go to her. I can guess that she would be too self-sacrificing to ask you to do it, even while her heart ached to think of dying without seeing you once more. She will, please God, recover; and as an extra servant would be far more useful than you can be, I recommend your supplying the funds for paying one, and keeping to your original plan for the holidays. Moreover, you might, as your sister says, take this fever, and so add to the family affliction. Let us hear again as soon as you have any fresh intelligence; and when you write, assure your father, mother, and sister of our warm sympathy. We all unite in love to you, and in wishing to see you soon.—Your affectionate friend,

Susan Latham.'

'It is hard upon Miles,' said the vicar to his wife when they were alone; 'every farthing that he has saved will be wanted.'

'True, my dear; but he could not do otherwise. We must have completely altered our feeling and opinion about him if he had hesitated.'

'There is, nevertheless,' resumed Mr Latham, 'something to be said on the other side of the question. The sooner Miles becomes independent, the sooner can he help his family effectively. He can give a home to a sister or sisters—push on his brothers. All this is, to all human appearance, delayed for two or three years longer than might have been calculated.'

Mrs Latham smiled inwardly, and thanked God silently that her husband's practice was in continual contrast to this cautious, timid talk.

It was a bright July morning. Mr—by courtesy, Dr—Thompson awoke with a sigh, and put on, with less than his usual alacrity, the white corduroy breeches, double-breasted, lemon-coloured kerseymere waistcoat, and myrtle-green coat with brass buttons, which had been his ordinary attire since he retired from his majesty's service by sea, to the varieties of country practice in the north of England. 'Down, Vic., down,' was the only notice he took of the morning greetings of his favourite bull-terrier; and no good-morning did he—as was his custom—say to the staid servant who brought his breakfast. He made a light and hasty meal; and sighed again when he mounted his clever little hack, to set out on his rounds. He had not gone far when a cheerful female voice saluted him with: 'Good-morning, doctor; you are taking it leisurely to-day. Are all your patients getting well in spite of you?' He turned to answer a lady of about his own age—forty-five, perhaps—and of a certain similarity of appearance, stout, hearty, good-humoured; behind, or rather defiant of the fashion as regards dress; and driving, unattended, a neat little brown cob. She seemed puzzled by his gravity, and half-seriously, half-jocosely asked: 'Why, what *is* the matter with you?'

The doctor was whimsical; liked, even in his rare moments of sadness, to tantalise; so he said: 'I am devoured by a useless wish, Miss Blenkinsop.'

It was too bad of him, for he was perfectly well aware that Miss Blenkinsop knew him to be suspected of a hankering after her, and of being too timid to come to the point. He knew, moreover, that this was not the case; and he enjoyed seeing an involuntary change pass quickly over the lady's frank, firm countenance, as she rejoined: 'What is it? Are you sure it is useless?'

'You shall decide. I was wishing that there were no poor parsons.'

'Amen! But what makes that wish uppermost in your mind just now? and why are you so unusually serious?'

'Poor Mrs Stanton died last night.'

'Good heavens! you don't tell me so! I had heard that she was ill—had taken fever from her husband—but that she was recovering. You know I am not in their parish—I wish I was—and they never called on me. What an afflicted family! There are several children, are there not? Poor things! what will become of them?'

'They will feel their mother's loss as little as possible, if their eldest sister lives. She is a wonderful creature. She has nursed her father and mother; she was with her mother to the last; kept the house in order, and managed everything; but I fear she will break down. With all her homely talents and virtues, she has the nervous temperament, and the tone of mind which feels most acutely; and she is not strong. She will go on uncomplaining till she drops.'

'How old is she?'

'Only just nineteen.'

'Has she no one with her?'

'The eldest brother, a fine young man, two years her senior, came two days ago, and he is an immense comfort; but she wants a female friend: they have no near relative who can come to them, and just now the only neighbours who could have been of any real use are away. Mr Stanton, who was recovering, is prostrated by this new blow; and there are those young things, alone with sickness, death, and poverty.'

The doctor's voice trembled. Miss Blenkinsop's honest eyes were full of tears, which she tried to hide, but in vain. She made a miserable show of wanting her handkerchief for her nose only; but it covered her forehead for a minute before she said: 'Are you going to the parsonage?'

'Yes; I stayed there last night till all that could be done was done; gave father and daughter a composing draught, and told young Miles to insist on their staying in bed till I came. I told him that I would make all arrangements, and exactly as I knew that his father, my old friend, would like them. The poor fellow said he must remind me how little they could afford; and I quieted him by saying that I knew all about it. Now I shall take care that that good wife and mother is laid in her last resting-place as she ought to be; but there are other things I don't know how to manage, for I cannot bear to think of hurting Mary's feelings. They *must* have mourning; I am

sure they cannot pay for it, and that they will not order it; and I don't want any one to know that it is given to them; and, in fact, Miss Blenkinsop,' continued he, with a touch of his habitual playfulness, 'I think I have enough to make a respectable elderly—I mean middle-aged—practitioner look grave on this lovely summer morning.'

'Yes, because you want to do everything yourself, sir; but do you not see the hand of Divine Providence in my meeting you? Here am I, a single woman without encumbrance, straying out to enjoy the weather, the very person wanted in that house of mourning. You must go on and tell that young Miles—by the by, is he not the man who behaved so well at that atrocious pedagogue's somewhere down in the south? I thought so—tell him that a friend of yours, whom you can trust, is coming to take care of the household for his sister, till she's well. Meanwhile, I'll put up the pony, and dawdle about the garden till you call me in. Leave the rest to me. I had a father and mother of my own once.'

'God bless you!' said Mr Thompson, more cordially than he had ever spoken to her before. 'I see my way clearly enough now. What an owl I was not to think of you!'

Miles had not gone to bed: he had watched his father and sister fall asleep under the influence of the medicine; had looked at the younger ones, who needed no narcotic, and had then gone to sit by the side of his dead mother. There he wept long and freely; there he promised her that nothing—not even his love for Amy—should tempt him to leave undone anything that he could do for the benefit of those dear ones to whom she had been devoted, and for whom only she wished to live. He thought of all her patience, meekness, self-denial, love; and felt that he had never half appreciated, never at all repaid her. Then he said to himself: 'Life is nothing—death is everything. Now, for the first time, do I realise what I am, and for what purpose sent into this world.'

Thus the night and early morning passed—he the only watcher in that silent house: then beginning to act in his new character, he called the servant, had the family prayers, the breakfast, and tried to interest and amuse the children according to their ages. He was glad when Mr Thompson came. He had known him from childhood, and had no reserves with him. With regard, therefore, to Miss Blenkinsop's offer, he owned that he shrank from exposing their narrow housekeeping to a stranger, especially to one who was accustomed to every comfort; but the bluff doctor said: 'My dear young friend, take my advice, and thank God for sending this good Samaritan. Your father and sister are incapable of acting. Absolute quiet of mind and body is indispensable for them. This good creature will come quietly in, put away her bonnet, send for her night-cap, and homely old servant, manage the dinner, the children, the everything that some one must do, and that a young man cannot do. I grant you that not one woman in five hundred is fit for such a delicate undertaking, but she is the very one. And now, Miles, not one word about money. All that ought to be done *shall* be done. Miss Blenkinsop and I divide the spoils—that is, take all the expenses on ourselves. It will be a secret between us. Your father has a right to all that his friends can do for him, and it is little enough compared with his devotion to them and his present trouble; so don't—there's a good fellow—look overcome, and crush my fingers to pieces—I have hard work already to keep my own old eyes dry, and you and I must cheer up others, so I'll call Miss Blenkinsop in to help us.' He did so; and she and Miles grasped hands as if they had known one another for years; and she kissed the children, and asked Miles to see if Mary was awake, and to prepare her for making friends with her. He did it so well, that when, half an hour later, Miss Blenkinsop went to Mary's bedside and laid her hardy cheek against the girl's pale thin one, Mary threw her arms round her neck, and cried and sobbed on her bosom so freely that she had no difficulty afterwards in relieving her poor heart in words. Thus, in that great trouble there came to that afflicted family help and comfort according to their need. Some of the neighbours said that it was hardly decent of Miss Blenkinsop to take possession of the house before Mrs Stanton was cold, and that Mr Stanton must have observed and been disgusted at such a dead set at him; but this did no harm.

Six weeks had passed slowly. Mr Stanton was recovering; Mary was meekly endeavouring to fill her mother's place; Miles had gone back to his school, accompanied on his journey by his next eldest brother, George, destined for Mr Smith's office. Miss Blenkinsop borrowed the little girls in turn to stay with her. The material position of the family was generally improved, but the elder members of it felt that they moved in a new world. Miles said he felt old. There was so much incident crowded into his last two years and a half.

The Lathams had watched him with intense interest and increasing esteem. His ready sacrifice of self at a time when he had the strongest possible temptation to be worldly-wise, his perfect freedom from regretful after-thought, his unimpaired hopefulness and resolution so worked upon the vicar, that he told his wife he could never know a man to whom he would so willingly give his darling child, and that he hoped he would succeed as he deserved. Mrs Latham remarked that he had fully justified her good impressions of him. Amy was shy of talking about him to any one but her mother; to her she had expressed freely all her sympathy in Miles's sorrow, all her admiration of his conduct; with her she had discussed his prospects. 'God is sure to reward his filial piety,' said Mrs Latham; 'and we shall see, perhaps, that the very circumstances which seem against him tend to his advantage.'

'I hope so,' replied the Little Rosebud heartily, 'and that nothing will prevent his coming for the Christmas holidays. It will be a year since he was here before, and then we were not so happy as we ought to have been: first, that dreadful business at Mr Parker's was fresh in our minds; and next, we were all sorry that Miles was going away.'

'A gentleman wants to see master, ma'am,' said the servant entering; 'and if master's out, he'll be glad to speak to you.'

'Who is it, Jane?'

'I don't know, ma'am; and when I asked his name, he said you did not know him, but I might give you this card.'

On the card was engraved 'Captain James Jackson, ship *Maria*, London.'

'Shew him into the study, Jane. Say that your master is out, but that I will come.'

A tall, slight man of sixty or thereabouts, prepossessing in appearance, turned from the study window at the sound of Mrs Latham's footstep, and, colouring, said: 'I am sorry, ma'am, to find that Mr Latham is out, for I wished particularly to see him. Probably, however, you can give me the information I come to ask. And I am sure you will pity me when I tell you that I am the only surviving relative of poor Mrs Parker who was so barbarously murdered in this town ten months ago.' He paused, overcome, then continued: 'She was, in fact, my sister.'

'I expect the vicar presently, Captain Jackson; but till he arrives I will with pleasure answer as fully as I can any questions that you like to put, and it cannot be necessary to say that I sympathise deeply with you. Pray, sit down.'

'I am the master,' said Captain Jackson, 'of a barque trading between the West Indies and London.

I maintained no regular correspondence with my poor sister: I was, in fact, displeased with her for marrying that rascal. I always distrusted him; this led to reserve between poor Margaret and me. First of all, she was angry, and, lastly, no doubt the poor thing preferred keeping her trouble to herself. On my last voyage home, however, my mind was much occupied about her in a way that I could not explain, and I determined to come down and see my sister as soon as my business would permit. Indeed, I thought of retiring from the sea, and if I found things better than I expected at Parker's, of offering to spend the remainder of my life with them. I have money, and I do not intend to marry. I came to London three weeks ago, discharged my cargo, and was considering whether I would take Margaret by surprise, or write to her first, when I got this piece of old newspaper, wrapped round a pound of tobacco. Look at it.'

He laid his face on his hands, and sobbed while Mrs Latham read the paper. It contained a narrative, substantially true, of the circumstances which led to poor Mrs Parker's death. Mrs Latham was deeply moved, and had not recovered herself sufficiently to be able to speak when Captain Jackson resumed: 'It was such a blow as a man can never wholly recover, and for a while I felt stunned, and did not know what to do. God forgive me! I was comforted to find that Parker was transported. At first, I wished him hanged. I felt that if the law had not caught him, I must have hunted him, and broken every bone in his worthless body. Then I felt a longing to know who took care of that poor soul in her dying moments, and if she left any message, and so on. So I came down here last night, meaning to ask questions at the son, but I found I could not do it without breaking down, and a man doesn't like to shew his feelings to every one. I looked at the paper again, and saw that the "vicar and his wife rendered every attention to the sufferer," and I made up my mind to come here, and I'm right glad I did. God bless you!' He concluded warmly, for Mrs Latham was weeping, and her tears comforted him.

Gently and feelingly, she told him all the sad story—that his sister had not suffered much or long after the dreadful blows inflicted by her husband—that she forgave him fully—tried to extenuate his guilt, and sent him a message exhorting him to repentance and hope—that she had mentioned a seafaring brother, and said she was sure that if he lived he would come some day to make inquiries about her; that she had hoped Mrs Latham would fall in with him, and give him her fond love, some of her hair, and some articles she mentioned. She had, from weakness, pronounced his name so indistinctly that Mrs Latham could not catch it; but she had kept his legacies carefully, in hope of being able to give them to him some day. 'In fact, Captain Jackson, I felt deep regret that I had not known your sister intimately. All that I saw of her during her last few days, and all that those last dreadful circumstances revealed of her patient endurance, and conscientious discharge of duty, inspired me with cordial respect and regard for her; but we had always felt that her husband was not a person with whom we could be intimate, and we had no idea how different she was.'

'So we go on through life, ma'am,' said the sailor: 'sometimes it would be better if we knew more of others, and oftentimes it would be worse. Margaret and I were never forward to make acquaintances. We lost our parents when we were children, and were brought up by people who did their duty to us, but were not familiar like father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and I daresay that made us distant in our manner.'

'Would you like,' asked Mrs Latham, 'to see your sister's grave? We have a private gate from our lawn into the churchyard, and she lies very near it. I will take you there, and leave you, if you like, but I hope you will return and spend the evening with us.'

He thanked and followed her. She had judged correctly that he would like to be alone, and it was more than an hour before he came back. By that time, Mrs Latham had put her husband in possession of his history, and he met him with genuine kindness. Gradually the vicar told him every detail of the dreadful outbreak at Parker's, and Miles's conduct naturally attracted Captain Jackson's attention. 'What has become of that young man?' he asked. 'He behaved well, and I should like to help him on in the world, if he needs it.'—Miles's simple story was soon told.—'So the young gentleman wants to go to college, and has not the money,' said he; 'I should like to see him. Where is he?'—He was told.—'I suppose there would be nothing odd or unpleasant in my calling on him?'

'Certainly not,' said the vicar. 'But it may modify your plans to know that we expect to have him with us early next month. He is to spend the Christmas holidays with us; and if you can make it convenient to come to Dulford during his visit, we shall be happy to make you mutually acquainted.'

'Thank you, sir; I will think of it; and, if you allow me, will write to you. My intention is to sell my share in my barque, and resign the command. I have worked hard, and acquired ample means to live in comfort for the rest of my life. I am too confused as yet to decide where I will settle. I have no near ties, and it is as yet a matter of doubt with me whether I should like to live near poor Margaret's last resting-place. I cannot tell yet whether it would soothe or madden me to see daily the house where she suffered so much, and died so sadly. At one moment, I fancy I should like to live in it; at another, I feel as if I could not bear to pass by it.'

Christmas-eve, and a bright, frosty, sunny, sparkling one; but it brought sadness to Stanton parsonage, where the sweet wife and mother had been, and was not. Not, however, hopeless sadness; they believed that she was happy, and felt that they had much to live for. Dr Thompson and Miss Blenkinsop have invited themselves, and they will take no refusal. They are to come to a one-o'clock dinner: she is to stay till after New-year's Day; he is to sleep at home, for fear a patient should want him, but he is to dine as often as he can at the vicarage. It is no secret that he is to be married soon to Miss Blenkinsop. The gossips say now that she knew better than to set her cap at a poor parson with a large family, that she has done well for herself, and that some people's luck is wonderful. She says herself that the doctor and she are a couple of old fools, but that there have always been old fools as well as young ones, and she supposes that there always will be. She is a mother to Mary and all that young family, and a valuable friend to their father.

There is great joy at Dulford vicarage. Miles is expected before five; the vicar is roused from his usual placidity; Walter is wild; Mrs Latham and Amy have got everything ready. Such a neat little bedroom! Such beautiful holly and ivy in the hall, and, indeed, wherever it can be put! The mince-meat and cakes are a complete success; there is no doubt what the pudding will be. The poor people's good and comfortable things have been given to them, and Amy goes to her own little nest to dress. She is to put on a white muslin frock with a scarlet sash. She is not long, and there are some minutes to spare. She sits down to think. Will Miles be as glad to come back as he was sorry to go away? She thinks he will. She feels still the firm clasp of his hand—he is not a changeable character: what should she do if he were! She will not think of it; she only hopes she shall not cry for joy when he comes—it would be silly. Mamma comes

down; she says the coach is late, and that it always is when one expects any one. There it is. Two minutes more, and Miles holds both Amy's hands, and they who parted in suppressed sorrow have met in frank gladness. Miles says something rapidly, which meets no ear but Amy's; she hears the words: 'My own, own darling!'

The little loving heart must then have overflowed in tears but for the unexpected appearance of Captain Jackson. There he was behind Miles, looking thoughtfully and kindly at her. He turned, and said to her father: 'I have to explain and apologise for my abrupt reappearance, Mr Latham; and, if you please, I will do so in another room.'

'Get rid of your greatcoat first, and warm yourself, and have some tea,' said Mrs Latham. 'We cannot separate again directly we have all met. We have not looked at Miles yet, and I want to see if he is altered, and to ask how he is.'

Her husband was equally cordial; and Captain Jackson acquiesced gladly. 'I must, however,' said he, 'relieve my mind by telling you that I found I had not patience to wait to make Mr Stanton's acquaintance here, so I went to Leyburn a few days ago, and I have used my time there so well that he has promised to be my son. His familiarity with the last two years of poor Margaret's life makes him especially interesting to me, and I know enough of his character to believe that intimacy will but draw us closer, if he will bear with any oddities that advancing years bring. I have often thought that they come out on old people as knots do on old trees, so I expect my share.'

'I hope and think,' said the vicar, 'that you and Miles are fortunate in each other, and that thus, in a totally unlooked-for way, joy will come from your poor sister's sorrows.'

Every one can imagine that happy tea-party; and most readers can guess the tenor of the private conversation that followed.

Captain Jackson began it by saying that he had not yet decided where he would live; that there was no hurry about it; that his judgment would be better when his feelings were calmer. But Miles was to go to college next term; and meanwhile, after his visit to the parsonage, was to go and see his family, that they might be cheered by his good-fortune. 'There is, however, more to be discussed,' he said: 'Miles told me candidly of his attachment to your sweet daughter, and of your sentiments about it. Now, I will venture to ask you whether, his prospects being now good, you object to their being engaged? I confess that it would make me happy.'

The vicar fidgeted and looked at his wife, but she knew that the decision ought to come from him, and was silent. His voice trembled a little as he said: 'Time and observation of Miles Stanton's character have materially modified my feelings; and though it costs me a pang to promise my darling to any one, I feel that I could not hope to keep her with me always, and I confess that I think she is fortunate to have secured the affection of so worthy a young man. I give them my blessing, stipulating only that they shall not marry before Miles has taken his degree, and that we shall never be more than six months separated from our child. Do you agree with me, Jane?'

'I do,' replied Mrs Latham firmly; 'and now, let us go back to them. You must spend your Christmas with us, Captain Jackson. We have another spare room.'

Lovers' confessions were never intended to be public. After an early conversation with the vicar on Christmas morning, Miles asked Amy to take a walk with him after church; and before they returned, they had promised to be faithful to each other till death.

Three years afterwards, they were married, and happy.

JEWELS.

Flowers of the inner Earth, that never fade,
But bloom unchanged for centuries unseen,
In radiance born of darkness, and yet made
To double daylight's sheen;

Mysterious children of Earth's hidden deeps,
Strangers to sun, and stars, and crystal sphere—
Some wondrous secret life within you sleeps,
That hath no symbol here.

I see a quiv'ring strife within you waged,
A heart of light convulsed in chained control,
As though within the adamant were caged
A struggling new-born soul.

The Diamond, in its restless rainbow blaze,
With essence of th' unquiet Aurora filled;
The Ruby, in whose core of focused rays
The sunset is distilled;

The steadfast Emerald, with her planet-light,
Like Earth in summer sunshine all attired;
The Sapphire, shrine of truth, keen, pure, and bright,
With Heaven's own light inspired;

The Carbuncle, in whose volcano-heart
Has Mother-Earth instilled the fearful blood
That cries to Heaven for vengeance, till it start
To judgment in a flood;

Pearls, sad as frozen tears upon a shroud,
And pallid as the spectre-moon by day;
The Opal, fraught, like tender morning-cloud,
With shifting tint and ray;

The golden gleaming Topaz, that hath caught
A struggling sunbeam in its heart of rock;
The Gem, whose tint from glacier-depths seems brought,
The living spring to mock—

Has each a life peculiar and apart,
Long sealed in darkness in the rock, and first
Waked when the chisel on its blinded heart
Let Heaven's full radiance burst.

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TALES OF MY LANDLORDS.

As a rule in lodgings, the landlady is the person with whom all communications relating to your domestic comfort are held. The landlord is seldom even seen. All that you know of him is, that he has a gruff voice, exceedingly thick boots, and that he passes his life in shirt-sleeves. Why landlords should have such an objection to being looked at, I have not the slightest idea; but so it is. I have known landlords hide behind doors, when they heard you coming down stairs; or, reckless of life and limb, dash themselves down the kitchen steps; and once, having occasion to visit the top story of the house in which I lodged, I remember finding my landlord desperately forcing his person through the skylight in the roof.

Even when he is compelled to answer your bell—the landlady, perhaps, having gone to the theatre, and the servant run down the street with a letter and a Lifeguardsman—even then you don't see him. Your door is opened two or three inches, and a hoarse but humble voice is heard outside: 'Did you ring, sir?'

Of course, you rang. You have rung twice, and want candles.

'Yes, sir,' says the voice; 'in a moment, sir. The gurl has just stepped out, and will be back di-rectly, sir.' And the door shuts.

You don't see him. No! The veiled prophet of Khorassan was not more jealous of shewing his face than is the ordinary landlord.

This, however, is only the rule for week-days; on Sunday, it is quite different. The day of rest operates upon the landlord in a decidedly wholesome manner. On that day, he seems to throw aside his false modesty and his morbid apprehensions, and may be met with not uncommonly on the stairs or in the passages, dressed invariably in a black suit, minus the coat, so as to reveal all the glories of a clean shirt. If you meet him then, does he flee? Not he. Does he even glance towards the doors or the skylight? Far from it. He stands on one side, to let you pass, without any appearance of trepidation or embarrassment. He looks flushed certainly, but so he does all Sunday; and so would you if you had as much starch about you as he has about him. He rubs his arms in a rather strange manner, but what of that? To persons not thoroughly accustomed to the feel of it, there is nothing in the world so irritating to the skin as a clean shirt. But he does not shun you. He seems on Sunday to feel that he has a right to linger on the stairs, or stroll along the passages of his own house. Let Monday once dawn, however, and all is changed again. His self-respect seems to vanish with his black clothes, his fears to return with his returning labours, and the ordinary landlord becomes, till the next Sabbath, a voice, a pair of boots, occasionally shirt-sleeves, and nothing more.

But the landlords with whom we have to do were not men of this stamp at all; they were exceptional cases. They did not give you the impression of having, some time before your arrival, abdicated in favour of the landlady. Not at all. They were men with whom you came repeatedly in contact, and who used to take the management of their domestic concerns chiefly into their own hands. In a word, they were extraordinary landlords.

Look at Mr Blurr!

Mr Blurr had seen better days; that fact was the key that unlocked the mysteries of Mr Blurr's conduct. I could not conceive, for some time after I took his rooms, why the sight of the footstool should make my landlord start; I could not see what there was in an antimacassar to cause a man to grasp his brow and grind his teeth; or why a pair of bellows, apparently Chinese, should make its owner sigh to the extent that Mr Blurr sighed, whenever his eye fell upon that useful but by no means romantic instrument. I was perfectly willing to grant that the bellows were gorgeous, that the footstool was of surpassing beauty, and that the antimacassar was unequalled by any antimacassar in my recollection for splendour of colour and ingenuity of device. But why they should affect Mr Blurr in this remarkable manner, thoroughly puzzled me. Of course, the moment I knew that he had seen better days, the difficulty vanished; I at once understood that these three articles had been saved, when the rest of Mr Blurr's effects went to the hammer, and that my landlord, looking at them in the light of relics, was forcibly reminded of his broken fortunes whenever he entered my apartment. The value he set upon them was ridiculously great: he referred to them in extenuation of the rather high rent he asked for the rooms; on entering, he always glanced round to see if they were safe; and if I came home a little earlier than usual, he was sure to be polishing the bellows, or dusting the footstool, or smoothing out the antimacassar.

Mr Blurr's confidences on the subject of his past

prosperity were full and frequent. He used sometimes to answer my bell himself, that he might have an opportunity of talking to me upon the subject. He would bring up the coal-scuttle, set it in its place, cough, and tell you that though he was now in this humble position (having to carry coals), yet there was a time when these menial offices were performed for him by others. It was rather a perplexing thing to know what to reply on these occasions. I chiefly trusted to periodical grunts of sympathy; but the fact was that Mr Blurr was not very particular about the answers that he received, and if he might air his woes in your room for a quarter of an hour, it was all that he desired. As I always make a point of—so to speak—drawing my landlord's covers, in hopes of putting up something absurd, these confidential communications were rather acceptable than otherwise; but I am afraid that they encouraged Mr Blurr in a habit of exaggeration. I found out afterwards, that although he had seen better days, yet that the days in question were not nearly so good as from his account you would have been led to suppose. To give an idea of his mode of behaviour. I ring my bell; it is answered by Mr Blurr, who is very sorry, but the servant-gell has just stepped out to see her pore old father. I give my order; Mr Blurr disappears, executes the order, returns, and while affecting to stir my fire, talks as follows:

'Gorn to see her pore old father. I 've known the old man for many years—indeed, he was a dependent of mine once. He was formerly a strong, 'ale, and hearty man, though now debilitate. He isn't what he were. Many people are not what they were. My position in life was once very different from what it is now. Such menial horfices as this'—pointing at the fire with the poker, which he still holds in his hand—'was done for me by servants. The carriages of nobility and gentry drew up at my door. Plate-glass was in all my windows; gas was in every room; my taxes were paid without a murmur; my poor's rates likewise. Some few evidences of my past prosperity are to be seen among my furniture yet'—indicating the footstool, the bellows, and the antimacassar—'and I think I am not wrong in saying that my manners, language, and general bearing say as plainly as possible, I am not what I were. No'—poking the fire with extraordinary energy—'I am not, I am not what I were!'

The natural conclusion to draw from such words as these, of course, would be that Mr Blurr had been lord of some large estate, with a hundred servants watching his nod, and with every luxury at his command that civilisation could suggest or wealth supply. Whereas the fact was, that Mr Blurr had formerly had a large green-grocery business, which he had lost through bad management, and was now living by letting lodgings, and by going out as an occasional waiter, after the manner of his tribe. And this brings me to the reason for my leaving his house.

Mr Blurr had often surprised me by putting such questions as this to me in an off-hand manner:

'By the way, sir, are you going to Mrs Colonel Flupps's to-night?' or, 'Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you to-night at Lady Blain's?' or, 'I did not see you at Mrs Cuppleby's last night, sir. Very pleasant party—some nice music;' and such like.

These questions seemed to confirm my landlord's accounts of his former prosperity in a most satisfactory manner, and I must confess that for a time I really believed that many of his friends of former days, undaunted by his fall in life, still sought his society, and received him at their houses.

My eyes were opened in the following manner.

'Do you dine at Mrs Jones's to-night, sir?' Mr Blurr inquired one day. As it happened, I did.

'Then I shall have the pleasure of meeting you there,' said my landlord, 'for I am going. I expect it will be a very pleasant party, sir—small, but pleasant.'

Upon my word, I was so completely deceived, that I was very nearly offering to halve a cab with him. The offer was trembling on my tongue's end, but my good genius prevented me. Well, I went to Mrs Jones's. Who should meet me in the hall but Mr Blurr, arrayed in dress-clothes, not completely free from greasy indications, a white neckcloth, apparently seven times round, and pumps. Of course I perceived the state of matters at once. He took my hat, my coat, and whispered to me, as in mute amazement I followed the butler to the drawing-room: 'If you want anything at dinner, sir, look to me.' These words raised a horrid suspicion in my mind, a feeling of mortal dread that Mr Blurr would make me his peculiar care all dinner-time. My fears proved only too true. Mr Blurr hovered about me like a bee about a flower. When handing me anything, he nudged me gently, to let me know who it was that ministered to me; he looked towards me and smiled when any good thing was said; he coughed approval of a small bon-mot of my own, in a manner so sonorous, that I wished with all my heart and soul he might choke on the spot; he drove the butler wild by never being where he was wanted; several times, when handing dishes to other guests, he snatched them away to bring them to me; and he finished by whispering to me as he placed fresh glasses by my side: 'I told you it would be a pleasant party, sir—small, but pleasant.'

Long before he had got as far as this, however, I had determined that the connection between Mr Blurr and myself should be severed at once and for ever. Much as I detest changing my rooms, it became a necessity after his conduct at Mrs Jones's dinner-party, and as he gave me the next day an opportunity to depart, without hurting his feelings by telling him plainly the reason, I took advantage of it. In a moment of abstraction, I poked the fire with the bellows, and then wiped them upon the antimacassar. Mr Blurr expressed himself with indecent violence about the matter, and we parted.

As an instance of a very objectionable landlord, take Mr Braggins.

Mr Braggins kept a crinoline shop, administered by his son. Mr Braggins himself was a collector of subscriptions and such like; and he had a drawing-room and bedroom to let. It fell upon a day that I wanted rooms, and seeing the notice in Mr Braggins's first floor, I went to inspect the apartments. Mr Braggins shewed me the rooms himself, and in a voice and manner that reminded me of muffled oars—why, I can't say; except it was that he had a habit, not exactly of lisping, but of passing over his s's altogether, and of swinging himself gently backwards and forwards as he spoke, he expatiated on their merits and cheapness.

'Most comfortable rooms, sir,' said he. 'Every sort of convenience. Sofa, most comfortable sofa. Two heasy-chairs—handsome mirror—chimbley ornaments in great variety. Would you like to look at the bedroom, sir? Exactly so. Through those folding-doors, sir. Iron bedstead, you perceive. Six feet by three'—producing foot-rule, and measuring the bedstead. 'Dressing-table; real mahogany. Ah! a handle off the drawer! Mary, how is this? How is this, Mary? Has this been off long?'

As Mary only stared, and looked very much as if her belief was that the handle had been off for a considerable time, and that Mr Braggins had not been ignorant of the fact, he proceeded at once:

'You should have acquainted me of it, Mary. Never conceal nothing, my good gyurl. However, it can be set right at once, for there are tools down stairs, sir,

always ready for any little emergency of this kind; and in the use of them I am no mean 'and—no mean 'and, I assure you.'

'Well, and the rent?' I asked.

'One guinea a week, sir,' replied Mr Braggins, passing his foot-rule along the dressing-table, so as to refresh his memory as to its exact length, and then following me into the sitting-room: 'One guinea a week, and every convenience. Shew the casters, Mary.'

Mary produced the casters from a cupboard, and held them up.

'Chaste, very chaste!' he said—with reference to the casters, of course, stepping back a pace or two to regard them—'very chaste. Every sort of convenience. A cheerful room, sir, with a very pleasant aspect, heasy-chairs, sofa, casters, and tools down stairs in case, &c.'

I was favourably impressed both with Mr Braggins and his house, so, as I thought the rent of the rooms moderate, I knocked them down to a pound, and took them. I was particularly struck with Mr Braggins. There was an appearance of sobriety and respectability about him that was very taking indeed. The tone, too, in which he addressed his servant pleased me; it seemed to me just the kind, considerate tone that a master should use in speaking to his servants. Now, this was all a sham; all put on. Braggins was a hypocrite, and so I began to suspect before I had been in the house a fortnight. I began to perceive that his sobriety seldom endured after seven o'clock P.M.; and as to respectability, unless swearing at your servant, and taking your son by the throat is respectability, Mr Braggins's respectability was not worth much. The occasion on which I first felt doubts whether my landlord was entirely the genuine article he appeared to be, happened on this wise.

One of the casters came off my easy-chair. Remembering my landlord's description of his own powers as a carpenter, I sent him word of this by the servant, with a request that he would come to my room and replace the caster at his earliest convenience. In two minutes, Mr Braggins was in my room.

'Certainly, sir,' said he; 'replace the caster! Nothing more easy. I'll do it for you at once. I'll fetch the tools this moment, sir, for they are always in the kitchen, ready for any emergency of this kind. I'll just go and fetch them, and do that chair's business in a very short time.'

I sat down on the sofa to watch the proceedings. The first thing that Mr Braggins did was to bring into my room an immense pair of steps. As I stared rather at this preparation for mending the foot of a chair, Mr Braggins apologetically remarked that there was nothing like having everything handy; and in case it was necessary to get up anywhere, why, here you were. The presence of the steps being accounted for in this satisfactory manner, he was absent for five minutes more, when he returned with a large saw. After a short lecture on the nature of saws in general, and the excellence of this specimen in particular, he went away again, and fetched a glue-pot and a hammer. 'And now what do we want?' he said. 'Why, a chisel, of course;' and instantly vanished to fetch a chisel. I think that this accumulation of tools was partly to shew the resources of the establishment, and partly to defer as long as possible the moment when he should have actually to begin to work. However, when he returned with the chisel, two more hammers, and a screw-driver, there was no longer any excuse for delay; and he proceeded to take off his coat, waistcoat, and handkerchief, tying the last tightly round his waist. He then turned up his shirt-sleeves to the shoulder, turned up his trousers at the bottoms, and put on his head a square paper-cap.

'And now,' said Mr Braggins, 'now let 's tackle her.'

I can't say much for Mr Braggins's mode of tackling her. It appeared to consist of spitting in his hands, moving the steps about, and measuring things in general with a foot-rule. As I saw no prospect of anything being done while I remained in the room, and thinking that perhaps my presence might embarrass him, I went out. When I returned some hours afterwards, I found that my easy-chair had been taken from my room; and on inquiring of the servant where it was, I learned that it was gone to the carpenter's.

My suspicions of Mr Braggins, once roused, never slept again. My favourable impressions of him melted away one after another, till at last I believed no more in his soberness and respectability than I did in his power of using those tools to which he so often referred. He was a hypocrite all over. Judging by the way in which he spoke of his son, you would have supposed him the tenderest of fathers; and yet he used to thrash this son, a mere child of twenty-four, or thereabouts, in the most brutal manner. The reason for my leaving his rooms was, that he thrashed his son one morning at two o'clock, and awoke me from my first sleep. I had come in myself rather late that night, and in passing through the passage from the front-door, was hailed from the back-shop by Mr Braggins: 'Is that you, you young beggar?' To this, of course, I made no reply. 'Do you hear?' repeated this affectionate parent. As I still made no answer, Mr Braggins, without more ado, dashed out of the back-shop with a thick cudgel in his hand. When he saw me, he promptly converted his cudgel into a walking-stick, and explained, in a tone of infinite sweetness, that his son was gone to Hastley's Theaytre with a young friend, and that he (Mr Braggins) was apprehensive that he would catch cold. Accepting this transparent excuse in the spirit in which it was offered, I went up stairs and to bed; and I have reason to believe that Mr Braggins soon followed my example. Somewhere about two o'clock, there came a gentle tap at the front-door—evidently Mr Braggins, junior. As no one answered, the knocking was repeated at intervals of two or three minutes—at first timidly, then boldly, and at last desperately. After a long time, a bedroom door opened, and I heard Mr Braggins on the landing above, swearing with remarkable fluency. Down stairs he went, his passion rising apparently with every step he descended, till he reached the ground-floor, when he stopped swearing, and silently approached the door. This, I conjectured, was an artifice to induce his son to believe that some one else was coming to let him in. Mr Braggins, junior, however, had had too much experience to be taken in in that way; and the moment the door was opened, he slipped past his father, and flew up stairs. Old Braggins slammed the door, and rushed after him. I listened with breathless interest. Young Braggins flew by my room like the wind, but not so fast as old Braggins pursued; for by the time the son reached his bedroom door, the sire had evidently got within stick's length of him. There was a heavy blow, a loud yell, and pursuer and pursued entered the room together—the room just above me. Judging by the noises, I think that, for full two minutes, young Braggins dodged his father behind the bed; a loud crash, as of falling crockery, leads me to believe that old Braggins put a stop to this work by throwing the water-jug, and that young Braggins, in dodging to escape the ewer, placed himself within reach of the cudgel; for the scuffling after this was confined to one corner of the room, and illustrated by heavy blows and exclamations of 'Now then!' 'What d'you mean by it?' 'Take that!' and such like. In time, silence followed, and I heard Mr Braggins return to his own room, puffing certainly, but with the step of a man conscious of having done his duty.

Now, this may be all very funny and amusing, of course, to hear of, but if it happens in the middle of the night, when you want to go to sleep, it is very unpleasant indeed. The next morning, I told the

servant that I should leave the rooms. She said she was very sorry, and confessed that it was very wrong of Mr Braggins to *rebuke* his son at that time of night. And so terminated my acquaintance with Mr Braggins.

The strangest landlord, however, without exception, that I ever knew, was a man named Peck. Seeing 'Apartments' in his drawing-room window, in one of my excursions in search of lodgings, I knocked, and was shewn the rooms by his sister, who apologised for their rather disorderly state, by saying that her brother had made use of them since the last tenant left. The table of the sitting-room was strewn with papers, on one of which there was written in characters so large that it was impossible to avoid seeing it: 'To the Editor of the *Times*.—Sir, every Englishman, when suffering oppression, naturally turns, &c.' All about the room were scattered odd volumes of novels; a not very clean piece of paper, containing toffy, lay upon the mantel-piece; and in the coal-scuttle were two boots, and the very oldest hat I ever remember seeing—off a scarecrow. While I was examining the rooms, I heard the front-door shut, and a voice in the hall called out: 'Maria, the third volume of *Woman's Love* is out, but I 've got'——

'Come up here, William,' said his sister, running to the top of the stairs. 'Here 's a gentleman about the apartments.'

'Oh! indeed!' was the reply. 'I'm coming.' Then in a loud whisper: 'Maria, where are my teeth?'

The answer I did not hear, and shortly afterwards Mr Peck entered. He was about sixty years old; had a very prominent nose and chin; an eye rather like an elephant's, but more lively; rusty hair, shewing no signs of gray; false teeth; and a complexion of that ungrateful tint, that, wash it as much as you like, seems always pleading for soap and water.

'Want lodgings, sir?' said Mr Peck laughing; as if it were a most comical thing to want lodgings. 'I can recommend these rooms. Clean, light, airy, well drained, well lighted, well kept. Post-office opposite, telegraph-station two doors down, fire-escape at the end of the street, Underground Railway close by, Primrose Hill just round the corner—and all for a pound a week. What more d' you want? Heh! heh! heh!'

'The last gentleman we had,' said the sister, 'liked the rooms very much.'

'Don't talk of him, Maria,' said Mr Peck. 'Poor fellow! poor fellow!'

'Is he dead?' I asked.

'No,' answered Mr Peck solemnly. 'Not yet—not just yet.'

'Was he taken ill here?' I inquired; for I was afraid it might be catching.

'No,' said Mr Peck in a serious voice, though with a spice of vengeance in it—'no. He 's not been taken ill at all, that I know of—as yet, mind you, as yet. Wait a bit; it 'll come—sharp and sudden. It won't be a common illness, his won't. It 'll be mad dogs, or coal-pits, or steam-engines, or houses on fire, or something of that kind. O yes!'

'Well,' I thought, 'you 're a queer old fellow; but the rooms are nice.' So I took them. I must say I like to have an eccentric landlord; it is a continual amusement with me to study him; and surely if ever man had an eccentric landlord, I had one in Peck. He was perpetually writing to the *Times*, claiming exemption from income-tax, or making outrageous suggestions about public matters. I don't mean to say that these letters were ever printed; but, as Mr Peck used to say, the strings that really work the machine are never allowed to appear, and there is no knowing to what an extent these letters may have influenced the opinions of the editor. When the work is done, Mr Peck would say, it is then that the means which effected it become known; and he would add that he intended to publish all the letters as soon as his suggestions were fully carried out.

He was the most persistent novel-reader I ever knew. He would go to the library about twice a week with a large blue bag, which he brought back stocked with works of fiction; and these books, he and his sister, who believed in him to an enormous extent, would read from morning to night. As he had never been married, love-stories were his delight; and when he found a passage that particularly took his fancy, he would mark it with pencil, and send it up to me by the servant, or, more frequently still, bring it up himself. It was outrageously absurd to see that old man, without a tooth in his head that he could call his own—there was a very fine show of settlers, but not one of the aborigines left—standing on my hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his book almost pressed against his nose, for he was very short-sighted, reading in a voice soft and low, to suit the tenderness of the words, how Sidney took her hand, and how she turned away her head; how Sidney, growing bolder, proceeded to pass his arm round her waist, and how she did not repulse him; how Sidney then murmured 'Be mine!' and how her head sank upon his shoulder; how their lips met, and the maiden was won. When he came to the kiss, Mr Peck used to pass his hand smartly twice or thrice across the lower part of his face, and then look at me over the top of his spectacles.

'Neither my sister nor I has ever been married,' he would say; 'but we think that very true to nature—remarkably true to nature.'

I used to blush dreadfully, partly from trying to suppress my laughter, and partly, I confess, from a little natural embarrassment, caused by the exceedingly tender character of the scene described, whereupon Mr Peck would chuckle, blush, apologise for interrupting me, and amble out of my room, muttering: 'Knew he 'd like that; so remarkably true to nature, O yes!' When, instead of bringing up the book himself, Mr Peck sent it by the servant, a maid-of-all-work, and no play, it was still more embarrassing, for this young lady, a decidedly dirty virgin of eighteen summers or thereabouts, made a point of mastering the passage upon the stairs before bringing it to me; at least so I conclude, or why did she always laugh? Supposing Mr Peck had sent for my inspection a share-list, or the advertisement-sheet of the *Times*, would the girl have laughed? Certainly not. No, I knew by the tremendous time she took in coming up stairs, by the convulsive giggle that she gave vent to before knocking at my door, by the traces of a dirty finger along the lines marked for me to read, and by the peculiar expression on her face as she watched me reading, that she knew all about it.

'Please, sir,' she used to say, 'master says you 're to read that bit, specially the last two lines'—suppressed giggle—'with his compliments, which he thinks very nat'ral.' Short, sharp snort, being an attempt to convert, ere it was too late, an irrepressible giggle into a cough.

And so I used to take the book and read the passage, blushing painfully all the while. I don't know that I ever felt the agonies of embarrassment so acutely as when I sat reading those dreadful love-scenes with that dirty girl staring at me.

But there was another, and still more striking peculiarity about Mr Peck, a peculiarity that quite eclipsed his passion for love-stories and for writing to the *Times*. I had once or twice overheard him, in conversation with his sister, say: 'Have you glanced through the deaths this morning, Maria?' or, 'Maria, there 's been a dreadful accident on such-and-such a line. I expect the list of killed will be in the evening paper, and then we shall see.' I had occasionally overheard him make remarks of this kind, but I never understood the meaning of them till I had been occupying his rooms for a considerable time, indeed, till just before I left them, when it was explained in this manner:

As I was finishing breakfast one morning, some one knocked; I cried: 'Come in,' and Mr Peck entered

with a newspaper in his hand. Might he read me an extract from that journal? Certainly he might. Was there anything the matter? for he looked excited. 'Listen!' he said, and read me an account of how the body of a man, about thirty years of age, had been found on Snowdon. Who he was, was unknown; but the description given of him stated that he was about six feet high, had black hair, and wore a brown greatcoat.

'Dear me!' I said, 'very sad!'

'*He* was six feet high,' said Mr Peck in a tone of awful solemnity, '*he* had black hair, and *his* greatcoat was a brown one, of Moses and Son's make, price thirty-two and six. O yes!'

'Who?' I asked, rather startled.

'Mr Tibbles,' said my landlord.

'Who was Mr Tibbles?'

'The last lodger.'

'Oh, indeed! Ah! very shocking. And you think that this man who has just perished on Snowdon is'—

'Tibbles,' said Mr Peck—'Tibbles, as sure as a gun.'

'Oh, let us hope not,' I said, and was proceeding to suggest that Tibbles might not be the only man in England who had black hair, and wore a brown greatcoat, but Mr Peck interrupted me:

'I told him how it would be—I told him how it would be. Sir,' he said, inclining his head slightly forward, so that he might see me above his spectacles, 'there's a fatality about me—an extraordinary fatality: whoever injures me, dies in some horrible manner. You don't believe it! I'm not surprised; but so it is. O yes. Listen! When I was in Oirland, I was secretary to a board; it doesn't matter what kind of board—it was a board. This board took exception to something I did, and discharged me; most unjustly, mind, discharged me. What became of that board? There was a frightful accident on one of the railways shortly afterwards, and in the train to which the accident happened was the board. Sir, that board was chopped up into shavings—literally into shavings. At the time they discharged me, I told them what would be the end of it. They shrugged their shoulders, and laughed. Did they shrug their shoulders, and laugh, do you think, when they were in that railway accident?'

This question was, of course, unanswerable, and Mr Peck proceeded:

'Some years ago, I left, rather suddenly, a bank in which I had held a post for several months. I left because of the insulting treatment I received from the manager. Before I went, however, in a private interview, I warned this person of the danger he was in. He stared, and turned his back. What was the result? A fortnight after he choked himself with a peach-stone, and died in great agony. Did he stare and turn his back, do you think, when he swallowed that peach-stone?'

Although this question seemed rather more answerable than the preceding, inasmuch as people generally stare when they are choking, yet as Mr Peck evidently implied a negative by the way in which the question was put, I did not venture to interrupt. 'And now,' said Mr Peck, 'here's Tibbles. I assure you, it gives me great pain to have this extraordinary fatality about me. When I see people running on their fate, I check 'em, I warn 'em; but what's the good? They won't believe me. I warned Tibbles. Did Tibbles believe me? Not he. Tibbles laughed, and got into a Hansom. When Tibbles expired on Snowdon, d' you think he laughed and—and so on?' said Mr Peck, seeing the absurdity just in time.

The effect of these extraordinary confidences upon me was anything but what Mr Peck intended; instead of inspiring me with a wholesome dread of incurring his displeasure, they merely incited me to get out of his house before he took to biting. I was convinced that he was mad. Accordingly, I took the opportunity the following day of telling him that the air of that part of the metropolis did not suit me, and gave him notice that I should leave in a week. In the course of that week, he several times attempted to have a private interview with me, to warn me, of course, but I managed to escape until the very day on which I departed. On that occasion, he tried to speak to me in the passage as I was following my luggage out, but with a cheerful 'Good-bye, Mr Peck; I wish you good-bye,' I walked past him, and jumped into the cab. I thought I had managed it beautifully, and got off scot-free; but I reckoned without my host—or rather without my landlord. Mr Peck's face appeared at the window of the cab; he fixed me with a gaze that I can only describe as fell, motioned with his forefinger in a manner that was truly demoniac, and as the cab moved off, observed, in a hoarse whisper: 'Mind you, it'll be mad dogs. O yes!'

That was the last I ever saw of Mr Peck. I suppose since then he has kept strict watch upon all the newspapers, in the daily expectation of seeing my pitiful end described. Though I should be very sorry to disappoint so excellent a man as Mr Peck, yet I feel bound to assure him—in case an absence of names, or any supposed personal resemblance should have led him to jump hastily to a conclusion (a course to which he is too prone; *vide* case of Tibbles, now married, and resident at Brompton)—I feel bound to assure him, upon my word and honour, that it has not been mad dogs yet.

BY COMPETITION.

A NUMBER of lads of very various aspect, and in most opposite frames of mind, but all seated before a long table, all liberally supplied with stationery from Britannia's ample portfolio, and all avowed candidates for government employ—such is our modern ideal of competition. Three or four of the youths, with flushed faces and throbbing hearts, are writing as fast as their pens can go; two or three more, pale and resolute, knit their brows over the questions before them, and cudgel their brains as if life itself were at stake. Young Cribley however, is trying, unperceived by wary examiners, to consult a portion of the illicit lore he carries about with him. The lad is ingenious in his way; he has slips of paper up his sleeve, whereon are pencilled in abbreviated characters all sorts of dates, names, hard facts, and mathematical solutions. He has the principal water-sheds of the world neatly written on one thumbnail, and the kings of Judah on the other; the lining of his hat contains —but what matter its contents—Cribley will never be the successful candidate.

So with young Harper, four places off. It would be a bitter mortification to that young gentleman's mamma, could she see her Frederick now. He has been in training for months and months, expressly to win this situation. He has had the inestimable and expensive assistance of the Rev. Josiah Crammer, one of the most famous tutors of the day, and who 'prepares' pupils for these examinations by stuffing their minds with ready-made knowledge. Three-fourths of Mr Crammer's disciples get through the ordeal with credit; but Harper's stolid mind cannot digest the mental food that has been forced upon it, and lo! he is endeavouring feloniously to 'look over' the papers of the rival next him.

And now, while the examiners are casting up the amount of marks, and before the stool in the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, or the Indian appointment, or the berth in the Customs, is announced as the property of young Sapley, let us view the proceedings with unprejudiced eyes.

There are many of us who cavil harshly enough at the new system of competition for government patronage, which is dubbed Chinese or Prussian, by way of curt reproach, and is sometimes far more solemnly arraigned at the bar of public opinion. It

is accused of fostering a breed of prigs and pedants, of encouraging pale students to waste their own vitality along with the midnight paraffine, and, at best, of supplying our civil and military services with a race of flabby and nerveless bookworms, weak of body, and not too strong of brain; for another count in the indictment is, that the competitors have to be crammed like Christmas turkeys, that their learning is a mere effort of memory, and that those who have never had occasion to think, are sure to forget the crude lumps of fact which they have painfully absorbed.

Very likely, there is some truth in these strictures. Sapley would have been a great deal healthier, and more likely to attain the patriarchal term of life, had he spent more time at cricket or rowing, and 'read' for rather less than his normal ten or twelve hours a day. Also, in great peril by sea or land, I would prefer not to serve under such a commander as Slimkins, who has been coached and trained until his mind is an encyclopædia, and his body a threadpaper. Swotter is a dreadfully disagreeable person to converse with, given to pelt his friends with facts and figures, but quite unable to comprehend that a case can have two sides to it.

But what of that? Suppose there had been no competition, no examinations, no Chinese or Prussian graft on the old British practice—would that have given us better placemen? Alas, no. Sapley might have been excluded, but the Hon. Augustus Emptyhead would have filled his post, and drawn his salary as of right. Slimkins would never have gone out to Calcutta to bear rule over a few myriads of natives, to command the Dumdum Irregulars, or keep order among the Bheel tribes; but Fitz-Slimmington would have supplied his place; and Swotter's bad memory is better than the utter vacuity of some dunce who has to give no proof of even mechanical acquirements.

It is better to have an imperfect test than none at all, and the old system afforded none. In the bygone scramble for preferment, sometimes a lucky ticket fell to the lot of a great man, a Clive or a Nelson, and lovers of the old plan point with fond pride to the stars shining out refulgent from the besmirched page of history. But it was not the fault of the system that Clive was not left to cheapen cattle at Shropshire fairs, or Nelson to become a country curate. Many bold and shrewd lads were wholly lost to the public service for lack of a start in life, and only those who could make interest with a great man or a great man's hanger-on could hope for one crumb of the official loaf which Britain had to bestow.

There was competition always—the idea is senior to all history—but the competition was not the fair, open contest of these days, but a greedy struggle in the dark, and under no equal circumstances. A most curious volume might be printed, if the names of all existing place-holders, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, were duly set down, and accompanied by a faithful account of the grounds on which their preferment was bestowed. But while the law of libel exists, what publisher would be rash enough to stand sponsor to so offensive a book, certain though it would be to outrun the circulation of any sensation-novel that man or woman could conceive. Let bygones be bygones. The old servants of the state will die out in due course, and the new will have less cause to resent unfair comparisons.

The eighteenth century was more opposed to fair-play in matters of patronage and promotion than perhaps any other. It was an age of shams, living on the credit of the great deeds and institutions of its mighty sister, the seventeenth. Then it was that Dubois squeezed from his reluctant master, the not over-scrupulous Regent, the promise of a cardinal's hat, and bribed a bishop to ordain the worst man in all France. Then, too, in spite of the murmurs of the blood-royal, the fair Dubarry won over by golden arguments the poor and haughty Countess of Bearn to present her at Versailles. Then, the daughter of the provost of Dublin University drew the regular pay and allowances of a captain in Cobham's dragoons, and commissions were so freely bestowed upon infants of quality, that 'the major' might be heard squalling for his coral, while field-officers in frocks disputed a ride on the nursery rocking-horse with subs. in pinafores.

It had not always been so. That was fair competition which took place in chariot-racing, speechmaking, wrestling, fighting, and reciting poetry, in old Hellas; fair, at least, for the qualified—the members of the sovereign demos, if not for the multitude of the servile, who stood by to jeer or applaud. And in old Rome, the honours of the paraley and the bays were honestly earned; it was really the first brave soldier on the hostile wall to whom the Quirites gave the mural crown; the plebeian centurion could buy with his blood a tribuneship, a prætor's place, the right to be *dux maximus*, and lead the legions of senate and people.

In the feudal ages, there was full play to earnest emulation, though few and narrow were the channels in which it could flow: the prizes then were for the soldier and the churchman; the poorest boy might be either. Giles Thwacker, a ploughman's son, with mighty muscles, a fearless heart, and tolerable brains, had really a better chance of distinction once than he would have now. Monarchs were too often in danger then to neglect a sturdy champion. The battle is won, and the foe in flight; call me up yon nameless man-at-arms, that fought so well and nobly. With the crimson stains of fight upon him, bring him before his king. Kneel down, Giles Thwacker, on the gory turf, to receive the royal sword-stroke on thy lucky shoulder; and now rise up, Sir Giles, knight and gentleman, fit companion for peers and emperors henceforth. Brace the golden spurs on Sir Giles's heels, buckle the knightly belt around his waist. Heralds, a coat-of-arms for Sir Giles, and he shall have a place at the royal banquet, and a traitor's forfeited estates, and a noble lady to wife, all for the good service he has done in the hurly of to-day.

Ralph Thwacker, the younger son, is small and spare, but quick of wit, graceful of bearing, and prompt to learn. They shave his head, and make a monk of him. A monk! Nay, but the fiery spirit makes its way in the convent of old as in the battle-field, and behold, Prior Ralph shall be mitred abbot, or bishop of a fat see, or a cardinal at Rome, or keep the Great Seal, or hold the White Staff, since the Chancellor must always, and the Treasurer often, be chosen from among the priestly monopolists of letters.

But he who would not barter domestic ties and home affections for ambition, and who was not of thews and sinews potent enough to hammer out a fortune for himself on hostile helmets, was certainly ill-off in the middle ages. One hope remained: back-stairs influence, as it is irreverently termed, was by no means unknown. He who could amuse or please royalty might look for fair gifts, with perhaps a Nemesis waiting in the shape of a score of grim, jealous barons, and a hastily erected gallows, and a halter waving in the wind. But those who were too awkward or too honourable for the post of court-favourite, too weak or timid for war, and averse to the tonsure, fared ill enough.

In our times, and in our country, the patronage of the government is but one field out of many in which emulation can disport itself. To be sure, the flutter of a vacant blue ribbon, the glitter of an unappropriated episcopal crook, will still set a score of noble or reverend bosoms beating anxiously; crowds of boys are toiling day and night to win a guaranteed hundred a year in Whitehall or Somerset House, and gallant soldiers rush through a hail of balls for one chance of the Victoria Cross. But Commerce has arenas of her own, wherein trading champions are for ever doing battle, and where the Old Lady of

Threadneedle Street is queen of the tournament, and guerdons the victor.

Among manufacturers, there is, as might be supposed, no lack of competition. Many of them are in the possession of trade-secrets, which they guard as the dragons watched the golden apples; and with good reason, since their fortunes are founded on the excellence of their productions, and their renown has its market-value. Some of these millocrats are under the thumb of a foreman or right-hand man, who knows the mystery even better than they do, and must be humoured, lest he desert to a rival camp. Others have to checkmate native or foreign intriguers, who have set some crafty emissary to worm out the truth, and whose spies are eternally assailing the workmen with bribe and promise.

But retail tradesmen are more active combatants than those whose traffic is wholesale, and the Battle of the Shops is one that knows no truce or repose. Bakers, in especial, fight one another with the pugnacity of spiders or cock-robins. Theirs is not a thriving trade. That it is not a healthy trade, the Blue-books tell us in awfully plain terms. Excessive competition keeps it poor. The meaner and dirtier the locality, the thicker swarm the dusty white shops, whose stock in trade appears to consist of five slack-baked loaves of the colour of plaster of Paris, a pasty-faced boy, a sickly man in an apron, and any amount of staring placards, saying 'Down again!' the 'Quartern loaf at only' the market-rate, and 'Look here!'

Bakers have terrible stumbling-blocks in their way; one of these is credit. They *must* give trust, especially to needy customers, and they are long-suffering in the main, as county-court records would tell us. The only thing which piques an average baker into legal proceedings is the transfer of custom to a rival. Custom, indeed, is his *ignis fatuus*, whether the patrons he gets be solvent or not. He wins a connection as best he may, and will often, on first setting up, give a glass of gin to every buyer of a loaf. He has an evil reputation for mixing genuine wheaten flour with maize and potato-meal, with bone-dust, gypsum, alum, and other villainous make-weights; and a chemist is not at much loss when a floury apprentice calls for sixpennyworth of 'bakers' stuff.'

Publicans, as a rule, falsify the proverb which asserts that two of a trade cannot be on friendly terms; they generally have a special walk in life, and do not clash overmuch. The Rising Sun, for instance, and the Pink Pig, depend on local friendships; the one is kept by a north-country man, the other by a native of Hereford or Cheshire; and if you enter the parlour of the one, or call at the bar of the other, about nine on a Saturday evening, you might fancy yourself in Northumberland or in the cider country, since the accent of the company, the allusions, and names all smack of the far-off province.

On the other hand, many scores of hostels are mere fiefs of this or that great brewing firm, mere branch establishments for the diffusion of somebody's Entire, and stand or fall together, as parts of a gigantic speculation. There are also military publics, sailors' publics, houses of call for mechanics of all sorts, houses where sparring-matches take place, where money may be 'posted' on Nobblers and Stingers, and where all the staff, from the fat landlord to the sprightly potboy, will always oblige a stranger by putting on the gloves.

There is some consternation, certainly, among the lessees of low-browed dingy liquor-shops, when some gorgeous gin-palace is opened hard by. The aboriginal vendors of Geneva eye the monstrous intruder, with its plate-glass, gilding, mirrors, blazing lamps, and general lavishness of decoration, pretty much as the captains of coasting craft might view an iron-clad, fast-going enemy's war-steamer suddenly arrived among them. But still water runs deep, and there is more harm in the unattractive old dens than in the brilliant palace of alcohol. That regular hotels, abroad and at home, take the wind out of each other's sails, is beyond dispute. Innkeepers sometimes rush into print, and have their little polemics in the advertising fly-leaves of *Bradshaw*. The Royal George returns thanks to those old friends and that judicious public who have refused to be deluded by the specious professions of *other parties*. His majesty regrets to say that touters have been commissioned to libel the old house, informing bewildered travellers that it was 'closed,' or 'under repair,' &c.; conduct on which the George is naturally severe. So the Imperial tells us that it alone has boats upon the Lakes of Kilblarney; while in the same page the Ballythunder Arms claims possession of the whole and sole flotilla of wherries, punts, and pinnaces, to say nothing of all the guides, ponies, and jaunting-cars in the barony.

Steady, consistent, powerful advertising certainly pays in the end; but it requires in the advertiser a long purse, a stout heart, and some tangible foundation whereon to build a barley-sugar temple of praises and flummery. Faint-hearted or needy folks ruin themselves at this bold game, and give in just perhaps when victory was about to crown them with commercial laurels. It must be very hard, to see one's substance dwindling like snow in a thaw, and to confess that as yet the world refuses to swallow our all-curing pill, to wear our fabulously cheap clothes, to improve its complexion by the aid of our Abyssinian Balm. It needs a courageous man to bear this, to brook the popular coldness, the derision of the press, the advice of unsanguine friends, and then to advertise more than ever, to pelt every passenger in cab or omnibus with little gaily-bound books, to force handbills on the reluctant pedestrian. And yet the thing would not go on, year after year, to the tune of so many thousands, were it not profitable.

There are plenty of establishments which advertise seldom or never, and which yet contrive to have full tills and a wide connection. Some of these are almost as well known as St Paul's, and are maintained on their present scale by a deserved reputation for the goodness of their wares. Thus, even quiet country families, who have shuddered at the *Lancet's* revelations of trade-tricks, know that the best of groceries can be bought at Lump and Twankey's, that Minim and Carboy's physic is too genuine to be thrown to the dogs; and so on. And there are a number of steady old shops, very unattractive sometimes, which yet drive a famous trade; their specialty is known and recognised. Colonel Turfman, or Sir John Broadacres, M.F.H., never dream of going for leathern goods for themselves or their horses to Flashey, the advertising saddler, or to Macahoddy, who sits in parliament on the strength of his plate-glass and glossy garments. They deal with long-established tradesmen, who have served more than one generation, and who are punctilious in giving a first-rate article for a first-rate price.

Competition is a good thing and a useful; it greases the world's machinery, and keeps it free from the rust which monopoly too surely engenders; it acts everywhere. Competition makes young Jack, 'boy' on board that stately Melbourne clipper, do his very best to reef and furl, go aloft, holystone decks, and qualify for a sailor of the true A.B. class. Competition makes young Joe, Jack's brother, the smartest, cleanest, and best of young soldiers, sure of the good-conduct stripes, sure of the double chevrons, and likely one day to have the offer of an ensigncy. It stimulates the most incongruous aspirants. Schoolboys feel its power, not only Etonians and Rugbeians, but Nationals, whose modest ambition is for a certificate as schoolmaster; nor they alone, but ragged, unkempt lads in humbler places of learning, or awkward adults blushing over the mysterious alphabet, or collier lads trying to 'pick a stint' as daddy does.

All the world over, in sport and sad earnest, in

study and in work of head and hand, the great principle holds good; we all strive, half unconsciously, to outshine somebody. Even brutes feel the passion: the game-cock, standing triumphant over his quivering, conquered rival, trumpets out his pæan of victory; the race-horse 'runs to win,' whether to his owner's private detriment or not; and dogs strain every nerve for success over a rival. So strong is the impulse, that when no local jealousies are enlisted, when no clanship is in the case, at cricket, rifle-shooting, boating, or any other pastime, men shout 'Well done, our side!' and feel every check or advantage with a sensitiveness that is never blunted.

It is a pity that competition, like so much else, should have its drawbacks—pity that Sir Ludovic Loosefish *will* order his horse to be pulled just as he seems certain to head the ruck, and win the race with credit—pity that each inventor's just renown for discoveries of great moment to the country's safety and honour, should be gall and wormwood to his brethren of the forge and the building-slips.

There is Glossop, the chemist, with his blinding lamps, his magnificent bottles of green, red, and blue, more superb than any jewels mentioned in eastern tales, but not one of whose drugs would bear analysis by meddling men of science. Very true, as you say, O Glossop, there is a chemist at the corner, a chemist over the way; your profitable trade is cut down sorely by press of competition; but for all that, you have no right to 'pestle a poisoned poison' behind those crimson lights of which you are so vain.

That is the worst of competition—cheapness is more taking than excellence, especially with the poor and ignorant; and therefore drugged beer, doctored gin, wines made up without much aid from the vineyard, wool and silk mixed with cotton, and a thousand other frauds, make havoc with our means and lives. Still, a good thing is worth its price: the spread of knowledge will one day crush the petty artifices of those who turn an unhallowed penny by deluding the simple, and we could almost as soon live without vital air as without the bracing atmosphere of competition.

OLD STORIES.

THEY lie in the odd corners of one's brain, covered up and dark, till some chance wind blows off the dust, and brings the hidden thing to light almost unimpaired. And whereas the hundred-and-one big books read but lately have passed away and left no impress, here come these old stories back as I heard them in days gone by, when I was young, which is not so very long ago, after all.

Though there is, it may be, a breath from the enchanted land about them still, yet they are not now what they were once. You man of mature years, how do you think of the stories which were all perfection in your boyhood? With a smile perhaps, half compassionate, half regretful. Told even by the same lips that used to tell them, they would not be the same to you now. Well, it is only a common law. Are the buns sold at that splendid shop round the corner what they used to be? Has raspberry tart its old flavour? or ginger-beer the refreshing coolness which was wont to draw from you, O vulgar boy, the assertion that it 'licked champagne hollow?' Has a ball the same fascination as it once had? and is it delightful now to plunge your hand into a rattling pocketful of marbles? Would you pawn a new penknife in these days for a white alley?

Apropos of marbles, there is a queer story of a stone-eater before me now which once induced me to swallow a white alley. The story is contained on a single leaf of an old book, published I don't know when or by whom; all I know is that I have got this one leaf, and I believe I cut it surreptitiously out to take to school with me, since it was found at the bottom of an old school-box. It is a scrap from the *Autobiography of a Stone-eater*.

'I was born by the side of a rocky cave in the Peak of Derbyshire. I very early shewed a disposition to my present diet, as, instead of eating the pap provided for me, I swallowed the spoon, which was of hard stoneware, made in that county, and had the handle broken off. My coral served me in the double capacity of plaything and sweetmeat; and as soon as I had my teeth, I nibbled every pan and mug that came within my reach in such a manner that there was scarcely a whole piece of earthenware to be found in the house. I constantly swallowed the flints out of the tinder-box, and so deranged the economy of the family, that my mother forced me to seek subsistence out of the house. At school, I was a great favourite with the boys, for whenever there was damson tart or cherry-pie, I was well content to eat all the stones, and leave them the fruit. I must confess, however, that I made great havoc among the marbles, of which I swallowed as many as other boys did of sugar-plums. I have many times given a stick of barley-sugar for a delicious white alley. I devoured the greater part of a stone chimney-piece, which had been in the school time out of mind, and bore the memorials of many generations of scholars, all of which were swept away by my teeth. I fell also upon a collection of spars and pebbles, which my master's daughter had got together to make a grotto. For both these exploits, I was severely flogged. I continued my usual diet, however; and having now continued it for thirty years, I do affirm it to be the most wholesome, cheap, natural, and delicious of all food.'

This wonderful story excited me, as I said before, to try my digestive powers upon a 'delicious white alley,' but I didn't like it. I got by myself for the feat, and I was some time before I succeeded in getting it down. That one trial convinced me that I was not formed for glory as a stone-eater. I believe the same book contained the story of a fire-eater, who swallowed flames greedily, devoured live-coals, and broiled steaks on his tongue; but as I confined my peculations to a single leaf of the book in question, I am ignorant of the details. There is, or was, in existence a print of an Italian named Battalia, who is said to have eaten half a peck of stones per diem: the print was etched by Hollar, in 1641.

In the old stories to which my infant mind did seriously incline, however, there was a leaning towards robberies, murders, and such-like fascinations; the effect whereof was an unconcealed distaste for dark places in general, staircases and bedrooms especially. Where my friendly narrator got the stories from, I am unable to say. They might have been adapted to my requirements from some serial for the masses, if such a thing existed in those days, or they might have been, as I fondly believed they were, the work of original genius. Here is a tale which used to rank rather low on the list, as it always appeared to me to be wanting in horror.

CATCHING THE DRAGON.

It was market-day in a small out-of-the-way town on the borders of Wales. As usual, a few farmers from the country had been dining at the Lion, the single inn of any note in the town; and a little lower down in the street, two men were talking about the mysterious robberies which were taking place in the neighbourhood. So frequent and unaccountable were these robberies, that there was a story amongst the credulous people proving Hagley Heath to be haunted by a dragon, which waylaid unlucky travellers and carried off their money, having first rendered them insensible by a scratch of his claw. The two men who were talking

over the mystery were in plain clothes, but the one called the other Tipstaff; so we will follow his example.

'It's all nonsense about the dragon,' said the one; 'but there *is* something queer about the thing. Old Smith of Hagley Farm swears that when he lost that twenty pounds a thing like a bear's paw came over his shoulder.'

'Bosh!' responded Tipstaff gravely—'old Smith had been looking into the pewter. I tell you, it's neither a dragon nor a bear, but I wouldn't be so certain about a lion.'

'Eh?'

Tipstaff looked up the street significantly, and nodded.

'Who else would know so well how to hit upon the farmer that goes away with the heaviest pocket? Tell me that. I say it's the lion himself, and if he wasn't as cunning as an old fox, I should have caught him before now.'

'You won't get anybody to believe that. Why, the farmers all trust him as if he was a brother to 'em.'

'The thing is to take him with the money on his person; and he is so keen! Who's in at the Lion now?'

'Nobody but Bobby Jones. Why, this beats everything; it isn't half an hour since I heard the lion, as you call him, advising old Bobby the safest place in which to put his brown holland purse.'

'Very likely,' responded Tipstaff. 'I wish somebody would look about, and let me know when Mr Jones starts. The lion knows me.'

'All right. I'll do it.'

The two men separated; and in due time Tipstaff was informed that Bobby Jones, as he was familiarly called, had just ridden off, the host of the Lion having been missing for a good half-hour previously. Tipstaff started off briskly in the direction of the haunted heath, but his pace gradually slackened, and at last he came to a stand-still, and began to think. Having made up his mind, he shook his fist at the dark heath, and left it behind him, going straight back towards the town. It was dark by the time he got to the door of the Lion, and saw that the kitchen was empty of guests. Within, there was no light but the fire, which winked out an occasional gleam upon the figure of the landlord's wife, who was sitting on the settle in her bonnet and cloak, nursing a baby. Tipstaff looked at her, and an odd thought came into his head as he saw the bonnet and cloak. A small table hid the lower part of her dress, and the dim flicker from the fire shewed little but that cloak and bonnet, and the small white form of the baby. Then he went in quietly, and got close to her. 'In the king's name,' he said: 'speak, and you go to jail; be silent, and do as I bid you, and you may get off scot-free.' The woman looked up, and relinquished her first impulse of resistance; but she would not speak. Tipstaff bent down, and whispered something in her ear which sounded like 'What did you do with old Smith's twenty pounds?' Then, before she could utter the terrified denial that was on her tongue, he led her across the kitchen into a small room at the back of the house.

'Now, will you swear to be quiet and make no noise, or must I use these pretty little things? You will? The better for you. I want the loan of your cloak, bonnet, and baby. Tush, don't be foolish; I wouldn't hurt the poor little morsel for the world, and I'll bring it back in half an hour. Give it here!'

Tipstaff then looked at the window, which was small, and would not open. He nodded to the panic-stricken woman, and went out, locking the door after him.

In a short time after that, hasty footsteps were heard outside the house, and the landlord came in, throwing a quick look round him, which started from and came back to the figure of his wife nursing the baby on the settle.

'Here,' he said, chucking a purse into her lap; 'put it away now, and look sharp, for old Bobby shewed fight, and I doubt I've given him a hardish tap.'

The next moment, the landlord, who was examining his muddy clothes, received a hardish tap himself, and, to his utter amazement, became aware that his wife had put down the baby and collared himself, saying in a man's voice, and one which he knew well: 'In the king's name.'

The landlord cast one look at the door, but it would not do. He had nothing for it but to submit. The dragon was caught at last, and it wasn't a dragon, but a lion.

WHAT'S IN THE PACK?

It was a lonely looking house, a good distance from any other, and standing at the end of a long avenue, and its only occupants on the day in question were two women-servants and a boy. The time, perhaps, hung rather heavily upon the hands of these three, since the appearance of a queer figure toiling up the avenue was hailed with unconcealed satisfaction.

'It's old Burke, the jagger,' said one.

'It isn't old Burke; but he's got a pack anyhow. How slow he walks, and it's getting dusk; we shan't be able to see the things.'

The jagger, or bagman, or pedler, whichever name you like best, came up to the door, wiping his forehead, and groaning under his burden; and well he might. Surely a pack of such size had never before wearied the enduring shoulders of a bagman. He did not attempt to ease himself of it, however, or to display his wares in the customary manner, but he took off his hat to the women politely.

'Would the mistress take pity on him, and let him leave his pack in the hall or the kitchen—anywhere, so that it would be safe? And he would fetch it the next day.'

Now, the master and mistress were, as we have seen, from home; so was the man who filled the offices of coachman, groom, and gardener, with the help of the boy above mentioned as a *sub;* and neither master, mistress, nor coachman would return that night. The three servants therefore looked at each other inquiringly, a little curious, and a great deal disappointed.

'What's in the pack?' asked one.

'Oh, it's not a regular pack, but an order,' responded the bagman. 'A lot of coarse cloth and some gunpowder; nothing that would do to shew the ladies. But I am tired to death, and have got to go further. If I might leave it where it would be safe for to-night, I've got a few shawls and things I could bring with me to-morrow when I return for it.'

Again the women looked at each other. 'Shawls had he got? What else?'

'A few trifles. May be, a gown-piece or two that would come cheap.'

'Well, he might leave the pack if he liked, but he must take it away early the next day.'

The pedler entered the hall, and prepared to lay down his burden; then he espied the door of a little room, which would have been a butler's pantry if the house had boasted a butler. Might he put it there, because of the gunpowder? And it was put there accordingly, the bagman closing the door after him carefully, and warning the friendly receivers not to take a light into the room, or meddle with the pack on any account, because of the gunpowder.

The women went back to their kitchen, and the boy lingered in the hall meditatively, having watched the pedler down the avenue. At last he went to the door of the butler's pantry, and took a long look through the keyhole. The last rays of the setting sun streamed in through that little window, and fell

upon the pack lying in huge state on the floor. Again the boy walked up and down the hall, and again he looked long and anxiously through the keyhole.

Did the pack move a little as he stared at it? What a fool he was, he thought; it was all fancy, of course. Suddenly, his gaze became riveted on one corner of the pack, where there seemed to be a loophole, and he saw, as he believed, in the red light, the gleaming of a human eye.

He drew back his own from the keyhole; he shot a bolt into its socket noiselessly, and then he began walking up and down again. He thought about the loneliness of the place, and the helplessness of its inmates; he thought about those two in the kitchen, and himself, and about the pedler, and what might happen. He walked till it was quite dark, and he could no longer distinguish the outlines of that mysterious pack; then he went into the kitchen, where the two women were still talking of the shawls and probable gown-pieces.

'Where 's the old gun?' asked the boy.

'La, Joseph, what should you want with that? It 's up there, over the clock.'

'Is it loaded? All right,' said Joseph examining. 'Now, then, I 'll tell you what I want with it: I 'm going to shoot the pack.'

'To shoot it! Good gracious, what for?'

Joseph looked at the two terrified faces, with his own rather pale, but determined. 'You won't squall or anything, if I tell you what for, will you?'

'No; but Joseph—the gunpowder!'

'Gunpowder 's all my eye. I 'm going to shoot it, because there 's a mortal man in it; and a man doesn't get hisself wrapped in a pack for no good purpose; that 's what I say. If you 're afraid, give me the light, and stop where you are.'

But the women crept behind him tremulously, and kept silence while he tried again if he could see anything through the keyhole. Then he opened the door boldly.

'If the pack 's an honest pack,' said Joseph, 'it won't mind a shot.'

Perhaps the pack really moved, or perhaps Joseph was a little nervous, for the last word was not out of his mouth when the report of a gun rang through the room.

A dead silence followed it. Joseph's eyes were fixed in a wide open stare on the pack. Presently, a small red spot came oozing through the coarse wrappering; it grew larger. A little red stream trickled down on the floor, and crawled towards the boy's feet. Then he retired hastily, and locked the door again.

His face was very pale. He had killed a man, and it was a horrible thing to do and to think of.

'Now you two lock all the doors, and make them as fast as you can,' he said: 'that pedler chap won't stop till morning for his pack, I 'm thinking. What o'clock is it—ten? Let us put lights in all the rooms, and make-believe there 's a party—a regular houseful.'

Once during the night, Joseph, standing near a window, fancied he heard a low whistle outside; his heart gave a great jump, and he signalled to the two women to move about, and slam the doors, and make as much noise as they could. The whistle was repeated once only, and then all was quiet. But though the morning light broke in upon the servants, they could not go to bed or rest for thinking of that ghastly thing down in the butler's pantry. Noon brought the master of the house, but no pedler came with shawls and gown-pieces.

When they undid the pack, the hand of the dead man was found clutching a small whistle, and he had a belt on, stuck with pistols and a cutlass. It is needless to add that Joseph was rewarded; and some time afterwards, one of a gang of robbers being caught in a burglary, confessed himself to be the identical bagman who left his pack at the lonely house, and never went to claim it.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN WITH ONE EYE.

About half-way between two small towns whose names are unimportant, there is or was a wayside inn, called the Traveller's Delight. Its name was probably a mistake, or it might have been a satire, since the Traveller's Delight presented an aspect by no means delightful; indeed, a timid traveller would have been apt to turn from it with a shudder, as intolerably desolate and gloomy; and prefer pressing on at all risks, to making trial of it.

One evening, however, at dusk, a horse labouring under the weight of two persons, a man-servant and a lady on a pillion—you must remember that it is a long time since this happened—stopped before the door of the Traveller's Delight.

'We must be wrong, I know,' said the servant. 'I don't remember any inn on the road.' Whereupon he proceeded to make some inquiries of a surly-looking host, and then turned to the lady. 'We have missed the turning, and are some miles from the right way. What is to be done?'

The lady—we will call her Mrs Benson—looked at the darkening night, and shivered as a blast of wind went howling by.

'Is there accommodation for us here? But I think we had better go on.'

The servant, however, was not inclined to go on. There was plenty of accommodation for his mistress, he said, and the horse was dead beat. As for himself, the landlord said there was an outhouse he could sleep in; and he was sure his master would not like Mrs Benson to peril her health and safety by going on in the cold dark night.

The lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and entered the house. A woman with an unpleasant face came to meet her. When Mrs Benson saw this woman, she looked again at the dark road hesitatingly, but the horse had been taken to the stable, and the servant was not to be seen.

'Can I have a private room?' inquired the lady.

'A bedroom, of course. But there 's no sitting-room, except the house-place. You 'll find it warm and comfortable, and can have the best seat.'

By this time the outer door was shut and fastened, and Mrs Benson taking courage in the thought that at least her servant was somewhere within call, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the offered best seat with seeming satisfaction.

Supper was placed before her, which the landlord and his wife shared, at her request.

During the meal, there was a violent knocking at the outer door, and when it was opened, there entered a tall, broad-shouldered man, with one eye, and a shock head of red hair.

'Can I have a bed?' was the query.

'Well, I suppose you can, if the missis and me gives up our room. It won't be the first time we 've had to camp in the house-place, that 's one thing.'

'Sorry to put you out. Thank you, I think I *will* take a mouthful.'

No one had invited the new-comer to take a mouthful, and as he helped himself his one eye turned on the strange lady. Mrs Benson could not help returning the look with interest, the man had such a comical face; and then his hair was the reddest she had ever seen, and the whole man seemed to be jolly with an expression of grotesque good-nature. At some surly remark of the landlord's, this queer one eye looked at the lady again quickly; its owner gave a comical sidelong nod towards the host, and then the eye twinkled, as much as to say: 'He 's a queer-tempered chap, you know; but don't be frightened—I 'll protect you.'

In fact, Mrs Benson felt quite a sense of security in the presence of the good-natured man, and was sorry when his huge supper came to an end.

'Well, then, I 'll turn in,' he said, pushing his plate away, 'if the master here will be good enough to shew me the room, for I 'm tired. Good-night, missis —servant, ma'am.'

Then Mrs Benson fancied that the sour face of the hostess grew sourer still; it fairly scowled at her, but she did not feel at all inclined to go to bed. There was no alternative, however; she could not sit up all night where she was, because the master and mistress had expressed their intention of remaining there. She asked for her servant, and was told that he had retired to his outhouse for the night; there was no further pretext for lingering, so she accepted the repeated offer of the lady to shew her to her room.

When she got inside that room, Mrs Benson's first impulse was to lock the door, and as she did so, the key came out in her hand. Not satisfied with the lock, which looked crazy, she proceeded to pile every movable article of furniture against the door; that done, she turned to the fire, which was burning cheerfully. While she stood there meditating upon the insufficiency of the furniture for a barricade, the door-key, which she was twisting about in her fingers, dropped into the ashes. Mrs Benson stooped to pick it up, and as she stooped, with her face bent in an upside-down position, a gleam of fire sent its light underneath the bed behind her. It flashed upon a shock head of the reddest hair she had ever seen. Mrs Benson raised her head again rather quickly. The first tangible idea that presented itself in the dizziness that crept over her was to pull away the barricade, and call for help. But long before a sound could be made audible below, her fate might, and doubtless would be decided. Then she thought of professing aloud to have forgotten something which she must go to fetch, but, thinking of all the circumstances, she could not help believing the sour people down stairs to be in league with the red man, so that certain death must follow that move, even if the robber were not too wide awake to permit the ruse. She had heard of its being done, and so no doubt had he, and he would understand it. Besides all this, she had not found the key, and somehow she shrank from bending down again to search for it. Who knew what she might encounter the next time? A knife, perhaps, or a pistol, or that one gleaming eye; and some startled motion might cause the robber to suspect her knowledge of his presence. No, she could not look for the key.

A little while longer Mrs Benson stood warming her hands at the fire, then she turned round to examine the position of the bed, and yawned aloud. She saw that the bed had been drawn down so as to leave a small space between its low head and the wall, and it occurred to her that this arrangement had been made by the robber, who would doubtless prefer to emerge behind, where there would be least chance of the victim catching sight of him, and so unnecessary noise might be avoided.

By reason of her light barricade on one side, and the wall on the other, she would have to creep in at the foot of the bed. After thinking over her position as calmly as was possible under the circumstances, she took a strong thick woollen scarf of unusual length, which had been wrapped over her chest for the journey, and tied behind; and putting out the candle, she got into bed, yawning again audibly. The fire burned low in the grate, and the room grew nearly dark. If any one could have looked into it, they would have seen on the bed a crouching figure, holding in its two hands the two ends of a scarf—one of these ends being slipped through a long loose knot on the other, and a pair of large eager eyes straining upon that fatal space between the bed-head and the wall.

A clock struck down below. Mrs Benson could hear the dull whirring sound of every stroke in the silent house, and an hysterical desire to scream seized her; but just then there was a slight dragging noise under the bed, and her eyes were again fixed in that strained watchfulness. The dragging came nearer the wall, slowly. The watcher had well calculated that the form of her terrible visitor must push itself up head first, shoulders flat against the wall, and the arms comparatively pinioned. The hideous chance was that it might come up on one side or the other of the big noose waiting for it. More dragging, then a shock head above the pillow, a stifled, gurgling cry, and the two hands of the watcher were tugging with all their might at the two ends of the woollen scarf.

Chancing to pass by the strange lady's door in the early morning, the sour landlady was startled by the sound of a voice uttering strange sounds, a medley of talking, screaming, and chuckling. She called her husband first, then the lady's servant; and after some altercation, the latter insisted on breaking open the door. A clatter of falling furniture followed; and edging themselves in with some difficulty, they found the lady still in her crouching posture, and still clutching with both hands the ends of the scarf about that ghastly, staring head. At the sight of those three horrified faces, she burst into a fit of hysterical crying, which (said my reciter) probably saved her reason.

The suspicion which Mrs Benson had conceived, that her hosts were in league with the robber (as the shock-headed traveller turned out to be), was easily dissipated; and the real kindness under the landlady's sour face was proved by her unsparing attention to the comfort of her guest until the latter was able for the journey home.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENT.

THE LONDON FEAST OF LANTERNS.

DEATH, who has hitherto enjoyed the doubtful reputation of being the Greatest Leveller of social ranks, has succumbed since the night of March 10th, and surrendered that distinction to another. A Royal Marriage, with Illuminations to follow, is now allowed to be even a greater democrat than he. For after even *death*, a lady of position does not ride in a van; she is not set up on the knifeboard of a penny 'Bus, and borne through the metropolis at a foot's pace, as for public exhibition, gorgeously lit up by gas stars. Gentlemen of fashion, when deceased, are not compelled to sup in the open air, in front of what were once their Clubs, and in the company of costermongers; and when they employ a hearse, they ride *inside*, and not upon the roof-top, clinging to the plumes. Yet these indignities, and worse, were endured on the night in question, by a class of society which could afford to pay ten guineas for the temporary use of each of the vehicles in question. Nor was the thing to be done cheaper. Your Home Correspondent looked at it every way, my public, from a commendable wish to spare his employers, but it could *not* be done.

I do not agree with that medical gentleman, who, in the *Times* newspaper, proclaimed his conviction that all the poor sufferers in that Mansion House *mêlée* had 'a predisposition' for being suffocated in crowds; but I do think that, when a gentleman under five feet eight undertakes to make his way from the Marble Arch to London Bridge, and back, through more than a million of taller people than himself, he essays a perilous thing. Of course, there was some danger to be incurred, even upon wheels, but the word Fear is unknown to this Home Correspondent when Duty beckons him on. When I visited Mr Axle's yard, and beheld there sixty 'Buses engaged for that evening at ten pounds apiece, as I never had so strong a desire to be an omnibus Proprietor, so I never entertained so small an inclination to be a Driver thereof. I left Mr Axle's, saying, 'I would think about it,' but in reality debating in my mind the propriety of catching a sore

throat, and deputing my task of chronicler to somebody else. Upon my return to my own house, however, I found no less than three invitations awaiting me, two of which were so characteristic that I transcribe them.

'My dear Edward—Your grandpapa and myself have determined to witness the rejoicings to-night in honour of *your* future king and queen—for they are not likely to be ours, I hope, considering the time of life we have come to. We shall take care to be in good time, so as to be home early, and therefore mean to start punctually *at half-past five* from Old World Square. We have asked John and his wife (but he goes on the box) and their two boys; and Kitty Carraway, who never sees anything, poor little thing, is also coming; but she does not wear crinoline, you know, good, sensible creature as she is, and there will be ample room for you in the carriage.—Your affectionate grandmother, Margaret Maitland.'

If 'steadiness' could have insured safety on such an occasion, I would have intrusted myself to old James, my grandmother's coachman, rather than to any Jehu in London; but I was not going to make a seventh in a barouche, nor to start dinnerless in the middle of the day to see unlit fireworks, and I therefore declined the kind invitation of my aged relative, with respectful expressions of regret. The second letter was of a rather different class.

'Dear Ned—After the success of "the steps" on Saturday, we must have no bathos for Tuesday night. Walking will be disagreeable, except on stilts, and driving in any ordinary vehicle is out of the question—it will be merely standing still on wheels. But I have hit on a capital plan: *I have engaged a fire-engine*, and firemen's costumes for eight. Everybody will make way for us, if we do but hollo "Fire! fire!" and point up in the sky. The hose will be filled with bitter beer. Just write a line to say "Done." We shall start from Charges Street at ten precisely.—Yours ever, Dick Sergeant.'

'*P. S.*—I have got a helmet that will fit you to a T, and will, I hope, be becoming; as for myself, they say I look in mine like an ancient Roman.'

It is almost needless to say that the Home Correspondent not only rejected this discreditable proposal, but also composed a suitable admonition to Mr Richard Sergeant, under two heads, the one relating to the general impropriety of the suggestion in question, the other to the great mistake Mr R. S. had committed with respect to the character of the person to whom he had ventured to make such a proposition.

The third invitation was enclosed in a pink envelope, which bore the Pim——, I mean the Belgravian postmark. The Home Correspondent is fully aware of the duty he owes to the public, but the contents of that letter must be withheld from its anxious Eye. Suffice it to say, that the correspondent was a certain matron, much beloved by the H. C., and that she had written to say that she had secured an omnibus on the 10th for her family, and if I liked to accompany the same to view the Illuminations, I should be welcome.

This offer was embraced with rapture. I could not, however, accept the invitation to dine which accompanied it (for the lady in question was not one of those scourges of Society who ask one 'to come in the evening'), but occupied instead the hours from six till half-past eight P.M. in exploring the wet and shining metropolis.

District W did not much patronise Mr Defries, but was gorgeous in cheap transparencies. The Prince and Princess smiled from the first floors of half Paddington, and I regret to add that in more than one case they squinted. Business and loyalty were combined as much as was consistent with the principles of high art, and even more so. Here the royal pair were seen over a baker's shop in the enjoyment of a French roll, with the legend: 'Long may they live, and they can't live without it,' encircling the festal scene; and here they were represented at a pastrycook's, in ecstasies over a most unwholesome-looking patty, with 'May they be happy afterwards' inscribed above them—a touching instance of loyal and loving Faith contending with the greatest improbability. In one instance, an excited crowd demanded that their Princess should not be represented (larger than life) upon her knees in the act of cleaning a grate; and the proprietor of the transparency in question had to explain that the picture did not represent the Princess at all, but was always there, as an advertisement of his patent grate-powder, and that he had only lit it up in honour of the occasion. On the other hand, a magnificent Queen of Hearts was loudly cheered, although no particular loyal compliment had been intended by the card-maker over whose establishment it stood. A very ordinary gentleman in a 'corazza shirt' and 'Sydenhams' was also hailed with enthusiasm, as the counterfeit presentment of the Prince of Wales donning his wedding-garments.

The mystic art of spelling seemed to have been temporarily lost in the universal ebullition of Loyalty; and in those ambitious instances where the ancient classical languages were employed, the mistakes looked awful in their pyrotechnic prominence. The gentlemen of university education, with characteristic apathy, had evidently omitted to take advantage of one of the few opportunities which has ever been afforded them of turning their training to account. As for the modern continental tongues, they were rendered differently in different parts of the town, although I was quite unable to detect the law of their variation. What was *Wilkommen* in Piccadilly was *Vilkommen* in Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, and in Chapel Street was even *Bilkommen*. The Edgeware Road wisely contented itself with the vernacular, and only exclaimed, like a stage uncle: 'God bless you both.'

After many perils and much compression, I managed to reach the Albert Gate, between which and my destination was only a narrow space indeed, but occupied by a sluggish stream of vehicles four deep. To cross this at right angles was impossible, for its course was never arrested by the hand of Authority for one signal instant; but selecting the quietest-looking horse, I ran under him, and established myself on the step of a vehicle in the second row; repeating this operation, I reached the third and fourth with equal success, and in about half an hour I found myself on the right side of the road. But conceive the picture which London must have afforded, on that occasion, to any gentleman of observation stationed in a balloon above it, and furnished with a good night-glass! That Knightsbridge Road was only one example of what was taking place in *all* roads leading to the principal thoroughfares.

My dear grandmother, as I have since learned, was at that time—viz., 8 P.M.—in Wych Street, Strand, from which respectable neighbourhood her barouche and six (insides) did not emerge till daylight. They had started in time, with a vengeance, arriving in Trafalgar Square at 6 o'clock; the illuminations were not alight at that hour, but the police compelled my relatives to 'move on,' as though they had been gratified by the choicest possible displays. They had 'moved on' until they came to Temple Bar, which steady James had pronounced impassable; whereupon they had turned into Wych Street, and there stuck. They supped at 10, and breakfasted at 4 A.M., still in that barouche, for which, I am told, the whole family now entertain so great an aversion that my grandfather is thinking of selling it. I know of another family who, wishing to reach London Bridge from Kilburn, by way of the Edgeware Road, never even attained the Marble Arch.

The omnibus was at the door of the dwelling to which I was bound by the time I reached it, and very incongruous with that fashionable neighbourhood did the vehicle appear. It was of the yellow class, the highest ordinary rate of charge of which is, I believe, twopence per passenger. It might have looked less dirty if the night had not been dedicated to illuminations; but, as it was, we saw a good deal of that omnibus which we had no desire to see; and we had, a very lengthened opportunity for observation. When the charming young ladies of fashion, who had never experienced even the inside of such a vehicle before, mounted on the box-seat thereof, they did so, gaily, under the impression that they were to enjoy an hour or two of the splendours of the town, and return home about 11. Some elaborate orders were even given respecting the preparation of tea for that hour precisely. A hamper of refreshments, however, of a more solid character was fortunately carried with us, to which circumstance I, for one, feel that I owe my preservation.

At nine P.M. we joined that sluggish Knightsbridge stream, and in three-quarters of an hour, we had advanced the distance between two lamp-posts. The rate of travelling after this, however, decreased in a ratio only to be computed by skilled mathematicians. We remained opposite one particular second-floor apartment, in which sat an elderly lady brushing what was left of her back-hair, for more than an hour. She was unaware that we could see *her*, although she now and then approached the window, and flattened her aquiline nose against the panes, to watch the throng of vehicles, and I was under the greatest apprehensions as to what she might proceed to do next. She was evidently retiring to rest, although, most fortunately, in a very leisurely manner. An immense gas star opposite her residence displayed her every movement with painful distinctness. I was fascinated, not by her beauty, but by the frightful idea that we should presently see her take her teeth out, and put them on the mantel-piece, where she had already deposited her hair-pins and other personal property. Another carriageful of people immediately behind us were doubtless witnesses of this promised incident; but I so passionately besought our driver to move on, 'anywhere, anywhere,' out of this field of vision, that he broke the line in a heroic manner, and pushed into a southern by-street, with the intention of reaching Whitehall by Bird Cage Walk.

We passed through a region not indeed brilliantly illuminated, but one in which it was possible to proceed at more than a foot's pace—for a little time. Then we found that the sagacious idea of Bird Cage Walk had occurred to some thousands of other people in a similar plight. That cheerful thoroughfare was blockaded by vehicles—not only four deep, but all inextricably involved in one another. Everybody wanted to get on, and accused his immediate neighbour of obstructing his passage. What with the fiery sky that surrounded us on all sides, and the frantic haste with which each driver seized on every available inch to give his wheels a hundredth part of a turn, the scene reminded me of the retreat of the French wagons from Moscow. We were in a dead-lock, and there was no 'key to the position.' Unless for the distant fires, which lit St James's Park up with a lurid glare, making our situation visible in all its ghastliness, there was no Illumination to be seen, save a very feeble one, which emanated from a tallow-candle, stuck in a basket of oranges. This served, however, to remind us that there was comfort yet in that hamper which lay inside. We had it up, and issued rations to the crew on deck; and I exhorted them not to give way altogether to despair, just as I had often read is done by judicious captains when their vessel is becalmed upon a tropic sea. And the young ladies of fashion took to the sherry and sandwiches not unkindly, and listened to my words, and expressed their opinion that the expedition was by no means so bad a one after all.

It was certainly not so bad a one *then*, as it became afterwards, when the midnight air grew cold, and the men quarrelled with one another for the few railway-wrappers which the ladies could afford to dispense with; when the cigar-cases began to be empty, and the sherry to dwindle in the bottles, and the sandwiches to crumble in the papers, and some of us to take snatches of sleep, in which we dreamed that we were driving at full gallop over boundless plains, and woke with a shiver in Bird Cage Walk, with the same vehicles on every side of us, and none of them moving. These involuntary neighbours of ours offended us greatly. There was a spectral cab, which haunted our scarce-revolving wheels all night, and greatly added to our depression. It had nobody in it; it looked like one of those cabs, so justly objected to, which devotes itself to the philanthropic task of taking fever-patients to the hospitals: there was a black sack stuck behind it, filled with, I know not what, but something that had a dim resemblance to a human form. There was a mourning-coach, filled outside and in with a party obstreperously merry up to about midnight, when they all 'fell out,' and one fell down from the roof in a state of intoxication. There was also a pestilent costermonger's cart occupied by a party of young gentlemen of that profession, singing *epithalamia* in chorus. Next to these disagreeables, I count the satire of the passing crowd—the pedestrians who *could* pass. The Home Correspondent is not generally backward in repartee, but the company in which he had the honour to sit forbade, of course, his breaking a lance with the scoffers of the pavement. They wished to know what relative was dead, whom we were thus following to his last home at so appropriate and respectful a pace. They offered, with officious zeal, to go home and fetch our night-gear for us. They threatened to have our coachman pulled up for *Furious Driving!*

We had fancied that Bird Cage Walk was preposterously crowded, but the traffic there was unimpeded when compared with the state of things in Whitehall. Ten lines of vehicles filled up that mighty thoroughfare, save one small space left open for anything going towards Westminster. On both sides had been a perfect coruscation of light for four consecutive hours, but just as we reach the favoured spot, the Treasury 'failed,' without any assets, and that Palace of Tom Tiddler's Ground was transformed in an instant into a big blank wall. The poor old Admiralty would have gone out also, but that some men, upon ladders, would not let it, but kept it alive with sticks tipped with flaming tow. 'Why, it's like givin' an old ooman drink to make her dance,' observed a gentleman in a donkey-cart, within my hearing; and so it really was. This pitiful exhibition did more to prostrate us than the fatigue and cold, and thankful indeed did we feel when we were at last suffered to join that single line into which the whole ten had to be narrowed off, in order to enter Trafalgar Square. The huge transparency in front of the National Gallery was flickering and waning; the illuminations of Pall Mall were out; and only the skeletons of Stars and Wreaths were anywhere to be seen as we drove down Piccadilly, and met the same fourfold line of which we had formed a unit about seven hours before, still pressing up from Knightsbridge.

No vehicle moved out of a foot's pace that night, save one, for which room was made, as if by magic, in Whitehall, as it dashed by at full gallop. To common eyes, including those of the mounted police, it was a fire-engine, for the brass helmets of its occupants flashed back reflected flame from each

device, as it flew by; but if I ever saw my friend Sergeant in a costume similar to that of Julius Cæsar, with an eyeglass added, and shouting: 'Fire! fire!' at the top of his manly voice, it was on March 10, 1863, on the night of the London Feast of Lanterns.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The season for evening receptions, or conversazioni, has begun, and it is particularly interesting to observe how many novelties in art and science make their appearance at those gatherings, which but for them would be known only to the smallest of circles. Whosoever has invented or produced anything excellent that admits of examination, may count on finding an interested audience somewhere during the season. Among scientific soirées, those given by the President of the Royal Society take the lead, as may be supposed. Among interesting objects there exhibited, we saw Professor J. Clerk Maxwell's apparatus for observing the mixed colours of the spectrum, and studying certain important phenomena in optics; and his dynamical top, an instrument by which the rotation of the earth can be demonstrated. Mr Frank Buckland exhibited his method for the artificial breeding of fish. The value and importance of a solution of magenta in the preparation of specimens of natural history, were demonstrated by a naturalist: owing to the colour, and perhaps to some chemical effect, parts of the anatomy becoming visible which have never hitherto been seen in specimens preserved in the usual way. A piece of the under-sea cable laid from Sardinia to Africa, and fished up from a depth of seventy fathoms, interested naturalists by the curious animal and vegetable growths with which it was covered; while mineralogists looked with curiosity at a heavy fragment of a meteorite, weighing twenty-five pounds, which fell in Australia.

Advances in photography were illustrated by pictures taken so as to represent one half of a panorama, and by Mr Olley's chromo-photographs, the latter, instead of the usual brown colour, shewing beautiful tints of aniline. The effect of rose-colour upon a purple ground was admirable. The International Association for the reform of weights and measures proved themselves still active by exhibiting a large printed table, intended to be hung up in schools for the teaching of arithmetical signs, with a view to their eventual application to the metric system. They shewed also a specimen of their mètre, or new standard measure, accurately divided into centimètres and lesser quantities, and another in which the graduations of the mètre and yard are marked side by side, to facilitate the use of the new scale to learners and artificers. It is probable, as we hear, that a bill will be brought into parliament during the present session to authorise the adoption of the metric system. But we protest beforehand against the terms which are introduced into the draft of the bill—namely, kilomètre, hectomètre, myriamètre, and so forth, and especially against *litre* in place of pot or quart. If we must adopt the French mètre as a standard, we can surely find English names by which to describe it in any of its forms.

Among new instruments, we noticed Dr Babington's morphometer, applicable to the taking of portraits. As illustrations of the science of war, there were the mine-exploding apparatus by frictional electricity used by the Austrian government, and a large model of the shield-ship constructed after the plan laid down by Captain Cowper Coles. Especially worth notice, too, was the large collection of relics and memorials of Linnæus exhibited by the Linnean Society, comprising note-books, letters, dried plants, specimens of natural history, medals, and other rarities, all of which once belonged to the famous Swede, and are illustrative indeed of his career and influence on science.

We are glad to see that there is a prospect of a good survey of the southern heavens, with their stars and nebulæ, being accomplished. The Royal Society at Melbourne have taken the question in hand, and we hope to have the pleasure to announce, in due time, that a large reflecting telescope has been shipped to the enterprising city on the Yarra-Yarra. We are pretty well acquainted with our northern sky. Lord Rosse observes the distant nebulæ, varied by occasional studies of the moon; scores of telescopes are exploring for other objects; and Argelander of Bonn is surveying the heavens, and publishing star-charts, which, when complete, will contain 309,000 stars. The labour of such a survey can be appreciated only by men of science; the Astronomical Society have just shewn their opinion of it by awarding to the painstaking German their gold medal. Astronomy and meteorology are the more interesting at the present time because of the unusual weather that has prevailed in all parts of the world, as well on sea as on land. It would appear to be a confirmation of Sir John Herschel's opinion, to the effect, 'that the climate of the whole earth has been experiencing, for the last two or three years, a remarkable disturbance from a cosmical cause which he places in the sun, and traces first in its direct action on the southern hemisphere, and then indirect action on the northern.'

The Kensington Museum still holds out inducements to art-students; prizes varying from two guineas to twenty pounds are offered to artist-workmen for wood-carving and coloured decoration. The course of lectures comprises some good subjects: On Construction and Ornament, old and new; on Wrought-iron Work; on Architecture, its purpose and its place among the arts; and others equally instructive.—Workmen will hardly complain in these days that they have no chance of getting on, when real knowledge is offered to them either gratuitously or at the smallest possible cost; when workmen's eating-houses have become a reputable and profitable fact; and when, as Alderman Waterlow has just shewn in Finsbury, handsome and wholesome dwellings may be built for them, with manifest advantage to the tenants, and a good profit to the owner.

Papers have been read before the institution of Civil Engineers on the drainage-works at Dundee, and at Newport in Monmouthshire, which we notice because they confirm the experience gained in other places—namely, that improved health follows drainage. At Dundee, 'a decided decrease has taken place in the rate of mortality;' and at Newport, where the deaths used to average more than thirty in the thousand, they are now less than twenty in the thousand, which is below the average of England and Wales. 'The Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames,' is the title of another paper read at the same institution, from which we learn that at Wolvercote, three miles above Oxford, the flow of water was found to be, by observation, 58 feet per minute in the summer months, yielding 8120 cubic feet per minute; in fine winter weather, the velocity is nearly 95 feet, and the quantity more than 17,000 feet per minute; and in time of floods, the quantity is increased to from 28,000 to 35,000 feet per minute. In the present year, the rainfall from 1st to 7th January swelled the flow of water per minute, at the place of observation, to 82,500 cubic feet.

A catalogue of the plans and other publications of the Ordnance Survey of England and Wales—and of Scotland, down to the end of the year 1862—have just been published under the direction of Colonel Sir Henry James. To many persons, these catalogues will be very useful for reference, and the price at

which they are sold—sixpence—places them within the reach of all.

Judging from recent experiments made at Shoeburyness, there seems to be a reasonable prospect that our means of defence can be really rendered complete and effectual. Sir William Armstrong, as those who know him best would easily anticipate, has again shewn that iron armour, however thick, however well strengthened, becomes weak as crockery in front of his mighty weapons. If with a three-hundred pounder he can send a shell through a seven-inch iron plate, and shatter and set fire to the teak backing, what floating thing will ever be able to resist his thousand-pounder, of which trial is some day to be made? With thousand-pounders mounted at all the vulnerable parts of our coast, what enemy would venture to come within range? And while the foe was considering the question, it would perhaps begin to dawn upon him, that war had best be consigned to the same limbo with duelling, and that as the negro said to the snapping-turtle, so England says to all the world: 'You let me alone, and I 'll let you alone.'

One of the objections to large screw steam-ships is the enormous sweep which they have to make in order to turn round, whereby they are prevented from manœuvring in narrow channels or harbours. The *Warrior* requires from eight to twelve minutes to go round under full steam. It has been shewn, by experiment on the Thames with the screw-steamer *Kate*, that this objection may be entirely avoided by the use of two screws. By working the screws in opposite directions at the same time, the *Kate* was made to turn round within her own length as on a pivot, without any help from the rudder, and in three minutes of time. This is a manifest advantage in narrow water. The vessel can also be made to go ahead or astern independently of the rudder. The screws are placed under what is technically known as the 'dead wood;' no screw-well is needed, and no outer sternpost. Hence the *Kate* is much stronger than screw-steamers of ordinary construction.

The astronomer at Cape Town, Sir Thomas Maclear, has made arrangements for the daily dropping of a time-ball by telegraph at Simon's Bay, the principal port for vessels touching at the Cape of Good Hope, so that vessels on a long voyage will now be able to correct their reckoning at that important station.—It appears from a statistical report concerning telegraphs, that the length of the various submarine cables now laid is more than 15,000 miles. An extension is projected to connect India with Australia, by way of Java, and ultimately with China; and measures are now in progress for an overland telegraph to India, whereby the risks of the Red Sea route will be avoided. As we mentioned some time ago, the line from Constantinople to Bagdad is complete; thence to the head of the Persian Gulf, about three hundred miles, it will cross Arab territory, where the most powerful chief is to be subsidised to protect it from wilful injury. From the head of the Gulf, the line will pass to Bushire under sea; thence to Cape Mussendom, in the Strait of Ormuz; thence to Cape Gwadel, where, quitting the water, it is to be carried along the land to join the existing station at Kurrachee. In connection with this, it is proposed to stretch a line from Bagdad to Teheran, Ispahan, Shiraz, and so to the head of the Gulf. The submarine portion of the telegraph is to be composed of a large copper conductor in four sections, prepared and coated in a way which will defy the attacks of tropical insects.—Mr Wheatstone is bringing out a new instrument which prints legible messages with great rapidity, and is so contrived that any person using the ingenious apparatus may lock it up, and find on his return, after a day's absence, all the messages received in the interval duly recorded, and secure against inquisitive eyes.

A correspondent sends us a plan for the prevention of the fraud sometimes practised by altering the amount of a bill of exchange; twenty into seventy, for example, as lately occurred at Glasgow. The plan is to perforate the amount of the bill in the paper, either in words or figures, by which means any difference between the perforated and the written sum would be at once detected.

House-drainage, town-drainage, and pollution of rivers have for years past been topics of public discussion; but of late a new form of the question has been started with respect to house-drainage, and it is proposed to substitute earth for water in what in legal phrase are called the 'easements.' A water-closet without water sounds like a contradiction; but it has been proved by years of experience that a closet may be constructed in which a small quantity of dry earth shall be used instead of water, not only without offensiveness, but with an avoidance of the inconveniences which in not a few instances attend the use of water. We have heard of the question in different parts of the kingdom, but it has always been treated as one unfit for discussion. However, it is now taken up and ably argued by a writer in the *Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society. Starting from the well-known fact, that dry, sifted earth has a remarkable power to absorb and fix ammonia and other fertilisers, he shews that excrementitious matters may be easily mixed with earth, so that 'neither eye nor nose should perceive anything offensive' in a properly constructed closet; that instead of the waste of fertilising matter and fouling of rivers, as at present, every householder, every school and factory, would be able to make a profit of that which is now a nuisance; 'In a county jail,' containing 150 prisoners, he remarks, 'it costs L.50 a year to keep in order the water-closets. Apply the earth-system, the repairs of which would not be L.5 a year, and nearly L.200 a year will be saved to the county'—the saving consisting in the value of the compost. He shews how the system may be applied to towns and villages, and presents a calculation, from which it appears that if 'one-fifth of the population of Great Britain adopt and thoroughly carry out this system, one million tons of manure, equal to guano, will every year be added to our supply of fertilisers . . . . . and its benefits be conveyed to many a hill now barren, and change unprofitable heath into fruitful fields.' We recommend the subject to the attention of all intelligent landlords, for the principle involved is that one about which philosophers and practical men have written so much—namely, compensation. It has long been argued, that the perfection of agricultural economy would be to restore to the land all the refuse of the productions which we consume as food.

Natal is to have a Cotton Plantation Company, with 130,000 acres of land, which, as is said, will produce cotton at fourpence a pound delivered in England.—In India, the natives are entering more and more upon cotton cultivation, and the enterprising ones are beginning to buy gins for themselves, instead of hiring.—A commercial treaty has been concluded with Burmah; already two steamers are trading on the Irrawadi, and from the head-waters of that great river it is thought that a trade-route may be opened to the south-western provinces of China. Dr M'Cosh advocates an overland route from Calcutta to Yunan, which, from Assam, shall penetrate the mountains, and cross the state of Munnipore to the Chinese frontier. The trade prospects of this route are described as of the most promising nature. Taking a flight from east to west, we hear of a wagon-route from Canada to British Columbia, across a magnificent country which stretches away to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, teeming with rivers and lakes, forests and prairies, where any number of distressed cotton-spinners, and whatever surplus of population Europe may have to spare, may find room to increase and multiply for centuries to come. From Canada's neighbours, also, there comes news of

prosperity; New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island claim to have more tons of registered shipping than any country in Europe, except England and France.

WEARING THE HAT BEFORE THE SOVEREIGN.

Lord Kingsale enjoys the hereditary privilege, granted by King John to De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, of *wearing his hat in the royal presence*. The means by which this heroic warrior and able statesman obtained this privilege presents an interesting passage in the history of the peerage.

Sir John Courcy having distinguished himself in the wars of Henry II. in England and in Gascony, was sent into Ireland in the year 1177 as an assistant to William Fitz-Adelm in the government of that kingdom. Sir John, having prevailed upon some of the veteran soldiery to accompany him, invaded the province of Ulster with twenty-two knights, fifty esquires, and about three hundred foot-soldiers; and after many hard-fought battles, succeeded in attaching that quarter of the kingdom to the English monarchy, for which important services he was created in 1181 (being the first Englishman dignified with an Irish title of honour) Earl of Ulster. His lordship continued in high favour during the remainder of the reign of his royal master, and performed prodigies of valour in Ireland; but upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, appointed governor of Ireland by that monarch, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized while performing penance, unarmed and barefooted, in the churchyard of Downpatrick, on Good Friday, in the year 1208, and sent over to England, where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, and granted to Lacie all the earl's possessions in Ireland.

After his lordship had been in confinement about a year, a dispute arose between King John and Philip Augustus of France concerning the duchy of Normandy, the decision of which was referred to single combat. King John appointed the day, against which the king of France appointed his champion; but the king of England, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the Tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster, was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when everything was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the monarchs of England, France, and Spain, the opponent of the earl, seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse, and fled the arena; whereupon the victory was adjudged by acclamation to the champion of England. The French king being informed, however, of the earl's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship, at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance, that he not only restored the earl to his estates and effects, but he desired him to ask anything within his gift, and it should be granted. To which the earl replied, that having estates and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his majesty and all future kings of England; which request was immediately conceded.

MARY AMBREE.

In Ben Jonson's masque, *The Fortunate Islands*, when Merefool desires to have Helen of Troy called from spirit-land, Jophiel assures him

> That Mary Ambree—
> Who marched so free
> To the siege of Gaunt,
> And death could not daunt,
> As the ballad doth vaunt—
> Were a braver wight,
> And a better sight.

This Amazonian heroine is frequently alluded to by the Elizabethan dramatists as the type of a masculine-minded woman. One of the characters in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* says:

> My daughter will be valiant,
> And prove a very Mary Ambree.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady calls a gentleman disguised in female attire 'My large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree;' and Mouse, in the *Silent Woman*, on seeing Mrs Otter beating her husband, exclaims: 'Mistress Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous!'

The warlike reputation of the lady in question appears to have been gained in an attempt made by some English allies of the Hollanders to retake Ghent or Gaunt from the Prince of Parma, who captured the place in 1584. According to the ballad—

> When captaines courageous, whom death could not daunt,
> Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
> They mustered their souldiers by two and by three,
> And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.
>
> When brave Sir John Major was slaine in her sight,
> Who was her true lover, her joy and delight;
> Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
> Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

Encasing herself in mail, and armed with sword and target, she summoned her compatriots to the number of a thousand and three, and then

> She led up her souldiers in battaile array,
> Gainst three times theyre number by breake of the day;
> Seven howers in skirmish continued shee;
> Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

After slashing one traitor into three with her own hands, she was obliged to retire with her forces into a castle, from the walls of which she defied the enemy, and challenged any three of the Spanish captains to meet her in combat. Struck with her bravery, they entreated her to ransom herself, a proposition answered in the following fashion:

> 'Ye captaines courageous, of valour so bold,
> Whom think you before you now you doe behold?'
> 'A knight, sir, of England, and captaine so free,
> Who shortlye with us a prisoner must be!'
>
> 'No captaine of England; behold in your sight,
> Two brests in my bosome, and therfor no knight:
> Nor knight, sirs of England, nor captaine you see,
> But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.'
>
> * * *
>
> The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
> Who long had advanced for England's faire crowne;
> He wooed her and sued her his mistresse to bee,
> And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.
>
> But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
> 'I 'le ne'ere sell my honour for purple nor pall.'
>
> * * *
>
> Then to her own country she backe did returne,
> Still holding the foes of fair England in scorne;
> Therfore England's captaines of every degree
> Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

What was the ultimate fate of the fair warrior, we cannot say; history is silent on the subject; her fame, however, descended to the days of the Restoration, for we find Butler in *Hudibras* describing a dame as

> A bold virago stout and tall
> As Joan of Arc or English Mall.

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SIGN-LANGUAGE.

IN General Marcy's book, *The Prairie Traveller*, one of the most interesting passages gives an account of the signs used by the Indians in their communications with strangers. Their system of signs stands to them in lieu of all foreign languages whatever, and constitutes in effect a kind of universal language. 'The signs,' says the General, 'are exceedingly graceful and significant, and what was a fact of much astonishment to me, I discovered they were very nearly the same as those practised by the mutes in our deaf and dumb schools, and were comprehended by them with perfect facility.' Perhaps no better idea could be given of the extent to which signs can suffice for intercourse than by shewing how the art is practised among the deaf and dumb, to whom it is indispensable.

Let us suppose we spend an hour in an institution for this class.

School has just opened for morning lessons. The pupils take seats for a writing-lesson, with which exercise the school-work to-day commences. One who is late in getting to his seat disturbs his neighbour, and mars the formation of a letter. Instantly the offended party assumes the perpendicular. He fixes the disturber with his glittering eye; he then moulds his face into a scowl, importing unmistakable anger. He clenches one fist, and grinds the desk with it; with the forefinger of the other hand he points to the blotted, or otherwise ill-formed letter. He then jerks up his forefinger, and, so to speak, harpoons the offender with it, dashing it menacingly in his direction, and shaking it so for a quarter of a minute, gives a suppressed grunt, and is down again to his writing. The defaulter receives the reproof with humility, admits its justice by nodding mildly, his eyes the while assuming a deprecating expression, being enlarged to their utmost, to shew how completely he sees himself in the wrong. The fingers of his right hand begin to comb circularly on his brow, to intimate that some confusion existed in that quarter, or, in other words, that the affair was an accident, and no harm meant. He then turns round to those about him who are watching matters, changes his expression into one of contempt, puffs out the smallest of puffs, as if the bubble would only take that quantity of breath to blow it away, and slightly shrugs his shoulders, as if he would say: 'Here 's an uproar about nothing!' One or two laugh, either being of his opinion, or at the humour of playing humility while under accusation, and straightway mocking the accuser behind his back. All then subside to their work.

In a little while, the eye of one wearies of her copy-book, and wanders about for relief. It is arrested by the snow-flakes beginning to fall. In excitement at the discovery, she beats the desk, and when all start up amazed at the interruption, and fasten their gaze on the interrupter, who is still drumming like the town-crier with news to tell, which he avoids proclaiming until his audience be large enough, her eager eyes and dancing movement, as she hitches up and down, bespeak the importance of the forthcoming announcement. Her schoolmates grow angry at the delay, and draw down their eyebrows. Forefingers are stretched out, and waved from side to side, at first gently, while the eyes express inquiry, but are soon wagged rapidly, and with vehemence, putting the question more decidedly as to what the matter is. The drummer now taps on her teeth, and shakes her extended arms, to imitate the quick flying of a bird, without, however, doing the forward movement that properly accompanies the mimic representation of flying. By this she intimates that there is snow—something white, that is, or of tooth-colour—coming flutteringly down. So red is lip-colour, yellow is neck-colour, black is eyebrow-colour, &c. All eyes verify the information for themselves. Some grow large with surprise, as needing throughout their whole extent to examine the unlooked-for event. Others, according to difference of disposition, display a guarded unconcern by witnessing the snow without departing from their ordinary expression, or indicate contempt of the unimportant announcement by their lids half meeting, while the lips curl. The partly shut eye signifies that the small occurrence must be satisfied with a half-open door of admission.

The idea of cold occurs in connection with the snow. It is expressed by sinking the head between the shoulders, and gathering one's self up as much as may be into a ball, to keep in the vital heat. In like manner, the fingers of each hand are gathered tightly together, and the fists pressed in upon the chest. Shivering is done. The teeth chatter. Eyes twinkle with comic pity, while long breaths are slowly taken in and slowly given out again. One little

fellow, who has been regarding the snow with anything but a friendly look, bemoans himself with no comic undercurrent; he puts his open palm upon his breast, then with sudden vehemence flings back his hand, shutting his eyes the while, and turning away his head, to intimate that the very sight of it is too much. His amused neighbour smacks his lips and pats his breast, to signify how entirely different are his feelings. It is curious to note how pleasure and its opposite are talked of stomachically; the signs for these sensations being first used at a period of life when enjoyment is centred in the single shape of food. The notion of cold being welcome to any one, offends the first speaker; he doubles up his fist hard, and raps upon his brow, then jerks his forefinger towards the party who has ventured the distasteful heterodoxy, and resumes the rapping till his brow reddens. To rap thus denotes the idea of stupidity, as if one rapped and rapped where nobody was at home. The charge of being stupid, so forcibly made, is received with quite a charming smile. The accused sits erect, and expands himself, to enjoy over his whole person the grateful influence. He slowly brings in his hands upon his breast, and there presses them hard, the one over the other, the mode in which deaf-mutes indicate affection. Such a feeling, he says, he entertains towards the cold. It is his very dear friend. He then, with the thumb-nail of one hand, which he holds open, draws a line across his brow, which his neighbour has just likened to a house where no one was at home. The extended thumb denotes goodness, as the little finger left open when the rest of the hand is shut signifies badness. Whatever the thumb touches is talked of as being good. By drawing it over his brow, the boy repels the accusation of being stupid, and substitutes for it the counter-assertion that everything in that quarter is good. Instead of being a fool, he is, on the contrary, a very knowing fellow, and his remarks savour only of sound sense. An eye that has been on the watch detects the master rising from an exercise that was under correction; a rapidly waved hand, and a quick short dabbing with the finger towards the point of approach, communicates the danger, and all are immediately, with preternatural intentness, bent over their writing.

The master taps the desk, to obtain attention, but so thoroughly are the pupils occupied with their copy-books that no one is disturbed. The tapping goes on, and at length suspicious eyes look up, but become assured when the purport of the tapping comes forth: it is merely to announce a change of school-exercise. By making the palms an open book, and shutting them from the hinge, the command is given to put away copy-books. Slates are now brought out from desks, and a search for the dusters lying about the room follows. Each pupil who finds one becomes the centre of a group either quietly awaiting their turn, or struggling for priority in snatching the desired article when the slate of the first finder shall be clean enough. In one case which arrests me, the party whose duty is to wet a corner of the duster has neglected to do so. An indignant onlooker puts his finger to the inside of his underlip, to indicate wetness, then shakes his head—the invariable sign of negation. He hereby states that the towel is not wet. His rounded eyes while so expressing himself, followed by his head being suddenly retracted and his back stiffened, signify his astonishment thereat; while his hand spread out, palm upward, and the continued look of astonishment with which his eyes traverse the circle, invite attention to the circumstance. As the operation of cleansing is prolonged, dissatisfaction grows. A general extension of left arms takes place, not with military promptitude and uniformity, but now one, and by and by another. Slowly, and as if with effort, the right hand stretches over to the wrist of the other, and is trailed upwards to the shoulder, and in some cases across the breast. This indicates length of time. 'How slow you are.' School-boy ire, like dry thorns, is soon in a blaze. The combative propensities, said to be located in the brain next door to the osseous structure wherein the hearing apparatus is lodged, are clearly not destroyed by the visitation whose result is deafness. Point-blank denial meets the charge. 'No, not long,' says the shaken head of the accused. He spreads out the towel to shew that it is dry, while his angry glance going and returning from it to the eyes of his schoolfellows, would draw their perception towards the fact. The cloth is snatched away, and the crowd of expectants is broken up. One remains like the afterswell of a storm, or the taste of a bitter pill, causing wry faces when the pill is gone over. Says Nemesis, holding up one finger and pointing: 'You are one,' and 'we,' pointing to himself and the group now elsewhere, 'are many.' To signify *many* all the fingers are held up and waved. 'I,' pointing to himself, 'will never give things to you,' makes-believe to hand over something, then suddenly stops, and shakes his head.

Conviction, says terse theology, is not conversion. Here is the case in point. The convicted but unconverted transgressor against school-boy good-fellowship curls scornful lips, and puffs a small puff. He half averts his head, and wholly averts his eyes, and knocks backward his knuckles once against an aërial tambourine. It is not worth his while to knock twice. 'Away, slight boy!' his action exclaims, with the forcibleness of Aufidius in the play. 'Is't possible?' ask the dilated eyes of insulted Coriolanus, conscious both of honest intent and of physical superiority. Gesture-language never lacks strength of expression to convey strength of feeling. As naturally, and as much by inevitable sequence, as when an elastic stocking takes the form of the limb on which it is drawn, do attitude, look, and movement correspond to the emotion that underlies them. Contempt has spoken strongly; it now speaks more strongly still. The mute Aufidius turns full upon his adversary, takes imaginary saliva from his mouth, and does the action of throwing it upon his opponent's face. Recovered from the stunning effect of so unlooked-for a blow, Coriolanus pockets his passion to a more convenient season. He merely breathes hard, nods after the fashion of Banquo's ghost, but with rather less of menace, and then points to the clock and out to the playground. He then stalks off. Stalk is not, in this connection, a stilted word, but correctly describes the mode of departure adopted.

I watch two of the older girls, who, with knitted brows and parted lips, are puzzling over a sum. Their eyes are on one slate; they look at it with their heads bent low. Long and close inspection does not reveal the secret. They next try another point of view, and sit upright; but the lines of perplexity written on their countenances do not become effaced. The eyes of one form themselves into a note of interrogation, and make inquiry at the eyes of the other. The reply comes in a gloomier and more troubled aspect. 'No,' it says; 'all is dark still.' By and by, however, the corrugated brows relax, and a hand is lifted up to deprecate interruption by further remark just at present. A clue has evidently presented itself, and is being followed up. Meanwhile, the eyes wink hard, as if making great efforts to swallow down something. At length they cease winking, and in a little while expand complacently. Then the face smiles all over, and many rapid nods are given. With her thumb-nail, she taps her brow—the mode of signifying 'I know it.' The eyes of her neighbour open wide, and express great interest; they then swiftly change into the inquiry: 'How do you do it?' This they ask by looking hard at her companion, and winking very fast and in a troubled manner, while the girl herself moves restlessly on her seat, much like a dog expectant of a bone. She repeats the question by pointing to the perplexing sum, and then

shaking her open palm sideways, while the look of interrogation remains in the eyes. To strengthen the solicitation, the inquirer's head is shaken in unison with her hand. 'Shew me,' she adds, patting softly under her eye, and glancing to the slate, to indicate that her eye is looking out for the explanation. Thus adjured, the party who has penetrated the mystery proceeds judicially. In order that no mistake may arise as to any partition of credit in the discovery, she formally puts the question: 'Do you know it?' tapping her brow with the thumb-nail as explained above, while the eyes look interrogation. An energetic admission of total ignorance is made. The fingers of one hand touch lightly her brow, and are flung from it with force. This full confession is satisfactory, for her companion at once presses her lips together, and nods her head. She then beckons for attention, and one engrossment absorbs the two.

Out of twenty persons, say the statists, such and such a number are sure to be of this disposition, and such and such a number of that. I have not had my attention drawn strongly to it before, but the certainty of one or two whose propensity is mischief being hid like a leaven among school-children, breaks upon me as a beam of light when I see a little monkey stretching out to pull another's hair, and straightway wearing the appearance of being excessively occupied with his lessons. A countryman once criticised a work of art representing, amongst other things, a porcine family feeding. He observed that one of them at least ought to have had a foot in the dish. In like manner, representations of schools where all the pupils might have borne banners with the strange device 'Excelsior,' are surely defective in leaving out every indication that a leaven of earthliness is under the heavenly surface. The youngster whose hair has been pulled casts about for the offender, and probably made wise by experience, attributes blame to the party deserving it. But a mild denial and a look of innocence meeting him, his faith wavers, and he glances elsewhere. He catches a witness of the transaction laughing, and fastens upon him as the guilty individual. 'You,' says he, pointing to the person addressed, 'pulled my hair;' imitating the act. The accused shakes his head from side to side, and purses up his mouth into the formation it assumes when one utters the word 'no.' 'I am sure it was you,' says the accuser, bringing vehemently a clenched fist on his other palm, which is held open for the stroke, 'for you laughed;' striking rapidly his chin with the hollow of his hand between thumb and forefinger. The accused becomes angry in turn, and persistent reiteration of the charge kindles his wrath to flame. He blazes out with the strong monosyllable of three letters used by angry folks to denote that a statement made lacks basis of facts. 'A lie,' says the irate youngster, cutting once with his forefinger between his lips, and flinging the said finger towards the accuser.

Of course, a dialogue of this nature is not unobserved. He of the pulled hair appeals to the company generally, pressing his thumb upon his breast, and traversing with inquiring eyes the onlookers. He hereby asks if he is right. Many shaken heads say 'no;' but nobody betrays the real offender, who all this while is so exceedingly intent on his book as not to be aware of the commotion in his vicinity. At length, the corners of laughing eyes turning to this busy individual, and his known habits of mischief, confirm the first suspicion. When Mr Innocence looks up in wonderment, to ask what the matter is, the flashing eye of the aggrieved confronts him. 'Fox,' says the mimic action that at once salutes him. In representing this incarnation of cunning, the shut hand is grated along the cheek to the tapering chin, to shew the animal's conformation of face, while the head is held down and to a side, with the eyes looking askance. The effort to still keep on his mask of ignorance is too much for the general forbearance, and indignant repetitions of the assertion that he is a fox meet him from every quarter. He then lightly and quickly with his forefinger brushes an imaginary speck of dust upwards from off his brow, hereby saying that it was nothing but fun, a mere speck of merriment resting on the surface of his mind, which a finger's touch will remove. Thus literally he treats the matter with levity. 'Many times,' says an onlooker spreading wide his hands, and fanning with them up and down, each wave of each finger denoting once. All the fingers wave to denote frequency. 'You are often in mischief.' 'You,' pointing to him, 'are bad;' shaking little finger. 'Very bad;' striking one little finger across the other. 'Troublesome;' putting his hand to his breast, and slowly inflating, then slowly emptying his lungs, afterwards suffering his head to droop forward, as if too exhausted to support it. Mr Innocence does not relish this phase of the business, and accordingly becomes very anxious to go on with his lessons.

These are all *bonâ-fide* remarks made by deaf and dumb children in the manner mentioned. One can see from this that pantomime might be studied to more purpose than merely to render clowns on the stage grotesque. Besides being no bad addition to a traveller's stock of mental wares when proposing to visit rude tribes, a knowledge of sign-language might assist others than travellers—in the way, for example, of eking out half-expressed ideas, when it is not exactly convenient to put them in words. Fancy the universal boon.

A RUSSIAN SUITOR.

My uncle, Mr James Ludlow, was one of the richest and most respected of the English merchants at St Petersburg, and he had often pressed me to pay him a visit. As long as I can remember, I had been an especial favourite of this uncle—my mother's brother—who had no son of his own, and who had always treated me with great kindness during his frequent visits to his native country. By degrees, however, these periodical trips grew few and far between; Mr Ludlow's health was not what it had been, and his intercourse with my parents and myself was limited to correspondence.

I scarcely remember how it came about that I was led to accept my uncle's invitation to pass a winter as his guest in the Russian capital. Some undefined ideas of bear-hunts and wolf-hunts, of gay balls and sledging-parties, tempted me to face the journey and the climate; while my father was strongly in favour of my going. I suspect that Mr Ludlow had written to my mother in more urgent terms than to myself, for she more than once 'wondered how I should like my cousin Caroline;' while my father made more than one jesting allusion to the probability of my coming back a Benedict. Now, Mr Ludlow happened to be a widower—a most unlikely man to contract a second marriage, and Caroline was his sole heiress.

The invitation was accepted, but a number of trifling causes combined to postpone my actual departure, and the winter season was already far spent when I arrived at St Petersburg, and took up my residence beneath my uncle's roof. Before I had been many days an inhabitant of the northern capital, I was as heartily in love with my pretty blue-eyed cousin as the fondest of match-makers could desire; but the worst of the matter was, that my affection was not reciprocated. Caroline—whom I had not seen since she was a little fair-haired child—met me with the frank kindness of bearing which our near relationship warranted; but I found no especial grace in her eyes, nor was I long in learning that her affections were engaged.

Mr Ludlow, in his blunt good-natured way, rated

me soundly for the delay in my arrival at St Petersburg, on which he laid the blame of the failure of plans which he now avowed openly enough.

'You see, Harry, my boy, it was the wish of my heart, years ago, that you and my daughter Caroline should love each other. You are my dear sister's child, and I have no son of my own to carry on the business which Ludlow and Gregg have conducted here ever since the Emperor Paul's reign. You have been brought up to business-habits, will be well off when your father dies—I hope that it will not be yet, this many a year—and I never heard anything of your character but what pleased me. Carry will be well off, very well off, and is a dear, good girl, and a pretty girl.'

'Indeed she is,' said I, cracking a filbert with unnecessary vehemence.

My uncle nodded, and pushed the decanters towards me, as he answered: 'I wish you could have had her, Harry; but I fear she 's in love with that Russian fellow—confound him!'

What Russian fellow? Although this conversation took place on the tenth evening of my stay at St Petersburg, we had already been a good deal in the gay society of the town, and I had seen, with a jealous pang, sundry wasp-waisted young officers and diplomates doing their best to fascinate the rich and pretty English heiress. But when Mr Ludlow named Basil Olgoff as the fortunate winner of Caroline's heart, I could not help uttering an exclamation of incredulous astonishment.

This Olgoff was a tall, dark-complexioned young man, about two years older than myself, and of a gloomy aspect and taciturn demeanour. He was a constant visitor at my uncle's house, but I had never felt the curiosity to ask any questions regarding him; and I could not conjecture how Caroline could be attracted towards him.

Indeed, among all those gay uniforms, resonant titles, and sparkling orders, Olgoff's plain black-coat, gaunt figure, and sad face, had appeared to the utmost disadvantage, and he was the very last person on whom my suspicions would have fixed. It was difficult to guess what merits Caroline saw in such a suitor. Disposed as I was to take a sufficiently modest estimate of my own powers of pleasing, I could not see any superiority in looks or manners on the part of Basil Olgoff over Henry Walton. He was a baron, to be sure, but what of that!

I suppose I must have spoken the last sentence aloud, for my uncle readily rejoined: 'What of that, indeed! Why, Harry, you must not set my Caroline down as on a par with those silly English girls who fling themselves away on the first foreign puppy that flashes his trumpery title, real or fictitious, before their foolish eyes. We have seen too much of the grand world in these latitudes to be so easily gulled. My daughter might have been a princess twice, at least, since she came out in Russian society, had she and I fancied those who sought her hand, and who were higher and wealthier, ten times over, than Olgoff.'

He then went on to tell me that the latter was a neighbour of theirs in the country. My uncle had purchased a small estate on the banks of the Volga, not very far from the city of Nevskoi Novgorod, and it was there that he and his daughter spent the summer. Olgoff lived hard by, on a property small indeed as to value and extent, but which had been handed down from father to son for a length of time most unusual in Russia, where fortunes are commonly of quick growth and rapid decay. He was the heir of one of those ancient families of boyards, the old squirearchy of Muscovy, poor and barbarous in the eyes of the mushroom nobility of St Petersburg, but who render to that brilliant and corrupt court scorn for scorn, and hatred for dislike. The Olgoffs were one of those families which Peter the Great had failed to remodel according to his imperial fancy. They had given up their beards and caftans at his will, but they had never flocked to his new metropolis among the Ingrian swamps, and they kept aloof from the frowns or favours of the sovereign. Basil's father had, however, been cajoled or forced into the military service, had risen to the rank of general, and had received the title of baron—a distinction little valued by a boyard of ancient stock, and which he esteemed the less from sharing it with the meanest of the czar's French and German sycophants. The old general had rendered some service to my uncle in times long past, and on this account the Ludlows had always been kind and hospitable to his son, their neighbour.

And now the mischief was done. My hopes were nipped in the bud; my uncle's plan for his daughter's settlement in life was overturned, and the house of Ludlow and Gregg bade fair to come to an end with the earthly tenure of its present chief. Mr Ludlow was very much vexed, but he was the kindest of parents, and the idea of thwarting his daughter's inclinations never seriously entered his head. She was his only child, had been petted and indulged from the cradle, and he could not bear to give her pain, or to be harsh with her. He thought it his duty to speak to Caroline on the subject, but beyond a word of warning and advice he would not go. Paternal prohibitions and stern injunctions were as much out of his way as the impressive maledictions and fine speeches of a theatrical heavy father. He spoke, accordingly, praising my unworthy self, doing his best to set me, her cousin, in a pleasing point of view before Caroline's eyes, and at the same time expressing a not unnatural wish that she should marry a man of her own country and creed, in preference to an alien.

But Caroline's answer, though not quite direct, left no hope. She liked me very well, she said, as a cousin; she was in no hurry to be married, and so on. But it was plain to her father that her affections were engaged, and that if Basil Olgoff chose to make an offer, that offer would be accepted. My uncle groaned in spirit, but left his daughter full liberty of choice.

'Olgoff's not a bad fellow,' he would say to me in moments of confidence over the mahogany. 'But a Russian! the difference of religion and nationality is so great, that such unions have a thousand chances of shipwreck; and though the lad is a good steady lad, and the soul of honour, as his father was before him, he has inherited some wonderful notions of his own about church-matters—is not, indeed, an orthodox member of the Russo-Greek communion, but is what they call here a Raskolnik—a dissenter, belonging to some wild sect. To us Englishmen, it matters little how these people differ among themselves about ritual and discipline, picture-worship, and genuflexions; but the Raskolniks are enemies of government, and I should have preferred that my son-in-law should be at least in good odour with the powers that be.'

These words raised my curiosity. I knew as yet but little about the under-currents of religious feeling in Russia, but I made inquiries, and received copious information, if not always of an accurate nature. I learned that, in spite of the sheep-like docility with which the great bulk of the nation had followed the beckoning-hand of the czar-pontiff, many sects still set themselves in opposition to the state profession of faith. These varied much, from the Non-united Greeks to the strange heretics who followed the doctrines of certain wild prophets and martyrs, as singular, but more obscure than Kniperdoling or John of Leyden. All these dissenters were more or less under the frown of imperial power, according to their grades—the adherents of the old order of things being viewed with simple displeasure, while the partisans of more fanatical and dangerous teachers were actively persecuted.

Horrid tales were told of these last, tales of cruel torture, mutilation, and death, ruthlessly inflicted on

voluntary victims, who thought to buy Paradise by creating for themselves a place of torment upon earth. But the authorities took every means to hush up such legends, and at the same time endeavoured by strict severity to extirpate this moral cancer from society.

To which of these sects Olgoff belonged, I had not the remotest idea; nor, indeed, could I glean any information on the subject from my numerous acquaintances, who were in general only too communicative concerning their neighbours. Indeed, religion, except from a political point of view, was rarely spoken of; elegant scepticism, or an affectation of cosmopolitan indifference, reigned among the polished denizens of the St Petersburg palaces, and it was understood that the orthodox United Greek Church was an excellent church for the mujiks, the merchants, the soldiers, and the 'black people' in general. That Olgoff, in some outward respects, conformed to this church, was pretty certain; and beyond that nothing was known, though much might be suspected.

The winter went on with its biting cold, its snow-storms, its keen winds, its nights of starry splendour, and its constant round of festivity. There might be suffering in the suburbs, where the *tshernoi narod* left their wooden hovels to seek warmth by huddling in the steaming halls of the vapour-bath, and where bread and sour cabbage were dear, and *vodki* scarce, but there was no stint of revelry and mirth among the stately streets of the city. I stayed, although every successive week and day proved more and more clearly that Caroline's affections were engaged by the gloomy young Russian, and though it was manifest that she only cared for me as a near relative and a not disagreeable companion. Yet I stayed, though I can hardly explain the mixture of feelings which prompted me to linger on at the northern capital. My own hopeless attachment had a smaller share in this resolve than I was perhaps willing to allow, but I was in truth much interested in the strange semi-barbarous country, its wonderful contrasts, and quaint peculiarities; and, as habit lessened the pain of seeing another preferred to myself, I came gradually to take much interest in Olgoff himself. He seemed a problem worth solving, this dark, stern young man, whose reserve and gravity were out of tune with the light flippancy of metropolitan manners, and who seemed a living protest against the social system of the place. I have often watched my successful rival, sombre and thoughtful, in a saloon full of lace, diamonds, and gay uniforms, of fluttering plumes and fans, and the mingled hum of music and merry voices, until I could have fancied him some Puritan of the seventeenth century, saddening by his mournful presence the butterfly court of Charles II. When I call him my successful rival, I am not perhaps wholly accurate. In the first place, I had, I am happy to say, been too prudent or diffident to breathe one word of love in Caroline's unwilling ear; and in the next place, Basil Olgoff had never formally offered himself as a suitor. He was attentive certainly, visited often at my uncle's house, appeared at every ball or concert where my cousin was invited, and never shewed the slightest sign of caring for any other feminine society, but he remained mute, and I often wondered why.

At last, towards the end of the season, when the melted snow was pouring torrents of dirty water down the streets, till lately paved with a pure white crust of glittering crystals, when sledges were thrust into the coach-house, and carriages began to splash and struggle along the quays, Baron Olgoff spoke out. My uncle came to me in some dudgeon.

'Well, Harry, boy, you must give Caroline joy—she *is* to be a baroness, after all, for that dumb suitor of ours has found his tongue, and be hanged to him! Don't wince, nephew. I'd rather have given her to you, fifty times over, but I never thwarted my girl yet, and I could not find the heart to say no, as I longed to do, when she came an hour ago, all tears and blushes, to tell me of Olgoff's proposal. Heaven bless her; I hope she'll be happy, but I must say I have my doubts.'

So had I. Very serious doubts indeed. Not that I was unjust enough to deny that Basil Olgoff was in some respects worthy of his good-luck. In spite of the young boyard's icy reserve, there were flashes of good and noble feeling which broke from him at times, and I had discovered that his principles and sentiments were modelled on a far higher standard than that of most of his equals in rank. But there was something hidden, something kept back. I often felt the conviction that Olgoff was not entirely frank with us, but for my very life I could not have explained my reasons for so deeming. However, I could not contemplate Caroline's sunny beauty beside his gloomy brow and dark watchful eyes, without an undefined presentiment of evil.

I do not think my uncle felt precisely as I did. His objections to the marriage were plain enough. He had wanted Caroline to choose an English husband; if her cousin, so much the better, but at anyrate he disliked her union with a foreigner, a Russian, and a member of a different church. It was painful to the sturdy British merchant to think of the old house of Ludlow and Gregg changing its name, of his grandchildren growing up to speak the Muscovite tongue, to have Russian feelings and habits, and to bow before gaudy pictures and flaring candles at the bidding of a Papas of the Greek fold. He could not bring himself to deny Caroline her free choice, but he deferred the actual wedding as long as he possibly could, hoping, as he confessed to me, that the young people might change their minds, or that something might occur to break off the match. He insisted that the time of betrothal should include the whole summer and autumn, and that when the family returned to St Petersburg for the winter season ensuing, it would be quite time enough to celebrate the marriage.

Yielding on all other points, on this Mr Ludlow was inflexible, and it was settled that the wedding should be deferred till the Christmas following. In the meantime the affianced couple would not be absolutely separated, since my uncle's summer abode was at a place called Vailinga, situated, as I have previously said, near New Novgorod, and on the banks of the Volga, while Baron Olgoff was his next neighbour. Somewhat to my surprise, Mr Ludlow gave me a warm invitation to spend the summer, or at least a part of it, on this small estate, in a country where, as he said, game abounded and sportsmen were scarce, and where travellers seldom penetrated. I believe my worthy uncle, who was a tenacious, though a most kindly man, secretly hoped that in the course of the summer something might occur to break the engagement; that a longer acquaintance with Olgoff's apparently unattractive disposition might chill Caroline's feelings towards him; and that his daughter might be tempted to transfer her affections to her kinsman—myself. I entertained few or no hopes of the sort. Indeed I was fast schooling myself into viewing Caroline with merely brotherly interest, but I felt an invincible apprehension on her account; and though I rather liked Olgoff, I could not but regard the attachment as an ill-starred one. Again, I was really curious to see provincial Russia, to enjoy the wild sports of the forest, and to make an exploring expedition among the spurs of the Ural, since I had a taste for geology, and was at least as much at home with the hammer as the fowling-piece or rifle.

I accepted my uncle's invitation; we set out together as soon as the snow was thoroughly melted, and travelled by easy stages to Vailinga. My uncle's house, built of the soft stone common in the province, stood on a sort of bluff or rising-ground, fringed with trees, and so situated that a sinuous twist of the Volga almost converted it into an island. On three

sides, indeed, the shining river made a moat around it, cutting it off from the village of Vailinga, which was only accessible by a ferry, without a long detour. The view from the terrace and windows of the house was fine; the eye roamed freely over the seas of swaying pines, whose dark tops were mottled here and there by the light green of birch woods, far away beyond which were bare and stony plains; while in the horizon towered, blue and gigantic, the crests of the Ural range, dividing Europe from Asia.

As for Vailinga itself, it was one of those villages so common among the steppes of Russia, of Hungary, or wherever the land is occupied by a people of Tartar descent. It was large enough to merit the name of town, but in its straggling and rustic disorder, in its lack of public buildings, shops, and pavement, it was thoroughly a village. It had, however, a police-court with a small prison attached, two churches, and a vapour-bath. The latter was but a shabby affair; but the churches were large, and their Byzantine domes were gorgeously adorned with purple and gold, laid on in somewhat theatrical taste, but which shone in the sun like the speckled plumage of a starling. Most churches in eastern Europe, indeed, can boast of gay and tawdry decorations that contrast sharply with the mean ugliness of the huts around them, and so it was at Vailinga.

As for the residence of Basil Olgoff, that was on the opposite side of the Volga, and within sight of my uncle's house. A quaint abode it was; that baronial mansion of the long-descended Olgoffs, with its one heavy tower of solid masonry—a tower that was traditionally said to have withstood more than one siege in the days of the Tartars—and the more modern buildings of wood, blackened with age and smoke, and strongly resembling a series of barns. There was a large garden in which a few flowers bloomed among the vegetables and fruit-trees, and close up to the sunny peach-wall came the dark rustling fir-trees of the forest. A melancholy future home, I thought, for a young girl like cousin Caroline.

The Olgoff property was not large, and I believe the young boyard was often straitened for means, but I am sure he was not actuated by mercenary views in paying his court to Caroline. So indeed my uncle, who was a just man, grumblingly admitted; adding, that the baron seemed to care no more what was settled on Miss Ludlow, or in what manner, than if every pine on his barren acres were worth its weight in silver. He was sincerely attached to Caroline; but his undemonstrative manner gave him a cold and unpleasing air, though my cousin herself would never listen to a word in his disfavour.

My stay at Vailinga was a pleasant one enough. There was plenty of sport, plenty of wild rambles among the woods or trips down the river, and we now and then received an invitation from some neighbouring proprietor, or two or three families would drive or sail for leagues to accept my uncle's hospitality, for Mr Ludlow had a wide-spread acquaintance. Then I found both amusement and interest in drawing forth legends, anecdotes, and odd traits of national character, from the peasantry around us, and found cause to be glad that I had the power of conversing thus. Of course, the people spoke no tongue but the Muscovite; but I had devoted much time at St Petersburg, under the guidance of a shrewd teacher of languages, to the acquisition of the Russian dialect, and having some aptitude for the study, had made considerable progress. My uncle, on the other hand, had never learned above a few words of the language; French had always sufficed him in conversational intercourse, and he had never cared to acquire a tongue which is despised even by those who use it.

It was not long before I began to learn, thanks to hints and chance words, that a great schism lay beneath the apparently dull uniformity of the local system. Most of the villagers were of course of the orthodox faith, but there were many who were more than suspected of secret heresy, and to whom the czar's supremacy in religion appeared hateful and monstrous. Several of those Raskolniks were pointed out to me, and were, as far as I could judge, inoffensive persons enough—a trifle more industrious, staid, and thoughtful than their neighbours. In some cases they were residents in the village, but in most instances they were serfs on the Olgoff estate, and were presumed to be under the especial patronage of the lord of the soil. There is said to be an intolerant spirit among the Russian mujiks, but I own that in this case I saw little proof of it. The dissenters were looked coolly upon, but not treated with any disrespect, and it seemed as if the peasants regarded the suppression of religious differences as the province of government alone. But there was one man in whose breast fiercer feelings existed, and this was the priest who officiated in the smaller of the two churches, Pope Niklas.

Pope Niklas was an ambitious man, it was said; more able and better instructed than the great bulk of the rural clergy, and of a respectable family in Moscow itself—the Russian Mecca. He was able to speak French—a wonderful accomplishment for a papas; but I never liked the man, often as I conversed with him. His aspect was rather imposing, in his dark robes, with his shaven temples, his long black hair falling in snaky profusion over his velvet cape, and his fiery eyes glittering under brows that would have become a grand inquisitor. It was said that he had set his heart on becoming a bishop; and indeed, I could not but recognise that he was of the true Torquemada stamp, very unlike the tipsy boors who officiated in the parishes around him, and for whom the serfs had scanty reverence when outside their chapel doors.

I was talking to Pope Niklas once in the village street, when Basil Olgoff passed by in earnest converse with a man whom I had never seen before, but whose long gray beard and keen wrinkled face were worthy of notice. The priest started, and muttered something like an anathema, while, as if by an involuntary impulse, he stealthily shook his fist at the receding figures.

'Eh! Monsieur Niklas, has the baron offended you then?' asked I, with a laugh.

'And you—you whom he has supplanted—do you not hate him?' asked the priest, giving me a searching glance that made me, too, start. I had never mentioned Caroline's name to the papas at all, and yet he had guessed my attachment. However, his cunning was at fault. I did not hate Olgoff, and I was not unjust enough to say that he, who had known Caroline longer than I, had supplanted me in her regard. Some impulse, however, checked me as I was about to deny the imputation, and I held my peace; while the priest, chuckling over his own keen insight into human motives, went on to speak more freely.

'The accursed Agag!' said he; 'let him have a care what he does. That is the third time he has brought yonder arch-worshipper of Baal into my parish; but the orthodox are not always to be mocked with impunity.'

I asked the papas what he meant.

'Stephen, son of Constantine, is the most famous preacher of his blaspheming band of heretics,' was the answer; but the habitual caution of the papas had returned, and he would say no more.

A few days later an unexpected stir took place in the tranquil village. This was caused by the sudden arrival of a squadron of light horse, detached from the sotnia of Cossacks in garrison at New Novgorod, and whose tents were now to be pitched on the borders of the forest, hard by the outskirts of Vailinga. The commander of this force happened to be a young Russian of princely family whom I had

often met in the clubs and ball-rooms of St Petersburg, and who was communicative enough both with respect to his errand and his present banishment from the court.

'Figure to yourself, *très cher*, that you behold an unhappy exile from civilised society;' said the little count, lashing his varnished boot with a gold-mounted riding-whip, and putting on a most amusing air of injured innocence. 'I spent a little too much, lived a little too fast, and see the consequence. My monster of an uncle, the old prince, who lives on a tenth of his revenue, was so shocked at the list of my debts, that he would only pay them on condition of this frightful sacrifice—of my exchanging into this hideous Cossack corps, and giving up the Imperial Guard, of which I was, I flatter myself, no unworthy member. So here I find myself—I, Emmanuel Galitzin—actually doing thief-takers' work, and sent here to root out a nest of heretics—I, a Voltairean!'

'Heretics!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, my friend; some sort of pestilent fanatics, *je n'en sais rien, moi!* But a famous preacher of these wild fellows, one Stephen Constantinovitch, has been traced here, and the wiseacres of the government imagine a rebellion to be brewing, and have sent my men who are half heathens, and myself, a philosopher as you know, to set matters straight, which is a droll idea.'

Count Galitzin either did not know, or would not tell, the name of the informer who had set the authorities on the track of Stephen the preacher, but I could guess that the malice of Pope Niklas had prompted the persecution of the Raskolniks. In vain, however, did the Cossacks scour the forests like sleuth-hounds on the trail of a wounded deer; in vain did the priests of the different parishes make rigid inquiry among their flocks, for no trace of the proscribed man could be detected.

For my own part, I felt pretty sure that the hunted fugitive was still close at hand, for a great change came over Caroline's affianced husband, and I instinctively attributed this to the influence of his religious mentor. Basil Olgoff had always been silent and melancholy, but now the calm gravity of his manner gave place to the most abrupt alternations between unnatural vivacity and the very deepest depression. At one time he would be absolutely gay, mirthful, and amusing, shewing a play of fancy and a store of anecdote that would have done credit to any lion of the *salons*, and at another he would sink into a state of such gloomy apathy that nothing could rouse him from his sullen meditations.

These changeful moods caused Caroline many an unhappy moment, aroused in my mind the gravest suspicions of Olgoff's sanity, and even made my uncle, not habitually an observant man, uneasy with regard to the future. His idea was that his future son-in-law might be in debt, and in his blunt good-natured way he placed his strong-box at Olgoff's disposal, and was rather vexed when it was declined. Still the summer went on, and the Cossack tents still whitened the fallows across the river, and the patrols went tramping through the woods, but no arrest took place.

One day, how well I remember it! as I sauntered under the leafy shade of the trees in the broad village street, I heard the clank of spurs and sabre, and Captain Count Galitzin came up, radiant and brisk. His first words were: 'Congratulate me, Walton; give me joy of the probable termination of my exile in Vailinga. We shall finish with these pests to-night, and I shall have the felicity of conducting them, in chains, to New Novgorod, where at least there are dominoes and champagne, and where drinkable coffee can be had.'

'To-night! how?' asked I.

Galitzin told me in his chattering style that the Raskolniks had a false brother among them, who, for a hundred roubles, had given the alert to government, and had betrayed the rendezvous of this wild sect. The fanatics had lately made many converts among the ignorant peasants around, and it was deemed needful to cut short their proselytism by a sharp and stern example.

'Apropos,' said the Count, 'that black-looking, sulky marplot, Olgoff, is to be there to-night, and must take his choice of a lance-thrust or a trip to Siberia. Better the former, for your sake, Walton, if you have an eye, as I suspect, to your pretty cousin and the savings of *ce digne* Monsieur Ludlow. Aha! good-bye; I go to prepare my men. The trap closes on the mice by midnight.'

This was startling news. I could not doubt the exactitude of the information I had received, nor, as a man of honour, could I hesitate for a moment as to the course to pursue. I must warn Olgoff. For Caroline's sake, I must save her betrothed husband from the peril that was closing in upon him. I hurried to the ferry, crossed the river, and hastened up to the house. As I crossed the lawn, I heard from a half-open window, that of the library, the sound of voices, Caroline's and Olgoff's. For a moment I stopped, and an indefinite thrill of jealousy ran through my veins; but I crushed the pitiful sentiment, and was advancing, resolved to lose no time in conveying my warning, when the window was violently flung open, and Basil Olgoff sprang out, and strode fast across the green sward, with flushed face and wild gestures.

I was springing to meet him, when a smothered cry, and the sound of a fall attracted my notice; I hurried to the open window, entered, and found Caroline lying in a swoon upon the ground. A scene of confusion followed, several of the voluble but half-useless Russian servants crowded into the room at my impatient summons; my uncle came with a frightened face; we placed the poor girl on a sofa, and tried the usual remedies to revive her, and with success. Poor Caroline! she only regained her senses to commence sobbing as if her heart would break, and her expressions were so incoherent and broken by weeping, that it was long before we could distinguish their purport. At last we learned that Basil had bidden her adieu, had spoken fondly and in heart-broken accents, but with a dreadful firmness of conviction of the necessity for their parting, and had entreated her to pray for him, and to cherish his memory. Then he had torn himself away, abruptly as he had come, and the shock of parting had overcome her strength.

Mr Ludlow was very angry at first. His notion was that his daughter's affections had been trifled with, and that some caprice had led Olgoff thus roughly to break off the engagement; but I did not share this impression. Drawing my uncle apart, I told him as cautiously as I could what Galitzin had related to me.

'Poor unhappy lad!' he exclaimed; 'it was a sad day when I agreed to give Caroline to a Russian, especially one half-crazed, as he seems to be; but we must save him if we can.'

This seemed no easy matter. I spent the rest of the day in a fruitless search for Basil Olgoff, but could gain no clue to his retreat. While Mr Ludlow stayed to endeavour to console his daughter, I was vainly interrogating the young baron's servants, vainly ranging his grounds, or wandering from chamber to chamber in his house, but without gaining the slightest information.

Weary and baffled, I returned home, and my uncle met me with an anxious face, to say that Caroline was quiet now, but so wretched that it made his heart bleed to look at her. Poor thing! her white wan countenance and eyes that had grown dim with weeping, were sad to behold, and she was quite changed from the gay, light-hearted girl I had always known her. Olgoff's conduct had been cruel and capricious, as I thought, and I felt a glow of anger as

I saw my pretty kinswoman suffer thus for his sake.

The moon rose, and presently the night wind began to sigh through the trees, and the hours stole on fast towards the fatal time when the meeting of the wild enthusiasts should be betrayed. I chafed at the inaction to which I was condemned, and suggested to my uncle that I had better go across to the village, and try to interest Galitzin in poor Olgoff's behalf. It was a desperate hope, for the young noble had the true Tartar nature under his varnish of western elegance, but it seemed the only means left us. I quitted the room, and was leaving the house, when a little barefooted girl, who weeded in the garden, came tripping up with a piece of paper in her hand.

'English lord, I found this beyond the shrubbery, and I took it home, and my mother said I should give it to some of the family, as it has most likely been dropped, and perhaps they would give me a copeck.'

There was writing on the scrap of paper, in Russian characters of course, but these were familiar to me now, and I read, in Olgoff's hand, the broken sentences that ran thus:

'Pity and forgive—the lot has fallen—so happy as your lover, your husband—midnight—at the Hetman's Oak—pray for me, as for the dead.'

I turned to the child, and asked if she or her parents could read. The reply was in the negative. Satisfied, so far, I dropped some small coins into her extended hand, and she darted off homewards. I remained behind, sorely puzzled. It was evident that this scrap of paper was part of an incomplete letter which Olgoff had designed to send to Caroline, by way of farewell; that he had given up the design, and let fall the paper by accident. Probably the Hetman's Oak was the place of meeting for the Raskolniks, while the 'lot,' of which his incoherent words spoke as having fallen, implied most likely the mysterious reason for the renunciation of his dearest hopes. While I thus pondered, I felt a light touch on my arm, and started. Caroline was beside me, her face deathly pale, but with her eyes unnaturally bright, and a calm resolve written in her features. I tried to hide the scrawl: it was too late.

'I have read the writing,' she whispered; 'hush! I know all. Let us go together, and we may yet save him.'

She threw a cloak, which she had hastily caught up, over her shoulders, drawing the hood over her bright hair with an impatient gesture, and stepped cautiously out into the moonlight. I followed, and with quick steps we went towards the forest. We both knew well the place named, for the Hetman's Oak was less than two miles off, though in a very wild nook among the woods. But, once among the thickets, the moon served us little, the briars and interlacing boughs rendering our progress very tedious and fatiguing. At last we approached the dell, dark and steep, and surrounded by gray rocks and huge trees, over which towered the gigantic trunk and broad boughs of the Hetman's Oak. The dense mass of foliage here defied the moonlight, but we could see something stirring in the glen beneath us; something black and shapeless, but which as by instinct we knew to be a crowd of human forms. Then a dull murmur of voices suddenly swelled into a wild and plaintive chant, some hymn of this strange church among the deserts. It rose and fell, now low and faint, now shrill and loud, but always sad; and then a gleam of ruddy light broke out from a kindled pile of fir-cones, and we could dimly discern a number of persons, nearly eighty, as I should judge, gathered around a kind of altar of rough stone, beside which was piled an immense heap of logs and brushwood. Nor was this all.

The sudden light shewed priest and congregation: it fell with lurid radiance on the wrinkled face, the gray beard, and black robes of Stephen the preacher; on the coarse russet garb and stern features of the serfs, the begrimed countenances of the charcoal-burners, only half-human in aspect, and the two or three members of the assembly whose garments revealed a higher rank. No children were present, and only two or three women. But our eyes roved hastily over this motley throng, and at length were riveted on a kneeling figure, wrapped in a long white mantle, and bareheaded, which bent beside the altar in an attitude of devotion or of sorrow. Something told us that this was he whom we sought. Caroline was springing forward when I caught her wrist.

'Hist!' said I, 'do you hear nothing?'

'Nothing,' she replied.

I listened; the sounds had ceased. Then the kneeling figure in white arose, and in the dying light of the fire we caught a glimpse of Basil Olgoff's face, pale and distorted with suppressed but passionate emotion. Laying his hand on the young man's head, Stephen commenced speaking, and so profound was the silence, that every note of his sonorous voice reached us distinctly. The language was quaint and mystical, but through its obscurities I thought I could discern that Basil Olgoff, in penance for his sins of compliance with the 'impious' church of the orthodox, for his fault in plighting his troth to a foreign maiden, and as he on whom had fallen by lot the duty of atoning for the offences of the congregation, was to abandon property, rank, and earthly happiness, and devote himself henceforth to 'the work of the Lord.' And Stephen, solemnly and slowly, dictated the words of a terrible vow.

But before Basil's trembling lips had framed the first syllables, Caroline uttered a shriek that rang over the forest, and, bounding through the trees, cried aloud: 'Husband, Basil! they are robbing you of hope and happiness. You are duped by these wild men: do not speak the words.'

A dead silence followed, and then fifty outstretched arms pointed us out, as we stood on the edge of the dell, and a hoarse roar of fury and terror arose, while we saw Basil forcibly held back by the priest and others, and twenty grim forms came bounding towards us, armed with hatchet or pike.

'Fly, Caroline—we are lost!' I cried, trying to drag her away; but just then a shout of dismay arose from the crowd below, and with it blended the thundering tramp of many horses, and the clash of weapons, and the Cossack hurrah. The fanatics fell back and huddled together, as Count Galitzin and his lancers came spurring down the glade, and recklessly urged their sure-footed steeds over the slippery and broken ground.

What followed was a confused scene of horrors. I remember the summons to yield, the crackling volley from carbine and pistol; the yells, screams, and imprecations; the floundering of the wounded horses as they rolled down the bank, crushing the riders in their death-agony; and the dreadful struggle that went on, hand to hand, man to man. Some recollection, too, I have of seeing Olgoff in the thickest of the fray, unarmed, but opposing his defenceless breast to the stabs and shots of the soldiery, as one who seeks death as a deliverance. And then I remember a glare of red light flashing up suddenly, with the roar of burning wood, and showers of sparks falling through the eddying smoke, and dark forms looming through the blaze, like actual demons.

I seemed to be holding Caroline back by main force, while she wildly strove to break away and plunge into the curtain of stifling smoke and flame. Then a riderless horse, dashing by in its blind terror, bore me down and hurled me against a pine-trunk; and when I regained my senses after the stunning fall, Galitzin was near me, wiping the blood from his sword, and giving orders in a subdued tone, while the trumpeters were sounding a shrill note of recall, and Cossack after Cossack came to the muster.

'Ah, my friend,' said the Russian officer, more seriously than usual, 'you may be thankful the wind blows from this quarter. The conflagration has rolled off the other way, and will consume many a square verst of woodland before it dies out. Had it taken this course, we should have found you burned to a cinder.'

'But Olgoff—but the fanatics below?'

'The poor wretches! in their despair, they fired the pile of wood which they always raise beside their altars,' said Galitzin, with an involuntary shudder, 'and most of them rushed into the flames, as if the hot embers had been a bed of roses, sooner than be taken. Such is their idea of winning Paradise, as I have often heard. Pah! such a sight disgusts one with soldiering. I saw Olgoff and Stephen through the thick of the flames, where my wounded men perished too. But what is that—a woman!'

Behind the tree, poor Caroline was lying, insensible, and with a stain of blood on her bright hair and pale brow. We bore her home, and she lived, but her reason was utterly gone. To this day, she speaks of Basil Olgoff as absent on a journey, and soon to reappear and claim her as his bride; and she twines flowers and wreaths them in her hair before the mirror, and then weeps, she knows not why. That hideous night saw the ruin of two young lives. The ghastly story was hushed up, according to the invariable policy of the Russian government; nor was it until after my uncle's death that I myself cared to break silence on the subject.

WILLIAM BARNES, THE DORSETSHIRE POET.

In these popularity-hunting days, when we are plied with puffs of books as much as of bears-grease, and when we see a little scrap of praise whipped up into a great lather of approval by those who know the trick of advertising, it is refreshing to come on a book which has grown quietly by itself without notice, but when found, wrings admiration from stern and suspicious critics.

This is what Mr Barnes's three volumes of Poems are now doing. He has invited no comment, asked for no verdict—indeed, his poems can hardly be said to be in the hands of the general public. But they have been scented out by some who have a nose for true game, and though written for Dorset peasants alone, have already made way with those who love true pastoral poetry. Had they been written in English, Englishmen would before this time have accepted them; as it is, however, they are not only written for Dorsetshire people, being full of local scenery and allusions, but they are written in the Dorset dialect, which is as difficult to the eye as it is to the ear. The title of one of the volumes is *Hwomely Rhymes*. In this collection, we have 'The Vier-zide,' 'Zun-zet,' 'The Wold Vo'k Dead,' 'The Heäre;' in another, 'Bringen Woone Gwain o' Zundays,' 'The Pleäce a Teäle's a-Twold o',' 'The Cirt Wold House o' Mossy Stwone,' 'Lew o' the Rick,' 'Picken o' Scroff,' 'Tweil,' and other more or less unpromising titles. These are enough to deter the lazy, lounging reader, who prizes a book according to its power of tickling or exciting his fancies, while he lies passive under the author's hand. But in truth, although there are many words in Mr Barnes's Poems which are at first barren to all but Dorset folk, yet a very little trouble will crack this shell of dialect, and the kernel will be found worth having. Those who read him find a poet fresh as the dew. His faults and his excellences are his own. He copies no one, takes no model for his verse, but enjoys the quiet inspiration of nature with a zest which cares little for the opinion of the outer world. He reflects what he sees; and as we may like a change from the most pleasing rural scenery and touching home-life, so we may like a change from Mr Barnes. However, as he courts no notice, so he resents no neglect. He has written on to late life with small notice, enjoying his thoughts, doing his work, as the master of a school, and shewing himself to the world more as a philologist than as a poet. But those who read him feel that as a poet his name will grow and live. Perhaps he is, or rather has been, the less appreciated because his verse is not fine or spasmodic. He never raves or pants; he looks calmly into the field and the lane, over the down, up into the sky, and quietly puts you into possession of some of nature's most touching lessons. You may feel your heart stir with him, as it does with Burns, and yet he makes no display of himself, wears no fine clothes, talks in no fine words. Perhaps it is in description that Mr Barnes excels; he takes us out into the fields, and we learn to look with him. We may wonder how he manages to put down upon paper sensations which seem incommunicable. There are scenes like flowers which we think it a shame to pluck. We might be glad to bring others to them; but their scent and their surroundings seem as if they could not be moved. Their specialty cannot be made up into a bouquet; no, not even for those we love. We cannot carry them to the white-haired mother by the fireside, we cannot lay them on the slowly dying pillow, we cannot set them in the damsel's wreath. Touch them, and their charm is gone. But lo! Mr Barnes puts them in his little book, and when we take in his words, we move out under the sun and moon.

Who has stood in the cornfield alone, or heard the silence of the dog-day noon, or watched the procession of the white-rimmed clouds at night, or seen their shadows race across the down—who has felt the crush of the dew-soaked pasture beneath his foot in the evening, when the breath of the beanfield filled the air—who has learned to love the many-cornered lane, and the tangled shadow, and the shelving bank where the cattle drink, and the streaks of light from the cottage lattice, and the apples lying in their bed of grass beneath the shedding tree: who has felt all these things, and not known that there are thousands whom they would gladden, and yet whom they will never reach—town-bred and yet tender-hearted thinkers, who contract at last a sort of mental scurvy, simply for want of green food, or country-born souls who have long been imprisoned with gas, penny newspapers, policemen, stucco, and social progress, but in the odd shelves of whose memory lie thoughts and feelings which once were fresh and wholesome? Who would not feed such shrunk and dusty spirits with these sweet natural sights?

But no; the inexorable desk or office chains them to the town. When they do visit the country, they are in too great a hurry to take in the deeper, truer lessons it can give. They walk about the fields with return-tickets in their pockets, which the fairies scent, and from which they shrink away. They never see the spirits of the wood and water. Those alone who can sit still upon the bank or felled trunk in the glade—those alone who are content to dismiss all town conceit and wisdom, and wait the pleasure of the spirit's whim, can see what field-folk see.

But if some think too much of their Bradshaws when they leave the town to catch the quiet message of the country, we are confident that no one can convey it to them, at odd hours of receptive thoughtfulness, better than Mr Barnes. The chief charm of his descriptions is that he does not describe; he sees, and you stand by his side. Moreover, he does not think for you. There is the scene as it appears to him; it evidently affects his mind, but he won't force

himself to convey the sensation to you. If you can't sympathise with him at once, you may go your way, he will go his. But let us look at a few of the scenes he enjoys, and judge for ourselves. Perhaps we ought to call them glances rather than scenes. He takes in a whole view in one loving look; to him it needs no commentary, no amplification; he understands it; and as he writes for himself and his friends the Dorset peasants, not for the public or the booksellers, that is enough. Still he often enjoys dwelling on the features of a favourite phase of scenery, and sits down, as it were, to taste it at his leisure.

As a specimen of his sudden conception of the view before him, take this in English, not Dorset:

> Cool-aired evening's western light—

or his remembrance of the days which he spent when a child in the hayfield:

> The cheek-burning seasons of mowing.

Do you want to see milking-time in four lines? Here it is:

> I came along where wide-horned cows
> Within a nook, a' screened by boughs,
> Did stand and flip the white-hooped pails
> With hairy tufts of swinging tails.

Who knows the weak sunshine of early winter, and has seen the rookery flying home in it to bed before the night comes down:

> Black-winged rooks do glitter bright
> Above my head in paler light.

He evidently loves the rook, as any one must who knows him well. Follow this glance while he passes by a field being ploughed:

> Flocks of pitching rooks do fold
> Their wings to walk upon the mould.

Or this in *Wheat*, which whole piece we may take as a specimen of the enjoyment with which he watches every phase of its growth. We will look with him at one scene in its progress from the drill to the stack:

> And while the screaming bird-boy shook,
> With little sunburnt hand,
> His clacker at the bright-winged rook,
> The thief of seeded land;
> His master there did come and stop
> His bridle-champing mare,
> With thankful heart, to see his crop
> A-coming up so fair.

But we will translate Mr Barnes no more; it is hardly fair to him, as there is so much in most of his descriptions which appeals at once to those who know not Dorset. Let us see a few more of his touches of description before we notice other features of his poetry. Premising that 'bennet-stems' are the longer stalks of grass, here is a picture of a late autumn evening:

> When crumpled leaves o' fall do bound
> Avore the wind along the ground,
> An' wither'd bennet-stems do stand
> A-quiv'ren on the chilly land;
> The while the zun, wi' zetten rim,
> Do leäve the workman's pathway dim;
> An' sweet-breathed children's hangèn heads
> Be laid wi' kisses on their beds;
> Then I do seek my woodland nest,
> And zit bezide the vier at rest.

Here is a picture:

> When at night the warm-breath'd cows
> Do sleep by moon-belighted boughs.

Pass from this to the gusts of October:

> When in fall, the woak do shed
> The leaves a-wither'd from his head,
> An' western win's, a-blowèn cool,
> Do dreve 'em out athirt the pool.

The next is from *Minden House*. All are out haymaking but one girl; it is a hot still afternoon in June.

> The aïr 'ithin the geärden wall
> Wer deadly still, unless the bee
> Did hummy by, or in the hall
> The clock did ring a-hettèn dree [striking three],
> An' there, wi' busy hands, inside
> The iron ceäsement, open'd wide,
> Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch
> Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deäne.

Here is the good old squire of Culver Dell:

> An' all the vo'k did love so well
> The good wold squire o' Culver Dell,
> That used to ramble droo the sheädes
> O' timber, or the burnèn gleädes,
> An' come at evenèn up the leäze
> Wi' red-eäred dogs bezide his knees,
> An' hold his gun a-hangen droo
> His eärmpit, out above his tooe.
> Wi' kindly words upon his tongue,
> Vor vo'k that met en, wold an' young,
> Vor he did know the poor so well
> 'S the richest vo'k in Culver Dell.

Here is the miller:

> There the road do wind below the hill;
> There the miller, white wi' meal, John,
> Deafen'd wi' his foamy wheel, John,
> Do stan o' times a-looken out o' mill;
> The while 'ithin his lightly shaken door
> His wheaten flour do whitèn all his floor.

Here is an impression which Millais had better paint:

> In spring, I met her by a bed
> O' laurels higher than her head;
> The while a rwose hung white between
> Her blushes an' the laurel's green.

The clear observation of Mr Barnes is remarkable; he notices the least as well as the greatest. We have all seen bees sucking flowers, and perhaps thought the bees enjoyed it, though busy. Now look at this very common thing through Mr Barnes's eyes. He is standing by a bean-field in bloom:

> A yellow-banded bee did come
> An' softly pitch, wi' hushèn hum,
> Upon a beän, an' there did sip,
> Upon a swaÿèn blossom's lip:
> An' there cried he: 'Ay, I can zee
> This blossom 's all a-zent for me.'

Here is another picture of the still hot day in haymaking time. (A 'clote' is a water-lily.) We see the rank of mowers, the only thing moving:

> When the swaÿèn men do mow
> Flow'ry grass, wi' sweepèn blow,
> In het a-most enough to dry
> The flat-spread clote-leaf that do lie
> Upon the stream a-stealen by.

But we might go on picking out picture after picture, so simple and yet so true, that we feel the very sunshine and the wind which the page describes. Mr Barnes's love of rural nature is so strong that he wishes he may die with the year himself. Take the following lines out of his ode to *Spring*:

> Mother of blossoms, and ov all
> That's feäir a-field vrom spring till fall!
> The cookoo over white-waved seas
> Do come to sing in thy green trees,

An' buttervlees, in giddy flight,
Do gleäam the most by thy gaÿ light.
Oh! when, at last, my fleshly eyes
Shall shut upon the fields and skies,
May summer's sunny days be gone,
An' winter's clouds be comèn on.

Of course, no one can see as he sees, and not shew moods of deep pathos and keen humour. See the yokel's enjoyment of *Sam'el down from Lon'on:*

When Cousin Sam came down from Lon'on,
Along at vu'st I wer so mad wi 'n,
He thought hisself so very cunnen;
But eet, for all, what fun we had wi'n!
Why, if a goose did only wag her tail,
An' come a-hissèn at his lags, she 'd zet en
A-meäkèn off behine a wall or rail
A-walken, but as fast as sheäme would let en.
* * * *
An' eet he thought hisself a goodish rider,
An' we all thought there werden many woo'se;
'E sot upon the meäre so scram's a spider
A-holden on the web o'n, when 'tis loose.
* * * *
Zoo on 'e rod so fine, a pokèn out
His two splaÿ veet avore en, all astrout,
A-flappèn up his elbows, lik' two wings,
To match the hosses steps, wi' timely springs.

We need hardly say that Samuel soon came to grief,

An' squot the sheenèn hat 'e wore.

See the quiet humour in *False Friends-like:*

When I wer still a bwoy, an' mother's pride,
A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like:
'If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride
In thease wheel-barrow here.' Zoo I were blind-like
To what he had a-worken in his mind-like,
An' mounted vor a passenger inside;
An' comèn to a puddle, perty wide,
He tipped me in, a grinnèn back behind-like.
Zoo when a man do come to me 'so thick-like,
An' sheäke my hand, where vonce 'e pass'd me by,
An' tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinkèn o' the big bwoy's trick-like
An' then, vor all I can but wag my hat
An' thank en, I do veel a little shy.

Many are his descriptions of fairs and Whitsuntide holidays; full of fun, but never coarse. There is no vulgar slang in his most rustic merry-makings; there is a hearty, wholesome protest against it in a piece entitled *The Music of the Dead:*

Don't tell o' zongs that be a-zung
By young chaps now, wi' sheämless tongue;
Zing me wold ditties, that would start
The maïden's tears, or stir my heart
To teäke in life a manly peärt—
The wold vo'k's zongs that twold a teäle,
An' vollow'd round their mugs o' eäle,
The music o' the dead, John.

There are many touches of pathos out of the most homely material; take this from *Dobbin Dead:*

John. I do veel vor ye, Thomas, vor I be a-fear'd
You 've lost your wold meäre then, by what I've a-heard.
Thomas. Ees, my meäre is a-gone, an' the cart 's in the shed,
Wi' his wheelbond's a-rustèn, an' I 'm out o' bread.

Here, in *Beaten Paths*, is Mr Barnes's setting of a hackneyed thought—the peasant-lover who has wandered through the world comes back full of the memories of the young love he left in her home:

He heästen'd, happy to her door,
But vound the wold vo'k only two
Wi' noo mwore vootsteps on the vloor,
To walk ageän below the skies,
Where beäten paths do vall and rise.
* * * *
The rose wer dust that bound her brow;
The moth did eat her Zunday ceäpe;
Her frock wer out o' fashion now;
Her shoes wer dried up out o' sheäpe—
The shoes that woonce did glitter black
Along the leäzes beäten track.

There is true delicacy of mourning in these lines on *The Two Poplars;* one had been set by grandfather, the other by grandmother:

An' since they died, we all do teäke
Mwore ceäre o'm vor the wold vo'k's seäke.

But there is nothing mawkish or sentimental in his Poems. He feels the shades of age and decay, but he will have no whining over them. In *Zun-zet*, he pities those to whom

In glooms
Of unzunned rooms
. . . . wi' idle sorrows frettèn,
Zuns did set avore their zetting.

He will have no midnight moping or work:

Bidèn up till dead o' night,
When han's o' clocks do stan' upright,
By candle-light, do soon consume
The feäce's bloom, an' turn it white.
An' moonbeäms cast vrom midnight skies
Do blunt the sparklèn of the eyes.

Mr Barnes evidently goes to bed in good time, to wake with the lark. He dwells continually on the rest of still evening, and the sleep of labouring-men, which is sweet:

While dumb night went softly by
Towärds the vi'ry western sky,
A-lullen birds, an' shutten up
The deäisy an' the butter-cup,
They went to lay their heavy heads
An' weary bones upon their beds.

But we must bring our quotations to an end. There are many love-songs from which we might quote with pleasure to the reader and ourselves. It is hard to choose where all have something to recommend them, but perhaps *Jessie Lee* is one of the best. It is almost too bad to dislocate this piece, but we must extract one stanza, in which the day-dreaming soul is struck with love at first sight:

How feäir, I thought, avore the sky
The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look;
How soft the win's a-streamèn by;
How bright do roll the weävy brook;
When then, a-passèn on my right,
A-walkèn slow, an' treadèn light,
Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there
Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

But he can feel with the old folks left at home as keenly as with the lover himself; witness this stanza in *Meäry Wedded:*

The day she left her faether's he'th,
Though sad, wer kept a day o' me'th,
An' dry-wheeled waggons' empty beds
Wer left within the tree-screen'd sheds;
An' all the hosses, at their eäse,
Went snortèn up the flow'ry leäse,
But oone, the smartest for the roäd,
That pull'd away the dearest lwoad.

We might add a list of epithets exquisitely true: 'brown-leaved fruit,' 'springy-vooted hounds;' 'long-tonged dogs;' 'high-zunned noons;' 'smoke did rise, a-twistèn blue;' a child's 'loose-limb'd rest;' 'gray-rined ashes' swaÿèn tops did creak in moonlight in the copse;' the 'slowly-ringèn strokes' of the 'woaken clock;' 'the high-wound zongs o' nightingeäles;' the horse tosses 'his high-eared head;' cows going to be milked 'a-flingen wide-bow'd horns;' the 'gauzy sheäpes' of ghosts. The echo is 'a tongue of air.'

Birds in the gloaming going by 'with swif-swung zweep.' The old man's 'glossy-knobbed staff, do help his feet, so hard to lift.' But we must not pick the plums out of a cake which the reader may eat himself. Glad shall we be if we have shewn enough to lead him to look for more in the lyrics, eclogues, and idylls of William Barnes.

THE PANTOMIME IN FLORENCE.

At a time when Englishmen, and Londoners especially, have done with their own annual treat at the pantomime, it may not be uninteresting to know how the Italians have been enjoying theirs. While London the Rich was pouring itself into its counting-houses and its workshops, its music-saloons and its theatres, Florence the Beautiful was pouring itself into its streets, and shutting up both its workshops and its counting-houses. When Englishmen were paying a good price for the privilege of laughing at the pantomime, Florentines were enacting it themselves, and paying nothing for the ticket. In fact, there are no tickets. Their pit is the pavement, their stage is the city, their stalls are the shops, their chandelier is the sun or moon, and their galleries and private boxes are the windows of their own dwellings. There is no possible theatre for such a performance as this; or rather, there is a very large theatre indeed, and that theatre is bounded by the horizon, and has a blue dome for its ceiling, not at all unlike our English skies when the summer is beautiful, and the 'rain, rain, rain has gone to Spain, to come again another day.'

It is true that the festivities do not commence until considerably after the day announced for representation. The Italian pantomime, taking weeks instead of hours for its performance, is preceded by a certain number of days allotted for the necessary preparations. The doors may be said to be open on the 26th of December, the performances to commence on the 1st of February. A long time to wait for a play! But then the play lasts a month, and a Day and a Night of it is but a fractional part of the performance.

Let the reader picture to himself a bright, showy day, with a bright showy city pouring its thousands into its noisy Corso (promenade for carriages). Let him think of this day and this city in the full flush of carnival—a week before Ash-Wednesday. Let him call to mind his pantomimes and his ballets at the opera, and stretch them on a grand scale through Florence streets. The king's trumpeters flashing along the Corso announce the commencement of the day's frolics. The roads are cleared by a sweeping detachment of cavalry; the people fall back to the foot-paths. Carriages previously rolling at random through the city, assume a regular order. Bands are established at the different barriers. Every one is on the *qui vive* for excitement; and the wisest are those who most enjoy the pastime.

Maskers flit about in every direction. Women in men's clothes, and men in crinoline—beggars with elaborate patches, and kings with tinsel crowns—a hundred imperial personages with no other empire than themselves, and a host of inferior maskers, such as doctors, pirates, and minstrels, with the usual sprinkling of *pierrots* and *débardeurs*, make up the staple of the performers. Turks, Zouaves, improvisatori; tumblers, pedlers, and flower-girls; notaries, mariners, and mountebanks; everything that the mind can imagine in the shape of a quaint, handsome, or excessively ugly dress, are present at the assembly, and not merely of the present generation, but the dresses of all ages, in whatsoever country worn, are brought to bear upon this modern saturnalia. Perhaps the only dresses exempt from the entertainment are those of nuns, soldiers, priests, and gens d'armes—those personages being either too sacred or too thin-skinned to be called in question by the multitude.

I love to call to mind the old comedy; I like to sit at my desk, and see it all over again, with its old mirth, its old madness, its old mockery. I delight to think that the queen in her silk dress will not go to bed supperless, and that the poet sauntering along in the blissful possession of a coat that is not patched, will not be arrested for debt as soon as he has taken off his finery. I shudder to look at the other side of the medal; to think how the poor save up their wretched *soldi*, stint themselves of wholesome food, and pawn their very beds from under them to make gay in the carnival. I turn away from that view of the picture, and content myself with looking at the bright side, leaving to others the ungrateful task of denouncing the whole business. I see it from my desk in sober England, with the telescope of a faithful memory properly adjusted, the one end at my eye (my mind's eye, Horatio), the other at the joyous city, rollicking and frolicking in the sun, precisely as if there were no such thing as business in the whole world!

It would be cruel, oh philosopher! to put an end to these things, and tell the Florentines—like the rest of Italy—that they are wasting their time (so valuable to a 'regenerated nation'), and that England—rich, prosperous England—would be unable to afford the joke. The time is not far distant when the Italians, like ourselves, may have to put up with a Day and a Night of it.

See in his handsome robes the 'king' of the day. He has borrowed that dress for half a dollar. People in worse clothes make room for him. The way of the world, my friend! To-morrow, he will be elbowed into the gutter. In the meantime, however, he elicits admiration. For once in a way, he can do as he likes, which is more than a good many kings have been able to do of late years. See how the boys follow him, crying: 'Long live the king! Long live the king!' till the people make way for him, with a sort of mock-solemnity. Don't tell me that that man is not happy; he is bursting with happiness. Some of the ladies look down upon him from fine carriages, and the merry girls pelt him with flowers and sweetmeats. See, in the midst of the crowd that blaring fellow! He is the *ciarlatano*. The improvisatore stops in his cantata; the black pirate releases his hold of the faintly resisting *vivandière*, and the host of maskers, male and female, surges in the direction of the quack-doctor. After a time, he, too, is forgotten, and the sea of human faces flows in another channel. Hark to the crack of the whips! It is a hunting-car, and the passengers are wolves and bears, whose heads have been constructed for the occasion. Some of the wolves have the prettiest little feet in the world. Hark to the shouts of the people! It is an English ship laden with maskers (jolly British tars, with the insignia of the *Lion* on their hat-bands), and drawn by six horses. I wonder when the English flag was ever looked upon with indifference. Hark to the rumbling of the wheels! It is the death-cart of the revolution, and a reign, not of terror, but of laughter, sends a martyr to the scaffold. It is a singer of the Italian Opera, who, swan-like, sings her requiem as she passes along the Corso. Phaetons in silk livery, and flower-bound horses, clattering fairy-like, on fools' errands through flowery *arcs-de-triomphes*, catch in no small degree the bon-bon dust and *gesso* that is thrown, with no malevolent hand, from palace windows, as all this quivering mass of human and equine life pants on the breathless race that leads, when carnivals are at an end, to sick rooms and heart-breaks, and the valley of the shadow of death. It is the *Tarantalla* of the multitude, the political St Vitus's Dance, when Society, old and bedridden, stretches its stiff joints in crazy exultation, snapping its fingers at the proudest institutions; and making kings beggars, and beggars emperors.

And now it is night, and the torches of mad-cap revellers flicker along the streets. Cafés and

restaurants swarm with their frantic maskers. High and low, rich and poor, men, women, and children of all grades, from the duke's son to the little lucifer-match seller at the corner of the street, all hurry on with one accord to the different temples of Folly, and give up their youth, their manhood, their wealth, their good name, their first and last love, to the insatiate idol who claims their best devotions. Long enough have they prayed at the old shrines. Girls who, in the heyday of their youth, have led virtuous lives, stumble but too fatally in the wild dance. Will they not have time to pray in the Quaresima? Time, tide, and carnival wait for no man. Paterfamilias knows well enough how to flee to the 'Arms of Christ' (the insignia of the pawn-shop), and raise money on his chattels; the insolvent tradesman knows how to avoid his creditors. Fun first, debts afterwards; this is his complacent philosophy. Youths and men—men of all ages, men of small morality, men of equivocal occupation, rattle seductive gold in the eyes of striplings, and make them as they are—merciless. Many a weak son has had cause to rue the carnival; many a home has been ruined, many a young ambition quenched, many an old head bowed, many a mother's heart broken, for no other reason than that there were five seasons in the Italian year—spring, summer, autumn, winter, and—carnival. It was a gay time (they will tell you), it was a wild time, it was a mad time; but it was also a cruel time, and some who remember it had better be in their graves under the cold turf.

But these voices, if ever they are audible at all, are not audible *during* carnival. Lent sermons would have little effect on them before Ash-Wednesday. The gay masker with the pink ribbons means to have a jolly time of it before she goes to confessional; the *débardeur* in his silk shirt and satin trousers will have time to see the end of his little intrigue before the gens d'armes put an end to the amusements; the pirate, the fisherman, and the troubadour will have time to have their heads broken, and the *Comedy of Errors* will have been enacted to a shade. Well for the little milliner if her mistress does not find her out beneath her strange dress. Well for the young contessa if the lifting of a veil do not betray her to her astonished husband. Well for the honour of a certain house if a pretended invalid (who has purchased a carnival suit) be not watched too narrowly on her withdrawal for the night. Well for the tranquillity of lovers if they do not allow jealousy to interfere with the arrangements of their *innammorate*. Well, in a word, for every one, high and low, if he will bear in mind the allegory that Love was painted blind, and that to remove the blindness is to destroy the illusion. Love should be doubly blind in carnival, for the mask is thrown over the boy's visage. The Shakspearian monster prowls about at every assembly, and the food he feeds upon is *not* of his own invention. Rarely, however, gloats the green eye on the proper person. And what is the result? At *bals masqués* and private boxes, the figures of intriguing ladies' maids pass muster for their mistresses, who have other whereabouts. Valets in the confidence of their masters pass before them to the place of rendezvous. A strange time, truly, when the marquis drinks his *chianti* with his footman, and the scullery-maid ingratiates herself in the affections of her mistress.

But this is the dark side of the picture—the lining of the coat that no one knows anything about but the maker and the wearer. The English traveller sees nothing of these things; to him it is in very truth a pantomime; and he sees nothing of that undercurrent of intrigue which is its principal attraction to the performers. All this rioting and dancing mean something more than the 'I know you' —the 'How's your poor feet?' of the maskers. I hope my reader (should he become a tourist in Italy) will never venture further into these mysteries than may be warranted by the hiring of a carriage to see the Corso, or a box at one of the operas to see the dancing. Handkerchiefs, watches, and even hearts are taken, if the traveller is not very prudent, and it is always excessively hazardous to take part in an adventure.

But there is no stranger aspect of the carnival than its political or court side. The amount of money that has been spent to keep the people jolly in carnival is something inconceivable. This, it is true, was in the days of the duchies, and the money came out of the people's pockets; increased taxes on their industry gave them the right to neglect their industry during the space of a month. Anything to distract from politics. What though the shops were closed, the mills at rest, the captains of trading-vessels roystering on the shore—were not the people jolly? I wonder what would become of England if she insisted on such a custom. Englishmen have a Christmas, and they eat their Christmas pudding. Italians have a Christmas, and they go on fasting till Ash-Wednesday. Take it as you will, it is always excessively amusing to see a whole city alert with the rioting of a carnival about its ears; and no doubt the tourists think so. Ministers of state may think differently; and Count Cavour, if he had been alive, would doubtless have persuaded the king that a month, a year of jollity is rather too much for a young nation that means to make its way in the world. Allowing this view of the matter to be correct, one cannot, however, help agreeing with the tourists, that it would be a great pity to do away with the carnival altogether, and that 'sunny' Italy ought not to be put to the same régime as sober England. Few Italians would be content with a Day and a Night of it, and carnival-loving tourists would go elsewhere for a view of their favourite pastime, to the utter ruin of all Florentine innkeepers.

OUR NIGHT-SCHOOL.

THERE was weeping and wailing in our family when the head of it announced his intention to spend the long vacation and all other holidays at our own country-house, instead of wandering about the world, as we had hitherto done. Tears and general discontent proved wholly inefficacious; down we all had to go, *bon gré, mal gré*, to take possession of a pretty cottage and grounds, about sixteen miles from London, and four from a railway station! 'How to amuse ourselves?' that was the question. The family sat in conclave, and unanimously pronounced it 'a bad look-out.' There was no difficulty as to the disposal of our time during the day: we had a capital lawn for croquet, a pony-carriage and a couple of riding-horses, lovely country all round, and one of our party was a first-rate photographer. So far, so good. But the evenings! We couldn't play the piano, and sing, and do fancy-work night after night without any variety. What was to be done?

'I'm sure I don't know,' said one sad voice, belonging to a young sister, of High-Church principles, who had abjured crinoline, and wore a large bonnet, with an extensive brown gauze veil depending therefrom, 'I'm sure I don't know, unless we set up a school, and try to teach the people their Catechism.'

It was finally agreed that the school was by no means a bad idea.

The village in which we lived, though so short a distance from London, was in about as advanced a state of civilisation as, say, Kamtchatka or the Ladrone Islands. The living was a good one, but the vicar and his family lived abroad for the

benefit of their health, leaving the large scattered parish in the sole charge of an elderly curate. He had one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, a wife, and nine children. He was also a teetotaller; on principle, of course, and when ordered wine by the doctor, salved his conscience by taking it out of a medicine-bottle. To do the poor man justice, he worked hard; but the hamlet in which our house was situated being three miles from the principal part of the village, and from the church, its inhabitants were greatly neglected. The consequences were such as might be expected—the people, cut off from all communion with their superiors, were the roughest agriculturists, with scarcely a thought above the clods they ploughed. Every man drank (too much, I mean), and every other woman did the same. The boys and girls were growing up fast in the steps of their fathers and mothers. We could not even walk up the village without being exposed to insult and annoyance of some sort; but we thought that by making ourselves personally acquainted with the big lads, who lounged about all the summer evening, we might at least be able to go about unmolested. So, as I said, 'the school' was decided upon.

There was a largish room adjoining our stable, where service had formerly been held for those old people who were too infirm to walk three miles to church. We had hitherto used it as a studio and general lounging-place. We now decided that it was the very thing for our present purpose. So we had it well scrubbed, some long benches and a table were moved into it, and then we sent mamma out 'into the highways and hedges,' to tell all the boys she met that they might come to school if they liked. And they did like, much more than we expected at first; for the same evening a crowd of about twenty boys, their ages varying from ten to twenty, assembled outside our gate, and yelled for admittance. The numbers increased in a very short time to about thirty-five, but never went beyond that. Many of them used to walk two and three miles after their day's work to come to school.

I had little or nothing to do with them at first, as they were eagerly undertaken by three of my sisters, of whom one was firm and sensible, and the other two young and enthusiastic. The first thing to be done was to divide them into classes. Reading was made the criterion of excellence, and the three divisions consisted severally of those who could read tolerably, those who could read a little, and those who couldn't read at all. This last was the largest class, and composed chiefly of big boys. The school soon became very popular. The boys seemed to look upon it as a sort of club, where they could meet three times a week, and discuss the news, without much troubling themselves about the ladies who were there to teach them. But the second class, under my sensible sister Margaret, soon found themselves very much out in their reckoning. She was not a person to stand any nonsense, and in a surprisingly short time, she had reduced her boys to a state of extreme submission and decorum. She generally held her class in our dining-room, where, doubtless, the presence of papa in the next room helped to keep order. The other classes scrambled into a little learning, but continued very riotous and insubordinate.

A statute-fair was held near us during the month of September, and mamma, who had a virtuous horror of fairs, invited all the boys to a grand supper on the very night on which the fair was held. They came, with very few exceptions; and oh, how they did eat! Each boy had a mutton-pie weighing a pound and a half, plum-pudding in proportion, and as much bread and cheese and beer as he wanted. After they had finished supper, mamma, who was present, 'to make it proper,' as she said, requested, in the innocence of her heart, that some one would favour the company with a song. A certain Joe Burgess, with a shock-head of red hair and a very vulgar face, was called upon by his companions to respond to this appeal. He accordingly got upon his feet, and gave vent to a series of rhythmical roars, which lasted about half an hour. I am convinced, from the grins that accompanied, and the applause that followed this performance—also from the extreme embarrassment of our two gardeners, who presided at the head and foot of the table—that the words were very improper. But as mamma, who didn't understand any of them, sat placidly smiling throughout, it was not for me, or for any one else, to interfere, of course. I could only resolve that, should we ever give another supper, there should be no singing.

For the first month, I had taken a class only when any of my sisters were unable to do so. But at the end of that time, the two younger ones went away, and the sole charge of the first and third classes devolved upon me. The first time I found myself shut up in the school-room with about twenty-two boys, all determined to give as much trouble as possible, I thought I really must give it up. I was so nervous that I entirely forgot the Lord's Prayer, with which we always opened the school, and had to get up in the middle to hunt for a prayer-book to read it from. This was a bad beginning, and it went on worse. It was Friday, and writing-night. I had set all the copies beforehand, and with some difficulty arranged my boys at the long table, providing each with a pen, and every three with an inkstand. Then took place the most lavish expenditure of ink I ever beheld. They flicked it on the floor out of their pens; they poured it on the table; they spilt it over my dress and over each other; in short, they did everything but write with it. It was in vain I harangued them; their voices were louder than mine, and I couldn't make myself heard. It was in vain I sent them out one by one to wash their faces at the pump in the stable-yard; they came in again with clean faces, only to make them blacker and inkier than ever.

There was one boy who made more noise than any. He had wedged himself between the table and the wall at the top of the room, in a place where I could not possibly get at him, and there he sat and conducted the revels. I studied his countenance attentively, and saw that though he looked impudent, he had a weak, nervous expression about the mouth and chin. I determined to get him alone, and do for him. Accordingly, when I had closed the school—I had got over my first nervousness now—I ordered him to stay behind the others. He did so with a defiant grin, which soon disappeared under the influence of my lecture; and I did not let him go till I had reduced him to tears and submission. From that day forward, he was one of the best boys I had—not only good and attentive himself, but often helping me with the others.

I found it a very bad plan teaching so many at once, so determined to have them in detachments, which answered much better, though it took me to the schoolroom every night in the week.

It was uphill work at first. They improved very much in their lessons, and sometimes they would, by way of a change, be all perfectly well-behaved. Then just as I began to hope that all would go on smoothly, two or three of them would break out, and be worse than ever. The only punishment I used was sending them out of school, so that they should not hear the story I always read when lessons were done. But I did not have recourse to this oftener than I could help, as the chances were they would stay outside the door, and try to disturb and annoy me by making all sorts of absurd and derisive noises; and for me to go out and attempt to cope with them in the dark,

leaving the others in the schoolroom with no one to look after them, was impossible, as they very well knew. Sometimes making them a speech, or a little appeal to their better feelings, would have a good effect, but not always. Turning the laugh against them, and making them appear thoroughly ridiculous, was a capital plan. For instance, I waged a determined but too often an unsuccessful war against all eating in school, particularly of nuts and apples, which made an unpleasant noise. One evening, when I was reading out loud, I heard the boy next me take a bite out of an apple. I stopped reading, wrote a little pencil-note to one of our servants to say I wanted a dessert-plate and knife sent to me by the bearer, and despatched one of my good boys up to the house with it, and orders to wait for an answer. During the five minutes he was absent, the whole school sat in breathless expectation, not having the least idea what I was about. As soon as my messenger returned with the plate and knife, I quietly placed them before the delinquent: 'Now, Godfrey,' I said, 'let us all have the pleasure of seeing you peel your apple and eat it like a gentleman; we will not begin reading again till you have quite finished.' The boy turned scarlet, and all the rest shouted with laughter at his complete discomfiture. I reminded them that it might be some one else's turn to be laughed at next time, and I do not remember after that hearing or seeing any more nuts or apples. A furtive 'sucker' was all they permitted themselves, and as it would have been more difficult to convict them of that, I let it pass. This same boy, Godfrey, was a great favourite of mine. He was sharp, and an honest, manly fellow too; one of the very few among them who appeared to have some small sparks of chivalrous feeling hidden away somewhere under his smock-frock. I always felt that should the school break out into flat rebellion, I could have relied upon him and one or two others to do their best to protect me.

There was one little ploughboy, of about thirteen years of age, who really had the face and disposition of an angel. He was very stupid; it was a dreadful task to his teacher, as well as to himself, to drag him through a page of reading; his copy-book was nothing but blots, and in the multiplication-table he was hopeless. But his gentle goodness and his beautiful refined face atoned for it all, and made me love him.

I often used to wonder what I should do if any of them were to refuse point-blank to obey me; but they never did. However naughty and riotous they might be, when it came to the question of my will or theirs, I always got the best of it, even in the matter of stopping a fight; for one dark October evening, when I went down to unlock the gate to let them in, I found a ring in the middle of the road, and a regular combat going on within it. I own I felt a little frightened, but I plucked up my courage, unlocked the gate, and went out into the road. The outsiders all made way for me, and I soon found myself face to face with the combatants. They were two great carter lads, whom I disliked very much, and over whom I felt I had little influence. But they stopped pounding each other as soon as they saw me, and stood still with their noses streaming, and their faces and fists all cut and bruised. I said as quietly as I could: 'It 's time for school; come and wash your faces, and the next time you want to fight, choose some other place.' I sent all the other boys on to the schoolroom, marched my two fellows to the pump, stood over them while they washed their faces, and then ordered them to shake hands. This they did with considerable reluctance, and then we all three repaired to the schoolroom. It was the only time I ever got completely the better of them in the dark, and I never knew them behave so well as they did the whole of that evening; I suppose the fight had taken it out of them a good deal.

But, dear me, the improvement was only temporary. Two nights after, one of them was worse than ever, so bad, indeed, that I was obliged to dismiss him altogether. I was giving them a geography lesson, and we were doing the countries of Europe and their capital cities. This Joe Burgess began by announcing that 'he didn't know no capitals, nor want to know none, 'cept Lunnon.' 'Very well,' I said; 'then I shall pass you over.' So he sat there learning nothing, but trying in every possible way to make the rest laugh, till my patience was almost exhausted. At last I asked for the capital of Sweden. Nobody knew it, and I passed on from one to the other without getting any answer, till Joe Burgess roared out: 'Turnips, turnips, capital of Sweden turnips.' This was considered the most exquisite piece of wit, and all the boys laughed, while he continued to shout 'turnips, turnips,' at the top of his voice. I walked to the door and threw it open. 'Walk out,' I said, 'and *never* come back.' 'A good job too,' he said. 'I quite agree with you,' I replied, shutting the door on him. 'The next boy who laughs, or gives me any trouble,' I added, 'shall be sent after him;' and we finished the evening with great propriety. The next morning, I found a large turnip with the middle scooped out, and a face cut in it, thrown over the paling, on to our lawn. No doubt, this was to give point to the joke, and I would not for the world have had them know how very much I was amused by it. I heard that Joe Burgess never let out in the village or at home that he had been dismissed; and his friends, very much to their credit, all kept his secret for him. He used to dress for school, and wait patiently outside, so as to delude his mother into the belief that he was going on all right with us. He has since apologised, and been readmitted.

In two respects, the conduct of these poor rough lads was invariably good—they never told tales, or tried to get one another into trouble. Again, I never heard one of them use a bad word before me; and this shewed a considerable amount of self-restraint and sense of propriety, as their language, when they were once out of school, was particularly free. Once Godfrey began: 'I'll be blowed;' but he pulled himself up very short with: 'Beg your pardon, miss. I forgot you was there.'

I fear it will be thought that we taught them but little, and certainly it was part of our plan not to plague them with lessons, and to make everything as easy and amusing as possible. The third class, who didn't know their letters when they came, got on in the space of two months to words of four letters, and began to learn to write. The first class improved both in reading and writing, and picked up a good many scraps of general information.

By reading to them stories of all kinds, I tried to open their minds and excite their imaginations; and I really believe at last they began to think of something besides their dinner, which was the only thing they could remember ever to have thought of when I first asked them. On Sundays, I used to read to them some well-written stories by Mr Neale of East Grinstead, containing all sorts of 'hair-breadth 'scapes' by land and sea, fire and flood, with a short, a very short religious moral at the end. These they listened to with rapt attention. But the week-day readings of fairy tales which I translated to them from the German of Hauff were even more popular. I always found that if any boy was absent overnight, one of the others would tell or try to tell him the story next morning. This I looked upon as a great step in their intellectual progress.

When the time came for us to say good-bye and go back to town, I don't know whether we or the boys regretted it most. 'What *shall* we do in the evenings?' they said. Indeed, it was a pity to think of their sinking back into their old state, and all for want of a little help and attention. But we hope to continue our school whenever we are down in the country, and

that, though intermittent, will be better than nothing. In conclusion, I earnestly advise all young ladies who may be in want of occupation and interest, I may almost say excitement, in the country, and who are (as what young lady is not ?) fond of a little power, to follow our example, and open a night-school for boys. N.B.—Girls are much less satisfactory.

A GOOD PLAIN COOK FOR THE NAVY.

THE reader will not be sorry to receive a little additional information by way of *Postscript* to the article in our present volume, entitled 'A Good Plain Cook for the Army.' Since that was written, the public journals have announced the commencement of a series of trials, having for their object the improvement of the cooking for the navy. The seamen and marines in the Queen's navy know nothing of roast or baked dinners while on shipboard. Boiled salt beef and boiled salt pork when at sea, and these alternating with boiled fresh beef when in harbour, are the sailor's meats. There is, it is true, a very slight exception to this rule, for when a ship is in harbour, the officers' messes can now and then, perhaps, spare the ovens for the use of the men; but it is only about one day in a fortnight that each man can thus obtain a baked dinner; and when at sea, he gets none at all. Ships of war are, on an average, in harbour many more days in a year than they are out at sea; and on these days the crews mostly have fresh meat. It is therefore doubly vexing that, when fresh meat is to be had, they should be doomed to the eternal boil, boil, boil; especially as fresh beef, in the way it is boiled on shipboard, is reduced to a mass of indigestible fibre, from which the nourishment has nearly all departed. The convicts and felons who have broken the laws are actually better treated than our loyal and hard-working seamen in this matter; for baked meats enter into the dietary, on certain days, at Portland and other penal prisons. There is a difficulty in the matter, certainly. Space is very valuable on shipboard; and the existing cooking-galleys have been planned with so many ovens only as are necessary for the officers' dinners. Each galley, with its fittings, is said to cost so large a sum as a thousand pounds for a first-rate ship of war; and therefore any change that would involve an abandonment of this apparatus, and the substitution of a new kind, would entail an expense at which the official mind would look aghast. An experienced officer of the Victualling Department, however, has contrived a mode of utilising the present cooking-galleys, while adding facilities for 'doing' the much-desired baked meats. There is a quadrangular oven a few feet in advance of the ship's coppers, surrounded by a jacket or flue, from which the smoke is carried off by a funnel leading into the great funnel of the galley; a small fire underneath supplying the heat. Within, the oven has four trays of wire-shelves, to receive the mess-dishes with their supply of meat and potatoes. It is estimated that an oven five feet high, five feet wide, and one foot deep, would bake meat and potatoes for three hundred men. This addition, it is said, need not increase the cost of the whole cooking apparatus by more than thirty or forty pounds. If mutton were sometimes substituted for beef, and if the allowance of potato were a little increased (a change much desired by the men), the increase of cost to the government would not be more than eight shillings per head per annum—a cost that John Bull would willingly incur to give a little reasonable satisfaction to Jack Tar. Nor is this all. The ship's biscuit often becomes rotten or flinty after many months' voyage; and it would be a great comfort and advantage to the crews, if newly-baked bread were occasionally substituted for it. American flour can be bought cheaply at a large number of foreign ports; the ships' crews would bake it, and the country would be put to hardly any additional expense—certainly to none, if the health of the crew be taken into account. It is a matter of national congratulation to see the Admiralty taking up this matter in a fair spirit.

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN.

A DAY of sullen, smothering heat,
A blank, white glare, and yet no sun,
A smouldering roof of unrobed cloud,
No sunbeam, or but peeps of one.

No lawn all patterned with the sun,
And labyrinths of soft, cool shadow;
No sun to silver on the corn,
Or bloom upon the meadow.

No shining threads of gossamer,
Bridged o'er from rose to rose;
No trout to flash beneath the bridge,
Where the pink reed-flower blows.

Over the bridge, beneath the elms,
Now cloaked in sullen shadow,
The white-sleeved reapers laughing go,
Past purple clover meadow.

Here comes the postman, with his bag
Over his shoulder trailing;
Sturdy he strides past field and hedge,
Past cottage-gate and paling.

Our Mercury, our Hope, our Fear,
Death's messenger, and Love's,
What wonder that above his head
Coo softly the wild doves.

What wonder that the raven croaks
From yonder mossy beech,
That sable bird interprets now
Bad news in boding speech.

But Hope may pine another night,
For he has passed the door,
And Love may wring his little hands,
And wait one day the more.

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AN IMPROVEMENT ON A SYSTEM.

IF there is a member of society more unpleasant than the man with a Grievance, it is the man with a System. In the former case, the matter, at least, is finished and done with of which complaint is made; the victim may bewail himself for ever—and there is every probability that he will do so—but, at all events, the occasion upon which he harps is past and gone. Moreover, it is a satisfaction to us that the man has suffered. While the egotistic wretch is reiterating his wrong, and imagining that we sympathise with him, we do experience some little comfort in the fact of his misfortune; it would certainly be more disagreeable if he was equally tedious in describing a personal success. Now, the man with a System has all the wearisome characteristics of this fellow, and he is triumphant besides. The unhappy listener is deprived of the slightest source of consolation. He disbelieves, it is true, three parts out of four of the gorgeous narrative unfolded to him; he is blind to the prospective prosperity which the Fanatic would fain persuade him must of necessity crown his scheme; but he cannot be so perfectly persuaded of the failure of the thing as to take comfort from that conviction, and bear with his social enemy patiently in the contemplation of the coming Nemesis. The man with the System, too, has a great deal of nervous energy about him, while he with the Grievance is (so far well) depressed and sometimes dolesome to that degree that his lamentations are inaudible.

There is nothing more invidious, and therefore abhorrent to persons of sluggish temperament, than the activity and usefulness of others; it is always tacitly suggesting to them an odious comparison. Mr Harold Skimpole used to complain of the Bee as an insect of most obnoxious and obtrusive utility; but if it had never uttered a murmur, he would not have been one whit less antagonistic to it, for conscience herself has a voice (though some say it's a hum) more unceasing and less monotonous than had ever Bee. Mr Hartley Coleridge was disturbed in his day-dreams by the intellectual activity of his neighbour, Miss Harriet Martineau, and was once even stung into epigram by the comparisons drawn by his friends between his ways and hers.

'*She!*' exclaimed he in indignant protest against being measured by such a standard; 'why, *she's a monomaniac about everything.*'

Now, if H. C., a philosopher and poet, as was his father before him, was thus irritated by the intellectual vigour of a lady, though devoted to literary and political usefulness, quiet, ordinary folk may surely enter their protest against people of misdirected energies, like the man with a System. For my part, I abhor him. I don't in the least care what is his particular scheme. He may have discovered the only practical method for blowing up hostile armadas from under water, with neither pecuniary expense nor the slightest risk to human life, except to the enemy; he may have cultivated the dandelion to that pitch of perfection that its mere smell will cure scarlet fever; or he may have come to the conclusion that, by abolishing the Houses of Parliament and courts of justice, and substituting Convocation as the one governing body in matters temporal as well as spiritual, we shall at length succeed in securing prosperity at home and victory abroad. I should make haste, if I were so unfortunate as to meet with him, to agree with the projector of any or all of these designs. I believe that agreement, upon the whole, renders argument less exhaustive than dissent; and besides, to confess the truth, I should not dare to contradict him. I am naturally of weak nerves and pliant disposition. I have been enticed, before now, to try the homœopathic system; also the vegetarian. If Mr Prince had caught me before his establishment had got 'blown upon' in the public prints, he might have persuaded me to become an inmate of the Agapemone. I hope I should not have approved of the manner of life in vogue at that institution, but I make no doubt that I should have fallen in with it without much resistance. I should have played at hockey without animation, and certainly without devotion, but I should have stuck to it for the proper number of hours. If the late Sir Cornewall Lewis had had the advantage of my personal acquaintance, I should doubtless have furnished him with a very striking illustration of 'the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion.' I acknowledge that I seldom think for myself; nor is this now of any great consequence, since I am a married man, but at one time I was a prey to every benefactor of the human species. Jack Melldrake, indeed, my chum at college, and who afterwards 'kept' on the same staircase in Lincoln's Inn, stood between me and the Designing oftentimes,

and saved my constitution, which otherwise, I verily believe, must have succumbed to so many assailants; but without Jack, I was a reed to be played upon by every Fanatic.

I believe I even took the pledge during Jack's temporary absence on the continent, and injured the coats of my stomach with gingerade. Jack, however, soon convinced me that an extorted oath was not binding upon the conscience; and I began to live once more like a gentleman, when my system recovered its tone. Still, a man who dines out four days a week (and I never can resist an invitation, unless it's to an evening-party, when I am very firm) cannot expect to be always in good health, particularly at the end of a London Season. A slice of Jersey pear at dessert, or the dressing of the salad one takes with the Stilton cheese—the very least thing, in fact, is sufficient to complete the mischief which a thousand 'courses' compressed into four months have begun. On Thursday, June 14th, at a dinner at Colonel de Livewell's, I felt a piece of iced pudding was doing mischief with me, and although I took a glass of Curaçoa, in the promptest manner, and repeated that remedy, the most serious consequences ensued. My natural protector having again gone to the continent for the long vacation, I was recommended to 'diet' myself—which I thought I had been doing very well—to go into the country, to go to the sea, to go to Schlangenbad, to go to Bath, to go to Jericho, to live on the inside of dolls and milk ('porridge' they called it), to take sand-baths, to be Shampooed, to try a surgical operation, and to reconstruct my whole internal arrangements upon artificial principles, by means of pepsin. I became more or less a victim to all these various panaceas, which reduced me to the brink of the grave; and at last I tried the water-cure. Certain amphibious friends of mine protested that water would be the saving of me; and as usual, although without the slightest faith in the prediction, I gave in to their entreaties; I only hoped for an euthanasia; I had read that of all deaths that by drowning is the least unpleasant; and I went down to Malvern in expectation of a winding-sheet—wet.

It is not my intention to harrow the public mind by a description of my sufferings under water. The records of the Inquisition afford many parallel though inferior examples of the employment of water-power as a means of torture. We have all heard of the bald heretic upon whose head a drop of water was made to fall, *per* minute, until the scull was worn away, or the brain softened, and he recanted his opinions (I forget which); but what is that compared to being placed, naked, under a pipe three inches in diameter, down which comes a hogshead of water per minute, with a fall of thirty feet! That is called the deuce or douche, and the very douche it is, I can tell you. The expectation of it, as the victim stands with his hands on his knees, is sublime—from its excess of terror. The buoyancy of spirit which is experienced afterwards is also most remarkable, and arises, said the water-doctor, from the invigoration of the system, and not (as I humbly believe) from the circumstance that the douche is over for that day. I did not, however, contradict the doctor, you may be sure. A much stronger-minded man could not have ventured to do that. His patients were all as school-boys, and trembled at his nod. I had once read a book upon Malvern, which represented these oppressed individuals as broiling kidneys in the fastnesses of the adjacent hills, and eating them on the sly, while a sentinel kept watch over what one may well call 'the gorge.' I found this to be strictly true. I have seen captains and colonels look about them furtively before buying six-pennyworth of tarts at a pastrycook's in the town, and then betake themselves to solitary and almost inaccessible peaks to enjoy the forbidden food. The doctor had his spies in all directions, and in the most unsuspected forms. An artless-looking shepherd was the sole creature whom I encountered in a certain morning-walk upon the Malvern Himalaya, and yet when 1.30, the dinner-hour, came round, my medical preceptor had become aware of a peccadillo committed during that excursion. 'You cannot expect, Mr Blankton,' said he severely, and in a voice that could be heard by every one of the two hundred patients assembled at that mid-day meal, 'to benefit by my treatment, if you will not give up the abominable habit of smoking cigars.' Then everybody looked at me, as though I had picked a pocket; and old Wiley—the judge—whom I had caught smoking myself more than once on the Ledbury Road—echoed: 'You can't expect it, Mr Blankton. It is not fair to our good doctor.' The next afternoon I was put down for a lamp-bath. Conceive the horror of being stripped and placed upon a sort of gridiron chair with a lamp underneath it burning with a lively flame! A blanket drawn closely about you conceals the frightful results which must be taking place, but the imagination is all the more vivid upon that account, and disturbs the soul with greater fear. I had adjured the attendant not to leave me, and put questions to him from time to time, in order to mitigate the agony of my apprehension, and not *only* of my apprehension, let me tell you, for it was getting exceedingly hot.

'Is it camphine?' said I.

'Why, no, sir: camphine would make you most uncommon black'——

'I believe I *am* black,' said I; 'burned black; I feel overdone. For goodness' sake, where is the extinguisher?'

But I might as well have endeavoured to melt the soul of Torquemada himself.

The intention of all these unhallowed proceedings is to produce what is technically called 'a crisis'—a water-boil: pimples, rashes, eruptions, and what not, are all excellent things, and earnestly to be desired by the patient, but the thing he has come for is a water-boil. The conversation in the drawing-room was mainly confined to this interesting subject.

'Have you had a crisis, madam?'

'Alas! no, sir; I entertained hopes yesterday afternoon, but it was such a very little one at last, that I can scarcely say that I have been so favoured. My mother has had three crises within the week.'

The little book to which I have already referred treats of this subject at a length commensurate with its importance; but let it suffice to say that I was in daily expectation of a 'crisis' of my own, and in the meantime felt decidedly better. If the water-cure does *not* make a man well indeed, its professors ought to be put to death to slow music; nothing but success can excuse a system of deprivation, torture, and early hours. I found myself so decidedly improved, after three months, that when Jack Melldrake returned from his tour, dyspeptic—for having lost a five-franc piece on his way out, at the tables at Baden-Baden, he had remained there for the purpose of getting it back again, instead of carrying out his original intention of mountaineering in Switzerland—I recommended his coming to Malvern, and getting cured. He jeered at this notion very considerably, but he came, nevertheless, with the avowed intention of rescuing me from the water-kelpies. Jack behaved, to all appearance, like a model patient, and was of course compelled to submit to much of the discipline of the establishment, which really benefited him, but in secret he was worse than Mr Justice Wiley. He carried a bottle of Harvey's Sauce in his pocket, to flavour the plain mutton; and I have known him slip into a hotel, by way of the stables, for a glass of India sherry or a tankard of Bass. The treacle which formed the chief staple of our tea and breakfast, he 'took to' amazingly, although I do not think that he had been heretofore aware of the existence of such a

condiment. For my own part, I confess that I could never get enough of this delicacy. I had an excellent appetite for the three meals *per diem* that were allotted to us, but I wanted a fourth also. We were sent to bed early, it is true, but not before the desire for supper had arisen powerfully within me. Sleep forsook my eyelids, and I used to lie within the damp sheets in a sort of semi-nightmare, imagining deviled kidneys, oysters, curried lobsters, and other tantalising dainties, which I had known in the nights of my liberty. Not wishing to remind my friend of any unpleasantries of our condition, I had forborne to speak to him upon this subject for the first fortnight after his arrival; but when he evidently began to like the place, and submit himself to our strange ways of life with a tolerably good grace, I ventured to confide to him the nightly agonies I suffered from starvation.

'It would be an immense Improvement on the System,' said I, 'if they gave us supper. I could eat half-a-dozen slices of bread and treacle whenever I go to bed.'

'There is always supper for those who like it,' returned Jack cheerfully.

'Where, where?' said I. 'My dear friend, where is it to be got?'

'Why, in the dining-room, of course,' returned he. 'I had some on the first evening of my arrival, when I tasted treacle for the first time. I slipped down at eleven o'clock P. M., and found the tables laid out for anybody that chose to come. Nobody does come, however, except myself and old Wiley—to whom I communicated the welcome intelligence. The servants are not even kept up to wait. You help yourself, and then retire, in the most unceremonious and convenient manner. I have often wondered we did not see you. Do you join us, and we'll make a night of it this very evening. There's always treacle enough for fifty, and I fancy the bread is newer than it is in the morning.'

At eleven P. M., therefore, I gladly arose from my couch, on which I had lain down, half-dressed, to read, and noiselessly descended the stairs. In spite of my friend's assurances, I could not help thinking that I was somehow transgressing the regulations, and therefore my movements were furtive and cautious in the extreme. In the dining-room were already seated Jack and the judge, with their mouths besmeared with their favourite dainty. 'Come,' said the former, 'fall to. You are five minutes late. I hope you have left your Abdominal Compress upstairs.'

The A. C. is a small sheet-packing, wetted, and always worn close to the skin (with an India-rubber covering to it), except at meal-times.

'O yes,' said I, 'you may be sure of that. I would not have a Compress on just now for a couple of five-pound notes.'

I had cut myself an enormous hunch of household bread, and was turning the second dessert-spoonful of treacle into my plate, when I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

It was the dreadful doctor himself. The room swam before my eyes, but I could discern one thing very clearly—Mr Justice Wiley and Jack had taken themselves off. They had deserted me. They had heard the coming footsteps, and fled while my attention was entirely taken up with anticipations of treacle. I felt confident that I was in the wrong; that I was doing something not only forbidden, but mean and gluttonous. This supper was somehow, I felt sure, not intended for my eating.

'Mr Blankton,' said the doctor, 'I passed over your infringement of my rules in respect to the smoking of tobacco, but I cannot permit such insubordination as *this*. For several days it has been a complaint of my servants that somebody comes in here after we have all retired to rest, and eats to excess *of the breakfast, which is laid out overnight*, in order to save the time of the domestics. They have always to clear away more than one soiled plate, and to replace a loaf or two, and several pots of treacle. I perceive that you have already caused as much trouble as possible' [here he pointed to the fragments left by my two absent companions], 'and regret to have to say that such conduct cannot be endured in this establishment. Eat what you please to-night, sir, but to-morrow we must part—we must indeed. An example of this sort would be sufficient to subvert all discipline. I wish you good-night, and, permit me to add, a better digestion than it is probable you will enjoy *after all that*.' Once more he pointed to the relics of the feast upon the plates of my departed friends, and then stalked forth from the spacious chamber, with an air of offended dignity only to be compared with that of Hamlet's deceased father. The next morning I left for London without my 'crisis'—expelled, as it were, from the Malvern Academy of Cold Water. I could not stoop to exculpate myself at the expense of Jack and the Judge, or explain how I had been mischievously misinformed with respect to that Improvement on the System—a late Supper.

RUSSIAN JOTTINGS.

It may appear very paradoxical when I state, that though it is hotter and colder in Russia than in England, yet you do not feel either the heat or the cold so much as in this country. The reason is, that the atmosphere there is clear, dry, and exhilarating; the houses are heated in winter much better than ours; the weather is so settled, that one can always dress in accordance with it; and, in the cold weather, you are well protected by furs. Baron Münchausen relates that a gentleman was once travelling during the winter in Poland. The postilion blew his horn till he was quite red in the face, but could produce no music. When they arrived at the inn where they stopped for the night, the postilion hung his horn on a hook near the kitchen fire. To the astonishment of all present, the instrument soon began to play of itself. How can this phenomenon be explained? Why, the baron tells us that the cold was so great that it froze all the airs which the postilion had blown into his horn on the journey. But near the kitchen fire, it soon thawed, and then all the pieces that had been blown into it came out one after another, in regular succession. This is rather an exaggerated account of the baron's; but it is undoubtedly excessively cold in Poland at times. Last winter was, I believe, the coldest they have had in Russia for twenty years, and the year before was nearly as cold. In many places, the thermometer fell to about 36 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. In Riga, the lowest point was 29 degrees in exposed situations. My thermometer, which was in a sheltered situation, shewed 20 degrees. When the thermometer reaches about 32 degrees, the birds will sometimes fall frozen when flying through the air. Fortunately, when it is so low, there is little or no wind; otherwise, it would be unbearable. With a high wind and 10 degrees of frost, it is colder than 4 degrees below zero without wind.

But you are thoroughly protected against cold. You leave a warm room, where the temperature is 16 degrees Reaumur above zero, into the cold air 16 degrees below zero—a difference of 72 degrees Fahrenheit. You put on, however, a pair of overshoes lined with fur, a fur-coat, and cap; and you are not only comfortable, but thoroughly enjoy the cold, for it is so exhilarating. There is generally a beautiful blue sky; clear, bracing air, and sun, so that the winter is very far preferable to ours; and I have never heard an English person say otherwise. But unfortunately, it is too long. In Riga—which has not such severe weather as St Petersburg or Moscow—the river is frozen from the end of November till the beginning of April, during which time the snow

lies deep on the ground. The quantity of snow that falls is prodigious. One good snow-storm is a sufficient excuse for the Russians to bring out their sledges, and then they thoroughly enjoy themselves. If there be a moderate quantity of snow, it makes a capital sledging-road; and surely there is no finer mode of travelling! With good horses, a good sledge, plenty of furs, a cigar, and a nice companion, one is perfectly happy, or ought to be so. The pleasant clatter of the horses' hoofs; the merry jingling of their little bells; the speed with which they whisk you through the dry, bracing air; the merry laughter of the occupants of passing sledges; the beautiful green fir-trees, partially covered with snow; the glorious sun or the pensive moon shining on you, send the blood thrilling through your veins with redoubled energy, and afford thoroughly pleasurable enjoyment. To be sure, it is liable to be interrupted by an upset of the sledge when turning a corner rather sharply, but this little incident merely serves to enhance the fun. You haven't far to fall; you pick yourself up, shake yourself like a great dog, rearrange the sledge, jump in, and off you go again. It is a treat, I assure you, and must be tried to be appreciated. But when the road happens to be bad, sledging is, without exception, the worst kind of travelling one can experience. When there is too much snow, or, at the end of winter, when the roads are much cut up, it is a succession of ridges or hillocks, the jolting over which is about as near a resemblance to travelling on the sea as can be imagined; and, strange to say, it causes some people almost as much suffering from sickness as if they were on the sea.

When the cold is very great, you cannot always escape the evil consequences of it; you sometimes get your nose or toes frozen; and if you happen to touch a piece of iron, it will burn and blister your skin as if the iron were hot. And the worst of it is, that you do not know when your nose is frozen. One evening, last winter, mine was so situated, and I was not aware of it until I got indoors, when a lady pointed it out to me. I then rubbed it vigorously with snow, till animation returned, and with the exception of losing a little of the skin, suffered no inconvenience from it. In very cold weather, people look with particular interest at each other's noses, and if they perceive a frozen one, they immediately convey the fact to the owner. A lady once stopped me in the streets, and very pertinaciously insisted that mine was frozen, but fortunately it was a false alarm. And there is a singularity in the cold; it sometimes strikes you like a sun-stroke, and renders you for a short time very ill. It once affected me in that manner, and, strange to say, when I was skating. It is very singular that in a cold country like Russia chilblains should be of very rare occurrence, and that people who have habitually suffered from them in England, should be almost or quite free from them there.

Within doors, the Russians make themselves a great deal more comfortable than we do, by their admirable system of heating the rooms; every chamber is at a uniform temperature, so that they can have all the inside doors open, and are thus free from draughts; while they are enabled to have plants and flowers in their rooms, as if it were summer. Their stoves are grand monumental-looking structures, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and are faced with white porcelain tiles. The interior consists of a large oven, the heat from which circulates through a series of brick passages—thus the whole of the stove becomes hot. A wood-fire is made in the oven, and when it is burned to a red ash, and no flame is perceptible, the door is closed, the communication with the chimney is cut off; the stove immediately becomes quite hot, and diffuses an agreeable and equable temperature throughout two or three rooms, for they are generally made so as to protrude into several apartments. You may sometimes see a room without any signs of a stove, as it will be level with the wall, and papered or painted over. These stoves only require charging once in twenty-four hours, or, in very severe weather, once every twelve hours. Inexperienced people sometimes close the door before the wood is thoroughly burned, and then very melancholy results ensue; the stove becomes charged with carbonic acid gas, which, escaping into the room, causes death. An Englishman sorely misses his cheerful open fireplace, but they would be absolutely useless; however, the Russians have now the fashion of combining the two, which is exceedingly agreeable. Then, again, they have double windows in every room, the inner ones being carefully pasted over at the crevices; and the outer doors are likewise double. With all these precautions, they bid defiance to the coldest weather, and indoors wear thin coats and muslin dresses; while we in England sit close to our fires and scorch on one side, while we freeze on the other, and are, moreover, subjected to terrible draughts. Surely we might learn something from the Russians in this matter. Who does not dread leaving a warm parlour for a cold bedroom, and put off the evil hour as long as possible. In Russia, the bedroom is as warm as the sitting-room, and they require scarcely any more bedclothing in mid-winter than in mid-summer. In my humble opinion, this practice of ours is one of the chief causes of consumption. A bedroom in the winter-time should most certainly be heated every night, for what can be more injurious than removing from a heated room to go to rest in one where the water frequently freezes during the night. Cases of consumption are, I believe, comparatively rare in Russia. May not this in some measure account for it?

The Russians, however, frequently overheat their rooms, which, to an Englishman, is exceedingly unpleasant; and sometimes they do it to so great an extent as to render it almost impossible to remain in them. They have the utmost horror of fresh air—to open the window during the winter, for even two or three minutes, is a very serious offence. It is never done till about the month of April. At this time, the sun begins to assert his supremacy, the snow gradually melts, and the people are on the *qui vive* for the breaking-up of the ice on the river. This is a very interesting event, and many bets are made as to when it will take place. It is astonishing with what regularity it does break up—generally within two or three days of the same date every year. Almost the whole populace turn out at the anticipated time, and line the river-banks; and so well do they calculate the time, that within two or three hours beforehand, people will be walking across the ice. It generally breaks up suddenly; the current carries it away with great rapidity, piling masses upon masses, until it makes veritable hills of ice, which pass, with solemn grandeur, to the sea. It is a striking and beautiful sight, but is sometimes very terrible in its consequences, for the rivers rise to such a height as to inundate the towns and surrounding country. They are always on the look-out for this, and take all possible precautions; but in spite of their care, inundations do occur, and commit terrible havoc, particularly in St Petersburg. The snow has no sooner disappeared, and the welcome green grass become visible, than the buds appear on the trees; these immediately expand into leaves, and you jump from winter into summer at a bound; there is scarcely any spring. The rapidity with which summer comes upon you is marvellous; and the rapid growth of vegetation is no less so—in fact, it must be seen to be believed. The Russians are soon all busy taking out their double windows, putting up sun-blinds, and making arrangements to leave for the country, to enjoy the beautiful

summer; and they do enjoy it most thoroughly. They may then be said to live in the open air: all the use they make of their houses is to sleep in them, for they take all their meals in the garden or verandah. Picnics are largely indulged in, and with impunity, for the weather is settled—they have a beautiful, clear, blue sky, and brilliant sun for weeks together.

The summer is hotter than it is here, but the Russians do not feel the heat so much as we do. There, it is dry, clear, and exhilarating, and constant. Occasionally, they are subjected to rapid changes, but not often; though at St Petersburg, it is excessively hot during the day, and so cold at night that you are obliged to wear an overcoat. The summer evenings and nights in Russia are wonderfully beautiful. The air is so calm, clear, soft, and subdued, and it remains light for so long, that you feel inclined to linger in the open air all night, and turn into bed with regret. In Riga, I have been able to read a letter at half-past ten at night; and at St Petersburg it is quite light for several nights. The summer is about as long as ours, but it appears shorter in consequence of the shortness of the spring and autumn. During the summer, there is a profusion of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, similar to our own. An Englishman misses the beautiful spring and autumn of England, but he is more than recompensed by the splendid summer and winter. The climate of Russia is certainly preferable to that of England; but there is one slight drawback to the summer—it breeds mosquitoes. Some writers assert that the houses in Russia swarm with insects. This is a ridiculous exaggeration. The Russians adopt the sensible plan of living in flats. The rooms of the higher classes are furnished in the French style, but those of the middle class are usually furnished in a very plain and tasteless manner, and almost invariably without carpets. They have a peculiar way of decorating their ceilings by stencilling or painting, which is usually done with very great taste, and has a very pretty effect; and they have the floors painted or inlaid. The houses are usually made of wood, and the roofs are frequently covered with sheet-iron, painted green or red, which gives them a picturesque appearance. They have a custom of calling houses after the names of the proprietors, but they are now likewise numbered; and it is customary to pay rent in advance.

There are two things in which the Russians are very much behindhand—draining and paving. The paving in most of the towns is execrable; it seems as if the chief care of the pavier was to place the stones the wrong side upwards; consequently, walking about the streets is most irksome and tormenting, and is sadly detrimental to one's temper—particularly if you are troubled with corns. The only time when one can walk with any degree of comfort is when the snow is on the ground. The paving in St Petersburg is generally pretty good, but owing to the boggy nature of the soil, it is constantly in need of repair. The idea of building a city on the site of St Petersburg was downright madness. It is a dismal swamp; it is subjected to terrible inundations; the foundation is very insecure; and it is unhealthy. The city is magnificent, but is spoiled by its situation. It is built on a level plain, and intersected by the river Neva and numerous canals. The entrance to St Petersburg by the river offers a strong contrast to the Thames at London. Instead of a filthy river, they have one limpid and clear; instead of dirty, dingy wharfs and warehouses, they have rows of palaces, handsome public buildings, and magnificent mansions; and instead of muddy banks, and narrow, filthy streets and alleys, they have magnificent granite quays and wide streets. Although St Petersburg contains but about six hundred thousand inhabitants, yet it is of enormous extent, and necessitates a liberal use of droskies and omnibuses. The buildings usually cover an immense extent of ground; and the streets are very wide, and laid out at right angles. Some of the palaces are built of marble; one building in particular, the Hermitage, has in its construction an amazing quantity of this costly material. It contains a vast number of rooms, nearly all of which have columns, floor, and walls of marble, each room having a different colour. The Hermitage adjoins the Winter Palace. It contains a most valuable and highly interesting collection of curiosities, old jewellery, vases, statuary, and paintings. There is a vast number of institutions in St Petersburg; among which, deserving of special mention, are the Orphan Asylum, and a very valuable Museum of Mines. The monuments and statuary are remarkably fine. The chief street in St Petersburg is the Newsky-Prospect; this is perhaps half as wide again as Regent Street, and is almost three miles long. In some respects, it is a more magnificent street than Regent Street, but it is spoiled by the peculiar shops. They mostly have one on the ground-floor, to which you have to ascend a few steps, and another on the basement, to which you have to descend; and they are profusely decorated outside with signboards, on which are painted representations of some of the goods to be had within; for instance, the upper shop will perhaps have boards on which are represented various articles of fur, and the lower one will have gorgeous representations of cheese, ham, candles, soap, sugar, &c. This sadly detracts from the beauty of the street.

The theatres are very fine buildings. The Opera House at St Petersburg is about the same size as Covent Garden; and that at Moscow is, I believe, the largest, most commodious, and handsomest theatre in the world. But the great glory of St Petersburg is St Isaac's Church. I can assure my readers, it is worth a journey to this city solely to see this and the magnificent granite quays. The cost of that magnificent church was enormous: the amount is not known, but it is stated that the foundation alone cost two hundred thousand pounds, so many piles being required, owing to the boggy nature of the soil. It is built of marble, and is in the form of a Greek cross; it has four equal sides; four peristyles, the pillars of which are of polished granite, sixty feet high, and seven feet in diameter, and the capitals are of bronze. The steps are made out of enormous masses of polished granite, and the doors are magnificent specimens of bronze-casting. It is ornamented with a large central dome and four smaller ones, all of which are gilded, and their appearance, when the sun is shining on them, is extremely beautiful. This is the first object that meets your gaze when going to St Petersburg. The interior is gorgeous in the extreme: it is composed of marble of various colours, and is most profusely ornamented with gilding, paintings, and wonderful mosaics.

In all Greek churches, there is a gorgeous screen, called the Iconostasis, behind which is the Holy of Holies. This screen in St Isaac's is extremely splendid; it is profusely gilded, has columns of malachite fifty feet high, two smaller columns of lapis-lazuli, and some large mosaics of saints, so exquisitely done that I at first thought they were paintings. In the lantern of the dome is a dove with outstretched wings, cut out of white marble; so beautiful, that you regard it almost with veneration. In all Greek churches are paintings of the Saviour, the Virgin, and some of the saints. They are very peculiar, the face and hands alone being visible, the remainder of the picture being covered with thin sheets of gold, silver, or gilt, made to represent the clothing and head-dress. These pictures are called Eikons. The Russians have a great veneration for them; they are not only inside the churches, but outside, and in various public thoroughfares; they have a small lamp burning in front, and are placed in

a kind of shed, or in a glass-case. No orthodox Russian will pass one without stopping, doffing his hat, making sundry bows, and crossing himself. They likewise hang them up in a corner of their shops, rooms, and public offices.

I mentioned the screen called the Iconostasis. A singular regulation in connection with this is, that no woman is ever allowed to enter it. To a stranger, there appears to be a great deal of superstition mixed up with their religion; they seem to pay much more attention to the forms and ceremonies than to the spirit of religion. In the church is a stall for the sale of tapers, which the congregation are continually purchasing during the service, and sticking in candlesticks before the pictures of the saints. The service of the Greek Church is particularly fatiguing, for there are no seats, and the number of bows, crossings, and genuflexions are endless. The service is very peculiar. They have no organ, but a great deal of chanting; the prayers are read in the Slavonic tongue, which the people do not understand; and if they did, they are delivered with such amazing volubility as to be almost, if not quite incomprehensible. At twelve o'clock on the Saturday night previous to Easter Sunday, there is a grand dramatic exhibition in all the Russian churches: it is to represent the resurrection of our Saviour; and very novel, striking, and grand it is. The archbishop in full canonicals, wearing his mitre; the numerous priests habited in cloth of gold; the various banners and other ornaments; the incense, and the beautiful chanting, make a *tout ensemble* never to be forgotten. After many prayers, forms, and ceremonies have been gone through, they form a grand procession, and leave the church, round which they walk three times. They are supposed to be seeking the body of Jesus. On their return, the archbishop stands at the altar, and joyfully communicates to the congregation that 'Christ is risen.' Then there is a general congratulation. The highest in rank among them advances to the archbishop and exchanges kisses with him, and then kisses the crucifix which the archbishop presents to him; the others advance, according to their rank, and do the like; and then the remainder of the congregation rush forward for the same ceremony. The bells ring out a joyful peal; the steeples are illuminated, and general joy reigns around. By the by, whenever a priest gives anything to the bishop, or takes anything from him, he always kisses his hand. At this time, the usual salutation of a Russian is, 'Christ is risen,' and the reply is, 'Risen indeed;' and then the two friends will take off their caps and embrace each other several times. They have likewise a custom of giving or exchanging eggs. These are boiled hard, and then coloured, gilded, or silvered, but some of them are artificial, and contain a handsome present; if you present an egg to a lady, she is bound to exchange kisses with you. It was told to some of the English who had newly arrived, that the practice of the ladies kissing the gentlemen was usual in the church at the conclusion of the before-mentioned ceremony, and several of them went there on speculation; but, to their extreme disgust, they found they had not embraced the right opportunity.

It may be worth while to glance at the tenets of the Greek faith. Formerly, the Greek and Roman Catholic churches were both one. There were four patriarchal chairs—Rome, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople—each being independent of the other; but on the elevation of Gregory VI. to the chair of Rome, a rivalry ensued between him and the patriarch of Constantinople for the leadership of the whole Christian world, and a separation then took place. The Greek Church differs from the Roman Catholic in several respects. It rejects the dogma of purgatory, yet it allows prayers for the dead; it forbids graven images, yet it permits pictures; and it ignores dispensations and indulgences. The people are expected to confess once a year—at Easter. It has our Lord's Prayer, commandments, and belief. Their catechism, and the formula of the duties of parish priests, are admirable, and worthy of any creed. They allow the most perfect toleration, except to their own apostates, against whom they are very severe, but no proselytising is permitted. Their priests are called popes, and are obliged to marry, but are not allowed to marry twice. They have terribly long fasts, that extend altogether from twenty-six to twenty-eight weeks in the year, and some of them are very long and exceedingly severe, particularly the one before Easter, which lasts for seven weeks. The emperor is the head of the church. They have a curious custom of blessing almost everything—houses, rivers, animals, flowers, bread, &c. The blessing of the rivers is most peculiar. On a certain day in January, they cut a large hole in the ice, over which they erect a canopy. A grand procession leaves the church, and proceeds to this spot, when the bishop blesses the river. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the people rush forward with pitchers to obtain some of the holy-water, which they carry home in triumph, believing it to be efficacious for the purification of their houses, and the curing of distempers. A bowl of this water is carried before the bishop on his return to the church, into which he continually dips a kind of whisk, and sprinkles the bystanders on each side of him.

At a burial, they do not issue invitations, but insert an advertisement in the newspaper. The friends and acquaintances then go to the house to see the corpse lying in state, and, on the day of the funeral, join in the procession. The coffin resembles an ornamental box, highly decorated; for an adult, it is generally covered with black or purple velvet; but for a young person it is pink or white, with a quantity of ornaments and wreaths of flowers. It is borne to the grave on a bier having a rich canopy of black velvet carefully arranged. A piece of paper is put into the hands of the corpse, which is a kind of certificate from the priest—a passport to heaven. A Riga merchant was in great dread lest he should be buried alive, and in order to guard against such a terrible disaster, he had a catacomb made for himself, outside which was a bell, the wire of which was placed at the head of his coffin, so that, in the event of his waking up, he might ring for assistance. But there was very little chance of his waking, for when I saw him, a few months ago, both he and his shroud appeared exactly as if made out of plaster of Paris. There was every facility for seeing him, as he had ordered two wide and long strips of window-glass to be let into the lid of the coffin.

The bells of the Russian churches are a most abominable nuisance; they have several, from a little muffin-bell to a full, deep-toned, funeral-knell, and these are jangled indiscriminately, and make a most discordant din.

LOST AND FOUND.

It was in old King Ferdinand's time that the *Hecla* frigate, of which I was second-lieutenant, was ordered to reinforce the British squadron at anchor off Naples. His Neapolitan majesty was only too glad to see us, for storms were understood to be lowering in the political world, and the intrigues of the Muratist party, and those of the secret societies of Carbonari, kept shaking his throne. We were the allies in whom he most trusted, and an urgent request had been pressed upon the Percival ministry to strengthen the fleet then lying in the Bay of Naples.

Our reception was pleasant enough, for the great gay capital of Southern Italy was then at its gayest. Ferdinand liked his people to amuse themselves, since merry-makings were believed to keep them from the exercise of free-thought, and life seemed a perpetual

holiday. We, the officers of the British ships-of-war, had our full share of the diversions of the place, and were, for the most part, content enough to look at the surface of things, and to conclude that the old king—the 'royal lazzarone,' as the French faction had somewhat maliciously named the shrewd, uneducated, old Bourbon—really knew what was best for his people. If they were dirty, they were light of heart; if they were ragged, lazy, crafty, and had all the vices and none of the virtues of barbarians, at least they were picturesque, quick-witted, and always ready to amuse our fun-loving middies, by diving for small coin flung into the sea, or by eating as many yards of macaroni as the wits of our cockpit chose to treat them to.

Meanwhile the opera was brilliant, the ballet better than any other in Europe; there were splendid receptions at court, in the palaces of the nobility, at the various embassies, and on board the men-of-war in the roadstead, where the white decks, roofed over with flags and laurels, made the finest possible arena for a dance. All went merrily and well.

There was a dark side to the picture; but this we did not, for the most part, see or care to see. It was not only that the people were degraded and abjectly superstitious, proner to beg than work, more disposed to pilfer or extort a baiocco, and then lie in the sun for hours, languidly munching a cheap slice of watermelon, than to earn an honest meal and decent home. It was not only that monks and mendicants seemed to outnumber the actual labourers of the soil, that the mountains swarmed with brigands, and that the roads which the French had made were fast falling into decay. Not only this, but justice was bought and sold; crimes were daily winked at by the corrupt magistrates of the country; in the remote provinces, although several years had elapsed since Murat's capture and death, the poniards of the Sanfedesti were frequently reddened with the blood of reputed Liberals, for whose murder no account was ever demanded by those in authority. Not only this, but the jails were full—not of the robbers who beset the highways, but of the most useful and energetic citizens of Naples, men whose only crime, in many cases, was some rash expression of opinions at variance with the traditions of Bourbon royalty.

I had a friend, in whose studio near the Chiaia—he was a young English artist—I often idled away an hour pleasantly enough. I had known Edward Bolton ever since he came up, a little flaxen-headed lad, to join the 'petties' at Charterhouse. I was then myself a fifth-form boy, being Ned's senior by a good many years; but his parents were friends of my own, and he was put under my protection, and became my fag. Bolton turned out a very clever youngster—not that his scholarship was ever remarkable, but that his abilities as an artist forced their way, in spite of all possible snubbing and discouragement. And after a course of study at Rome, having with some difficulty persuaded his reluctant relations to consent to his following what was manifestly his natural vocation, he had established himself at Naples.

Ned Bolton was not absolutely dependent on his profession; he had an allowance from home, and would inherit a small competence in due season; but, to do him justice, he worked as if his whole reliance had been upon brush and colours. His choice of subjects was rather desultory as yet: he sat surrounded by scraps of mythology, sketches of golden-haired saints and gaunt martyrs, exquisite bits of marine views or mountain scenery; but his talent was patent and notable, even to ignorant eyes like mine.

It happened that some weeks had passed without my paying Bolton my accustomed visit. There had been a press of invitations from members of the gay and hospitable society of Naples—into which, from indolence or distaste, Ned did not enter—and I had almost forgotten the quiet studio in the noisy and constant mirth of the carnival. Besides, we had given Naples a grand display of naval evolutions—had sailed and tacked, crossed the bay, and rounded the point—had performed a sham-fight, shaking doors and windows with the thunder of our heavy cannon—and had finally swept off on a short cruise that took us within sight of Sicily, before we returned to our anchorage under shadow of St Elmo.

At last I found myself springing up the dusty stairs of the great old house in which Bolton lodged. A curious house it was, being a stately mansion that had once belonged to some Spanish grandee of the seventeenth century, whose coat-of-arms, chipped by the chisels of the republican French, was still discernible over the arched entrance. The windows that lighted the stair were dim and dirty; the broad, shallow stone steps, and the massy marble banisters, were villainously in want of broom and scrubbing-brush; and in the many stories were accommodated a banker, a vice-consul, an upholsterer, a jeweller who made filigree-work in gold and silver, three professors of dancing or tongues, several artisans, and more than one wretchedly poor family of semi-mendicants, to say nothing of Bolton, who had a noble north window to his studio, and a fair suite of rooms. It was one of those huge cavernous Italian houses, built for a prince's use, and inhabited by the population of a hamlet; and I never ceased to marvel at its quaint arrangements.

I tapped at the studio door, and on being bidden to 'come in,' found my friend before his easel, painting, while before him stood two models, the outline of whose forms he had already transferred to the canvas. They were a blind old woman and her daughter. I have used the word 'old' somewhat at random, perhaps, though the gray hair and wrinkled brow of the elder female warranted the epithet; but in Italy, women fade early, especially in the lower ranks of life, and more especially if distress of mind be added to the effects of poverty and the dry climate. A closer inspection shewed that the elder of the two models was not beyond middle age, and was a tall and finely moulded figure, erect and dignified, with a look of touching resignation on her classically regular features. She stood, holding a distaff of the rude old Italian pattern, her sightless eyes turned towards the painter, and her left hand resting on the shoulder of her young daughter, a slight, graceful girl of seventeen, with dark hair, and a modest, gentle look that enhanced the rare beauty of her face. A lovely face it was; and the strangest thing to me was that I seemed to know it well, and yet I felt certain I had never met the girl before. At last the truth flashed across me: I had seen and admired that face in many of Bolton's sketches; I had even quizzed him about the frequency with which he had drawn it; and lo! here was the original, to whom the student's pencil had hardly done justice.

Ned signed to me to sit down, and we held a sort of disjointed conversation for half an hour, when the sitting came to an end, and the models retired. I thought my own presence caused them some embarrassment, as they took their leave, and in a greater degree was this the case with Bolton, who followed his late visitants out to the landing-place to exchange a few hurried words at parting. I could not help bantering my friend on his supposed susceptibility, and the more so that I saw him wince and fidget, and make awkward efforts to turn the conversation.

'The contadina [both women were in the picturesque peasant-dress] is pretty enough to turn any one's head, I admit;' said I mercilessly; 'but I thought you above such a solecism in art, Ned, as to be bewitched by a model, hired at so many carlini an hour. Raphael and Fornarina! ha, ha!'

'Hold your tongue, confound you!' shouted Ned, stamping, and then held out his hand to me, adding with a kind laugh: 'I beg your pardon, Atherton,

old fellow. I can't bear to hear that girl spoken of in a disrespectful way. She might be my wife to-morrow, if she chose; and so she would choose, dear little thing, but for an absurd prejudice in her mother's obstinate head, and Francesca is too good a daughter to disobey.'

'Your wife!' said I, fairly sobered by such an avowal; 'you, Bolton, to marry a little Italian peasant-maiden! What on earth would *your* mother say to such a daughter-in-law?'

Hereupon, Ned broke out into rhapsodies of incoherent talk, excusable in a lover, but rather trying to the patience of even a friendly listener. However, I gathered the following facts. The name of the elder woman was Luisa—her surname, like those of many of the peasantry, having fallen into a sort of oblivion; but she was a native of Torre del Greco, and it was thought that she had seen better days. A series of misfortunes had reduced her to indigence. Her husband, who united the trade of a carpenter to the care of a small farm and vineyard, as is not unfrequent in that primitive region, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. He had gone forth to his labour in the vineyard one morning; and when his wife went to call him to his dinner, noon having passed, he was missing. His jacket and straw-hat and pruning-hook were found on a patch of trampled ground, that bore evident marks of a struggle; but their owner was nowhere to be found. Every exertion was made to trace the missing man, but in vain, and fresh evils soon succeeded. A grasping personage in the neighbourhood, who had had dealings with poor 'Maso, laid claim to the little property, in virtue of a pretended debt, and by bribing the district judge, obtained his suit.

The poor cheated woman removed with her daughter to Naples, and for a time lived by needle-work, at which she was expert; but her eyes had long been failing, and her imprudent exertions brought on the total loss of sight. However, just as actual beggary stared her in the face, a slight change for the better occurred. A friend was struck by the remarkable beauty of young Francesca's face, and had the sense to see something worthy an artist's notice in the sad dignity with which the mother herself bore the reverses of fortune. This man was himself a model; he recommended the mother and daughter to his patrons, and before long there was quite a competition among the painters of Naples to secure sittings from such admirable studies. 'Everybody was soon raving about Francesca—the beauty of Torre del Greco, as they styled her—and if her little head had not been steady, it would have been turned by flattery—but she is the dearest girl, sensible and good, and shrank from the compliments of her admirers. Old Luisa, too, is a dragon in her way, proud as a duchess—you might have noticed the carriage of her head—and won't stand any nonsense; so the pair won respect from everybody.'

Ned went on to say that he had proposed to marry Francesca, and to take kind care of the old woman for the remainder of her life—that he had gained the daughter's consent, but could not make any impression on the mother's obstinate resolve, not to permit her child to marry before the return of her lost father. She persisted that 'Maso must be alive—he had no enemies to murder him, was too poor to have provoked the cupidity of the brigands, too inoffensive to have been a victim to the Sanfedesti. She was sure he would come back; and till he did return to take care of his blind wife, she would never consent that Francesca should marry anybody, least of all an Inglese, however kind and generous, an Inglese who might suddenly command his bride to accompany him to his own country, where, as Luisa firmly believed, the sun never shone, and fruits and flowers were unknown.

'A queer story!' said I, suppressing a smile. 'I should not wonder if the worthy 'Maso were really in difficulties, and ran away to avoid his creditors, deserting his family, as some of our scoundrels do at home.'

'I don't believe it,' said Ned bluntly. 'I went to Torre, and found, on inquiry, that the man bore the best of characters. He was a gentle, harmless fellow, very industrious, and reputed to have saved money. I am afraid he was foully made away with, perhaps to obtain possession of whatever little hoard he may have concealed in a coppice, or buried in a garden, for these Neapolitans are like orientals in this respect. But the old woman's resolution is a sad one for me. I should have liked to procure Francesca some education—she is quick at learning—and then I am sure my mother would soon learn to be fond of her daughter-in-law, whose only fault is her peasant origin, and who is pretty enough and good enough to be a fairy princess.'

This was all that Bolton said during our interview, except the somewhat long-winded praises of Francesca in which he indulged, and at which I could hardly help yawning.

'Are all men in love so absurd, I wonder,' thought I, as I made my way down the darkling staircase. 'To be sure, the girl seems worthy of the promotion he offers her; and I can't help respecting the mother's sturdy independence of spirit—rather selfish, but honest, at any rate. I wonder what will be the end of it.' So saying, I turned into the street, and forgot the whole affair.

A few days afterwards, I, with two others of the *Hecla's* officers, got leave of absence, and proceeded to explore several of the more interesting localities near Naples. It was after a long morning spent among the ruins of Pæstum, ruins of evil repute, on account of the murder of two young English travellers, Mr and Mrs H——, a few years before, that we heard rumours of an interesting sight among the crags of Mount Alburno. It was from a wandering German sculptor that we received this report, and he told us such marvels respecting some little-known Roman baths, at a place called Villarossa, among the mountains, that we could not help hiring mules and guides, and setting out. We were four well-armed Englishmen, for the marine officer, who was of the party, had brought his servant, a resolute fellow, and we did not accept the offer of an escort of carabiniers on the part of the military authorities. Indeed, there was no serious danger. The mountaineers were cowed by the stern severity with which the murder I have alluded to had been punished; and as we slowly wound our way among the stony spurs of the hills, we often caught sight of a gibbet, whereon swung in rusty chains the grisly skeleton of one of the band by whom the crime was done.

We were rather disappointed with Villarossa, so called from the red colour of the Roman brick and tile of which its shattered buildings were composed. No doubt the baths and villas had once been tasteful and sumptuous; but constant depredations on the part of those who wished to erect farmhouses or walls, and were too lazy to mould bricks or hew stones for themselves, had reduced the ancient structures to mounds of rubbish. However, the scenery was fine, and the pure thin air of the hills was very refreshing after the sultry heat of the low country. We found the syndic of the place a very obliging person; he apologised for the shortcomings of the Roman ruins, as if he had been personally to blame, invited us to his house, and finally devised for us a treat of a novel order.

'Illustrious ones,' said the syndic, 'we have little to exhibit worthy your excellencies' attention. Were it the season, we could shew your honours good sport with our mountain-hares; but now we have no amusement to offer, unless your worships will condescend to inspect our prison.'

'Your prison?'

'Carissimo Inglese, yes; the prison of Villarossa. Were it a place of confinement for common malefactors, for *poverini* of smugglers, thieves, or clippers of our Lord Ferdinand's coin, I would not permit myself the suggestion; but our tower is a place of note. It gives lodging to none but political offenders; and but that the lieutenant-governor is my cousin-brother [a relationship peculiar to Italy], I could not obtain you admission.'

We visited the grim old tower, or rather collection of towers, which served as the jail of Villarossa, and which, by the Arabic flourishes carved over the arch of its gateway, was probably the erection of some of Manfred's Saracen colonists.

There were about eighty prisoners, for the tower was one of the smallest and least known of the prison-fortresses in the kingdom, and they were in a less deplorable condition than those captives who were immured at Procida and elsewhere. Not that we did not see much to pain and shock us—not that the state of the inmates was not one of chronic squalor and discomfort, but that the prisoners, if in rags, were tolerably fed and not unduly crowded, and that there was evidently truth in the syndic's boast, that his 'brother-cousin' was a humane man.

Most of those imprisoned were of the agricultural class—farmers or small proprietors; but there were among them several professional men, whose thread-bare coats and thoughtful faces contrasted with the dulled look of the contadini. Our entrance made a little stir among the more intelligent of them, but it soon died away when they found we were not government officials; and though they answered our questions politely, they asked none in return. They were evidently almost dead to hope. As for the peasants there incarcerated, they eyed us with absolute indifference, until they saw us distributing cigars and other trifling luxuries, precious to a prisoner, when they came eagerly up to clamour for their share.

But there was one man who followed us to and fro, not speaking, but watching us with wistful eyes, and whose earnest face contrasted with the dull apathy of the others of his class, for he, though dressed in patched garments of nondescript aspect, had still the dark sun-browned tinge of one used to open-air labour, struggling with the pallor of sickly captivity. He was a hale man, not much bowed by age, but his hair was quite white, and his forehead deeply wrinkled. Such as he was, this man followed us along the gallery in which all the prisoners, save only half-a-dozen who were sick, were lodged; but he never addressed us until we were on the point of leaving, when he sprang forward and caught the marine officer, Maxwell, by the sleeve, crying out: 'For the love of Heaven, noble English, tell the great Signori of Naples the truth. I am a most unhappy man. I am innocent—the victim of a mistake. I am not Carlo Barucci!'

'Briccone! cur! pig viler than a Jew! hands off!' cried the turnkey, quite indignant at the captive's audacity, and shaking him violently, to compel him to let go his gripe of Maxwell's sleeve. But we all interfered to prevent the poor old man from being roughly handled: there was genuine anguish in his tone and manner, and we felt sorry for him.

'Hear me, gentlemen. I am innocent—I swear it by the Thorns. I am *not* Carlo Barucci.'

I looked inquiringly towards the syndic and his relative; the former tapped his forehead with a significance which there was no mistaking, while the latter laughed and arched his eyebrows, bidding his warders remove the prisoner to a cell.

'Mad, of course, poor fellow! Has he long been so?' asked I of the lieutenant-governor, as we parted on the threshold of the jail.

Another shrug and grin. 'As long as I have been here—nine years,' said the functionary. 'A quiet, harmless creature, gentlemen-officers, and that delusion about his own identity is his only one. His brain is out of tune on that one point—he maintains that he is not the person sentenced, and denies that he is the real Carlo Barucci.'

'Is his sentence a long one?'

'For life. Silly fellow, he must needs conspire against our good king, and ecco! behold what comes of it. Addio! noble sirs; I am the humblest servant of your bountiful graces.'

So saying, the lieutenant-governor pocketed the few ducats we slipped into his hand, and gave us our money's worth in bows and gesticulations as we left the terrace. But as we descended the rugged road, the head of the old captive was thrust out between the iron bars of a turret-window, and we could hear him screaming to us that he was unjustly condemned, that if the king knew it, he would be released, and that he was suffering in the place of another.

We pushed on, anxious to get away from the painful scene; but even when we reached the distant angle in the road where the tower was last perceptible, we could see the poor lunatic's white hair fluttering in the wind, and hear the shrill cry with which he pursued us, and of which the burden ever was: 'I am not Carlo Barucci!'

Some weeks passed by. Easter was over; and such of us as could be spared from duty, of whom I was not one, had come back from Rome, after witnessing the strange splendours of the Holy-Week, when a new whim took possession of the gay world of Naples; this whim was no other than a passion for horse-racing, in the English style, and though ephemeral, it was strong while it lasted. I believe the whole thing originated in a sort of random handicap, which our middies got up with the aid of any rawboned hack that they could obtain for cash or credit. But the ambassador, Lord B——, happened to be a man of sporting tastes; and there were several of the rich Neapolitan nobles, whose idleness chanced to take the form of a frenzy for the possession of blood-horses, tandems, grooms, and 'boule-dogs,' all equally English.

As for the king, he lent his hearty encouragement to any scheme which promised to afford a new amusement to his subjects, and a new distraction to their thoughts; and thus it was settled that there were to be races of all sorts and distances, and for prizes of all values.

'Gentlemen-riders'—a word which continental lovers of sport have adopted with a wider and vaguer meaning than it bears in England—were in high request, for although the Marchesi and Principi of Naples owned many valuable horses, they had no idea of riding them, and were wholly dependent on foreign skill for winning the various cups and salvers which they already reckoned as their own. British jockeys were not to be had, but it was firmly impressed on the Neapolitan mind that every Briton is a Centaur by right of his birthplace, and accordingly the younger of the English residents, as well as the junior officers of the fleet, were obliged either to don the gay silk jacket, or to make a mortifying confession of incapacity.

I was among the former class. Sailors seldom ride well, but it happened that I had been very familiar with horse-flesh ever since, at eight years old, I followed hounds on my Shetland pony. This fact was known in the *Hecla's* wardroom, and our purser introduced me to a wealthy landed proprietor who had come on board to seek an ally capable of backing a vicious thoroughbred, *Pyrrhus* by name, which he had bought at Rome, and which was considered certain of winning the hurdle-race, a prize for which was offered by the Duke of Salerno.

This Neapolitan gentleman was called the Cavaliere —something or other; *what* I could not well make out, for our purser's Italian was defective, and he slurred over every word he did not fully comprehend;

but with the owner of the name and of the horse I was rather pleased. The Cavaliere had pleasant, urbane manners, and a very winning smile. He was a handsome man of five-and-thirty, very pale, with a black moustache, that made his colourless face look more sickly by contrast, piercing dark eyes, and white teeth, that he shewed very frequently. I fancy that his valet had no sinecure, for I afterwards discovered that his hair and eyebrows were painted black, and that the crows' feet and hollows about his eyes were enamelled with patient art, so as, at a superficial glance, to remove the signs of care or dissipation.

But the great charm of the man was his bearing, which was noble and courteous, equally removed from the wooden rigidity of our English dandies, and the unquiet manner of Frenchmen. Altogether, he won upon me greatly in the course of half an hour, and I freely pledged myself to ride his horse *Pyrrhus* on the one condition of a previous trial of the quadruped's powers.

'Come, then, Signor Officer, and see me. Come, and believe me that you will be a welcome guest at my poor villa at Portici, where, in season, I could offer you tolerable shooting. I have a bachelor dinner to-morrow; and your Secretary of Legation, as well as the Duke of Aventino and some others, will be there. If you would honour me with your company, it would be a pleasure to send my carriage to the quay.'

What need of more words. I accepted; and presently off went my new friend in his shore-boat, while I remained in the gangway, returning his bows of adieu, until I could decorously glance at the limp, highly-glazed card he had thrust into my hand. The card bore the words, 'Cavaliere Carlo Barucci.'

'Barucci! Barucci!' muttered I; 'where can I have heard the name? I never, to my knowledge, heard of this hospitable gentleman before, and yet the word seems familiar to my ear. But I have been deafened with so many of these southern patronymics, that a little forgetfulness is excusable. There goes the ship's bell, and the next watch is mine.'

I dined with the Cavaliere, and found the party, host, and dinner alike excellent. Nor did our acquaintance end there, for it turned out that the thoroughbred was very unmanageable and hot, the results of plentiful feeding and deficient work, and being, besides, high in flesh, he required regular gallops in clothing and the other customary preparations for a race. I took a good deal of trouble in the matter, and was so often at Portici, that our fellows on board the *Hecla* used to style me 'Barucci's trainer.'

A month was to elapse before the races, and during that month the intimacy between the Cavaliere and myself rather increased than lessened. Naples is a place where friendships are easily made, but I had as yet seen no Neapolitan who appeared Barucci's equal in abilities and natural grace; and yet those abilities lay fallow; their owner's life was one of indolence or perverted energy. He was very rich—rich enough to have vied with many whose titles threw his obscure name into the shade, had he chosen to become a regular courtier; but his visits to the palace were just frequent enough to avert the perilous suspicion of liberalism.

Barucci had not been a downright lotus-eater through life; his temperament was not slothful enough for such rust of the faculties; but something cankered all he did, and every fresh taste turned to gall and bitterness with the weary child of fortune. He had travelled, he had studied, he had sought to make life a round of constant revelry, and his health was much impaired, while there were traces of some secret grief on his face, and a nervous twitching of the muscles of his mouth often betrayed the agitation within.

With all these drawbacks, the man was a favourite everywhere, a welcome guest on board the fleet, a welcome visitor at court or in the gay saloons and opera-boxes of Naples, and I have seen many bright eyes beam their brightest on the cold, insensible Cavaliere, who was polite to all, but nothing more. To me he was certainly kind, perhaps, because with his keen insight into character, he had noticed the interest I took in him, an interest that was divided between pity and admiration. It was evident that he was unhappy, and that the cause lay deeper than even failing health or satiety. Had Barucci been of a less honourable repute, I should have set his manifest care down to the score of remorse, but my acquaintance bore an unblemished character for rectitude and generosity.

I never could comprehend the cause of the Cavaliere's attachment to the turf. He did not seek to make money by betting; the stakes were no object to a man of his means; and the silver or *vermeil* vases would be lost in the glittering display of his well-garnished sideboard, even should he gain every prize. But it is probable that he was eager to find a new occupation, something that might chase away importunate thoughts, and therefore he threw himself fiercely into the pastime of the hour.

How well I remember the 24th of the month, that lowering day of still air and heavy heat, when the sun glared with blinding power, and never a breath of wind was astir to ruffle the dark-blue sea. There were no ripples, none of those million tiny sparkles of merrily dancing brine that commonly glint and flash before the fair city of Naples, but the water slowly heaved up and down with a sullen surging movement, like the respiration of a sleeping monster. There were a few white clouds sailing round the fire-scorched top of Vesuvius, a few copper-coloured clouds hanging afar off on the southern horizon. I sat under the awning in front of a little *caffè*, the Caffè del San Fede, which stood in the outskirts of the town, far from the Europa and other such sumptuous resorts of fashion. I have called the establishment a caffè, and so, in truth, it was; but it had a dash of the *osteria* about it, and was frequented by the wildest muleteers and quaintest peasants from the mountain districts. Partly on this account, I often strolled to the place, for though no artist, as far as execution went, I had an artist's affection for picturesque costumes, wild forms, and bright colour, and the old-world costumes of the regular frequenters of the house had a charm in my eyes. On this occasion, however, I had another reason for repairing to the Caffè del San Fede: my friend the Cavaliere had appointed to meet me there, and to drive me down to his country-house, where I was to employ the cool of evening in 'schooling' *Pyrrhus* over a newly erected series of hurdles.

I sat, then, dreamily smoking, and watching the red-capped fishermen as they took up dropped stitches in their nets, until a friendly hand was laid upon my shoulder and a friendly voice pronounced my name. I turned and recognised Edward Bolton, whom I had, in the forgetfulness induced by carnival gaieties, rather neglected of late. He sat down beside me, called for iced lemonade, and lit his cigar. I observed that he seemed silent and out of spirits—somewhat pale too.

'Awfully hot, old fellow!'

'Awfully hot!'

Such was our preliminary conversation, and then we relapsed into silence. This reticence on Bolton's part rather surprised me, for though Englishmen are seldom garrulous, Ned and I were such old friends that we were rarely at a loss for some topic of mutual interest. On my side, I felt a momentary twinge of conscience for not having visited the studio during some weeks, and was not absolutely sure that Bolton did not take my remissness in bad part. He continued to smoke in a moody, downcast fashion, and as I stole a glance at his face, I noticed how careworn his handsome features had become of late.

'Ned, old boy, are you ill?—You shake your head. In a scrape, then? Debts, or something? If I guess right, as far as a poor lieutenant's purse goes, it is heartily at your service, and'——

Ned gave my hand a strong squeeze as he interrupted me with: 'Nothing of the sort, Atherton, though I thank you as if I were really hard-up. But, my dear fellow, I am the most wretched dog in all Naples. Francesca 's going away. Poor darling! it 's no fault of hers; but that old Luisa has the obstinacy of a mule.'

He then went on to tell me that the old woman, the mother of his beautiful but lowly betrothed, had of late been very uneasy on the score of her lost husband. She had dreamed of him repeatedly, and was more convinced than ever that he was alive and in captivity. This singular belief was in some inexplicable way mixed up with a noted image of Our Lady and the blood of St Januarius; but the gist of the story lay in the old woman's abrupt resolve to leave Naples and make a pilgrimage to every prison in the Two Sicilies, and even to Pantellaria, in search of the ill-starred 'Maso. Bolton's remonstrances had been unheeded. Pretty Francesca, though sorrowful and heart-broken at the separation, was too dutiful to desert her mother's side; and I could not but own that he had cause for anxiety.

'Poor little thing! she 'll forget me in time, and they 'll marry her to some mahogany-faced farmer of the Principato; and so ends the dream of my life,' said Ned, gnawing his moustache in a gloomy way.

I was very sorry for Bolton's disappointment, of course; but, after all, would not that be the very best thing that could happen? So much wiser are we than our friends, and so much more clearly do we see what is best for them, that I thought it would. Yes, the fancy would die the death of other fancies: Francesca would wed a man of her own country and class; Ned would go home, and marry in England, and please his mother by so doing. It would be a very good solution of the business.

'Can you think of anything, Atherton? You've no idea how obstinate the madre is,' said Ned, looking at me so wistfully that my heart smote me for the worldly thoughts it harboured, and I was casting about for suggestions of comfort, when Ned suddenly started up with: 'Who's this in the curricle? One of your Neapolitan dandy-friends, I see. He has pulled up, and is beckoning to you. Good-bye! come soon and see me. I can't bear to chat with strangers; so I'll be off!' And he departed so promptly, that he seemed to vanish among the net-work of narrow alleys at hand.

The next minute, I was seated beside Barucci in his well-horsed curricle, dashing at a haphazard pace along the dusty road. The Cavaliere was in unusually high spirits, feverishly high, as it seemed to me, and we laughed and chatted gaily, as the fast-stepping bays left milestone after milestone behind them. Through all this outburst of blithe good-humour, poor Ned's sad face *would* obtrude itself upon my fancy, and seemed to haunt me like a reproach. It was the same at dinner, where Barucci was unwontedly jovial and lighthearted, insomuch that I scarcely recognised in the gay rattling Amphitryon, who kept the table in a roar, the placid and somewhat sardonic Cavaliere.

After we had sipped our Lacrima and lit our cigars, we adjourned to the paddock, and the head-groom was ordered to bring *Pyrrhus* out. It was still early, but the sun had dipped sufficiently towards the western sea for the heat to be supportable, and the grateful coolness of the sea-breeze reached us where we stood on the crisp wiry turf, burned brown by the hot sunshine. We were five, since three Italian friends of the host's had joined us at the villa; these latter were officers in the Royal Guard, and had to return early to Naples, one of them being on duty that evening to attend the king to the opera of San Carlo.

The Cavaliere was still in extravagantly high spirits; his countrymen, while they laughed at and enjoyed his lively sallies, could not help expressing their wonder at his unaccustomed hilarity; while on my mind, like a boding whisper, rushed the memory of the old Scottish superstitious belief which attributed a total change of character to those who were *fey*.

The horse was brought, a magnificent brown thoroughbred, with immense power and substance, and whose powerful quarters and clean hocks presented no blemish to the most critical beholder. Indeed, the only fault of *Pyrrhus* was his temper; and even this of late had much improved. The horse was in grand condition, a little high in flesh, but hard and firm as a rock, with a skin as smooth as satin, and the silken mane combed out as daintily as a lady's hair. But, somehow, *Pyrrhus's* wicked eye looked wickeder than usual, and I hardly fancied the quick angry swish of his squared tail, or the manner in which he picked up his feet as he moved disdainfully along. I bent over, as I examined the stirrup-leathers, and asked the groom in a low voice what was amiss.

'Blessed if I know, captain,' replied the lame old Yorkshireman who presided over Barucci's stud. 'Sometimes I think it's the flies; sometimes I half suspect a plant, and that somebody's clever enough to drug the horse unbeknownst. Them Eyetalians take to roguery nat'ral as mother's milk, sir; but anyhow, *Pyrrhus* is in good case.'

'What are you whispering, in your insular language, to that compatriot of yours, Signor Inglese?' was the laughing inquiry of one of the Guardia Reale lieutenants. I replied with some joking rejoinder, patted the horse's muscular neck, gathered up the reins, and mounted. *Pyrrhus* gave a fiery snort, and tossed his proud head.

'Look out for squalls, sir,' was the muttered warning of the old groom, as he hurriedly adjusted a stirrup-leather.

But, after a little preliminary buckjumping, *Pyrrhus* falsified his keeper's prediction by behaving well and obediently. I had frequently backed him, and he knew me, but I also knew his reputation, the bones he had smashed, the tricks he had played elsewhere. I was young then, and slow to calculate risks, or I should not have cared to ride so capricious and savage a brute; but on this occasion *Pyrrhus* let me ride him over flight after flight of hurdles with the docility of an Astley's hunter.

'Bravo!' cried the guardsmen. 'Viva Inghilterra! Cavaliere Carlo, the prize is as safe as if it were on your sideboard already.'

Then the Italians went away. Their light open carriage was in waiting, and we soon heard the sound of the wheels die away in the distance. Flushed and triumphant, I rode back on *Pyrrhus* from a fourth circuit of the range of hurdles. The old groom, growling out sulky congratulations between his teeth, was ready to take the horse to his stable, when suddenly the Cavaliere exclaimed: 'Atherton, mio caro, I envy you. Let *me* get on him for a gallop.'

'You, Barucci?'

My exclamation was one of quite innocent wonder, but the Cavaliere reddened, and his voice was half-angry as he said: 'Why not? I suppose I have been taught to ride. Do you think none but Britons can do that?'

In vain were my remonstrances; in vain were the growls of the groom, who said that '*Pyrrhus* was always a devil, but most of all when he was balked of going back to stable after exercise.'

Barucci was master; the horse was his; old Bob was his servant; he insisted, and as soon as my feet were on the ground, he mounted. *Pyrrhus* shook his head angrily, gave one ominous lash out, and started

at a hand-gallop. 'He's never had a Eyetalian on his back afore,' grumbled Bob with darkling aspect.

Very quickly the crisis came. The Cavaliere could ride, certainly, but it was in the stilted style of the foreign manège, and his stiff seat and heavy hand on the curb were more than the horse could bear. *Pyrrhus* bolted and plunged, fought furiously against the tightening rein, reared up twice, and the second time fell back with a horrid crash upon his luckless rider.

Death was stamped on the Cavaliere's pale face as we dragged him clear of the floundering horse. He was bloody and bruised, but that was not all, for he could not rise, and it was evident that the spine had sustained fearful injury, while the foam that gathered on the unfortunate man's lips was deeply tinged with crimson, telling of internal hæmorrhage.

Bidding the groom run for a surgeon, I supported the poor fellow's head, and tried as well as I could to solace his sufferings. He was perfectly in possession of his senses, and though the pain drew a moan from him at intervals, it was with a wan smile that he thanked me for my attention, and told me that it was useless.

'I am dying, Atherton; all the doctors in Naples could not prolong my life one hour. Blessed be the fate that sends an honest man to my side at the last moment. It is heavy on my conscience—heavy. I will not die, and leave the wrong on my sinful soul.'

Then he gasped out a broken confession, of which this is the substance. The Cavaliere, with many others of all ranks, had been, years ago, implicated in a plot to subvert the dynasty, and to substitute a free government for the despotism of the Bourbons. The plot had failed, and some of the names of those engaged in it had come to the knowledge of the authorities; among these was his own name—Carlo Barucci—and his arrest had been decreed. But the Cavaliere had timely notice, and fled. More than this, he had friends high in office, who took on themselves to screen him. It so happened that the only proof against him was a document to which his signature was affixed. But this signature was denied to be his, and the blame was shifted to a poor and wholly innocent man, a mere namesake of the Cavaliere, and on *him* fell the punishment.

'He was privately arrested, tried with closed doors, and has been in prison ever since,' murmured the dying man feebly. 'His name was Tommaso Barucci, a husbandman of Torre del Greco. My uncle the cardinal and my cousin the judge managed it between them. The poor wretch—his body is at Villarossa, but his shadow has fallen on my life like a blight!'

'I know him,' I exclaimed. 'I saw a worn, gray-headed man cling to the iron bars of the grated window. But no! it is impossible.'

'You are a stranger; you do not know Naples,' whispered Barucci, with a hissing whisper it was painful to hear. 'To save the honour of a noble family, worse things have often been done. Hark! my time is short. In the ivory cabinet in my bedroom—in a secret drawer, the spring of which is hidden in a carved rosebud—you will find my written confession, and my will. *He* will be free—*he* will be rich—and may Heaven forgive'——

He stopped short, writhing in a spasm, and the bloody froth bubbled from his lips, and on his brow gathered the dews of death. Just then arrived his clamorous servants, with a surgeon and a priest. The latter held a crucifix before the dying man's eyes, and I think they brightened as the absolution sanctioned by his creed reached his ears; but he was dead before the priest had finished speaking.

With some difficulty, I discovered the means of opening the secret drawer, wherein were a formal confession exculpating Tommaso Barucci, falsely condemned as Carlo Barucci, and a will in which the poor scapegoat was set down for a sum sufficient to maintain him and his in comparative affluence. This was the fruit of the Cavaliere's grudging remorse, the larger part of his fortune being bequeathed to convents and charities, 'for the repose of his soul.'

Accompanied by Bolton and Captain M—— of the *Hecla*, I went with the papers to the British Embassy, and the good-natured ambassador consented to press the matter on the reluctant notice of the authorities. The first impulse of the Neapolitan ministry was to suppress the revelation, and treat the story as chimerical; but the influence of English diplomacy was too powerful to be withstood, and 'Maso Barucci was liberated. This release took place just before my ship sailed for Malta, and I was not a witness of the joy of the reunited family; but a letter from Bolton, three months later, informed me of his marriage to Francesca, with the full consent of her parents, and of old Mrs Bolton, who was probably mollified by the accession of fortune which had fallen to the lot of the bride's family. But I am much mistaken if poor old Tommaso ever recovered from the weary pining years and sorrows of that frightful imprisonment in the tower of Villarossa.

CURIOSITIES OF PARISH REGISTERS.

PARISH registers are now attracting much attention. Mr Burn has re-edited his book of three hundred pages on the subject, and in doing so, has added to our libraries one of the most amusing works we have ever known. It is composed—not of dry statistics, but of odd entries, amusing notes, and withal of trustworthy information on the customs of our ancestors. From it, we learn that registers were first kept about 1538 A.D., at the direction of Cromwell, vicar-general to Henry VIII. This, it is asserted, is the first era of their general introduction, and entries in many of the old books attest their adoption at that date. Thus, in the parish of St Margaret's, Westminster, is the following item in the accounts for 1538: 'Paid for a book to registre in the names of burgals, weddings, and christenings, 2d.'

Traces of registration are found prior to this time, but they are merely relics of the various books kept for that purpose in the religious houses before the Reformation. After the suppression of the monasteries, the work of registration, when commenced, fell on the clergyman, or more frequently on the clerk, to whose ignorance we are indebted for the defects of the few remaining early registers, and the total loss of the rest. Or if the clerk kept the register at all, it was only by occasional entries, blanks of several years being very common. One clerk extenuates his offence in making no entry for three years, as the parishioners refused to allow him five shillings per annum; in another book, after a break of five years, is the following remark: 'This intermission happened by reason of the great wars obliterating memorials, wasting fortunes, and slaughtering persons of all sorts.' Many of the entries bear marks of the private feelings or political opinions of the chronicler. One parson complains of the old books of the parish being 'embezzled and lost in the late times of confusion, criminall divisions, and unhappy wars.' Another registrar feelingly remarks that nothing could be registered during the civil wars, 'as neither minister nor people could quietly stay at home for one party or the other.' But at Rotherby, the 'unhappy wars' are commemorated in a far more energetic manner: '1643, Bellum! 1644, Bellum! 1645, Bellum! Interruption! Persecution! . . . . Sequestration by John Mussen, Yeoman, and John Yates, Taylor! 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, Sequestration! Thomas Silverwood intruder.'

Eckington, Derbyshire, 1666—1695:

Omnia falcet metet tempus.
Our grandfathers were papists;
Our fathers, Oliverians;
We their sons are atheists;
Sure our sons will be queer ones.

In S. Mary's, Beverley, Lord Newcastle is denounced as a 'rogue,' and the dangers of war on every side cause the writer to exclaim:

All or lives now at ye stake,
Lord deliver us, for Xt his sake.

There are but few notices of Puritanic fervour, and what these are, do not redound to its honour. Every vestige of ornament was removed from the churches, tombstones destroyed, and monumental brasses torn from the walls, not solely because of their popish reminiscences, but for the sake of their value, as we generally find mention of their being sold for a few shillings. This was the work, as Cole expresses it, of 'sanctified, sacrilegious rascals, who were afraid, or too proud to call it S. Edward's Church, but not ashamed to rob the dead of their honours, and the church of its ornaments.'

One William Dowsing kept a journal of his sacrileges: 'Dec. 25, at Trin. Parish, Cambridge, we broke down 80 popish pictures;' 'at Clare, we broke down 1000 pictures superstitious;' and so on; however, at 'Cochie, there were divers pictures in the windows which we cd not reach, neither wd they help us to raise the ladder.' One wretched commissioner was 'not able to read or find that which his commission enjoined him to remove!'

Perhaps the fate of these early registers is one of the most curious portions of Mr Burn's book. Ignorant clerks, looking upon old books as worthless, left them to rot in damp corners of belfries, if they escaped more utilitarian ends. Forty or fifty old books, belonging to the register of Ely, were bought for waste-paper by a grocer in Cambridge. At Christ's Church, Hants, the curate's wife, in days gone by, made kettle-holders of a great portion of the register. Some were burned, some lost, leaves cut out of others, and, strangest of all, one used for singeing the occasional goose of the well-to-do clerk! Another clerk, less blessed with this world's riches, added the occupation of village tailor to his clerkly office, and sixteen pages of the register in his case were profitably employed in making measures for his work. Another register was discovered by a clergyman as the covering of a bed-tester, the leaves being sewn together for that purpose. The children of the village school had their primers bound in leaves of parchment, which led to the discovery of the 'practice of the parish clerk and schoolmaster of the day, who, to certain favoured "goodies" of the village, gave the parchment leaves for hutkins for their knitting-pins.' In a village known to ourselves, the parish register was wanting on the accession of a new vicar, who found it had been thrown into the village pond during a parish dispute; and a few years ago, the registers of Kew, Middlesex, 'containing the baptism and marriage of the late Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty, and other royal births, deaths, and marriages, were stolen, and have not yet been recovered.'

Of the deficiencies of the registers, there are many quaint samples. Here is one of a baptism, very unintelligible: 'June 14, of Thomas and Elizabeth.' Many of the clergy were but little more scrupulous than their idle clerks: 'Tunstall, Kent. In this parish were many of the name of Pottman. The clergyman seems to have been tired of recording them, and thus resolves: 1557. Mary Pottman, nat. and bapt. 15 Apr.; Mary Pottman, nat. and bapt. 29 June; Mary Pottman, sep. 22 Aug. From henceforth, I omit the Pottmans.' Another, after neglecting to record a baptism, seems seized with qualms of conscience, and when he does make the entry, appends this note: 'Lord pardon me, if I am guilty of any error in registering Ellen Dun's name.'

Occasionally, a careful vicar is found, as we learn from this injunction in the parish of Rodmarton: 'If ye will have this book last, bee sure to aire it att the fire or in the sunne three or foure times a year, els it will grow dankish and rott; therefore look to it. It will not be amisse, when you find it dankish, to wipe over the leaves with a dry wollen cloath. This place is very much subject to dankishness; therefore, I say, look to it.'

Most of the present registers are transcripts of the originals, which accounts for the same handwriting extending over a great number of years. 'One instance of this supposed longevity was Mr Simpson of Keame, in Leicestershire, who was reported to have been incumbent 92 years, and to have had the same churchwardens 70 years!' Such patriarchal lives are, however, occasionally recorded—namely, '1683, Oct. 5, Bur'd Peter Sparkes, aged 120 odd years.' '1632, Mrs Eleanor Ayscough, aged 114.'

The custom of baptising a child the day after its birth, died out soon after the Reformation; but in the sixteenth century, it was common for two or three members of a family to bear the same name. The following extract from the register of Beby, Leicestershire, is an example of a custom which must have caused endless confusion in large families: '1559. Item. 29th day of August was John and John Picke, the children of Christopher and Anne, baptized. Item. The 31st day of August the same John and John were buried.'

Neither did our forefathers indulge in giving their children the many names so popular in the nineteenth century. Camden tells us that he only knew of 'four persons with two names,' two in the royal family, and two among private men—Thomas *Maria* Wingfield, and Sir Thomas *Posthumous* Hobby. Other instances of names misapplied to the sex are found: 'Robert, daughter of William Thompson;' and another to which is prefixed the overflowing of a grateful heart, either for the son or his baptism: '1699, Jan. 26. Glory be to God! *Dinah* Masters, my son, aged 22 years, baptized in Stalbridge Church.' Notices of large families occur: 'Richard Bouth my 26th child;' and 'James Herriot, Esq., and Elizabeth Josey, Gent., were married June 4, 1624. N.B.—This James Herriot was one of the 40 children of his father, a Scotchman.'

In different parishes, we find some very odd entries under burials: 'Old Mother Midnight of Elwick;' '1627, Mar. 13. A boy that was anatomised at the schools;' 'John Stokkers *loove* (widow);' 'Xtian Meek—truly deserving of that name;' 'Esher, Dec. 1, 1772. Bacchus *alias* Hogtub, *alias* Fatjack, *alias* John, from Lord Clive at Claremont, burd.' Then follows a curious list of names, with dates, which we omit: Old Meg; Old Plod; Old Half Head; Barberry, an old maid; a child of Adam Earth; and Old Father Eritage.

Uncommon professions are entered: 'Mr Robert Edler, a strainger, one which taught to *daunce;*' Richard Michels, an *aquavity* man, *alias* seller of aqua vitæ; Edward Hoodspith, fiddler—*excellentissime!* lutenist, saltpetreman, bonesetter, old virgin, *abbey dog-whipper*, Margrat the *grave*-wife; and witches in abundance.

One 'Thomas Lambe, Vicar,' makes the following entry: 'Mem. That on Oct. 6, 1695, I payed my butcher L.5, 5s., my baker L.1, 10s.—all in gold, taking in change 9s.—O Rare Parson Tom!' But another parson, less rare, we fear, and having none too much, perchance, of this world's wealth, 'had a noise for foure hours about the money,' *e.g.*, the marriage-fee of four or five shillings; and on the burial of 'William Wade, a strainger, I, John Goffe, parson, had his upper garment, who was an old coate, and I received for the same 6s.,' a mortuary which was taken in lieu of

small tithes. At S. Mary, Beverley, a vicar enters: 'Robbd 8s. 4d.—*Lord, restore it!*' The private feelings of the vicar, or any little incidents of village notoriety, are recorded as memoranda. Thus, one vicar contemptuously alludes to the small value of the possessions now no longer needed by the deceased. An old and ugly couple are immortalised as a 'gape-mouthed lazy fellow,' and 'an old toothless wriggling hag,' whose marriage festivities closed with 'a Caspian bowl of well acidulated Glimigrim.' Surely our Western cousins cannot excel such a name for a beverage! The hero of nursery fame, when in the castle of the giant, never did more justice to the merits of a pudding than 'James Parson of Teddington, who had often eat a shoulder of mutton or a peck of hasty-pudding at a time, which caused his death, aged 36.'

'Roger Starr, baptized Dec. 17, 1604. He clymbed up a ladder to the top of the house, 23d Oct. 1606, being seven weeks and odd days less than two years old.' Either this feat is thought so astonishing as to require a memorandum to his baptism, or what is more likely, the entry was not made until long after the ceremony. Certainly the vicar of Beckenham, Kent, must have had prophetic visions of future Enfield rifles when he tells us 'Anne Tusted was killed by the careless discharge of a pistol at the distance of 337 yards!'

Perhaps some of our readers can explain this entry on the cover of the register of S. Michael's, Derby: 'May 17, 1722, Hannah, the daughter of Henry Burton Ju., was born neither by land nor sea.'

A clergyman fond of statistics, and probably a bachelor, makes two long entries on the tenacity of life evinced by his female parishioners, and ventures a joke on the subject. Ten women had buried fifteen husbands, 'and might perhaps buried many more, if they had had them, but all the men in Worldham parish at this time have had buried but three wives.'

A clerk is remembered thus: 'Buxted, Sussex, in 1666. Richard Bassett, the old clerk of this parish, who had continued the office of clerk and sexton for the space of forty-three years, whose melody was warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone, was buried on 20th September 1666.'

It is needless to multiply quotations; those already given will shew the amusing character of the book, which besides would be well worth reading for its stray pieces of historical information, and its sensible suggestions for the management of our system of registration.

TOLLEMACHE ON BOOTS.

I KNEW that my friend Tollemache fancied himself a philosopher, but thought that he was a disciple of Epicurus rather than Diogenes; that, like Horace and Pelham, he loved wisdom under a graceful and elegant, rather than a grotesque form, and preferred to contemplate the goddess Minerva herself, rather than her owl. He dances and fences, not for pleasure, but for figure and grace; he takes a deal of trouble about the fit of his clothes, and has a hairdresser in to shave and titivate him every morning. I was rather surprised, therefore, on entering his chambers the other day, to find him lolling in a rocking-chair, which was tilted back as far as it would go, with a cigar in his mouth, a pamphlet in his hand, and both feet on the chimney-piece, at a considerable altitude above his head.

'Ah, old fellow,' said he, 'sit down. Excuse my rising.'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'for the operation would be a delicate one. I am pleased, though surprised, to see that you have conquered your American prejudices.'

'Prejudices? I never had such things,' said the boaster. 'But you allude to the rocking-chair, I suppose. I own that I do not love the Yankees; yet I am grateful to them for inventing a machine which extends to the world-worn man some of the tranquil joys of infancy. That and their summer beverages entitle them to the gratitude of mankind.'

'I was not thinking of the rocking-chair,' I observed. 'It was rather your attitude which impressed me.'

'My attitude? Oh, ah! By the way, do you feel comfortable about the feet?'

'Tollemache!' I exclaimed in great astonishment; 'when a small crossing-sweeper, for whom I had no halfpenny, put a similar query to me this morning, I merely sighed over the decay of wit in the London *gamin*. But that you, of all men, should condescend to the use of a piece of meaningless and used-up vulgarity, almost causes me to weep.'

'What are you talking about?' cried he. 'I ask the question for scientific and anatomical reasons. You wish to know why my feet are upon the mantelpiece. I have placed them there for the purpose of contemplating them at leisure. I am studying the Boot question. And upon what more interesting theme could the mind dwell? The history of mankind, the destinies of nations, the progress of art and civilisation, all are bound up with boots. The lisping infant, who can hardly toddle, is excited to frantic efforts at pronunciation by the instinctive desire it has to attract admiring attention towards its "noo toots;" and the most galling thing which can happen to the superannuated man is to see another "step into his shoes." I see by your face that you are about to call his regrets bootless, but I must entreat you not to interrupt me with ribaldry. The delicate imagination of an artistic people could find no more poetical expression for the drama than to associate it with the coverings of the actors' feet; they called Tragedy the Buskin, and Comedy the Sock. Indeed, generations seem to have endeavoured to leave behind them

Footmarks on the sands of time,

by the simple process of stamping their heels firmly into them. What wondrous scenes and events, both sacred and profane, are brought before the contemplative mind by the mere mention of the word "sandals!" Who can hear "moccasins" uttered, without dreaming of heroic Red Indians, scalps, rolling prairies, war-paths, and buffaloes? "Hessians" mark one page of history; "Bluchers" and "Wellingtons"—they would have been called "Bonapartes" and "Grouchies" had victory gone the other way—another; while future generations will be reminded by their "Balmorals" of the reign of an ideal Queen, who was also a real and noble woman.

'When the tidings of disaster or crisis are brought to the weak and vacillating man, he cries: "What shall I do? Who will advise me? The matter requires consideration." The man of action shouts: "Bring me my BOOTS!" There is energy, purpose in the sound of the word. And, on the other hand, never could language express ease, sloth, leisure, and dilatory habits more aptly than by "slippers."

'Mankind must have been shod at a very early period—soon, in fact, after they took to dwelling in houses; for it is impossible to imagine a man inhabiting a tenement of his own in a rude age, without being occasionally placed in the painful predicament of having to kick some intruder out of it; an operation which would hurt the kicker more than the kickee, if performed with the bare foot.

'I consider that those artists who devote their lives to the manufacture of boots and shoes are an ill-used race: they are not allowed their proper position in the social scale, and are called by vulgar and depreciatory nicknames—nicknames, however, which those Americans of whom we were speaking just now have done much to poetise by naming two of their most delicious drinks, the one sherry-cobler, and the other port-snob. In early life, I received a just rebuke

from one of the profession, which taught me the impropriety of using such insulting names. A schoolfellow and myself were desirous of procuring some of the wax used in the trade, for the purpose, I regret to say, of placing it upon the chair of an obnoxious usher; and we applied to an old man, whose stall was situated in a cellar in the main street of the town, for cobblers' wax. He looked hard at us over his spectacles, and then resuming his work, replied: "I have not got any."

"Not got any cobblers' wax!"

"No, never heard of it. What is it like?"

'Conscience suggested that he penetrated our motive for wanting it, and we were sneaking shamefacedly off, when the old man called after us, as if a thought had just struck him: "Oh, perhaps it is *shoemakers'* wax you want?"

'When we answered in the affirmative, he gave us a bit, and—coals of fire!—would take no payment. In truth, the maker of shoes is *not*, for the most part, a cobbler; his repairs, on the contrary, are, in the majority of instances, neatly as well as strongly executed. Any one who is fond of fly-fishing will bear me out in the assertion, that in a village where there is no watchmaker, the shoemaker will be invariably found the best adviser and fly-tier, and the most intelligent guide to unknown streams. The shoemaker and the watchmaker are always the most intellectual men in their respective hamlets; and yet, while the latter is revered and respected, the former is called "cobbler" and "snob." Snob! I never knew a mender of shoes in my life who deserved that name: they are the most modest, unassuming race of men in the world; though I must own that the way in which one of them resented the insult once, must have been rather ludicrous in the eyes of thoughtless bystanders.

'Being afflicted, as men of genius often are, with irritable nerves, he was nearly driven mad by a mischievous urchin, who, whenever he passed the stall, put his head in at the window, uttered a cry composed of a whistle and a word, like "Whe-wit snob!" and ran off. The enraged shoemaker rushed out. "If I could catch that fellow who said [stopping to whistle] 'Whe-wit snob!' I'd 'whe-wit snob' him, till he had not a whe-wit-snob bone in his whe-wit-snob body."

'If you fancy the man foaming with rage, and stopping to whistle whenever he came to the objectionable epithet, you may catch a faint glimpse of the effect.

'The undeserved contumely which has been heaped upon the shoemaker has oppressed his spirit, and he does not often rise to a sense of the position which of right he should hold in the artistic world. I have read or heard somewhere, however, of a real artist who regarded his handiwork in a true Ruskinian spirit. A gentleman, who was rather curious in such matters, had been attracted by a tiny and beautifully executed boot which was exhibited in the man's shop-window: a fairy bootikin that would have been too small for Cinderella herself, exquisitely finished, and protected by a glass case. The gentleman entered the shop, and asked the price of this *chef-d'œuvre*. It was not for sale. A high figure was mentioned; but the shoemaker stood firm; nothing should induce him to part with it. "Well, then," persisted the curiosity collector, "will you make me another like it?" "Impossible, sir," replied the artist. "That boot was never *made*. I struck it off in a moment of inspiration!"

'Bootmakers like this, however, are rare; they are mostly a depressed and diffident race, conservative, bound down with red tape, and content to adhere closely to the patterns of their forefathers. "The cobbler should stick to his last," is a withering proverb which seems to have blighted all their energies, and any suggestion with respect to the improvement of that last must come externally, from the customer; and so it happens that the revolution which is about to burst upon our feet has been inaugurated by a learned anatomist, who has nothing whatever to do with the reduction of his theory to practice. This little sixpenny pamphlet is the work of Doctor Hermann Meyer, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Zurich; it has been translated into English by John Stirling Craig, F.R.C.P.E., F.R.C.S.E.—a man of letters, you perceive—and it is entitled *Why the Shoe Pinches*.

'Now, I will defy you, or any other unprejudiced man who is not eaten up with vanity, to read this pamphlet through, with his bare feet and a pair of his boots before him, without seeing the justice of the remarks made in it. Here have we been abusing and quizzing the Chinese for compressing the feet of their female children, while we ourselves have been guilty of far greater absurdity; for they only lame those who are forbidden by the custom of the country to walk, while we do all we can to cramp the feet of our pedestrians, sportsmen, Alpine climbers, and soldiers. Indeed, with us the ladies have the best of it, for "men's boots being stronger, are less liable to distortion, and their feet more so; while ladies' feet suffer less, and their shoes more, than those of the other sex."

'Have you corns? Does a painful experience at once suggest to you the answer to that riddle, "What best describes and most retards a pilgrim's progress?" Do the nails of your great toes grow into the flesh? I myself am happily free from this last great evil, nor am I afflicted with a bunion; but to corns, both hard and soft, I have been a martyr, and you must therefore pardon my enthusiasm.

'Let me read you an extract or two. "It is quite clear that the foot must get inside the shoe, and if the shoe differ in shape from the foot, it is no less plain that the foot, being the more pliable, must of necessity adapt itself to the shape of the shoe. If, then, Fashion prescribes an arbitrary form of shoe, she goes far beyond her province, and in reality arrogates to herself the right of determining the shape of the foot." I have a considerable respect for Fashion, as you know, but I'll see her burned in a bonfire composed of all the back numbers of the *Follet*, before she shall determine the shape of *my* foot. "The shoe ought to protect the foot, but it has no business to distort its shape." Of course, it hasn't.

'Do you know how poor old Thomson of "the Senior," the Waterloo man, got lamed for life? He was hurried away from that famous Brussels ball, and had to join his regiment without changing his boots, which were new ones. He had to march in them, to sleep in them, to fight in them, and they injured the bones of his feet in a way which made him a cripple. The French shot which spared him, decimated his regiment; several of his seniors were killed, and he would have got his step, had he been able to take it. Is it not a provoking thing to think of? Here was a fine fellow cut short in his career, and condemned to life-long inactivity, because his boots were made for an imaginary, and not a human foot.

'"The great toe plays by far the most important part in walking, because, when the foot is raised from the ground with the intention of throwing it forwards, we first raise the heel, then rest for an instant on the great toe, and in lifting this from the ground, the point of it receives a pressure which impels the body forwards. Thus, in raising the foot, the whole of the sole is gradually, as it were, *unrolled* up to the point of the great toe, which, again, receives an impetus by contact with the ground. The great toe ought, therefore, to have such a position as will admit of its being unrolled in the manner described; that is to say, *it must so lie that the line of its axis, when carried backwards, will emerge at the centre of the heel*. The smaller toes, however, are by no means without their

uses. In standing, they rest on the ground, and give lateral support to the foot; while, in walking, they are bent in a peculiar manner, so that they are firmly pressed against the ground; and here, too, they support the foot laterally. The first joint is strongly bent upwards, while the second is hollow above. This peculiar curvature enables the toes, in a measure, to lay hold of the ground as with birds' claws."

'Now, look at your boot. Can your great toe so lie in it that the axis, when carried backwards, will emerge at the centre of the heel? Not a bit of it. The sole is so shaped that both sides go tapering to a point like the prow of a boat, while only the outside of the *foot* slopes off at all. The consequence is, that the great toe is jammed outwards towards the other toes; and a line drawn from the point of it to the centre of the heel, would not pass through the ball of the toe and foot, as it should, but along the centre of the sole. Thus, when you walk, the great toe cannot "unroll" itself, as Dr Meyer expresses it, but is pressed in its efforts to do so against the side of the shoe; while the little toes are squeezed up together, often one on the top of another, like a litter of puppies; and this state of things is the cause of all the ills that pedal flesh is heir to. Heir to? Ay, future generations will suffer for this unnatural compressment of the feet. I myself, who address you, was born with a corn! Is it not provoking to think that we have been all these years lamenting and grumbling over the discomfort of our boots, clinging as long as possible to the old ones, which from constant wear had given way somewhat to the struggles of the foot to assume its proper position, and having those shoes which we required for strong walking exercise made as awkward and splay as possible, that so the foot might have room to do what it liked inside them, and yet it never occurred to any one to have his soles cut to follow the outline of his foot? We laugh at the political system which puts the square men in the round holes, and the round men in the square. Is it not almost incredible that we should continue to act thus practically, not metaphorically, and in spite of the physical pain we suffer?

'And the remedy for all this is so simple that it must soon become universal. Dr Meyer shews how a proper sole may be designed for the foot; and I will defy any one to glance at the diagram without wondering how it was nobody ever thought of it before, a feeling which I believe is never produced spontaneously in the human mind but when truth is expounded by genius.

'Here are all the scientific directions, which, read with the plates before you, will make the whole matter as clear as day; but the gist of the thing, as far as I can explain it, is this: instead of being sloped away, the inner edge of the sole should be carried straight to the end of the great toe. Put your feet close together, side by side; your heels, you see, touch; then there is a hollow, and then the sides meet again. So far it is all right, but they slope apart from one another again directly, and that is the mistake: they ought to remain in contact all the way along.'

'But,' I objected, 'when I place my bare feet side by side, in the way you mention, with the heels in contact, the inner margins are not brought quite close together.'

'That is because you are deformed,' replied Tollemache. 'Wear proper boots, and your feet will soon recover their natural position. Why, the nail of your great toe is at this moment in somewhere about the spot where your third toe ought to be, where it *would* be, if Nature, Meyer, and Craig had their way.'

'But surely shoes made in this manner would be very broad and clumsy.'

'Not necessarily broader than at present, only all the pointing must be effected from the *outer* side, which gives the soles a graceful curve. As for clumsy, do you apply that epithet to *those?*'

He withdrew his feet from the mantel-piece, and planted them on the ground, and I now perceived that they were made after the new pattern, and also that they were free from any appearance at all inconsistent with my friend's pretensions to being one of the best-dressed men in London.

'Yes,' said he, 'I have (charitably?) made a Lancashire parcel of all my old-fashioned shoes; and if ever I put myself voluntarily to the torture of the Boot again, may I be married to the Scavenger's Daughter. But, here—I have not half explained the thing to you; put the pamphlet in your pocket, and read it at your leisure: and, mark my words, in five years' time, every statue and bust of Sir Robert Peel in this country will be flanked by one of Dr Meyer, the second repealer of the Corn Laws.'

With a laugh at what I thought the extravagant enthusiasm of my friend, I pocketed the little pink book;* and, upon my word, I should not wonder if his prophecy was fulfilled; for I have read the pamphlet, and am pretty confident that any one who will do the same will join me in wishing good-luck to Messrs Meyer and Craig, and may they succeed in their endeavour to place society on a better footing.

* *Procrustes ante Portas. Why the Shoe Pinches.* By Hermann Meyer, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Zurich. Translated from the German by John Stirling Craig, F.R.C.P.E., F.R.C.S.E. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; and all booksellers.

THE STAGNANT POOL.

Behold yon stagnant pool, from whence
But fetid odours rise;
Whose waters, choked with slimy weeds,
The wholesome draught denies.

Loathsome as is the hateful spot,
Yet, 'neath the sun-god's power,
The vapours which to heaven arise,
Will yield the grateful shower;

From whence the grass and fragrant flowers
Begem the neighbouring plain,
Where Flora decks her children gay,
And Nature smiles again.

Such often is the heart of man,
A worthless, watery waste,
Whose waves, pestiferous with sin,
Have poison in their taste.

Yet, on this base, corrupted mass,
That man as hopeless deems,
God from above in mercy sheds
His purifying beams;

Till, from the heart once steeped in crime,
Pure, holy thoughts ascend,
Wafting the contrite soul to God,
His Father and his Friend!

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MY EASTER HOLIDAY.

I HAVE not as yet reached the period of middle life, according to the common reckoning, but I have been a Fellow of my college—engaged in what is humorously termed 'the active duties of tuition'—for nearly a dozen years; and that species of existence is apt to prematurely age a man. Early Port, the exclusive study of the Greek Particles, and nine Chapels a week, take the youth out of one's constitution. Moreover, the attentions of females, which restore juvenescence, I am told, as bears' grease arrests baldness, and bids the lessening locks once more to cluster hyacinthine on the manly brow, have been always wanting to put the drag on to my revolving years. However attractive I may have personally been to the fair sex, they have not been so carried away by their affections as to forget that if I married I should lose my Fellowship, and therewith a considerable portion of my income. While the Royal Commission upon the universities was in session, and the proposition was mooted, that persons in my position should be permitted to wive, there was a marked improvement in the behaviour of the gentler portion of the human race towards myself; but upon the point being decided in favour of celibacy, there was an immediate relapse. Even the impulsively tender—the class which I believe is termed 'the gushing'—turned off the tap of their sensibilities with a promptitude scarcely to be expected from persons of such an unworldly character; they froze, I say, in four-and-twenty hours, or less, like pipes from the New River Company in a winter's night, only without the least danger of bursting—that is, of breaking their hearts. From that date, I say, I was regarded by matrons with marriageable daughters not only as ineligible, but as one belonging to the most dangerous classes, from whom nothing but aimless flirtation could be expected; while even if the daughters did do a little with me in that way, it was only when there was nobody else to be got. I have had fair fingers resting with apparent trustfulness within my own, snatched remorselessly away, and transferred to the custody of a subaltern in a marching-regiment; I have given very expensive dinners in my college-rooms to young ladies, whose mothers sat by their side, all smiles for me, and yet who knew that those girls were going out on the 20th of the succeeding month to Calcutta, with their *trousseaux* in their travelling-trunks.

As time went on, even these thin veils of hypocrisy were dispensed with, and the most favourably disposed of fair ones have long considered me in the light of a benevolent uncle, prohibited by the tables of consanguinity from becoming their husband, but from whom the most expensive presents could be accepted without obligation or impropriety. For my own part, I have gradually acquiesced in this state of things. When I am not what is technically called the Father of my college, a periodical office which I sometimes fill, and which would make Hebe consider herself a dowager, I feel as if I really were a sort of universal uncle. I need not say that I am godfather to a considerable portion of the rising generation, that monthly nurses hail my advent, and that my silversmith's bill for mugs alone is something considerable. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that I am precociously respectable, immaturely square-toed—the very reverse of Falstaff, with the exception of wit, in which (if I may write it with modesty) I believe I am not deficient. It is not indeed wit of that rude nature which, imported from town by briefless barristers at Christmas, not seldom sets the tables of our combination-rooms in an unseemly roar; but for turning a neat epigram in the Latin language, I acknowledge no superior. Such are not indeed matters of *impromptu;* on the contrary, weeks elapse before the precious stone of thought is converted into the jewel—but then, what perfection! what flawless coruscation! My infallible test for all literature, and especially for your unintelligible modern English poetry, is this, can I—Eusebius Grayboy—turn it into Latin verse, or can I not? If I can't, it's rubbish. If *I* can't understand it, nobody can understand it. Don't talk to me about its suggestiveness. Nobody wants anything of that sort, but the Radicals. The royal foundation to which I have the honour to belong has existed, ay, and flourished, too (as our bursar will tell you), for more than three hundred years, and nobody has heard, I believe, of its having ever suggested anything yet. If I seem over-warm upon this matter, forgive me. I am the best-tempered man in the world, except upon three subjects: Suggestive Poetry, the College Port, and the power of discrimination just alluded to inherent in the Latin verse of my own composition. Touch me on any of those sacred points, and I am 'a maniac slinging flame.' About any other things, I defy Mr John Bright himself to

ruffle me. I am a clergyman, it is true; we who are in residence at St Boniface are all obliged to be so; but I am no bigot. When the barristers already alluded to, whose fellowships have expired, but who come down to see their old friends every Christmastide, rally us good-naturedly about our monastic habits (which, I must confess, are the reverse of ascetic), I enjoy the joke without wincing. When they call me a Thirty-niner, with reference to those Articles which I have very willingly subscribed, I merely smile, and arrange my white cravat. I am afraid I like those lively, high-spirited, affectionate young men, who, although of my own standing, are almost like freshmen compared with myself. I don't mind their slapping me on my back, so long as no undergraduate sees them do it, and calling me a jolly old boy. I *am* an old boy, and I flatter myself that I am a jolly one. During that week of Christmas festivities, I seem to renew my youth, although, after our guests have departed, I suffer from the effects of the late hours, the suppers, and 'the Silky'—a most seductive but pernicious drink. When I last parted from them at our railway station, with that long lingering grasp of the hand, beyond which the eloquence of British friendship can no further go, one said: 'Now, remember, Grayboy, you have promised to come with us at Easter to meet the summer in the Isle of Wight. "Come when no graver cares employ . . . .

> You 'll have no scandal while you dine,
> But honest talk and wholesome wine,
> And only hear the magpie gossip
> Garrulous under a roof of pine." '

I was delighted with the quotation, for the laureate's welcome to the Isle of Weight is one of the prettiest things you can imagine, when turned into Latin;* but I had only the dimmest recollection of the promise to which my friend alluded. Still, I couldn't well say (for there were undergraduates on the platform) that covenants after Silky were not binding, so I nodded cheerfully, as if to say: 'You may rely on me; I 'll be there.' Still, I was by no means prepared for such a letter as the following, received most appropriately upon the ensuing April 1st:

'Dear Sebby [a most irreverent abbreviation for Eusebius]—We start on Thursday by 11.30 from Waterloo. We have secured a carriage, but be sure not to be late, as your presence is indispensable. You are our sixth man, and complete the table. [This is a phrase which I have since learned has reference to the game of whist.] The Q. C. is sure to bring cards, so *you* need not trouble yourself [!]. That four-cornered college-cap of yours might be convenient to deal upon, if the hint be not sacrilegious; but I think you had better leave your white choker at home, lest the stiffening should be taken out of it. Remember, you have *promised*.—Ever yours, Christopher Litart.'

The tone of this epistle was by no means assuring to a person of my character; it was suggestive of disrespectability in a very high degree, and could not easily be rendered into hexameters. What holidays I had hitherto taken, had always been in the Long Vacation, and I had spent them in a professional manner, at Rome, at Athens, and among the ruins of Carthage. Upon my return from each of those interesting spots, I had given to the learned world the result of my observations in quarto; and a very pretty sum they had cost me. But what advantage should I be able to confer upon my fellow-creatures by a visit to *Vect* or *Vectis*?—for it is doubtful by what name the Romans called the *Wect*, or *With*, or *Wict* of Domesday-Book. To revive the theory of its being the *Ictis* mentioned as the mart for the exportation of tin to Gaul, would be to arouse a hornet's nest of antiquaries. In what unfit company, too, was I going for the settlement of such weighty questions. Was Christy Litart the sort of man to share an interest in the ancient Belgæ? Would Shortand, who, I believe, writes for *Punch*, when he is not drawing settlements, permit of my calling Carisbrooke by its proper name, Whitgarasburg, as given to it by Stuf, the nephew of Cerdic the Saxon? No; he would call it Stuf-and-nonsense. Would not the Q. C. (so-termed) treat with ridicule the zeal of the pious Ceadwalla, who, we are told, 'set upon the Ile of Wight (in 686), and well neere destroied all the inhabitants, having bound himself by a vow to give a fourth part of it to the Lord, and thus brought it to the true faith last of all other the parties of this owre Britain.' Moreover, was there no impropriety in taking a holiday so early in the year at all? An Easter trip, however short, seemed to me like spending one's income in advance; or like those forty winks one sometimes indulges in before dinner, and pays for so exorbitantly at night. Still, as Litart said, I had promised; and Eusebius Grayboy is a man of his word.

I omit any description of our travel by the South-western Railway; let it suffice to say that we seemed to get over the ground uncommonly fast, and saw very little of the country. On that short, but often decisive sea-passage to the Island, I was *not ill*, and that is all I can say. If the Ryde pier had been twenty yards shorter, I don't think I could have said as much. There I had prepared a surprise for my friends, and a triumph for myself. In the expectation of a crowded train and insufficient carriage-accommodation, I had written, under advice, to one Mr Weal (an aboriginal fly-proprietor) to bespeak a vehicle to take the whole party on to Ventnor. But at the end of the pier we were worried by wild fly-drivers just as badly as though I had taken no precautions whatever. No bespoken vehicle appeared, and we were assured that no Mr Weal was even in existence. On the mainland, said they, such a man might be, and even let out wheeled conveyances, but on that island there was certainly no such person. In this they all agreed, and made affidavits before Shortand, whom, as having the judicial faculty much developed, we appointed to administer the same. But no sooner had we covenanted with one of their body, than all the rest went and informed Mr Weal, who presently drove up with a private omnibus, and an air of precise punctuality.

The ride outside to Ventnor, 'twixt the sea and the fenceless down, may be described in some future illustrated edition of this paper, but cannot be depicted by words. Here we were shut in by banks of primroses, with a sky to roof us borrowed from Italy; and here the hoary Channel tumbled a breaker on chalk and sand immediately beneath us; now we rolled through a fairy village, every cottage of which was *ornée*, and its garden bright with flowers that would scarce be seen elsewhere for months to come; and here the scene suddenly changed to the rifted chasms and wild disorder of the Undercliff, and the strong sweet scent of the wall-flowers was overwhelmed with the Smell of the Sea. Ah, delicious, invigorating fragrance, ah, mysterious odour, let me sniff thee once again. What matter if thou art, as some will have it, but the offspring of marine decay; to *me* thou art a sacred incense, redolent of youth and joy, and the irrevocable Past. Thy sudden perfume bears with it a score of happy memories; a gallery of pleasant pictures opens before my inward eye; in my ear whisper dear tones which I shall never more hear in this world, and I am a child once more by the side of the unchangeful sea. Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean—tears from the depth of some divine despair, rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, whenever this odour greets me, and even Latin verse refuses to perform its critical function.

* Non mordax aderit lingua cubantibus,
Sed sermo modicus vinaque mollia,
Dum te pica loquax murmure garrulo
Mulcet sub trabe pineâ.

'There 's a short way across the fields, and a beautiful view,' observed the driver, as he stopped his horses at the foot of a tremendous hill; 'if any gent or gents would like to get out.'

'Ah,' observed the Q. C., who inclines to corpulence—'ah, I dare say;' but he did not move a hair-breadth.

'Gentlemen always gets out here to save the horses,' continued the driver.

'That 's another thing, my man; I only object to exertion when obtained under false pretences.' With which characteristic remark the stout Q. C. was the first to descend the quivering vehicle, and lead the way up the footpath. Ventnor is always full at Easter, and we were fortunate in having secured our rooms at the hotel beforehand. I say *the* hotel from a praiseworthy desire not to offend those caravansaries not patronised by our party. Almost all the inns in the Fair Island are peculiarly picturesque and pleasant, with verandahs and gardens, at least, if not with 'romantic pleasure-grounds,' sinuous, umbrageous, and specially adapted for the Neogams—the newly married couples—who resort to these bowers of bliss in immense numbers. One meets these loving pairs in all directions, sitting hand in hand in private conveyances, or with their heads uncommonly close together in secluded land-locked bays. The silly creatures imagine that they deceive the public by pretending, when discovered, to be engaged in picking up shells, of which, as is well known, there are none whatever found in the locality. It was sad to see them turned away from the hotel towards evening, as they arrived, lapped in dreamy ease, and without having taken any precautions for their accommodation. 'We have no sitting-room disengaged except the coffee-room,' was the usual verdict of our sympathising landlady; and then there was a whispered colloquy between the female neogam and 'dearest Charles,' during which the former would shake her head, as it seemed to me [but then I have taken the veil, and may be prejudiced], with most unnecessary decision, and the horses' heads would be turned, and the disappointed couple return to the less-crowded dovecot from which they came. The whole six of us, in common with all the other residents at the hotel, would watch these proceedings from the verandah, and although always terminating as I have described, they never failed to please. The Neogams are among the greatest attractions of the island, as everybody except themselves is well aware; they have flocked to it, like the sea-gulls, ever since it was separated from the mainland by the Solent, as the current is called (from *solvere*) which effected that divorce; and so it will probably be as long as there are honeymoons.

Neogams, then, being its principal import, the exports—the Fairy Commerce—of the place are native diamonds, pictures composed of the tinted sands of Alum Bay, and mugs with 'A Present from the Isle of Wight' inscribed upon them. The natural productions not exported are flies drawn by one or two horses, and built upon the model of the first fly (*temp. circa* 2000 B.C.).* The literature is mainly comprised in the writings of the Rev. Legh Richmond, author of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, a work not only of European celebrity, but which has been placed by missionaries in hands of every description of colour.

This is the humorous side of the locality, but elements of sublimity are by no means wanting. This enchanted garden, blooming with flowers, and haunted by lovers, has very grim surroundings. The envious sea is kept at bay by giant cliffs, silver-shining, sheer, whereof no sooner does one face disappear, undermined by the waves, than another presents itself, no less defiant—white, not with terror, but with determination—and the protracted contest recommences. At long intervals, enormous land-slips take place, which at first 'confusedly hurled, like fragments of an earlier world,' become gradually covered with foliage, and Beauty is born of Chaos. At some of the charming little hotels, their fairy-like prettiness is diversified by frightful figureheads of lost vessels, set upon the lawn by way of ornament. This fair lady (with her nose off) was once the representative of the *British Queen*, from Sunderland, which came ashore yonder in that now waveless bay, and left no other relict in the resemblance of human form; she perished like the *Royal George*, 'with all her crew complete.' At that rounded point, where the tide grows white-lipped even on so calm a day as this, the *Lord Nelson* and the *America* both went to pieces in the same storm. His lordship lost his other arm, poor fellow! on that terrible night; and the lady parted with her stars and stripes by premature Secession. Moreover, as another element now melodramatic, but once dangerous enough, let me mention Smugglers. Every Chine that the visitor now pays twopence to descend by aid of indifferent steps, was once a landing-place for tobacco, and lace, and brandy; the coast-guardsman, who now dozes by his flagstaff, and lends you his spy-glass (not without an eye, perhaps, to another sort of glass in return), had then no sinecure, but kept his cutlass loose in its scabbard. As we lie on the lofty down, looking forth on the sea, a single sail, perhaps, glimmers up from the under-world, and it is pleasant to think that it may be a smuggler or a privateer. The Q. C., who knows everything, as it is the custom of his fraternity to do, remarks that it is 'a rakish-looking craft;' so that we may even be so fortunate as to be looking at a pirate. But if so, it is likely to go hard with him, since round the milk-white point comes a stately ship of battle, speeding on by imperceptible means, for we cannot discern the froth about her screw. 'On through zones of light and shadow, she glimmers away to the lonely deep;' but I shall see her yet whenever I will. These are glorious sights, and the monotonous drawl of ocean that accompanies them are their fittest music. It is the island of the Lotus-eaters. The peacock butterfly, emblazoned herald of the summer, moves slowly by me through the warm soft air, nor flits as is the manner of his tribe; the jackdaws from the cliff forbear to wrangle, but slide in noiseless circles at our feet. 'Let us lie reclined for ever on these downs, nor evermore revisit Lincoln's Inn,' observed Litart to his forensic friend; 'we have had enough of "actions" and of "motions," we.'

But the Q. C. smiled but grimly, as one who opined he could never have too much of those things.

'You are not fit, you lawyers,' returned I, 'to set your cloven feet upon such shores as these, and you were not permitted to do so in the good old times. In the Memoirs of Sir John Oglander, it is written, that "not only heretofore was there no lawyer or attorney in this island, but in Sir George Carey's time (1588), an attorney coming to settle on it, was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging lighted, and with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the place; insomuch that our ancestors lived here quietly and securely."'

Nevertheless, we were not only Lotus-eaters, but had a corner left for most things edible, so appetite-provoking is the Ventnor air. The Q. C. was in a dreadful state that morning when the ladies in No. 9 managed to possess themselves of our prawns, in spite of all precautions and bespeakings; nor at dinner-time was Christy Litart pleased when he found his strawberry-tart composed entirely of gooseberries. 'The ladies in No. 9,' explained the waiter smiling, 'had consumed all the strawberry-jam.' Nor were surprises and adventures wanting; surprises, as upon one occasion, at 12 P.M., when we were retiring from our sitting-room for the night, in rushed Shortand

* Upon the advertisement cards of the inns is still printed that mysterious old-world announcement—'Posting in all its branches.'

(who had already made his adieux) with the intelligence that there were three Commercials sleeping in the coffee-room for want of bedchambers. And so they were, for we all went in to look at them.

Then in the way of adventures, we of course re-enacted the scene from the *Antiquary*, and got cut off by the sea; our *advance* by the shore to Shanklin at least was cut off by the high spring-tide, although we could have gone back again, had retreat been consistent with our British natures. Instead of that, we gave a poor fellow a shilling to run over the cliffs, and send a boat for us, which all our signals of distress had failed to evoke. In the meantime, what, think you, happened? The rest of the party—I write it with shame—sat down and played at whist with that pack of cards, without which, I believe, the Q. C. never moves unless he is going into Court; and since the wind disturbed the cards, they made me—*me* the Thirty-niner—keep the tricks! I never before was placed in so disrespectable a position. The exceptional character of the scene, however, somewhat robbed it of its disgraceful impropriety. The players sat on pebbles, the impress of which they will probably carry to their graves; and they marked, as Giants of the Prime probably marked at whist, with rocks; their games with chalk, their points with masses of marl.

We walked, of course, in all directions, and saw everything that it becomes the tourist to behold; but after all, our greatest sight was seen from our own hotel. One evening, just as we were sitting down to dinner, we observed in the road beneath a great assemblage of the aborigines. Every eye was directed westward towards a solitary speck upon the ocean, half smoke, half flame. A ship on fire nearly opposite Blackgang Chine! Telescope in hand, I ran with slippered feet to join the throng. 'Poor fellows,' said one, referring to the hapless crew, 'they 're all smothered; they ha'n't put a single boat out. What do you make out, sir, through that 'ere glass?'

Now, though I had instinctively snatched up the scientific instrument in question, it was perfectly useless to me; for I have never seen anything through a telescope except a blue ball (which I believe to be the firmament) bobbing up and down. So I handed it to the amphibious person who had addressed me, and waited for his views at second-hand. 'I see the flames a-busting out of her hull; and I see—— Darn me, what a smother!'

'Permit *me*,' observed an amateur-mariner, elaborately attired, and giving one the notion of a man who had left a yacht of his own in some secluded bay, in order to avoid the suspicion of ostentation. 'Ah, we shall not see her long; she is burning down to the water's edge.' A low moan went round the company, who, up to the moment of this authoritative decision, had clung to the hope that there might yet be some mistake.

'I tell you what it is,' observed our peculiar waiter, who had followed us into the street with our dish of mackerel in his hand; 'it 's all bunkum. I seed that 'ere vessel go by two hours ago, low in the water, and kivered with smoke, so as you could scarcely see her. The sun is a-shining upon her hull, and makes her *look* a-fire, and that 's just all about it.'

The indignation of the spectators at this heartless explanation of a catastrophe which was affording us all such interest and satisfaction, was excessive.

'If that ship is not on fire,' observed the amateur-yachtsman gravely, 'then I never saw a ship on fire in all my life.'

'And perhaps you never did, sir,'* returned our waiter, with an admirable coolness. 'I bin all round the world myself, and what I says is, it 's all bunkum.'

'My dear waiter,' exclaimed the Q. C., who is opposed to the romantic view of things, 'I believe you are perfectly right.'

The company was immediately divided into two parties, the Believers and the Sceptics, who wrangled together until the subject of dispute had disappeared, as the one protested, below the horizon, or as the other averred, into the vasty deep.

'Poor creetur; you might almost hear her hiss,' murmured a sympathetic boatman.

'There ain't no more heat about her than about these blessed mackerel,' retorted the waiter; and indeed our fish had got disagreeably cold during the discussion.

These startling incidents agreeably diversified our insular existence, although we should have been well content without them. We had gone forth to meet the Summer, and we had met it. Doors open, empty grates, full gardens, had greeted us on our arrival; and every day wove a new chain of flowers to keep us captive. The Fair Isle is a place to live in, and to die only at a very advanced age indeed. It was the cynical opinion of my legal companions that the number of very old people we met at every turn, sunning themselves in the wayside, were all imported; that persons of great longevity were kidnapped from other places, and brought to the Isle of Wight for exhibition, in order to impress visitors with an idea of its salubrity. If this is the case, the inscriptions in the churchyards are doubtless forgeries also. According to these, folks rarely exchange the Garden of England for the Elysian Fields under the age of 85, or so. I culled this epitaph, for example, from the burial-place around St Lawrence's Church—the smallest ecclesiastical fabric in Great Britain:

'To the Memory of ——, who met his *untimely* Death by an Accident in the 91st Year of his Age.'

For effrontery, I think that epitaph surpasses anything.

'Depend upon it,' says Shortand, 'if anybody in the Isle of Wight dies in middle age, they keep it uncommonly dark.'

At all events, no catastrophe of that kind occurred among ourselves; six we had come to Ventnor, and half-a-dozen we returned—only in better case. It was a glorious holiday, and I feel I have not done justice to it in the above description. However, now that I am once more in my college-rooms, with my books about me, I mean to sit down and describe it all in an intelligible and appropriate manner—in Latin Verse.

* The nautical gentleman was not stopping at our hotel.

ANTHROPOID APES.

In the days when we were little inquisitive children, we used frequently to ask original and puzzling questions, and among other things, we remember being very anxious to be informed how monkeys were caught. Our old nurse was ready with an explanation. It appeared, according to her, that the monkey regarded man as much his superior (whatever Professor Huxley may now think to the contrary), and made a point of imitating man's actions, just as we are prone to ape the ways of our betters in the social scale. Man being alive to this weakness of poor Jocko's, took a cruel advantage of it. He repaired to the woods in which the monkeys resided, and depositing a tub of water on the green-sward, washed his hands perseveringly till he found the animals were attentively observing him. He then retired, leaving a number of similar tubs, much to the satisfaction of the simian colony. Led by their apish instinct, down came a multitude of the poor animals, and proceeded, as they thought, to wash themselves. But the treacherous tubs now contained not water, but some sticky compound—a sort of concentrated bird-lime. There the unlucky monkeys stuck like blue-bottles on a catch-'em-alive-o, and the more they struggled, the faster they were held. In the morning, remorseless Man reappeared, when the best fate the captives could hope

for was to become the companions of a select society of similar exiles in some far-off zoological garden.

However improbable this statement may seem, we firmly believed it; indeed, the good old soul had another anecdote which confirmed this, and put its truthfulness beyond dispute. It was a story of a commercial traveller, who, for some unexplained reason, visited the vast forests of equatorial Africa with a large stock of the best town-made woollen night-caps. It so happened that one sultry afternoon our commercial hero was overtaken by a desire for sleep, and sought repose under a spreading goliboh-tree, first wisely taking the precaution of keeping off damp by putting on one of his night-caps. Little did he dream of the dire consequence that awaited him. No sooner was he sound asleep, than all the neighbouring apes, who had been watching him, descended in a body, untied the bundle of night-caps, put on one apiece, and again betook themselves to their trees. The traveller, on being awakened by the chattering of the thieves, looked about in vain for his pack, till, casting his eyes in the direction of the noise, he beheld swinging from branch to branch, five thousand blue-faced baboons, each adorned with one of his precious night-caps. Ruin—blue-ruin—stared him in the face; death by starvation was all that remained for him. Can a more harrowing spectacle be conceived than that of a solitary man in the midst of a vast equatorial forest, robbed of his stock in trade by five thousand blue-faced baboons! The poor fellow ran wildly about, shaking his fists at the criminals in the English style, only to see five thousand pairs of monkey-fists shaken at him in return. Then he tried persuasive gesticulations; but in vain; his every movement was mimicked in a manner that would have been absurd under other circumstances; at last, maddened with passion and despair, he plucked his only remaining night-cap from his head, and flung it furiously at the crowd. In a moment, he was bathed in a shower of night-caps. The five thousand blue-faced baboons, having no idea beyond that of imitating the traveller, simultaneously flung their newly acquired articles of attire furiously back at him. It is on record that he recovered the whole of them, sold them at an enormous profit (though to whom it is not mentioned), and that the fortunate speculator returned safely to England a wealthy merchant

Our matured judgment ridicules these old-women's stories; yet tales, scarcely less strange and incredible, were not long since submitted to public notice as solemn facts. It was gravely asserted that certain apes existing in Western Africa played tricks scarcely less fantastic than the ones just related. We were told, for instance, that these creatures built detached villas in the forests, and sometimes carried off native women to share with them the pleasures of a home in the jungle; moreover, that the animals in question carried thick walking-sticks, the principal use of which being, it would seem, to belabour elephants on the trunk, should they dare to locate themselves too near the abode of quadrumanous bliss. The stick was not employed in attacking man: a more scientific treatment was reserved for him; he was taken by ambush. The man-like ape would sit on the lower branches of a tree till some unlucky negro sauntered that way, when down came a long hairy leg, with a prehensile foot, griping the wanderer round the neck, till he became, if possible, blacker in the face than he was before.

Travellers' stories are very roughly handled in these days of severe criticism. The public mind may, indeed, be excited for a time by the publication of sensation narratives of this description; but science soon steps in to hold up before us the mirror of truth. It is refreshing to find so high an authority as Professor Huxley coming forward, in his interesting work on *The Evidence of Man's Place in Nature*, and giving us what may be called an authentic history of the man-like apes, culled from the most trustworthy sources. It is not only very amusing, but very valuable as a record of all that is at present known with any certainty about these singular creatures.

There are four known existing genera of anthropoid apes; namely, gibbons, orangs, chimpanzees, and gorillas. In structure, they all four present remarkable points of resemblance. They are all without tails. They all possess the same number of teeth—namely, twenty milk-teeth, and thirty-two permanent ones; and be it observed, man possesses the same number of teeth, both first and second sets. Like man also, and unlike the lower apes, their nostrils are divided by a partition, and look downwards. Unlike man, their arms are all longer than their legs. The great toe of the foot of these apes, in common with the lower apes, is smaller and far more movable than in man, so that it can be used like a thumb. The popular belief, that the lower extremities of apes terminate in a hand, is erroneous. Careful dissection shews that the foot of the monkey is a true foot, with a very movable great toe. It is to be regretted that that great naturalist, Cuvier, adopted the term quadrumanous, or four-handed, and applied it distinctively to apes; for the term is calculated, as we have just explained, to disseminate incorrect views. Indeed, great mobility of the great toe, and the power of opposing it—that is, of placing it opposite to the other toes—is by no means confined to the ape tribe; the artisans of Bengal weave with their toes, and Chinese boatmen are able to pull an oar when grasping it with their feet. A very common trick of John Chinaman's is to attach a string to the under-side of a scale, and when weighing articles of commerce, to turn the scale by pulling the string with his foot. In civilised life, we must remember, the toes are thrust into leathern sheaths, and cramped from childhood upwards; but in barefooted people, where the natural play of the parts is allowed, the great toe is very mobile.

The four kinds of man-like apes differ materially from each other in their habits and mode of life. The *gibbons*, of which there are several species, are all mountain apes, dwelling in the tall trees on the slopes and ridges of hills. In the evening, they descend in small groups to the open ground. They are, however, pre-eminently qualified for arboreal life. It is almost impossible to describe in words the grace and rapidity of their wondrous Leotard-like movements. Using only their hands and arms, or rather, holding by one hand only, the gibbon launches himself by an energetic movement to a distant branch. There, however, his hold is less than momentary; another branch is similarly aimed at by the other hand, and so on; spaces of twelve, eighteen, and even, it is said, of forty feet being easily cleared at a single bound. The exertion is often kept up uninterruptedly for hours without the animal's manifesting any fatigue. Sometimes they will throw somersaults in their course, making a pivot of one hand only, and swinging round with such velocity as almost to deceive the eye. We quote the following anecdote, in order to give an idea of the strength of the gibbons, and at the same time of the extraordinary delicacy and precision of their movements. A female gibbon has been known to throw herself at a window across a passage twelve feet wide, and, catching the narrow framework between the panes with her fingers, to spring back into her cage, and this without any injury to the glass.

Though gibbons refuse most animal food, they will eat insects; they drink by dipping their fingers into liquid, and licking them. It is affirmed, but the statement requires verification, that the females carry their young to the water-side in order to wash their faces. The young ones are said to cry and to resist the operation, an event not at all uncommon among the juveniles of the highest vertebrata. Be the washing story true or not, this is certain, that young gibbons in captivity are gentle and affectionate, and

when teased, cry like children. They have also a sort of conscience: thus, it is related of a tame gibbon, that he was very fond of deranging the knickknacks in his master's cabin, like a kitten playing with a ball of string. When corrected for this, he would do it on the sly, glancing furtively about to see whether he was being watched. The moment he found he was observed, he would replace any article he had in his hand, and pretend, like the boy laden with snowballs in front of a broken window, that it 'wasn't him.'

Gibbons take readily to the erect posture. When erect, they either keep the elbows and wrists bent, and the arms raised to the back of their heads, to throw the centre of gravity back, or they hold their arms uplifted, and hands pendent, to balance themselves, as a pole balances a rope-walker. They walk with a quick, waddling gait, and at higher speeds they place the knuckles of their enormously long arms on the ground, using them like crutches, and rather swinging forward than running. They place the whole length of the sole of their feet flat on the ground, and have, consequently, no elasticity of step.

The *orang-outangs* live in the densest and most sombre forests. They are generally met with in twos and threes, except the old males, who live alone. In their movements, they are as unlike as possible to the gibbons. They never make the smallest jump, are slow and sluggish, and are only stirred to exertion by the presence of hunger or of danger. When not disturbed, they remain in one spot for hours together, and inhabit one tree for many days. When they move, they crawl rather than climb from one tree to another, moving slowly and cautiously, climbing hand over hand like a man, and drawing both feet together after them. In climbing, they take the greatest care of their feet, any injury to that part seeming to affect the animal seriously. Even when closely pursued, the phlegmatic circumspection of the orang does not desert him: he shakes the branches, to assure himself that they will bear him, before venturing to trust his weight to them.

The orang is immensely powerful. He is said to fight crocodiles, beating them to death, and ripping up their throats by pulling their jaws asunder. This is probably a fiction, parallel to the native story, that the gorilla has pugilistic encounters with elephants, in which the elephant comes off second-best. Notwithstanding his great strength, the orang rarely defends himself, especially if attacked with firearms. He seems to hold the opinion that discretion is the better part of valour, and endeavours to escape from man by hiding himself. When brought to bay, however, he becomes very energetic; he flies into a desperate rage, uttering loud, pumping grunts, and throwing down branches and other missiles at his pursuers. One animal, on being hunted into a durian tree—a tree bearing heavy-spined fruits as large as thirty-two pounders—threw these at his pursuers with such precision and force, as effectually to make them keep clear of the tree he was on.

Like the gibbon, the orang descends late in the day to the ground, returning to his tree to sleep, choosing a firm place among the lower branches, ten or twenty feet from the ground, for his bed. Here he constructs a sort of large nest, two or three feet in circumference, with small boughs, drawn together and bent across each other, with leaves for a mattress, to make the bed soft and comfortable. This is the hut which these animals are said to build; it is nothing more than a bed of leaves, having no perpendicular walls, and no roof. On cold nights, the orang covers his body with leaves, and is especially careful to wrap his head in them, which may perhaps account for the night-cap speculation related in the early part of this paper. The motto of the orang seems to be early to bed, and late to rise: he retires to his couch about five o'clock in the afternoon, and does not get up till nine o'clock next morning, by which time the sun has dissipated the mists. This fact will no doubt carry great comfort and consolation to people who are fond of lying in bed in the morning. Some folks consider it unhealthy and unnatural, but that cannot be when animals in a state of nature do not rise till the day is aired.

In confinement, the orang is false and wicked to the last degree, though, when taken very young, he can be domesticated, and made to behave tolerably well to persons he knows. On the appearance of strangers, he will slowly approach them, and insinuate his hand, with apparently friendly intentions, through the bars of his cage. On a sudden, he will extend his long arm, and make a gripe at any portion of the dress or person of the beholder that happens to be within reach, taking the face for choice. Orangs never bite, their organs of offence are the hands; in this they differ from gibbons, who bite, but do not pinch. The orang goes mostly on all-fours. He cannot put his foot flat on the ground, but supports it on the outer edge, like an accomplished skater. He is obliged to help himself along with his hands, supporting himself, singularly enough, by their inner edge only. His walk is consequently laborious and shaky; he never stands on his hind-legs alone.

The Asiatic anthropoid apes, just described, being approached with comparative ease, naturalists are acquainted with their habits and mode of life; but little is known of the African anthropoids, owing to the physical difficulties and dangers which prevent our exploring the tropical wilds where these animals are distributed. The information we do possess has been obtained principally from the natives, who are only too ready to supply us with mythical reports and traditions. The following statement, therefore, concerning these apes, obtained by sifting the best existing testimony, must be taken with some reserve.

It is a singular fact, that the chimpanzee and the gorilla, though the last of the anthropoid apes scientifically described, were the first discovered. Two hundred and fifty years ago, an Englishman, by name Andrew Battell, who served as a band-sergeant to the Portuguese, and was by them sent prisoner to Angola, in Africa, brought home from the kingdom of Congo—now Cilongo on the maps—some extraordinary tales of the greater and lesser monsters of Africa, which, from his description, we are now able to identify with the two African anthropoid apes. The lesser monster was long ago known to be the chimpanzee, for Battell gives it the name of *Engeco*, a corruption of the African *N'schego*, by which name the animal is known at the present day to the natives of the Gaboon country. Buffon converted Battell's Engeco into Enjoco, afterwards metamorphosed into Jocko, a name which, owing to the extensive popularity of Buffon's works, became a household word all over Europe.

Battell's lesser monster being thus proved clearly to exist, a strong presumption arose that the greater monster would eventually be discovered. Travellers heard from time to time of the existence of a great ape, five feet high, and four across the shoulders, who built a rude house, in which he slept, and who was remarkable for his great ferocity. This animal was, of course, the gorilla, with which we have but lately made a personal acquaintance.

The *chimpanzee* is the first of the man-like apes that was ever brought alive to Europe. One, supposed to be a satyr, was presented to the Prince of Orange about the year 1640. Chimpanzees resemble gibbons in some of their habits, and orangs in others. They occasionally stand and walk; but when they see a man, they take to all-fours, no doubt to increase their pace, and flee. The position assumed by the animals when standing is not erect, but leaning forward, with the hands clasped at the back of the head or across the loins, which seems necessary to their balance or ease of posture. The toes are

strongly flexed and turned inwards, shewing that the full expansion of the foot necessary for walking is not natural to these animals. The chimpanzees are, in fact, tree-apes, swinging, like the gibbon, with astonishing agility. Like the orangs, they construct nests. They are generally seen in companies of four or five together, though it is said that they occasionally assemble in large numbers for the purpose of amusing themselves. The entertainment at their pleasure-parties consists for the most part of hooting and screaming, and drumming with sticks on old logs of wood, for which purpose they use either hands or feet. They never attack man; and when pursued, they seldom defend themselves. If compelled to do so, they use their teeth like the gibbons. They exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence; thus, when in danger, they have been known to motion to the hunter with the hand to go away, in the manner of a human being. When wounded, they press their hands to the part, and apply grass and leaves to stanch the flow of blood. The natives have a tradition that they were formerly men, who were expelled their tribe on account of their depraved habits, and that an obstinate indulgence in their vile propensities has caused them to degenerate into their present state. When wild, they live on vegetable food; but in captivity, they easily acquire a fondness for flesh.

The *gorilla*, of all the anthropoid apes, approaches most nearly to man. We know but little of his habits, and that little is based on the accounts of the savage tribes of equatorial Africa. The gorilla is covered with black and brown hair, which, with age, becomes gray. This has given rise to the report that the animal is seen of different colours. The indescribably ferocious aspect of the gorilla is due chiefly to the hairy ridge on his scalp running from ear to ear. The animal, when enraged, contracts the scalp over his brow; thus carrying the hairy ridge forward, and producing the fierce appearance to which all his biographers refer. The gorilla walks with a shuffling, rolling gait, assisting his speed by touching his hands on the ground like the gibbons—only the latter use the knuckles for this purpose, while the gorilla uses the palm. The gorilla does not stoop so much as the chimpanzee, because his arms are longer. Gorillas are polygamists, living in small bands, with but one male to each band, the strongest driving out and killing the others. Like the other anthropoid apes, they build nests, not houses, for they afford no shelter, and are occupied only at night.

The king of the forest is distinguished from the other man-like apes by his offensive habits. He does not run from man, as they do; but at the approach of danger, if he hears, or, it is said, even scents a man, he prepares for action, gallantly conducting the females and young to a place of safety, and then returns, approaching his antagonist in a stooping posture, but rising to his feet when he makes an attack. He comes up in great fury, uttering his shrill, prolonged, terrific yell, with the design, it would seem, of terrifying his opponent. The hunter awaits his approach till the creature is close enough to rise to the attack. Then is the moment to fire at him. With a cool nerve and steady aim, the huge beast must be shot dead, any hesitation or miscarriage of his weapon being fatal to the hunter. It is a case of do or die. If the aim is not well directed, the animal grasps the gun-barrel, crushes it between his powerful teeth, and strikes his pursuer a death-blow with the palm of his hands; or seizing him with a grasp, from which there is no escape, dashes him on the ground, and lacerates him with his tusks.

Young gorillas have been captured alive, but it has been found impossible to tame them. They remain savage and implacable to the last, submission to man being apparently a condition that *no* gorilla, as Lord Dundreary would say, can possibly understand.

If we compare these statements with what is positively known respecting the orang and the gibbon, we shall see that they are in all probability near the truth. Thus the gorilla is better fitted, structurally, to assume the erect position than the gibbon. The orang fights with its hands, the gibbon and chimpanzee with their teeth; the gorilla may probably enough do either, or both; and the statement that the gorilla builds a nest is credible enough, since we know that that is the habit of the other anthropoids.

That the gorilla approaches in structure so nearly to man, is highly distasteful to a large number of sensitive persons. They see, or fancy they see, something humiliating in being classed with these brutal creatures, whose instincts scarcely carry them beyond the gratification of their animal wants, whose passions are unsubdued, and whose affections are unrefined. But if the case really be so, ought it not, like all the other general arrangements of Providence, to be reverentially submitted to? Besides, if man, in his spiritual nature, is only a little lower than the angels, does it matter much what he is in bodily respects?

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

CHILD-STEALING.

One of the worst features of the British criminal code of half a century ago was the disproportionate character of its punishments. In most cases, it was ruthlessly cruel, but in others it awarded penalties very much too lenient. For offences against authority, property, and commerce, it rarely inflicted anything short of death; while for crimes which steeped whole families in misery, and which are repugnant to every natural feeling, but a slight expiation was often demanded. In 1795, during the passage of his majesty George III's state-coach through the streets on his way to open parliament, the populace expressed their disapprobation of his policy. Among a number of disorderly persons, none of whom seems to have behaved worse than his fellows, one Kidd Wake was apprehended. He was proved to have uttered the treasonable exclamations of 'No war, no George;' he was also accused of malignancy of aspect; but this was accounted for, by the witnesses for the defence, on the ground that he had a defect in his sight, which always had the effect of producing a distortion of his features whenever he attempted to look particularly at any object. Mr Justice Ashurst informs this criminal, when brought up to receive judgment, that his crime is 'most atrocious, and almost unprecedented;' that he might have been convicted of a much more serious offence, but for the mercy of the crown; and that his case, even as it stood, afforded an admirable instance 'of the unequalled mildness of the laws of this country,' since anywhere else he would certainly have paid the forfeit of his life. 'It now,' he concludes, 'becomes my duty to pronounce the sentence of the court, which is, that you be committed to the custody of the keeper of the Penitentiary House in and for the county of Gloucester, and *be kept to hard labour for the space of five years*; and within the first three months of that time, that you stand in and upon the pillory for one hour, between the hours of eleven and two o'clock in the afternoon, in some public street in Gloucester, on a market-day; and that you give sureties in one thousand pounds* for your good-behaviour for the term of ten years, to be computed from the expiration of the said five years; and that you be further imprisoned till you find the said sureties.'

In the same year, one Elizabeth Hall (a female fiend only second in atrocity to Mrs Brownrigg), for beating two little girls, apprenticed to her by the parish, almost to death, and working them from four

* The prisoner thus addressed is a labouring-man, with a wife dependent upon his daily work for support, so that the sentence is equivalent to one of imprisonment for life.

o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, on potatoes and salt, is awarded six months' imprisonment for each offence, and *to pay a fine of three shillings and fourpence!*

Twenty years later, the law was even still more lenient towards the Cruel—a fellow-feeling probably rendering it wondrous kind in their case—for we find one Mrs Hunter and her servant sentenced, the one but to eighteen months, and the other to six only, for *roasting* a child.

The consideration of infants generally—but especially of parish infants—seems, indeed, to have been beneath the dignity of the law. Up to the year 1811, you might purloin a baby with comparative impunity, whereas, if you stole a watch above the value of nine-and-thirty shillings, you would be hanged. At this period, however, a child of respectable parents having been abstracted, the offence of child-stealing was made felony, and subject to the punishment of transportation. The particular case which caused this alteration in the statute-book is a very remarkable one. At its outset, it was exceedingly obstructed by mis-identification of the offender.

The question of personal identity, in the case of adults, at least, would seem to be one of comparative ease, yet, in our criminal annals, there is nothing more common than a unanimity, among the most well-meaning persons, in mistaking the innocent for the guilty. Two innocent young men were placed in 1785 at the bar of the Old Bailey for robbing Sir William Davenport (one of the king's serjeants of the Court of Common Pleas) on the Uxbridge Road. 'As far as one man can swear to another,' said he, looking full upon the accused, 'the prisoners at the bar robbed me, as I have described.' Lady Davenport, as in duty bound, corroborated her husband's testimony. Then came the coachman and footman, who followed with equal decision upon the same side. Upon adjournment to the courtyard of the prison, all these persons swore that two horses there exhibited (the property of the accused) were the same horses ridden by the highwaymen. Fortunately for the prisoners, however, one of them happened to be a member of a respectable club in Kentish Town, the anniversary dinner of which had been held in his own house, on the very evening on which the robbery was committed. An alibi was also clearly established in the case of his companion. No particular likeness appears to have existed between these innocent men and those who afterwards confessed to the crime in question. Bartholomew Greenwood, Esq., rider to the 1st Troop of Horse Guards, was sworn to, on a previous occasion, with equal pertinacity, by a gentleman of the name of Wheatly, as having robbed him in a field near Camberwell; and if the accused had been of a less respectable rank in life, and his witnesses less honourable persons, it would have gone very hard with him; for as nothing is so conclusive as an alibi, so nothing is so open to suspicion. Richard Coleman was actually executed for the murder of Sarah Green, through the mis-identification of him by the dying woman. Being charged with the offence, he had absconded, and hid himself, which doubtless weighed greatly against him with the jury, although he had issued an advertisement from his place of concealment, setting forth his innocence, and announcing his intention of delivering himself up at the next assizes. The memory of this unfortunate man was fully cleared of the matter.

In the child-stealing case which follows, an innocent lady, the wife of a surgeon in the navy, was identified as the kidnapper by several witnesses, on more than one examination, and even committed for trial at the Old Bailey. At last, however, the law laid its uncertain fingers upon the real criminal, one Mrs Magnis of Gosport. This woman was the wife of a sailor—a gunner on board one of her majesty's ships, but who seems to have possessed property very much more considerable than is usually owned by that improvident class. He had been always earning this money in cruising, and hence it happened that of all land affairs he was extraordinarily ignorant, and of a most credulous and simple mind. His knowledge of the female character, notwithstanding that he was married, appears to have been particularly limited. He had a sailor's confidence in the sex, and more than a sailor's ordinary fondness for children. To have a 'little darling' of his own, as he called it (in order not to restrict the matter to sex) was his most anxious wish, and his lady was of course aware of this solicitude. I am afraid that Mr Magnis was not quite so liberal of his savings as he might have been during his long voyages, when his wife may well have expected many little comforts to make up as much as possible for her lord's absence. Perhaps he only waited until, according to his peculiar views, she should deserve them, but certainly upon receiving, while at sea, a cheerful intimation from Mrs M. that there was a probability of his often-expressed desire being shortly gratified, he sent her home no less a sum than three hundred pounds, with a particular charge that the infant should be 'well rigged out,' and want for nothing; 'if a boy,' adds he, with modesty, 'so much the better.' There is surely a pathos about this simple-minded sailor, given up to domestic affection, notwithstanding that the object of it has not yet arrived, and showering his gold upon no Danaë, but his own respectable Juno. Mrs M. was eminently respectable, but not devoted to the interests of truth. Notwithstanding the tender hopes held forth in her correspondence, she had in reality no other expectation whatever except that of getting money out of her too confiding husband. No 'little stranger' was really looked for; no pincushion was embroidered with the sacred 'Welcome;' the services of no Mrs Gamp were specially retained. All was moonshine as respected the coming scion of the House of Magnis. In due course, the lady got the money, however, although there was nothing to 'rig out.' Then commenced a still worse course of domestic deception. Mrs M. announces, in joyful strain, to her infatuated husband, that their firstborn has arrived; that it is a magnificent boy, and that she has named him Dick, after his beloved father, whom he greatly resembles. From that moment, Mr Richard Magnis counts the tedious hours—notches them on a stick, perhaps, like Robinson Crusoe, or ties them on his handkerchiefs, so many 'knots an hour,' in sailor-fashion—until he shall come home and embrace his child.

In process of time, to borrow the words of the poet, 'the perils and the dangers of the voyage are past, and the ship is moored in Portsmouth at last, and the happiest of the crew, the happiest of the crew, and the happiest of the crew' is Richard Magnis, senior. When he disembarks at Gosport, however, his wife meets him with evil news. Dick is not at home; he is out at nurse at a considerable distance; change of air having been pronounced essential to that surgical operation, performed by the least professional amongst us for ourselves, called 'cutting his teeth.' Mr Magnis would have journeyed any distance to behold his offspring, but he is informed that an interview would be positively dangerous to the infant, whose nerves are but too likely to be upset by seeing his father for the first time. The leave that the poor sailor has obtained is but short on this occasion, and he returns on board ship with a heart sick with hope deferred. The voyage before him is a very long one, during the whole of which he continues to make the most affectionate inquiries about Dick, and to remit money for his due support; he would be very unhappy, he says, but for the thought of this child: he is buoyed up, as Mr Thomas Hood would have said, by this imaginary infant male. Upon again returning to Gosport, at the expiration of no less than three years, Mrs Magnis endeavours once more to impose

upon his credulity by informing him that the infant, although a remarkably fine boy, has not yet finished cutting those teeth. This, however, is a little too much even for our sailor. He protests that he will either go to his son, wherever he may be, or that his son shall be brought to him. Under the circumstances, Mrs Magnis deems the latter alternative to be the more feasible, and sets out, in person, to fetch this hypothetical boy. It occurs to her that the metropolis is most calculated (by the number and variety it possesses of the goods in question) to supply the article of which she stands in need. It has often been said that there is nothing which cannot be bought in London, and I have little doubt that Mrs M. might have purchased an infant male of the proper age, and required speaking-likeness to her husband (for that is always a matter of opinion), at a very reasonable figure. This lady, however, was either unacquainted with the locality in which such things are to be procured, or she was unwilling to part with the money; at all events, she does not go into the infant-market at all, but *steals* a child.

Passing down St Martin's Lane, she set her eyes on Master Thomas Dellow (the very article in all respects which she wanted), playing with his little sister at 'keeping a shop' in the gutter, established to supply the Public with the freshest dirt-pies, and, by great good-fortune, immediately opposite a green-grocer's stall. Into this establishment Mrs Magnis inveigled the children by promises of apples. Having thus gained their confidence, she proposed to the little girl to have a race to the nearest pastrycook's shop, which the young lady won with ease; but upon turning round to look for her adversary, behold she had distanced her altogether. Mrs Magnis had gone off in another direction with the poor little boy!

Master Dellow's disappearance made an immense sensation in London. Many mothers would never lose sight of their children, even for a moment, in consequence; while a few, on the contrary, encouraged in their offspring a taste for the manufacture of dirt-pies. The officers of the law were extraordinarily active in apprehending the wrong persons, and the green-grocer and his assistants equally prompt in swearing to their identity. At length, however, the bereaved parents received intelligence which took the father down by the next coach to Gosport, and he returned with the missing boy, alive and well. The child had fortunately certain marks about him, which Mrs Magnis, in her very cursory examination of him in St Martin's Lane, had not perceived, and a handbill having been published of his description, inevitably led to his detection; for Magnis *Père* (as he thought himself) was for ever triumphantly exhibiting the child to all his friends, and doubtless pointing out its blemishes as particular beauties. He had felt the strongest parental affection for the boy (who had also been mightily taken with *him*, and seemed rather to enjoy the variety in his domestic life than otherwise); and when the imposition was made clearly manifest, the simple sailor was greatly affected at having to part with him. Mrs Magnis herself was committed to Winchester jail, and thereby escaped even the slight punishment at that time awarded for her offence; for being brought to trial at the assizes for Hampshire, her counsel protested against the illegality of her commitment—the offence having been committed in London, and not in Hampshire—and easily procured her acquittal.

A case most remarkably similar to the above occurred in 1815. A poor beggar-woman, with twins, in her arms, and a child of five years old accompanying her, was robbed in open day of one of her twins, by a strange woman, who had offered to carry it under pretence of charity. Indigent as was the mother, and burdened with five other children, she immediately spent all she had in advertisements with a description of the thief, which six weeks afterwards had the desired effect. Sarah Stone, the offender, was identified on board a ship in the Thames, with the missing child in her arms.

'Oh, let me have a kiss of my baby,' cried the mother, overjoyed at seeing it once more.

But a sailor who was standing by exclaimed: 'No; not if you were the queen of England!' For exactly as in the case of Richard Magnis, he firmly believed it to be his own little daughter (having been imposed upon by his wife in a similar manner), and swore to the same, with great tenacity, at the subsequent trial. In this case, however, the poor baby was not returned in such good condition, and died very shortly after its restitution. The law with respect to child-stealing had, as has been above stated, been rendered more rigorous since the case of Harriet Magnis; and Sarah Stone was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ANDES.

The longest, if not the loftiest chain of mountains on the earth's surface, is that of the Cordillera of the Andes, stretching from south to north upwards of eight thousand miles. It commences in the Land of Fire, beyond the Strait of Magellan, and traversed by comparatively few breaks, runs along the western rim of the American continent, through Chili, through Peru, through the Strait of Central America, across the Isthmus of Darien, through Mexico, and dividing into two arms, extends, under the name of the Rocky Mountains, to the fifty-second parallel of north latitude. Here and there in this vast ridge, mighty pinnacles shoot up far beyond the regions of eternal snow, and in sharpness and elevation almost rival the peaks of the Himalaya. Language, with all its resources, is unable to do justice to the stupendous grandeur of these mountains which soar far above the clouds, and, unvisited by man or any other living creature save the condor, glitter amid the blue heavens in eternal solitude and serenity. In some parts of its course, the Cordillera is contracted into one narrow sierra, cleaving the atmosphere with its sharp teeth like a saw; elsewhere it separates into several chains, expanding east and west, and enclosing whole provinces in its embrace. Farther towards the north, it again heaps up its rocks into one giddy ridge, and hurling down countless streams from its sides, penetrates the boreal hemisphere, and only abates its magnificence on the confines of the British territory, where the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company chase the fur-bearing animals over plains glittering with snow.

Nature nowhere exhibits wilder freaks or more startling contrasts than in the Andes. Here and there, at irregular distances, we meet with transverse gaps on which the natives bestow the name of Quebradas, in some cases walled on both sides by perpendicular precipices, upwards of seven thousand feet in depth. Through one of these quebradas, extending from ocean to ocean, rolls the sea, which forms the Strait of Magellan; the other quebradas are mere valleys, always, however, containing the streams which scooped them out of the bulk of the mountain, and still deepen their bed by gnawing and bearing away incessantly to the ocean particles of the underlying rock. From a ledge overhanging one of these prodigious valleys in the neighbourhood of Cuzco, you may enjoy a prospect scarcely to be equalled anywhere else on the globe. To the left rise the Andes into the clear blue sky; to the right, the mountains descend gradually in mighty terraces to the plain, which is laved in the extreme distance by the shining waters of the Pacific; the valley itself, black, and to appearance fathomless, yawns at your feet, making your head giddy as you gaze at it, till you behold a white fleck rising out of the gulf, and expanding as it mounts, till the condor's wings, almost twenty feet in spread, glitter before your eyes in the

sun, as the proud bird wheels and soars fearlessly over the dizzy chasm, and then ascending above your head, penetrates the empyrean, beyond the reach of sight. Above and below this ledge, upon a zigzag track running along the edge of the precipice, you often perceive strings of llamas and alpacas, heavily laden, and led or driven by aboriginal Indians, with red skins and shrunken figures.

In breaks and recesses of the rock you notice, as you pursue your upward way, ancient idols of the Peruvians reposing beneath neatly-carved stone canopies, or pretty chapels to Our Lady of Cuzco, who has found worshippers in these solitudes, which remind the traveller of those mountainous regions of Asia, where the Madonna became a mother. One of the most marvellous phenomena connected with the Andes is witnessed in Peru, the heat on whose low plains would be insufferable but for a dense canopy of clouds, which, like the awning of a mighty Roman theatre, extends all day, from the Cordillera to the Pacific, completely intercepting the rays of the sun, and rendering the air beneath it cool and pleasant. But for this extraordinary contrivance of nature, Lima and its vicinity would be altogether uninhabitable. As might have been expected, the strangest climatial contrasts are found in the Cordillera and its valleys, where, in the course of seven or eight hours, you may pass from districts scorched by tropical heat, through meadows sprinkled with vernal flowers, through orchards laden with autumnal fruit, to eminences enveloped in all the rigours of a Lapland winter. In performing this short journey, the traveller often experiences very strange and painful sensations, among which are those of the mountain malady, which in all its symptoms is identical with sea-sickness, the patient being completely prostrated, and undergoing all the pains and disturbances of the stomach which the unaccustomed voyager feels. Great rivers generally imply great mountains towards their sources. Thus, the Indus and the Brahmaputra take their rise from springs in the vast elevated table-land of Central Asia, lying north of the Kailas mountains; the Ganges rushes down from the southern face of the Himalaya; the Nile conceals its head amid the sinuosities of the back-bone of Africa; while the Rio de la Plata, the Orinoco, and the Orolona, or River of the Amazons, owe their birth to the Cordillera of the Andes, whence their course to the sea measures between three and four thousand miles.

If a balloon could be made to pass over this prodigious chain, so as to enable the aërial voyager to study and note down the peculiarities of the outspread scene beneath, we may safely maintain that nothing more marvellous could be presented to the imagination. In glens and rocky chalices the Andes hold up their pure and perennial waters to the heavens in diminutive tarns, tanks, and lakes, which, overflowing and splashing incessantly over crags and glaciers, unite as they flow into brooks, streamlets, and rivers, overshadowed by colossal vegetation, leaping in wild cataracts down precipices of unmeasured height, and then rolling forth through hollows into the open plain, where they irrigate and fertilise to rankness the face of a whole continent. Here were the cradles of those strange empires, Mexico and Peru, which, blighted in their budding civilisation, but embalmed in golden memories, still rank among the most extraordinary historical enigmas on record. Here fierce and sanguinary warriors from the Old World achieved deeds of heroism, and perpetrated crimes of unparalleled atrocity; and here the remnants of races, which neither physiologists nor philosophers comprehend, are still supposed to preserve, locked up in their breasts, traditions of the mighty nations from which they are descended.

Nothing can be more singular than the ethnological distribution of these fragments of races over the eastern and western slopes of the Cordillera, for the most part enslaved, but in some few cases independent, especially in those primeval forests which back and flank the empire of Brazil, and clothe the acclivities of the Andes with trees of gigantic growth. In these wildernesses roam the puma and the jaguar, the wild llama and the alpaca, and the huge and fiery bison, which, in other parts of the continent, congregated in armies of thousands, charges, so to speak, through the passes of the Cordillera, on its way from the levels of one ocean to the other, while man, in migratory hordes, follows in its track.

Very remarkable phenomena have been noticed in connection with the Andes. On Fremont's Peak, the highest pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, the American travellers found a swarm of bees, while butterflies have been seen on the Andes of Peru considerably above the line of eternal snow. To account for these facts, naturalists imagine the insects to have been borne involuntarily to those heights by ascending currents of air, but such mechanical theories, instead of explaining the irregularities of nature, merely check investigation for the moment, but are soon found to be unsatisfactory by the mind. It is more philosophical to assume that both bees and butterflies were tempted by some sensations of pleasure to forsake the common level of the globe, and sport beyond the ordinary resorts of man. Perhaps, also, the glittering surface of the Pacific allured those frail insects which fell upon the deck of the ship in which the Prussian philosopher sailed from America.

Already we have alluded to the lofty flight of the condor, which may truly be said to constitute the great living wonder of the Cordillera. For reasons hitherto undiscovered, this immense and powerful bird is never found beyond the equator towards the north, though southwards it extends its empire through clouds and storms to the Strait of Magellan. No exact estimate can be formed of the height to which the condor ascends into the air, but it unquestionably floats aloft far beyond the highest projections of the globe, where, according to generally received opinions, the act of breathing is impossible, at least to man. But such ideas are gradually giving way before the light of experience. Men have ascended in balloons full six miles above the level of the sea, and, when strong and robust, found their lungs very little affected. Again, in mountainous regions, English travellers have attained to elevations at which the air was previously supposed to be too subtile for respiration. We must, therefore, attribute to other causes the painful sensations felt by explorers in the Andes. At whatever conclusion we may arrive on this point with respect to man, it is certain that the condor finds it practicable to breathe miles above the apex of Chimborazo, since, to a keen-sighted observer, looking upwards from the level of perpetual snow, it has soared into the ether, till, after looking for a while like a dark speck, it has disappeared and been lost altogether in the blue of the firmament. If the condor could write, what glowing and brilliant descriptions might it not give of the landscapes spread out before it at such moments when the diameter of its horison must have exceeded a thousand miles! How long it remains thus buried in the heavens must depend partly on its strength of wing, partly on its power of abstinence, which is so great that it is said, in captivity, to live forty days without food, though in a state of liberty its voraciousness is believed to exceed that of all other animals, not excepting even the vulture. In point of taste, also, it is anything but choice, preferring to fresh meat such carrion as is found to be in a state of extreme decomposition. Throughout the South American states, from the equator to the utmost limits of Chili, the husbandmen carry on an

internecine war with this bird, which preys eagerly on their flocks and their children, and is mercilessly shot or knocked on the head whenever an opportunity offers.

Were it not, however, for its greediness, the condor would seldom become the farmer's prey. It might pounce upon a young vicuna or llama, it might carry off a lamb or a baby to its inaccessible eyrie in the Cordillera, without affording the marksman the chance of a shot, so swift is its wing, so sudden and instantaneous its sweep. But thoroughly enslaved by its appetite, it becomes, when there is a feast before it, less alive to consequences than an alderman. Scarcely looking to the right hand or the left, it tears and gorges as long as there is a square quarter of an inch in its stomach unfilled; and when it has dined, it is so heavy that it is utterly unable to mount till it has taken a pretty long run to gather air into its wings. Aware of its stupendous gluttony, the farmers kill an ox, and surround the carcass with a small enclosure of lofty palisades. The condors soon scent the bait, and descend in flights into the trap, where they tug, and scream, and swallow, till they are judged to be in a state ripe for death or slavery. Having no space for their preliminary run, they cannot rise from between the palisades, and so they are either brained with clubs or caught by the lasso, and retained in captivity, though for what purpose is not stated, unless it be to afford their captors the pleasure of beholding them gaze at the peaks of the Cordillera in vain. An anecdote is told of a farmer in Peru, who paid a heavy penalty for his cruelty to the condor. The bird, having his wings clipped, remained sullenly about the house, now and then devouring a lamb or a kid. Gradually the old feathers moulted, and new ones came and grew, till the condor felt his strength return to him; and, seizing upon a young child, the favourite of its father, swept round the farm-yard, and spreading forth its vast wings, spurned the ground, and soared aloft with its victim in sight of the whole family.

Properly speaking, the gaps or quebradas are not valleys, but deep clefts in the mountains or table-lands made by streams, which, eating away the rock where it is softest, make themselves a serpentine channel, and at first cover the whole bed from cliff to cliff. In some cases, the common road to the villages of the Upper Andes lies through these quebradas, whose bottom is completely covered with water. In other instances, the perpendicular sides of the gap beaten upon by rain-storms, cracked and split by frost, or crumbled away by the sun's rays, present to the eye a mere sloping surface, occasionally covered with vegetation. In the course of ages, the torrents, running now on one side, now on the other, eat away the rocks, and widen the bottom of the quebrada, in which trees and plants soon spring up, fringe the banks of the streams, and by rendering them firm with their intertwisted roots, confine the waters to a fixed channel. Man then steps in to profit by the arrangements of nature, and lays out these warm and lovely valleys in gardens, orchards, vineyards, and cornfields; builds villages, spans the rivulets with bridges, and imparts to the whole scene an air of cultivation and beauty. At the distance of a few leagues up the mountains, nothing will grow but potatoes—even oats refusing to bear grain; while at the bottom of these gaps, not only do barley and wheat arrive at perfection, but even maize, which requires much greater warmth than wheat. In ascending from the vast plains or pampas which extend from the borders of the Atlantic to the Andes, you observe extraordinary changes in the character of the natural vegetation; trees of great elevation and immense bulk clothe the lower terraces, and are closely laced together by a net-work of creeping plants, which throw their flexible arms from bough to bough, and being covered with flowers of every variety of tint, impart to the woods the aspect of one huge garland, belting round the foot of the mountain. Gradually, as greater elevations are attained, the palms, the cedars, the oaks, and other trees exhibit less gigantic dimensions, and diminishing perpetually in proportion to the greater altitude in which they are found, dwindle, in the neighbourhood of everlasting snow, to stunted bushes, which, in the hottest season of the year, only put forth a few half-withered leaves. Mosses, lichens, and a few hardy creeping plants, may be said to carry on the flag of vegetation a little further into the enemy's country; but at length the intense cold puts a stop to all growth, and there remains nothing but bare rock, which, like an eternal framework, supports the snowy mantle of the Cordillera, and here and there throws up its sinuous folds into the azure empyrean.

The opinion, it is well known, prevails, that these enormous ridges, which are believed to attain, in some cases, the height of twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea, are filled internally with costly metals and minerals—gold, silver, copper—which, sending forth exhalations through the overlying crust, affect and deteriorate the atmosphere. This may in part be inferred from the state in which we find the waters of the great lake of Titicaca in the province of Cuzco, which are brackish and bitter, like those of Lake Moeris in Africa. The prodigious masses, however, of metalliferous rocks, which appear to compose so large a portion of the Cordillera, will then only be worked when the institutions of the subjacent countries shall have given a proper development to civilisation. At present, nature's mighty laboratory carries on its operations in vain, though, if properly turned to account, it might be found sufficiently extensive and prolific to flood the whole world with gold. Already it has been discovered that nearly all the extremities and spurs of the chain abound with the precious metals, and in some parts with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that the imagination is fully justified in representing to itself exhaustless veins of gold and silver, endless nests of jewels, laid up under the eternal snows, to stimulate and reward the industry of future generations.

On many of the declivities of the Andes, forests are found so extensive, that it takes a hardy and active traveller twelve or fifteen days to traverse them, and so destitute of inhabitants, that during all that time he perceives not a single hut or trace of human habitation. The track narrows in parts to the breadth of a single foot, and runs sometimes between perpendicular rocks, sometimes between matted and gigantic trees, at the foot of which the jaguar makes his lair, and serpents of prodigious length and thickness coil and swelter in the moist and poisonous heat. Nature left to herself, runs riot in deformity, producing multitudes of loathsome reptiles, alligators, tortoises, huge and bloated toads, spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and every kind of disgusting and repulsive insect. Among the various forms of life with which these noisome wildernesses are peopled, none is more remarkable than the voracious travelling ant, which reproduces on the American continent the startling phenomena displayed by the locusts in Western Asia. This ant is considerably larger than the common species, and exists in swarms so prodigious, that if it had been emboldened by nature to attack man, the whole of the countries in which it appears would have been uninhabitable. But it withholds its devastating force from the lord of the creation, and precipitates itself in countless myriads upon the whole reptile world, upon serpents the most venomous, as the corales, the cascabeles, or serpents with two heads, the fejuquillos and others, and very soon leaves nothing on the earth but their blanched bones. Asiatic travellers on the great plains extending from those of the Decapolis to Palmyra, have witnessed, with amazement and terror, the breaking in of the locusts from the desert. Advancing before

the south wind in dense clouds, they blacken the whole earth, and unlike the American ants, spare neither man nor beast. Before them, in the language of the Arabs, the earth is green and lovely as paradise; behind them it is a howling wilderness, a skeleton stript of its integuments, bare and blanching in the sun. The hum they make is like that of a mighty army foraging at night. They lock together their shield-like wings, they swim the rivers, they devour the grass of the field, they climb the trees of the forest, and leave behind them nothing but the naked trunk and boughs; they enter towns and cities, and clear them of everything eatable or living they contain. Nothing arrests their progress but fire, and therefore when their approach is discovered from a distance, a terrible conflagration is opposed to their advance—a column of flame runs suddenly along the frontier, and fed by green wood and plants, diffuses so acrid a smoke, that even the locusts shrink from encountering it, and turn back towards the desert.

In South America, the ants are looked upon by the inhabitants rather as allies and friends than as enemies. Naturalists persuade themselves that these little warriors discover by the smell those parts of the continent in which venomous reptiles most abound, and pursue their march in that direction. No pains appear to have been bestowed upon the discovery of their breeding-places, which therefore, like those of the Arabian locusts, remain still to be explored. However, when they put their stupendous columns in motion, the noise they make in climbing trees, and passing over dried grass and withered leaves, is so great, that it gives timely warning to the natives to escape from their houses. The serpents, scorpions, lizards, toads, likewise take the alarm, and endeavour to flee; but in vain, for the ants are nimble in their motions, and infallibly overtake them, whether they ascend into the loftiest trees, or dive for safety into the deepest cavities of rocks. No retreat suffices for their protection, no efforts or writhings of the huge serpents dismay the ants, which, falling upon their prey in millions, devour them alive. No sight can be more shocking than that of a vast cascabello enveloped by a cloud of ants; it rears its double head, it froths forth venom from its mouth, it lashes the ground, it glares fiercely with its blood-red eyes, it rears in agonising undulations, it crushes the foe by myriads, but to no purpose; they dart into its open mouth, into its eyes; they sever its skin with their sharp teeth, and eat while it tosses and flounders about, till exhausted and subdued, it lies palpitating upon the earth, to have its bones picked clean in parts even before life is extinct.

When the ant enters a house, which it does in search of vermin, it penetrates into every crevice and corner, and only leaves it when it has been made much cleaner than by the broom of the most active housemaid. After the passage of these swarms, which the natives call *chacos*, the inhabitants are free from reptiles and vermin for several months, till heat and moisture once more quicken into life the seeds of the venomous creation.

OUR CAMPAIGN AT LIVINGSTONE.

JERRY CLIP, the facetious barber in *The Widow's Victim*, observes, that theatrical *sharing* speculations are '*h*air-built castles that never *friz;* you get nothing a-week, and find your own jewellery.' And Jerry was tolerably near the mark; they seldom *are* successful. Having been connected with several, I speak from experience, and can call to mind but two that were paying concerns. The one I am going to describe was in Northumberland. Eleven years ago, in the height of summer—a time when there is very little doing in the theatrical world—my husband received a letter, which I transcribe from memory: 'FRIEND JOHN' (I never can understand why, but many of our professional correspondents commence their epistles in this Quaker-like manner), 'I can offer you and your good lady a berth for the next three months at Livingstone, to open there on Saturday. I have excellent scenery, showy wardrobe, but no ready cash to venture; therefore, we must go on the sharing system—your wife, as leading-lady, to have an extra half-share (our leading-gent., same terms)—and you may reckon on making a benefit with your comic singing. Livingstone has a population of ten thousand; and at present, there is nothing going on in the way of public amusements. The theatre is a wooden building.—Yours truly, WM. SMITHSON.'

We had no great hopes of the 'sharing system,' yet, on the half-a-loaf-better-than-*no*-bread principle, we accepted the offer. As we neared our place of destination, our ears were assailed by a terrific noise, resembling the barking of a thousand bull-dogs in chorus: it was the hoarse roar of the blast-furnaces belonging to extensive ironworks, a mile beyond Livingstone; a little nearer, and we saw their huge tongues of flame glaring through the darkness. Mr Smithson received us warmly, and had provided tea for us at the inn where the coach stopped; but excused himself for running away abruptly, as he had a great deal to do yet before the theatre would be ready for opening—there was scenery to hang, dressing-gowns to fit up, wardrobe to unpack and air, check-takers to hire, playbills to distribute, and so forth. After tea, the landlord directed us to the 'Beehive,' kept by a person who, he thought, might spare us a room, or perhaps two. We found the house, after great trouble; sounds of drunken merriment, and the dim light of a half-penny candle in one of the windows, at last serving as guides to our uncertain footsteps. A clumsy, sleepy, slipshod girl appeared, and told us that her mistress was absent from home: she ushered us into a front-parlour—where, notwithstanding the sultriness of the night, there was a blazing fire—and sent her master to us. He seemed uncommonly stupid, but was civil; shewed us the only vacant bedroom in the house; ordered Dorothy to make us a fire, which we declined having; and wished us good-night.

The children, tired out, soon slept soundly; but the roaring of the 'bull-dogs,' and the racket kept up by the Beehive's inebriated customers, effectually banished sleep from my eyelids. Towards eight next morning, I arose, weary and unrefreshed. Down stairs, everything was in disorder—the kitchen floor and tables deluged with beer and spirits; broken glasses, mugs, and tobacco-pipes strewn about in all directions; the fireplace miserably dirty, a heap of ashes having accumulated until it had run over the fender, and spread into the middle of the room; and to complete the uncomfortable appearance of things, there were four or five men asleep and snoring—some lying on benches, others seated—their arms folded on sloppy tables, serving as pillows. The suffocating fumes of liquor and tobacco drove me to the open street-door, for a little fresh air; the landlord was outside in his shirt-sleeves, taking down the parlour shutters, and was so surprised at sight of me, that he narrowly missed dropping them on his toes. He returned my 'good-morning' civilly enough, but begged to know who I was, and how I got into the house, the gate of the back-yard being bolted. An explanation ensued, when he confessed that he was so 'fwesh' on the preceding night, that he had not the slightest recollection of having let the lodgings, nor was he conscious of having seen me or my husband and family. Now that the man was sober, he was rather intelligent than otherwise, although, to my unaccustomed ears, his Northumbrian burr was unpleasant, and nearly as difficult to understand as a foreign language. At some expense of time and patience, I contrived to ascertain that 'Dawathy' had just gone to bed, having sat up all night to attend

to the customers, whilst he himself had 'wetiahd' to 'west' at one o'clock; that there was no chance of 'bweakfast' till the 'watah'-cart came 'wound' at ten o'clock; but that if we could 'dwink stwong beeah,' he had plenty, as good as 'evah was bwewed.' Lady Macbeth says: 'Things without all remedy should be without regard,' and I agree with her; so I endeavoured to stave off the thoughts of breakfast until the arrival of water. About half-past ten, a lame Irish boy brought it, in a huge barrel, drawn about in a donkey-cart. Twenty-five bucketfuls did our landlord purchase, for which he paid a shilling. He said that on very busy days it sometimes cost him from eighteenpence to two shillings for a supply of the pure element, and that there never was a quart in the house of a morning until Micky came his 'wounds.' Milk was not to be had at any price.

Before rehearsal, we took a ramble. The town was very ugly, and bore the appearance of having been put together in a hurry. First, we came to four or five large shops, with two good windows apiece; then a row of rickety cabins, whose wares were chiefly heaped up outside, on rough benches, or on planks supported by trestles; fixtures, even in the best establishments, were scarce. There was a lavish supply of food and clothing, not displayed in an attractive manner, but squandered about in a careless, untidy sort of way: a load of potatoes here, on the floor; hearthstones and pipe-clay there; salt herrings in one corner; a sugar hogshead, full of cheap slippers, in another; in the windows, a disorderly spread of fruits, cooked meat, soap, nuts, pipes and cigars, frying-pans, babies' socks, women's dress-caps, earthenware, common jewellery, and a hundred other equally incongruous articles, not neatly arranged and exhibited, but *lumped up*, in a higgledy-piggledy fashion, and looking very much as if some one had thrown them there at haphazard from the other end of the shops. Stationery was not plentiful, the postmaster being the sole dealer in it; he sold vile note-paper at a halfpenny per sheet, and was astonished at our wanting to purchase a whole quire. The money-order office was two miles off, at Pikely Beck. With a population of many thousands, there was no bookseller, nor were any periodicals to be bought in the town. The two principal innkeepers took in the Newcastle papers; a sporting barber subscribed to *Bell's Life*, and gave his customers the privilege of perusing it; and this was about the extent of the literary doings. There were printers in a city twelve miles off, but there was no public conveyance thither; therefore there was no available printer nearer than the town fifteen miles away which we had left by coach the day before.

There were dozens of public-houses and beer-shops, but not a single school—except one built by the Iron Works Company, solely for the children of their 'hands'—no circulating library, no mechanics' institute, no public hall or assembly-room of any description, no church, no chapel, and no meeting-house!

Between Livingstone and the Works were several rows of cottages belonging to the Company, and erected expressly for their men. In front of these dwellings were faint attempts at gardens; they were fenced with coarse, rough slabs of unplaned wood, instead of palings; flowers refused to grow in the narrow borders; and the grass-plots, parched, bare, and dusty, were of a faded, scorched-up, yellow hue. Still, the little unsightly enclosures had their use. Here, pig-sties, rabbit-hutches, and pigeon-houses of the rough-and-ready style of construction, flourished; here was a safe nursery for the children, and a drying-ground for the family linen. Rough, snarley, wiry-haired dogs were numerous; and hanging over every door was a canary, a linnet, or a jackdaw, in a cage of homely architecture. The houses were all furnished after one pattern. Opposite the open door stood a huge, handsomely carved four-post bedstead, with white drapery and counterpane; between bed and door, on a mahogany table, stood a swing looking-glass, surrounded by decanters, wine-glasses, salt-cellars, and china ornaments; above the table, an American clock was fixed, on a shelf, displaying more crystal and chinaware; and an elaborately carved mahogany or cherry wood case, with glass front, exhibited a smartly dressed doll, or a number of mineralogical specimens. The windows, without exception, were garnished with a profusion of white drapery, edged with cheap lace. Highly coloured pictures of the trashiest kind abounded; such as the 'Marriage of the Princess Charlotte,' the 'Escape from Lochleven,' 'Flora and her Pups;' varied, in the houses of the Roman Catholics, by vile daubs, supposed to represent their favourite saints.

Livingstone stands on a barren plain at the summit of a hill; there being no trees, the heat by mid-day was intolerable. On our way, we had kept a look-out for the theatre, but had missed it; and no wonder, for it was built behind a public-house, that entirely hid it. Conducted by a small boy, we retraced our steps as far as the 'Miners' Arms,' and went through the house to the Thespian temple, which stood on a space of unenclosed ground in the rear, the publican making no charge for ground-rent, in the expectation of reaping a good harvest from the additional influx of visitors it would bring to his premises. Mr Smithson had been obliged to cover the wooden building with a canvas top, all the slaters being employed at work which they could not leave; but he comforted us with the assurance that we should find the canvas cooler than slates would have been. After rehearsal, it was easy to see that the 'pay' had taken place; the shopkeepers were as busy as bees; an auctioneer was selling furniture on one side of the street, a Cheap John haranguing the crowd on the other; several Scotchmen—as all travelling-drapers, no matter of what country, were called—were going their rounds; and there was a perfect swarm of dealers, with baskets of small-wares, toys, sausages, sweets, and gingerbread. More than one nut-seller had a 'whirley tommy,' where those who were inclined 'tried their luck' for nuts; and the 'toss-or-buy' piemen were driving a roaring trade, 'tossing' being apparently the rule, and 'buying' the exception. The workmen and their families were much addicted to games of chance, and greatly encouraged thereto by the publicans, who were continually getting up raffles for sets of china, gown-pieces, silk handkerchiefs, &c.—owner and winner each spending a fixed sum for the good of the house, in addition to whatever else might be disbursed on those occasions. There was no lack of amusement either: there was a band of Sable Harmonists, in red and blue striped shirts, straw-hats, and nankeen trousers; likewise we encountered two haggard, spiritless, infant stilt-walkers, scantily clad in garments of blue leno and weather-beaten spangles. Crowds of boys were playing at pitch-and-toss—I am sorry to say, swearing vehemently—two or three quoiting-matches were going on, the losers paying in beer, and not in cash.

Our landlady had returned during our absence; the servant was up, and had washed the kitchen, sanded the floor, scoured the tables, and polished the grate. The habitual frequenters of the 'Beehive,' considerably smartened up—their 'custom always' of a Saturday afternoon—were literally rubbing off their 'chalks,' for neither our landlord nor his wife could read or write, and how they contrived to keep their fortnightly accounts puzzled me; only I observed, that as the 'big pay' drew near, every inch of wall in the bar that could be spared for that purpose was covered with hieroglyphics in chalk. According as the debtors paid up, these rapidly disappeared, and ready cash and clean walls were the order of the day until the following Tuesday, when there was a renewal of the credit system.

The theatre was calculated to afford comfortable accommodation to about a thousand grown-up spectators; on the opening-night, our audience numbered fourteen hundred persons, a third part of whom were boys, three occupying the same amount of space as two men would. We had not expected much refinement amongst them, but were totally unprepared for the hideous din that prevailed from the moment that the doors were opened, and they began to rush in pell-mell, until the overture commenced.

The whistling, singing, and strong language—but all in good-fellowship—the talking in Gaelic, Erse, and English, in every dialect of the last from Northumbrian to Cornish, made up a second Babel. As soon as the musicians struck up, the audience were quiet, and were wonderfully attentive whilst we performed *Alonzo the Brave*, and *Jack Robinson and his Monkey*, bestowing their applause very liberally, especially on the ghost of the Fair Imogene, the monkey, and the comic singer; him they encored, in their peculiar fashion, by shouting 'Back! Back!' until he responded to their call, and gave them the song of *The Doctor's Boy*, with which charming ditty one man was so pleased, that he clambered from the pit to the stage with a bottle of rum, and was so disgusted at the singer's declining to 'sup' with him, that he smashed the bottle to pieces on the rail at the back of the orchestra.

During the season, these audiences made no scruple of encoring anything that pleased them, whether song, combat, soliloquy, or dialogue, any more than the Haymarket audience hesitate in their nightly encore of Lord Dundreary's reading Brother Sam's letter. The heat was to *us* almost insupportable; but our hearers, being nearly all puddlers, shinglers, and others employed about the blast-furnaces, cared no more for it than if they had been salamanders; and whenever the 'screen'—namely, the act-drop—was down, they got up a chorus, or a friendly fight, to amuse themselves; so we took the hint, and made the intervals between the acts as brief as possible. Singing and acting we found very hard work, for nearly every man and boy present smoked, and no entreaty on the part of the manager had power to abate the nuisance, so that we were well-nigh choked.

On the Sunday morning, the town was pretty quiet, the Roman Catholic inhabitants attending mass at their chapel, a mile and a half distant from Livingstone, whilst those of other religious denominations, as well as hundreds of no religion at all, did not emerge from their habitations before dinner; but in the afternoon and evening, the populace *lived* out of doors, and entertained themselves with foot-races, cock-fights, and other unsabbatarian recreations, out of which arose a good deal of noisy gambling and disgraceful language. The public-houses were not professedly open, yet customers were slily admitted, and long before the legal hour for liquor-traffic, there were dozens of drunken men to be seen; even the very individuals who had been scrupulously particular in going to their 'duty' in the early part of the day were now staggering about. Pugilistic encounters sprang up on the slenderest provocation—from our windows we once saw four desperate fights going on simultaneously—women coaxing, scolding, crying (their interference being greatly to the detriment of their apparel in general, and their headgear in particular), terrified children screaming amain, and riotous bystanders encouraging with words and liquor the hot-headed champions of their respective parties, made altogether a frightful racket. Our landlord informed us that these 'bits of shindies' invariably took their rise from some difference in the disputants' place of birth, or variety of opinion on *religious* subjects, and that when the men were 'a twifle slewed,' the Irish and Scotch fought for mastery, as likewise the Welsh and Cornish, and that Sundays were appointed by common consent for settling their grievances; a Livingstonian dispute resembled a Corsican *vendetta;* if you offended one member of a family, one individual of a party, you offended everybody to whom that person was in the most remote degree related by blood or marriage, or between whom there were any ties of friendship. One poor fellow, who was led from the field of battle with his head cut and bleeding, and eyes so swollen that he could no longer see to plant a blow, cried out, as he went reluctantly away: 'Miley Rafferty, go an wid the fight, an' I 'll be a quart of sperrets to the two av yiz [meaning his deputy and his antagonist]; an' I bet a gallon to a pint [*beer* implied] I 'll lick *him* into fits next Sunday, wid God's blessin', whin I 'm my *own man*' [sober]. With this 'rabble rout,' the police, four in number, had no chance, and wisely they kept aloof.

On the Monday morning, our bill-deliverer complained that, in nine cases out of ten, when he had given out a bill, its uneducated recipient had obliged him to stop and read it. At this rate, he said that he should not be able to bill the town in less than nine or ten hours, and suggested that bill-boards, placed in the most conspicuous places, would be a decided improvement. This suggestion the manager readily adopted, and a dozen bill-boards were quickly made; the property-man lettered them every day, with merely the names of the pieces, in good, large, easily-read capitals; and once a week our scenic artist ornamented them with a sketch from any drama that occurred to him at the moment, without reference to the performance current, such as the meeting of Valentine and Orson, or Eliza's escape across the ice. To give further publicity to our proceedings, the musicians, seated in a cart, played round the town, accompanied by one of the actors, to announce the approaching evening's entertainments, a halt being made for that purpose in the vicinity of the principal public-houses, their tenants generally treating the *paraders* to 'lowance; and this method, though less genteel than the customary one of distributing programmes, proved far more efficacious.

Mr Smithson, anxious that an occasional tragedy should be performed in order to display his spangled, bugled, and gold-lace-trimmed wardrobe, had selected *Romeo and Juliet* for our first Monday. Judging from the impatient and uninformed character of our audience, that they would hardly tolerate its five long-winded acts, we agreed among ourselves to omit much of the quiet, plain-sailing dialogue; to cut down the sentimental love-scenes; to allow Peter and the Nurse to be as funny, and to 'gag' as long as they chose, and to relieve the heaviness of the last scene by the introduction of a slashing broadsword combat between Romeo and the 'man o' wax.' On this occasion, '*whacks*' would have been a better reading, as, instead of the ordinary genteel walking-gentleman to personate the rival lover, *our* count had been chosen with reference to his qualities as a combatant. The house was an overflowing one; each shiny dress was received in succession with loud acclamation, and the play went on swimmingly till Friar Lawrence entered, when he was saluted with yells and groans. Unable to command a hearing, he left the stage amazed and indignant. The manager went on, and requested to know the cause of the tumult. A hundred voices were at once uplifted to explain, that the monkish garb, the rosary and cross worn as the friar, had constituted the actor's offence. This was easily rectified; he donned the robe and turban destined for Othello, and on his re-appearance, this change of costume was greeted with cheers of approval. In the concluding scene, we came to another knot in the wood. My Romeo and I were defunct, according to Shakspeare, but a new version was insisted on; it was evident that, to gratify our patrons, our trials must terminate happily. To effect this, we recovered; poison and dagger failed to slay us; the Capuletti came on and blessed us in dumb-

show as we knelt, hand in hand, before them; the remaining characters filled up the back of the stage, and the curtain descended, amidst thunders of applause, to the chorus of

Happy pair,
Happy pair,
Hymen take you to his care.

We had learned a lesson, and thenceforth, when we played tragedy, shortened it, as in the foregoing instance. The Hamlet of the company grumbled and fretted at being obliged to cut out the greater portion of his beautiful soliloquies, and vented his spite by being as jocose at Ophelia's burial as the gravedigger himself; among other untragic vagaries, propounding to him a lot of *nigger* conundrums, a proceeding relished more by the spectators than by the low comedian. Our tragedy wound up with the melancholy Dane's taking possession of the vacant throne, amidst a flourish of trumpets and fiddles, to the 'general joy' of all Denmark, that 'warlike state' being represented by Horatio, Osric, two ladies in white muslin, and the Livingstonian audience. After this ruthless fashion, we murdered many of Shakspeare's best plays; Fechter himself, with all his alterations and omissions, has not departed more from the original text than we did.

Our usual order of business was tragedy and farce on Mondays; drama and farce on each of the three ensuing evenings; no performance on Fridays, because the workmen were busy all night at the furnaces, and the trades-folk and colliers were not likely to muster in such force as to make it worth our while to act; on Saturday, we treated our supporters to a red-hot melodrama, not remarkable for brilliancy of dialogue, or probability of incident, but representing at least one good murder, plenty of 'hairbreadth 'scapes,' ghostly appearances, downfalls of tyrants, and triumphs of innocence. To the melodrama succeeded some nautical piece, where the true British tar—always a favourite with the working-classes—was to be seen in all his glory, frequently 'yard-arm to yard-arm' with four or five 'black-muzzled pirates,' whom he was sure 'to rake fore and aft;' or drinking grog, or singing *The Sea*, or dancing a hornpipe, or rescuing 'tight little crafts' from tyrannical 'land-lubbers,' all the while rolling about as if he could not find his 'shore-legs,' hitching up his waistband at every opportunity, and, above all things, taking special care to be constantly provided with a quid, ready to fire off at a long-range, into the 'daylights' of 'piratical swabs' and 'furrin' warmint.'

This species of entertainment, varied sometimes by Scotch or Irish dramas, exactly hit the taste of our patrons; *Uncle Tom*, *Children in the Wood*, and any other pieces wherein my youngsters made their appearance, greatly delighted them, and not a few of them came night after night, for the express purpose of hearing my husband's comic songs, that they might commit the words and tunes to memory. Fortunately for our comfort under the canvas roof, the weather, for the first fortnight of our campaign, was favourable. On the second Saturday, however, it was far otherwise: we were enacting *Carlmilhan*; the doomed spirits of the drowned crew—supposed to have existed at the bottom of the sea for above a century—were all lying, side by side, in long white gowns, dishevelled hair, and pale faces, ready for the opening tableau of the second act; the property-man, with his sheet of iron and can of rosin, was making preparations for producing a mock-tempest, when such a furious storm of real thunder and lightning burst forth as caused him to suspend his mimic operations; nor could the actors, hearkening to that 'mighty herald, earth-accredited of heaven,' find nerve to continue their performance. The audience, unmoved by the 'war of elements,' loudly demanded the rest of the *concert*—by which title every entertainment is known in that district. With considerable difficulty, they were persuaded to leave, pacified by a promise that the remainder of *Carlmilhan* should be given on the following Monday, in addition to the intended performance, and 'no extra charge made.' Hurriedly we dragged on our street-garments over our stage-dresses, and made our escape, but not before a heavy rain had penetrated the tilt, and wetted wardrobe, scenery, and stage. We got home, drenched to the skin, and ankle-deep in mud. The house was a new one, but so slightly built that we found our bedroom floor covered with pools of water. As luck would have it, the children's bed stood in the only dry corner; but the rain had rendered our own beds totally unfit to occupy; so we exchanged our soaked garments for dry ones; and, as every upstairs room was in like condition with our own, we took our landlady's advice, which was, that we should sleep in arm-chairs by the parlour fire.

In the hope of humanising our audience, a few regulations were put in force, that had certainly a beneficial effect. Persons palpably intoxicated were refused admittance; no liquors (if observed) were allowed to be brought into the theatre. This rule put a stop to the custom of introducing large stone bottles of spirits. Pocket-flasks it was impossible to banish. Boys under fourteen years of age were forbidden to smoke, under penalty of being expelled the house, a law that did much towards mitigating the choking annoyance that we were nightly subject to. With a view to our patrons' edification, we played *The Bottle*, *The Drunkard's Children*, and some other dramas of that description; and the very men who were in the habit of spending half their large earnings in public-houses would 'applaud to the echo' the teetotal sentiments with which they abound. We had reason to believe, too, that the representation of the miseries entailed by drunkenness actually had some beneficial influence on their conduct. For their further advantage, a few of the actors invited as many of the work-people and their families as chose to attend the theatre, free of charge, on Sunday afternoons, ostensibly for the purpose of reading a London newspaper to them; but this reading gradually assumed the form of a lecture on morals and temperance, or rather a discussion on those subjects; any one present being encouraged to question the reader or speaker, who seized every opportunity of introducing applicable anecdotes, quotations, and sentiments.* Whether these meetings had much effect in improving the Livingstonian mind, I cannot say, but the Sunday afternoon uproar was considerably abated by them.

Two of our *corps*, who had been for some time engaged, were married at Pikely Beck; and when the bridegroom in prospective went to the clerk's house to 'put the aakings in'—namely, to give notice that the bans were to be published—that functionary, warned by frequent misadventure, requested him and his intended to come *sober* to church, or Mr T. wouldn't marry them! When the happy day arrived, and the ceremony was over, on retiring to the vestry, the same official intimated to the wedding-party, that *if any of us could write*, we were to affix our names in the register as witnesses, and that those who could not write, were to *make their mark!* On the very next Sunday, a boy about four years old was brought to be christened; the godmother, a flauntily dressed young woman, bungled and stumbled so at the few simple responses that she was expected to make, and looked so comically perplexed, that an irrepressible titter arose amongst the congregation; and when the minister sprinkled the baptismal water on the child's forehead, the urchin horrified all present by asking, with a fearful oath, what the *old fool* meant by it! Very

* A regular town missionary, who had formerly made an attempt to enlighten these men, had been treated with great contumely, and was glad to make his escape out of the town with whole bones.

properly, the gentleman declined proceeding with the ceremony, and dismissed the parents, with an exhortation to endeavour to train their offspring in a better manner.

These brief anecdotes surely speak volumes on the (then) benighted state of the people. Yet, though so sadly deficient in many respects with regard to manners and education, 'we found great love among them;' they were continually sending presents to every member of our company: silk handkerchiefs of the most gorgeous colours (orange excepted), ribbons of large showy patterns, artificial flowers, pork-pies, pots of honey, and bottles of pickles; articles not quite so costly as the Kean testimonial, or the claret-jugs and services of plate occasionally presented to actors by their ardent admirers, yet acceptable as tokens of the estimation in which we were held by *our* supporters, who, with a delicacy which one would hardly have expected from them, invariably left their gifts at our lodgings during our absence in professional hours, and without a clue to the donor. One night we played the *Hunter of the Alps*, a pretty old-fashioned drama, in which my children performed the parts of little half-starved cottagers. I perceived that the spectators sympathised deeply with their supposed sufferings; the cake given by Felix, a chance visitor, was loudly welcomed by the lookers-on; and so impressed were those kind-hearted folks with the idea that my young ones could not possibly have been trained to act their parts so naturally, without having been condemned to suffer the pangs of real hunger, that every week thereafter a huge currant-loaf was sent to them; also, whenever they stirred abroad, some one who had seen the *Hunter of the Alps* was sure to insist on taking them to the nearest general shop, and treating them to cakes, tarts, and 'goodies.' There was no lack of honesty either amongst those rough workmen. Towards the Thursdays before the 'big pay,' cash was a scarce commodity with them, and our doorkeeper used to give credit for the Thursday and Friday nights' admission to as many as seventy or eighty persons, who, punctually as Saturday night came, paid up without the necessity of a reminder. They were witty, too, in their way, frequently making very laughable and pertinent remarks. Our chambermaid was fond of singing *I'm o'er Young to Marry yet;* this she used to lug in, head and shoulders, in nearly every part that she went on for, until one night, one of her hearers took the liberty of contradicting her, roaring out with the lungs of a Stentor: 'Not at all, miss—you're *eighteen* at least!' This caused a general laugh at the lady's expense, for she was eight-and-thirty, and, being inclined to *embonpoint*, looked still older. The luckless song was shelved after that. On another occasion, we were representing the *Corsican Brothers;* in the scene where the murdered Louis comes to warn his brother of his fate, and by a clever mechanical contrivance, only the ghostly *head* rises through the floor of the stage, on the right-hand side, but as the unearthly visitor crosses it, more and more of the apparition is slowly developed, until, by the time it has arrived at the opposite side, the entire figure is visible: the house, previously breathless with horror at the dreadful sight, was thrown into convulsions of laughter, on hearing a voice from the gallery exclaim: 'Och, milia murther! By my sowl, he grows like a mushroom!'

Stock business was excellent with us for three months; then came on the benefits. Of course, every one, according to his or her idea of what would be attractive, produced some novelty; one of the gentlemen got up a sensation between play and farce on his night by employing two blacksmiths' strikers to break with sledge-hammers a stone weighing two hundred and thirty pounds on his chest; the dancer, for his benefit, got up a pantomime; the leading-man, *Sardanapalus*, much mangled in diction, but improved with combats and a dance; for *my* benefit, I localised *Crazy Jane*, and practised the Northumbrian dialect, in which, as the heroine, it was my intention to indulge, but was obliged to give it up, finding, after a week's hard work, that I had acquired, not a burr, but a sore throat. Every appeal to the public met a hearty response; and at the close of a sixteen weeks' season, we found that shares had averaged thirty shillings a week, in addition to which, each *beneficiaire* had cleared from four to five pounds; in short, we had been highly successful, and had saved money—rent, wearing apparel, and provisions being all moderate in price; and could we have reconciled ourselves to the 'hail-fellow-well-met' manners of the people—who spoke of the actresses as 'show-dolls,' and accosted the actors as 'mateys' and 'chums'—if we had not been annoyed by the scarcity of water, the want of gas, roads, and other concomitants of civilised towns—the discomforts of the houses, whose roofs were sieves, whose doors and windows were difficult to open, and more difficult to shut, we should have been perfectly satisfied. As it was, we quitted the place with regret, and went our several ways to winter engagements.

Some years passed away before it was again our lot to visit Livingstone. The aspect of the place was entirely changed, and infinitely for the better; there were then good roads, gas, water (we were told that Micky, the waterman, had made a fortune, and had retired to his native Limerick to enjoy it); a money-order office, two printers' and several stationers' shops, a reading-room, schools, and two chapels, while within half a mile there was a railway station. There were great alterations, too, at the ironworks; the noisy old 'bulldogs' were numbered amongst the things that had been. Mr Sievier's invention had done away with puddlers, had lessened the number of workmen required, and increased the quantity of work performed; the people had grown more steady and more home-loving; a band had been formed; the lending library was greatly patronised, and with books and music to cheer their evenings, the inhabitants were less inclined to spend them abroad—a disinclination that rendered our second visit far less profitable, although in other respects, far more agreeable than our first campaign at Livingstone.

SPRING.

Spring, who laves her feet in showers,
Ere she forms her couch of flowers,
So gently comes, that her light tread
Is as the down from thistles shed,
For she by love is nourishèd.

Spring, whose form so far surpasses,
Clad in youthful leaves and grasses,
The beauties of the full-grown year,
To every sense is kind and dear,
So sweetly she makes love appear.

Spring, who fills the warm air with wings,
And pleasure's joyous mutterings,
Many pure thoughts and fancies brings,
For with the birds the heart then sings,
Love playing on its sweetest strings.

Spring, who into blossoms breathes
Her scented breath, and fondly leaves
The perfume to delight our sense,
Yields them her blush in hast'ning thence,
To give their love dear recompense.

Spring, whose glad welcome Nature says
In her ten thousand charming ways,
Has over winter's darkness spread
A bridal-dress, for she is led
By love, and kindly nourishèd.

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A ROMANCE OF A NON-COMBATANT.

THE rare gratification of following a campaign without the hazard of fighting was enjoyed by the present writer during a great part of the years 1861, 1862. There arose a demand in the Atlantic American cities for correspondents to take the field on behalf of the great daily journals, and the management of the *New York Herald* tendered me a position upon their Potomac army staff.

I find that the *Herald* is held in Europe, as in America, to be the Ishmael of the press; but with its opinions I had nothing to do. The *Herald* has made a reputation, not for its sentiments, but in despite of them. As a *news*paper, it stands deservedly high. It paid me well, restricted me in nothing, and left me free to write at discretion. I lay near Washington a month or two, experimenting with horses. After much parleying with negroes, and bargaining with country-people, I heard that a certain 'Mayor' Bragg kept some fair animals; and when I stated my business at his house, he opened negotiations after a fashion immemorial in the South, by producing whisky.

When Mayor Bragg had asked me pertinently if I knew much about the 'pints of a hoss,' and 'what figger in the way of price' would suit me, he told an erudite negro, named 'Jeems,' to trot out the black colt. The black colt made his appearance by vaulting over a gate, and playfully shivering a panel of fence with his 'off' hoof; then he executed a flourish with his tail, leaped thrice in the air, and bit savagely at the man Jeems. When I asked Mayor Bragg if the black colt was sufficiently gentle to stand fire, he replied that he was gentle as a lamb, and offered to put me astride him. I had no sooner taken my seat, however, than the black colt neighed, backed, 'shied,' stood erect, and finally ran away.

Our Washington agent, hearing of my difficulties, eventually sent me a beast, and in compliment to what the animal might have been, I suppose, he called the same a horse. I wish to protest, in this record, against any such misnomer. The creature possessed no single equine element. Experience has satisfied me that horses stand upon four legs; the 'horse' in question stood upon three. Horses may either pace, trot, run, or gallop; mine made all these four movements simultaneously. I think I may call his gait an 'eccentric stumble.' That he had endurance, I grant, for he survived perpetual beating; and his beauty might have been admitted by an anatomist, though it was scouted by the superficial observer. I asked ruefully if I was expected to go into battle thus mounted, but was peremptorily forbidden so to endanger a valuable property. Accompanied by Glumley, an artist, equally unaccustomed to horse-exercise, I started for Hunter's Mills, twenty-seven miles distant. Glumley rode upon the neck of his beast, and when he attempted to deceive me with a smile, his face was horribly contorted. We reached Chainbridge, passed the remotest fort, and fell into the wake of wagons on the Leesburg turnpike. The country was wild; the farms desolate. I came to one dwelling where some pertinacious Vandal had even forced out the window-frames, and perilled his neck to tear down the roof-beams; a dead vulture was pinned over the door by broken bayonets, and a horse, which had expired near by, was facetiously propped up in the lawn. So ghastly a spectacle I never beheld.

Darkness closed solemnly about me, with seven miles of the journey yet to be accomplished; and as, at eight o'clock, I turned into a lonesome by-road, full of ruts, pools, and quicksands, a feeling of great uneasiness began to possess me. Owls hooted in the depth of the woods, and wild pigs, darting across the road, went crashing into the bushes. The phosphorescent bark of a blasted tree glimmered on a neighbouring knoll, and as I halted at a rivulet to water my beast, a solitary star floated down the ripples. Presently I came upon a 'clearing,' where the moonlight shone through the rents of a crumbling dwelling, and from the far distance broke the faint howl of farm-dogs. At last, climbing a stony hill, the skies lay beneath me, reddening with the flame of camps, and at ten o'clock I reached the head-quarters of Colonel Taggert, commanding a regiment of Pennsylvania reserves. The men were dozing upon the sloppy ground, round fagot-fires, and the colonel was asleep in a wagon. He greeted me warmly, and directed the cook to prepare a supper of coffee and fried pork. Too hungry to feel the chafing of my sores, I fell to the oleaginous repast with my teeth and fingers, and having eaten ravenously, asked to be shewn to my apartments. These consisted of a covered wagon, already occupied by four teamsters, and a blanket which savoured

strongly of horse. A man named Coggle, being nudged by the colonel, and requested to take other quarters, asked dolorously if it was time to turn out, and roared 'woa!' as if he had some consciousness of being kicked. When I asked for a pillow, the colonel laughed, and I had an intuition that the man Coggle was looking at me in the darkness with intense disgust. The colonel said that he had once put a man in the guardhouse for placing his head on a snowball. He recommended me not to catch cold if I could help it, but said that people in camp commonly caught several colds at once; and added grimly, that his 'orderly' had ground a sabre down to the nice edge of a razor, and could be made to shave me in the morning.

There were cracks in the bottom of the wagon, through which cold drafts came like knives, and I was allotted a space four feet in length by three feet in width. Being six feet high, my relation to these procrustean quarters was most embarrassing, and I doubled up like an armadillo. The man next to me snored very loudly, and I adopted the brilliant idea of making a pillow of his thigh, which answered my best expectations. I was aroused after a while by what I thought to be the violent hands of this person, but found to my chagrin that Glumley insisted upon dividing my place with me. I had a general sensation in the morning of being cut off at the knees. Through the good offices of General M'Call, I obtained a blue roan horse, of famous size and strength, and he ordered my Rozinante to be taken away and split up (perhaps) for kindling wood. The blue roan exhibited frequent intentions of breaking my neck, but as I generally kept my seat, and abandoned my rein for the pommel of my saddle, I gained the reputation of being a dashing equestrian. Being attired in civil gray, and in request at head-quarters, a rumour was developed and gained currency that I was attached to the division in the capacity of a scout. Whenever my horse became unmanageable, therefore, his speed was accelerated by the cheers of soldiers, and I became an object of great interest. Glumley was even less fortunate, since, having confused ideas of the freedom of the press and the law of confiscation, he appropriated a farmer's stray nag, and was reported thereupon to the provost-marshal.

For three weeks I rode up and down London county, making the acquaintance of citizens and their families, and accompanying all manner of foraging expeditions, reconnaissances, and forays. At Alexandria, I was imprudent enough to anticipate some military movements in print, and to escape arrest, I embarked at Baltimore for Fortress Monroe. The boat was packed with coffins, embalmers of bodies, liquor-barrels, recruiting sergeants and their squads, young officers and their wives, and a legion of Hebrew sutlers. Supper was spread in a spacious fore-cabin, and at the signal to assemble, the men rushed to the table like so many beasts of prey. A captain opposite me bolted a whole mackerel in a twinkling, and spread the half-pound of butter that was to have supplied the entire vicinity upon a single slice of bread. A soldier beside me reached his fork across my neck, and plucked a young chicken bodily, which he ate, to the great disquiet of a dozen others, who had intended to do the same thing. A waiter advanced with some steak, but before he reached the table, a couple of Zouaves dragged it from the tray, and laughed brutally at their success. Among the passengers were a young major and his bride. She had been married but a few days, and had obtained permission to accompany him to Old Point. She looked very pretty in travelling-hat and flowing robes, and during the evening, she and her husband accompanied another lady at the piano. The ballad was a popular version of *Gay and Happy*, and the twain sang the stanzas alternately, while the whole concourse of civil and military spectators swelled the chorus:

Then let the South fling aloft what it will,
We are for the Union still!
For the Union, for the Union,
We are for the Union still.

The reserve being broken, the major followed with the *Star-spangled Banner*, and the refrain must have called up the mermaids. Dancing ensued, and a soldier volunteered a hornpipe. I thought of the sad uncertainties of the time, as I watched the glee, and stole upon deck to enjoy a pipe. It was weird to mark the glitter of sea-lights, the sweep of belated gulls, the passing hulks with grinning topmast lamps, the flap of fishes caught in the skeins of moonlight. Through the gray of the morning, I made out the spars of Hampton Roads, as thickly entangled as in the pool of the Thames, and at nine o'clock landed within a few rods of the famous *Monitor*.

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to detail the thousand and one incidents in which I bore a part during the siege of Yorktown and the subsequent advance upon Richmond. For ever mingled with the ghastly and the terrible were droll occurrences, characteristic of the combatants and the informal nature of the fighting. I lost my horse one night by sleeping out of camp-limits, and but for the friendly offices of a Virginian, whose hospitality I had accepted, I might have done worse by involuntarily riding him into Richmond.

A calamity which befell me after the celebrated battle of Fairoaks, well illustrates the perils of the non-combatant. General J. E. B. Stuart made at this time his first and most famous raid; it was on the 13th of June 1862. The Federal forces were divided into five corps, and four of these lay upon the south side of the Chickahominy river, the fifth upon the north side. Our right rested upon Mechanicsville, four miles from Richmond; and our left upon White Oak Swamp, fourteen miles from Richmond. Both flanks were open, and the left was a day's march from the right. A few horsemen only were picketed across the long reach of country from Mechanicsville to Hanover Court-house, and we were drawing our supplies by railway from 'White House,' on the Pamunkey, twenty miles in the rear. The railway was unguarded, and only five companies of infantry protected the grand dépôt. I would like M'Clellan's biographer to remember this reckless position, when he comes to extol the far-sighted prudence of the 'Young Napoleon.'

On the day of Stuart's raid, I had ridden to the dépôt with dispatches, and returned. As I was reining up at a farmhouse gate, to enter and refresh, my name was called by a passing horseman. I recognised Captain Baillie of New York, once a city reporter, but now transformed into a tall, hardy, courageous cavalry-man.

'Would you like to join a scouting-party?' said he.

'Which way?'

'Beyond the right, on the Old Church road.'

I forgot my wearied horse, and the restrictions imposed by head-quarters upon correspondents. It was enough to know that an adventure might ensue, and possibly incidents of grave importance. We came to the regiment at Old Cold Harbour, an insignificant country inn, where the nags were being watered at a windlass well. The major commanding was a thick, sunburned man, with grizzled beard, and as we rounded a corner of hilly road, his voice rang out: 'At-ten-*tion!* Pre-pare to mount!'

Every rider sprang to his nag; every nag walked instinctively to his place; every horseman made fast his girths, strapped his blankets tightly, and laid his hands upon bridle rein and pommel.

'At-ten-*tion!* Mount!'

The riders vaulted to their seats; the buglers blew a lively strain; the nags pricked up their ears; and the long array moved briskly forward, with the captain, the major, and myself at the head. Our road wound in the rear of the extreme right position of the army, and led toward the north-west. In a very few minutes we passed the district of tents and wagons, and entering a wood, lost, after half a mile, even the hum and halloo of camps. I saw by the few tracks in the clay that no large bodies of men had passed before us, and the farmhouses which we noticed were inhabited by anxious, timid people, who flattened their noses against the window-panes, and maintained a general ghastliness of face. The major was engaged with a cigar, and lost no words in courtesy. Captain Baillie had introduced me, and the favour had been acknowledged by the old trooper with one eye and a grunt.

After some time, he looked at my horse with both eyes, and said curtly: 'Where did you hist that nag?'

I explained that a correspondent had previously been the proprietor, but that he had not accounted to me for the origin of the creature.

'S'pose he froze to it!' exclaimed the major.

Here he lit another cigar, and examined one of the long, awkward revolvers in his holster. I asked, modestly, if he sometimes read the paper to which I was attached.

'Never read any paper,' he said—'they lie so! Never read one since the Mexican war, in '47. They lied two men below me to captaincies, and lied me out of my promotion. If I see a man in my regiment read a newspaper, I know him at once to be a bad soldier. Never had but one deserter in nine years; I shot him dead as "get out." He was a confirmed newspaper reader. Spoils soldiers—makes 'em ornary. One feller in company "G" actually reading newspaper last week on scout. If I wouldn't ha' shot him, cashier me! but colonel in command thought otherwise. That man's been under guard ever since!'

The captain, who had been some time in the rear, now returned with a man named Otho, a first-sergeant, tall, broad-shouldered, and powerful of limb. He had been in the Prussian service, and was held in great esteem by the officers of the regiment, with whom, indeed, he maintained the bearing of an equal. He wore the blue Federal cavalry jacket, trimmed with yellow, but his spurs were of the Mexican pattern, cruelly bladed, and hung with tiny bells, that jingled as he rode. His moustache was twisted and curled, and he balanced his hat jauntily on the side of his head. He saluted promptly, and spoke with a strong German accent.

'You haf to talk vid me, major?'

'Take twelve of the best horsemen,' said the old trooper; 'diverge from the regiment at the church, and reconnoitre the road before and on both sides of the troop.'

The blue eyes of the German brightened; he twisted his moustache till it lifted his lip and revealed his keen teeth.

'You gif to me, major, te leetle sqvad, to do vat I shoose wid dem?'

'To do your duty with them,' said the major snappishly, for he disliked foreigners, and gave them every advantage for having their heads blown off.

The man Otho, with his sabre at his shoulder, rode down the line, and indicated at various points the men that he required. As these filed by the column at a gallop, the major looked at them successively. 'Good eye that Dutchman has got,' said he—'every man a regular American.'

We proceeded in this way for three miles, the sergeant's squad keeping well in front; but when we arrived at Old Church—an insignificant place of worship, with some dwellings close by—they had disappeared. Here the main body halted, while the major rode back to the two other battalions, to confer and communicate with their majors. The captain came over to me, holding a revolver by the barrel.

'Take this,' he said, 'for I see that you are without arms.' I looked ruefully at him and the weapon. I had no holsters, and my saddle-bags were inconvenient. So I told him courteously that it could be of no possible use to me, for I certainly could hit nothing, and might accidentally disfigure myself. The men were now all looking at the tubes of their carbines, and the officers were gazing anxiously down an intersecting road. All at once a cloud of dust announced something approaching, and we were joined in a moment by two pieces of flying artillery and five fresh companies of cavalry. In a moment more we were again in motion, galloping due northward, and, as I surmised, toward Hanover Court-house.

If any branch of the military service is feverish, adventurous, and exciting, it is that of the cavalry. One's heart beats as fast as the hoof falls. There is no music like the winding of the bugle, and no monotone so full of meaning as the clink of sabres, rising and falling with the dashing pace. Horse and rider become one—a new race of Centaurs—and the charge, the stroke, the crack of carbines, are so quick, vehement, and dramatic, that we seem to be watching a joust in the tournament, and following fierce Saladins and Crusaders again. We had ridden two hours at a fair canter, when we came to a small stream that crossed the road obliquely, and gurgled away through a sandy valley into the deep woods. A cart-track, half obliterated, here diverged, running parallel with the creek, and the major held up his sword as a signal to halt; at the same moment, the bugler blew a quick shrill note.

'There are hoof-marks here!' grunted the major—'five of 'em. The Dutchman has gone into the thicket. Halloo!' he added—'there go the carbines!'

I heard clearly two explosions in rapid succession, then a general discharge, as of several persons firing at once, and at last five continuous reports, fainter but more regular, and like the several emptyings of a revolver. I had scarcely time to note these things, and the effect produced upon the troop, when strange noises came from the woods to the right—the floundering of steeds, the cries and curses of men, and the ringing of steel striking steel. The boughs crackled, the leaves quivered, and a horse and rider plunged into the road, not five rods from my feet. The man was bare-headed, and his face and clothing were torn with briers and branches. He was at first riding fairly upon our troop, when he beheld the uniform and standards, and with a sharp oath flung up his sword and hands.

'I surrender!' he said; 'I give in. Don't shoot!'

The scores of carbines that were levelled upon him at once dropped to their rests at the saddles; but some unseen avenger had not heeded the shriek: a ball whistled from the woods, and the man fell from his cushion like a stone. In another instant, the German sergeant bounded through the gap, holding his sabre aloft in his right hand; but the left hung stiff and shattered at his side, and his face was deathly white. He glared an instant at the dead man by the roadside, leered grimly, and called aloud: 'Come on, major! dis vay! Dere is a sqvad of dem ahead!'

The bugle at once sounded a charge; the major rose in the stirrups, and thundered 'Forward!' I reined aside intuitively, and the column dashed hotly past me. With a glance at the heap of mortality littering the way, I spurred my nag sharply, and followed hard behind. The riderless horse seemed to catch the fever of the moment, and closed up with me, leaving his master the solitary tenant of the dell. For perhaps three miles, we galloped like the wind,

and my brave little traveller overtook the hindmost of the troop, and retained the position. Thrice there were discharges ahead. I caught glimpses of the major, the captain, and the wolfish sergeant far in advance, and once saw, through the cloud of dust that beset them, the pursued and their individual pursuers turning the top of a hill. But for the most part I saw nothing; I *felt* all the intense, consuming ardour of the time and the event. I thought that my hand clutched a sabre, and despised myself that it did not do so; I stood in the stirrups, and held some invisible enemy by the throat; the bloodiness of the chase was upon me. I realised the fierce infatuation of matching life with life, and standing arbiter upon my fellow's body. It seemed but a moment when we halted, red and panting, in the paltry court-house village of Hanover. The field-pieces hurled a few shells at the escaping Confederates, and the men were ordered to dismount.

A Confederate picket had been occupying the village. Two of the man Otho's party had been slain in the woods, where also lay as many Southerners.

Hanover Court-house is renowned as the birthplace of Patrick Henry, the colonial orator, called by Byron, 'the forest Demosthenes.' In a little tavern opposite the old court-house building, he began his eminent career, as a measurer of gills to convivials; and *in* the court-house—a small stone edifice, plainly but quaintly constructed—he gave the first exhibitions of his matchless eloquence. Not far away, on a by-road, the more recent, but not less famous orator, Henry Clay was born. The region adjacent to his father's was called the 'Slashes of Hanover,' and thence came his appellation of the 'Mill-boy of the Slashes.' I had often longed to visit these shrines, but never dreamed that the booming of cannon would announce me. The soldiers broke into both the tavern and the court-house, and splintered some chairs in the former to obtain relics of Henry.

I secured Richmond newspapers of the same morning, and also some items of intelligence; with these I decided to repair at once to the mail-boat at White House, and formed the rash determination of taking the direct or Pamunkey road, which I had never travelled, and which might be beset by Confederates. The distance to White House by this course was only twenty miles, whereas it was nearly as far to head-quarters, and I believed that my horse had still the persistence to carry me thither. It was now past four o'clock, but I thought to ride six miles an hour while daylight lasted, and by good-luck reach the dépôt at eight. The major said that it was foolhardiness; the captain bantered me to go; I turned my back upon both, and bade them good-bye.

While daylight remained, I had little reason to repent my wayward resolve. The Pamunkey lay to my left, and the residences between it and the road were of a better order than others that I had seen. This part of the country had not been overrun, and the wheat and young corn were waving in the river-breeze. I saw few negroes, but the porches were frequently occupied by women and white men, who looked wonderingly toward me. The hills of King William County were but a little way off, and through the wood that darkened them, sunny glimpses of parti-coloured fields and dwellings now and then appeared. At six o'clock I came to a shabby settlement, called New Castle, where an evil-looking man walked out from a frame-house, and inquired the meaning of the firing at Hanover. I explained hurriedly, as some of his neighbours meantime gathered round me. They asked if I was not a soldier in the Yankee army, and as I rode away, followed me suspiciously with their eyes, and wagged their heads. To end the matter, I spurred my pony, and soon galloped out of sight. Henceforward, I met only stern, surprised glances, and seemed to read murder in the faces of the inhabitants. A wide creek crossed the road about five miles further on, where I stopped to water my horse. The shades of night were now gathering; there was no moon, and for the first time I realised the loneliness of my position. Hitherto, adventure had laughed down fear; hereafter, my mind was to be darkened like the gloaming, and peopled with ghastly shadows.

I was yet young in the experience of death, and the toppled corpse of the slain cavalry-man somehow haunted me. I heard his hoof-falls chiming with my own, and imagined, with a cold thrill, that his steed was still following me. Then his white, rigid face and uplifted arms menaced my way, and at last the ruffianly form of his slayer pursued him along the wood. They glided like shadows over the foliage, and flashed across the surfaces of pools and rivulets. I heard their steel ringing in the under-brush, and so they flitted round me, pursuing and retreating, till my brain began to whirl with the motion. Suddenly my horse stumbled, and I reined him to a halt. The cold drops were standing on my forehead; I found my knees quiver, and my breathing convulsive. With an expletive upon my unmanliness, I touched the nag with my heel, and whistled encouragingly. Poor pony! fifty miles of almost uninterrupted travel had broken his spirit. He leaped into his accustomed pace, but his legs were unsteady, and he floundered at every bound. There were pools, ruts, and boughs across the way, with here and there stretches of slippery 'corduroy;' but the thick blackness concealed these, and I expected momentarily to be thrown from the saddle. By and by, he dropped from a canter into a rack, from a rack to an amble, then into a walk, and finally to a slow painful limp. I dismounted, and took him perplexedly by the bit. A light shone from the window of a dwelling across some open fields to the left, and I thought of repairing thither, but presently some deep-mouthed dogs began to bay, and then the lamp went out. A tiny stream sang at the road-side, flowing towards some deeper tributary. Lighting a cigar, I contrived by its fitful illuminings to wash the limbs of my jaded nag; then I led him for an hour, till my own limbs were weary; I was troubled, too, by weird imaginings, doubts, and regrets. When I resumed the saddle, the horse had a firmer step, and walked pleasantly. I ventured, after a time, to incite him to a trot, and was going satisfactorily forward, when a deep voice, that almost took my breath, called from the gloom: 'Who comes there? Halt, or I fire! Guard, turn out!'

Directly, the road was full of men, and a bull's-eye lantern flashed upon my face. A group of foot-soldiers, with drawn pistols and sabres, gathered round me, and I heard the neigh of steeds from some imperceptible vicinity.

'Who is it, sergeant?' said one.

'Is there but one of 'em?' said another.

'Confound him!' said a third; 'I was having a right peart snooze.'

'Who are yeou?' said the sergeant sternly. 'What are yeou deouin' eout at this hour o' the night? Are yeou a reb-bil?'

'No!' I answered, greatly relieved. 'I am a newspaper correspondent of Smith's division; and there's my pass.'

I was taken over to a place in the woods where some fagots were smouldering, and stirring them to a blaze, the sergeant read the document, and pronounced it right.

'Yeou hain't got no business, nevertheless, to be roamin' areound, outside o' picket; but seein' as it's yeou, I reckon yeou may trot along.'

I offered to exchange my information for a biscuit and a drop of coffee, for I was well-nigh wearied out. While one of the privates produced a canteen more wholesome than cleanly, another gave me a lump of fat pork and a piece of corn-bread. They gathered sleepily about me, while I told of the scout; and the sergeant said that my individual ride was 'game

enough, but nawthing but darn nonsense.' Then they fed my horse with a trifle of oats, and after a while I climbed, stiff and bruised, to the saddle again, and bade them good-night.

In a short time, I came to familiar landmarks. A blacksmith's shop, and a few miserable cabins clustering about it, were besieged with teamsters, going to and returning from the supply dépôt at White House. Two roads diverged from this point to the Pamunkey, and while I was debating which of them to take, I was attracted by some unwonted confusion in my rear. A mounted officer dashed past me, shouting some unintelligible tidings, and he was followed in quick succession by a dozen cavalry-men, who rode as if the foul fiend was at their heels. Then came a teamster, barebacked, whose rent harness trailed in the road; and directly some wagons that were halted before the blacksmith's, wheeled smartly, and rattled off toward White House.

'What is the matter, my man?' I said to one of these lunatics hurriedly.

'The rebels are behind!' he screamed, with white lips, and vanished. I thought that it might be as well to take some other road, and so struck off in the direction of a new landing at Putney's or Garlic. At the same instant, I heard the crack of carbines behind, and they had a magical influence upon my speed. I rode along a stretch of chestnut and oakwood, attached to the famous Webb estate, and when I came to a rill that passed by a little bridge under the way, turned up its sandy bed, and buried myself in the underbrush. A few breathless moments only had intervened, when the roadway seemed shaken by a hundred hoofs. The imperceptible horsemen yelled like a war-party of Camanches, and when they had passed, the carbines rang ahead, as if some bloody work was being done at every rod.

I remained a full hour under cover, after which I sallied forth and kept the route to Garlic, with ears erect, and expectant pulses. I had gone but a quarter of a mile, when I discerned through the gloom a black, misshapen object standing in the middle of the road. As it seemed motionless, I ventured nearer, and the mystery was resolved into a sutler's wagon, charred and broken, and still smoking from the incendiary's torch. Further on, more of these burned wagons littered the way, and at one place two slain horses lay at the roadside. When I emerged upon the Hanover road, sounds of shriek and shot issued from the landing at Garlic, and flames arose from the woody shores of the Pamunkey. I knew by the gliding blaze that vessels had been fired and set adrift, and could see the devouring element climbing rope and shroud. In a twinkling, a second light appeared behind the woods to my right, and the intelligence dawned upon me that the cars and station at Tunstall's, a railway settlement, had been also lit. By the fitful illumination, I picked my way in its direction, and, as I conjectured, the dépôt and train were luridly consuming. The vicinity was marked by wrecked teams, the embers of wagons, and toppled steeds. I found the greatest confusion existing at White House: sutlers were taking down booths, transports were slipping their cables, steamers moving down the stream; the few companies constituting the garrison were drawn up in line, and the decks of the gunboats cleared for action. Groups of frightened people were listening to the stories of the fugitives, and I understood from these that a large body of cavalry, accompanied by artillery, had suddenly appeared at Old Church, attacked, and killed or captured the picket, and continued their raid to Tunstall's, sabring, shooting, and burning at every step. While the panic was at its height, a regiment of Illinois cavalry galloped to the landing, and demanded the whereabouts of the forayers. Opinion differed; some conjectured that they had crossed the Pamunkey at Garlic, swimming their horses; others, that they had gone back by Hanover Court-house; others, that they were secreted in the woods at Black Creek, and would pounce upon the dépôt at dawn. While these conflicting rumours were passed from man to man, and lights were darting here and there, amid uproar, perplexity, and dread, a shrill whistle broke from the wood a little way above, and a great fiend's eye flashed down the railway. With a whoop and a crash, a train and engine halted at the very brink of the river, and the throng of foot and horse broke for the crowded cars. The wordy debate changed to chill, silent awe, when three dead bodies were passed from the open platforms to the ground; then several wounded persons were removed, and when they had been taken from the spot, the clamour recommenced. The people upon the train only knew that, as they were slackening speed above Tunstall's, at a deep cutting through a hill, a party of horsemen appeared on the bank above, and discharged their carbines. The freight was mainly composed of unarmed civil and military idlers, all of whom might have been murdered, but that the engineer retained his presence of mind, placed the locomotive under full steam, and escaped with trifling loss.

But who were these fierce and ubiquitous horsemen? All looked amazedly, gasping the interrogatory with pale lips. Flitting to and fro like shadows, leaving ghosts and corpses behind—shrieking, slaying, disappearing; some race of demons must be abroad to wreak revenges upon men.

'There they go!' shouted a voice from the river, and all eyes looked up. A sailor in the top-mast of a transport beheld another light flaring in the south, and in a moment it reddened the whole horizon.

'They are at Baltimore Cross Roads,' hissed a man in my ear. 'By heavens, they are making the circuit of the entire army.'

The strange confusion increased; the steamers on the river whistled and rang alarm-bells; the negroes at the contraband quarters gathered in groups, and jabbered barbarous prayers; one of the gunboats fired a signal-gun that seemed to split the sky; the whole horizon was aflame. The hulks at Garlic continued to drift, burning to the water's edge.

'Forward!' shouted the cavalry leader, and the dark masses of horsemen wheeled, with flashing sabres, and clattering spurs and scabbards.

It did not seem to me that White House was a good haven under the circumstances; so I fell in with the hindmost battalion, and scampered excitedly off. An hour's fierce riding brought us to Baltimore Cross Roads—three or four houses and a post-office—where we found some embers of wagons and commissary stores. Corn lay by the road-side in heaps, where the forayers had refreshed and fed their horses. Here, as elsewhere, they had taken off nags, negroes, and whites, without regard to sex or rank. They had vanished in the direction of New Kent Court-house, and there remained little doubt that they intended to escape across some of the lower Chickahominy bridges. But inquiry developed the facts, that they had three field-pieces, and numbered at least three thousand sabremen. A negro was discovered, after searching the vicinity, concealed under a cabin. He was dumb with fear, and could by neither threat nor persuasion be made to speak. He produced a scrap of paper, however, which he tendered to a major of battalion. The major called for a lantern, and read the missive, at first in silence, afterward aloud.

'*Colonel Fitzhugh Lee's* compliments to the Federal commander at White House. Regrets that he cannot for the present tarry longer.'

Curses deep and numerous were elicited by the reading.

'That's the scoundrel whose property we have guarded!' said one. 'Who will be the man to make a bonfire of White House?'

'I!' and 'I!' ran furiously up and down the lines. The major commanded silence, and consulted with his subordinates as to the propriety of pursuit. It was decided that a regiment was no match for thrice its number supported by flying artillery. So, in shame and wrath, the Federals counted the moments till, in the gray of the morning, lancers, cavalry, and cannon arrived in force. Then there was galloping southward, after the method of the kinsmen who chased 'Young Lochinvar;' but the forayers were meantime feeding their ponies at Charles City Court-house, and the report of their adventure was being screamed by news-boys in Richmond.

A raid so dashing was never made on the continent before—never, perhaps, in any part of the world. The forayers had ridden eighty miles in eleven hours, and every rod of their progress was marked by devastation and death. There was something fearfully dramatic in the rapidity and completeness of the destruction. As I rode back to Tunstall's at seven o'clock, I thought of the threat of Roderick Dhu:

> The guards shall start in Stirling porch;
> And when I light my nuptial torch,
> A thousand villages in flames
> Shall scare the slumbers of King James.

The hero of this raid was himself of Scotch descent, and the name of General Stuart is identified with the most brilliant episodes of the war.

THE CONICAL GROWTH OF TREES.

If we look at the stem and branches of a tree in winter, when deprived of its summer leaves, we shall see at once that it is constructed on the principle of a cone; for the main stem of the tree is broadest at the base, and gradually decreases in thickness towards the extremities of its branches. Any branch in the place where a side-branch originates, is thicker than the side-branch; so also this side-branch is thicker than the branchlet which it produces, and in this manner the thickness of the main stem steps, as it were, away by degrees from branch to branch, until at length it loses itself in the fine branches of the youngest generation of shoots, or the most recent growths. It is well known that the cone is the stablest structure in nature, and the tree may be very properly regarded as an arborescent cone.

If a transverse section of a young beech-tree is examined, it will be found to consist of a number of concentrical and almost circular beds or layers of wood, ensheathing one another about a common centre, which is occupied by a canal of pith, the whole being covered by the bark formed on the outside of the stem. The longitudinal section, on the contrary, shews that the stem is composed of a series of superposed and hollow elongated cones, the old conical growth, or woody layers of the last and previous seasons, forming a firm foundation for the new conical layers of the next and succeeding years.

The conical growth of the tree is the result of the conical formation of the first year's shoot, which is the foundation of the subsequent annual additions of wood and bark; for as these are deposited in strata which lie parallel with the wood and bark of the first year's shoot, the conical form of the superposed layers is necessarily retained.

Growth in length and growth in thickness must therefore be regarded as the result of one and the same vegetative cause—namely, the formation each year of a new conical layer or enveloping mantle of wood and bark, which extends from the top to the bottom of the tree. The following law will express the relation subsisting between the two dimensions of length and breadth—*the branches are more cylindrical the longer they are, and more conical in proportion as they are shorter.*

As examples of well-marked conical growths, we may mention those extremely abbreviated shoots called thorns, of which the Black-thorn and the American Cockspur Thorn furnish us with good examples. That thorns are only abortive shoots or branches, is proved by the wild plum-tree; this tree when planted in a good soil changes its thorns into branches.

In the case of the Weeping Willow, on the contrary, we have an instance of branches which tend more to a cylindrical than to a conical form. In consequence of this peculiarity, the branches of this tree are long and pendulous; their waterfall-like curvature is extremely graceful, and as they wave backward and forward in the wind, the tree presents one of the most beautiful and picturesque of objects.

But the conical growth of trees is sometimes strikingly apparent in their landscape character, or general outline when viewed from a distance. This is the case in the great natural order *Coniferæ*, or the cone-bearing family. The trees belonging to this order, such as the Juniper, the Red Cedar, the Norway Spruce Fir, and the celebrated Norfolk Island Pine, when seen from a distance, are clearly conical in their outline; and this is the case with all the other members of this family. The leaves of these trees are excessively narrow and small, the blade being reduced to an abortive condition. They have been called by the German botanists with some propriety needle-leaved trees. These leaves are quite as capable of forming wood as those which possess a true lamina or blade, for they make up by their immense number and their persistent nature for their want of surface. The branches of the fir and yew have always on them the foliage of five or six summers, their leaves remaining usually that length of time attached to them.

The conical form is, in fact, more or less the original form of all trees during the earlier portion of their life; for 'at first, growth takes place in the direction of the main stem' (see paper on the Growth of Trees, No. 444, page 5, of this *Journal*), and the growth of the branches is consequently greatly restricted; but after a certain number of years, the stem obtains its greatest height, and growth is 'diverted to its leading branches,' which lose their conical figure or outline considered collectively, and spreading out on all sides, form a dome-shaped or hemispherical top or crown. This is particularly grand in the horse-chestnut, the lime-tree, and the elm, which make for this reason a fine appearance on a lawn or in a park, in addition to the recommendation of the perfect shade which they afford. At this second stage in the life of the tree, the main stem is no longer distinguishable from the other branches, because they have made with it an equally powerful growth. In the Coniferæ, however, development is not carried so far, for the tree stops at the first stage, and therefore retains permanently its cone-like appearance. For this reason, as well as on account of the simplicity of their leaves and flowers, and their high geological antiquity, coniferous trees may be regarded as of a low type of organisation.

This discussion of the conical growth of trees leads us necessarily to the investigation of the source from whence they derive their elaborated formative material. *This is undoubtedly the leaf.* Now, this law is plainly apparent in the single shoot, the figure of which depends on the manner in which the leaves are disposed about its surface; for as the wood is formed by the leaves, when these are placed in regular order over every part of the circumference of the shoot, as in the beech and lime, the shoot is always necessarily cylindrical, for the woody matter proceeding from the leaves is then distributed equally on

all its sides. On the contrary, when the leaves on the single shoot are opposite, or in pairs, placed at right angles to each other, as in the spindle-tree and maple, the descent of nourishing matter from them is necessarily limited to that portion of the stem immediately below them, and consequently the young shoots and branches of these trees are square.

But not only the form of the single shoot, but also the extent to which it is conical, depends on the leaves. If the vital activity of the leaves is too enfeebled to form wood, if they remain crowded together into clusters at the top of the shoot without separating, the shoot may increase in length, but there is no increase in breadth. Two shoots of the horse-chestnut are now lying before me, placed side by side for comparison, and the contrast between their figure is not only very perceptible, but also highly instructive. The shoot in the one case is conical; in the other, cylindrical. The conical shoot is the growth of a single year; the cylindrical shoot is the growth of ten years; yet both are nearly the same size. As the elaborated woody matter forming the substance of these shoots was derived from the leaves with which they were clothed, and as, in the case of the ten years' shoot, very little was supplied, that shoot is cylindrical, not conical, like the one year's shoot.

It follows, too, that the breadth of the wood-rings formed annually, and which are visible on the transverse section of the stem, must also correspond with the amount of active leaf-surface which is put forth into the atmosphere during the vegetative season. In order to verify this truth, it is only necessary to select branches the leaves of whose side-shoots are annually put forth as leaf-clusters, and which therefore take a minimum of development, and consequently exercise the smallest possible amount of physiological influence on the branch, and where powerful growths are suddenly succeeded by growths greatly retarded. One such branch now lies before me, seven years old, whose main stem is eighteen inches long, and whose side-shoots are abortive in their growth. It grew the first three years five inches annually, or altogether fifteen inches; but in the last four years the growth stagnated, or averaged only nine lines* annually; and the cross section of the branch actually shews the three inner rings or woody layers, formed by the leaves of the first three years, to be much broader than the four outer rings, the leaf-deposits of the last four years.

These investigations and others lead irresistibly to the conclusion, that the breadth of the wood-rings is determined not only by the activity of the leaves of the terminal shoot of the main stem, but that the leaves of the side-shoots or of the whole system of shoots co-operate; and therefore that the leafage of each season forms a common source, whence is derived not only the nutriment forming the new layer or covering of each individual branch or system of shoots, but of the main stem or support of the whole of them. The leaves are therefore the sources of the elaborated formative material which proceeds from them to the shoots, from the shoots to the branchlets, and from the branchlets to the branches, whose union forms the main stem of the tree, just as a thousand little streamlets pour together their tributary waters, which, united, form the broad river that rolls on to the ocean.

It is thus that, in the course of centuries, solid and enduring vegetable monuments are reared—nothing but earth and air—yet woven by the magic chemistry of air from these elements into trees which outlive the successive generations of man, broad at the base, and tapering to the extremities. Nature builds on the conical principle, to insure their stability, and the dark and sombre forests of pine and fir which clothe the sides of the mountains as the traveller approaches the snow-line, are constructed on the same architectural principle as the mountains themselves; for the avalanche loosening from its mountain-heights, and coming down with an accelerated rush into the subjacent valleys, and the leaf falling from one of those trees on the mountain-side, are both detached from cones. Such is the beauty, simplicity, and grandeur of the works of nature.

* A line is the twelfth part of an inch.

THE GHOST OF MONT-FLEURI.

Some years ago, a series of disastrous events compelled me to seek some temporary resting-place, more suited to my diminished fortunes than my native land. My friends, disinterestedly, recommended one of the more distant colonies as the fittest spot for the scene of my banishment; but I thanked them, and preferring the more accessible shores of France, transported myself and my 'belongings' to a village in the north of that delightful country.

Situated on the shores of a wide and lovely bay, the spot I had selected for my future residence was, properly speaking, a collection of *bourgades*, rather than one continuous town; for although all the villages were presided over by the same *maire* and the same municipal authorities, they stood at considerable distances from each other, and had each, besides the common name of St-Nevars, which belonged to the municipality, a distinct and specific appellation of its own.

The château of which I am about to relate the history being situated in the most easterly of these villages, I shall simply enumerate the rest—St-Loam, St-Ideul, La Roulais, La Gauletterie, La Ville-Pépin, Les Bâs-Sablons et Troquetain—and resume my narrative.

A fine old building is the château of Mont-Fleuri, dating from the middle-ages, and but slightly affected by the great Revolution which annihilated so many of its contemporaries. At the time of my arrival in the district it was uninhabited, and had been for years, for it enjoyed the reputation of being haunted; and, indeed, scenes terrible enough had been enacted within its walls to disturb any spirit—however well intentioned and inclined to rest—that might have been an actor in them in the days of its flesh. Erected without much regard to symmetry, or the slightest pretension to comfort, Mont-Fleuri is, however, nicely situated in the centre of a block of ten French acres, partly laid out as a farm, and partly as a pleasure-ground and *jardin Anglais*, and commands one of the loveliest views imaginable, especially from the upper windows.

The bay, the several villages, with their picturesque old churches embowered amid groves of *tilleul*, the curious old wind-mills perched on every little eminence, the wide Rance, the mildest and yet most treacherous of rivers, the fields, gardens, and orchards of the peasantry, altogether make up a landscape of great beauty; in which, when viewed from other points, the woods of the Brilliantée and the Château de Mont-Fleuri are not the least attractive features.

Upon proceeding, shortly after my arrival at St-Nevars, to visit the village of Paramer, in which Mont-Fleuri is situated, I found that, for once, rumour had not overstepped the truth when describing the lamentable state of neglect and ruin into which that venerable edifice had been allowed to fall. Doors swung lazily on their rusty hinges, glass had quite disappeared from the old-fashioned windows, the floors were actually overgrown in places with moss and lichens, and the *tapisserie* had fallen in shreds from the green and mouldy walls. The garden was quite as desolate as the house; flowers and weeds were everywhere blended together in most unadmirable confusion; bowers were bowed to the earth by age, neglect, and an overwhelming weight of clematis and eglantine; a conservatory, which had once laid claim to elegance, was a

hideous ruin, the abode of rats and toads, that crouched beneath the relics of the exotics and flower-pots of former days. Everything about the place spoke of neglect and utter desolation; and the cause which had transformed this Eden into a very desert was—a ghost!

The château, however, was to be let for a trifle; and, undaunted by reports of nocturnal visitants from another world, I took a lease of Mont-Fleuri from the *propriétaire*, M. du Val, who agreed to put it in somewhat better repair as speedily as possible. 'Many hands make light work;' and M. du Val, glad to have let the place at any price, in an incredibly short space from the commencement of the renovating process, got everything set to rights; and calling at our lodgings, one morning acquainted us with the desirable fact, that the château was ready for our occupation whenever we chose to take possession of it, which we accordingly did in the course of the ensuing week.

Several months passed away at Mont-Fleuri (of which we had taken possession at the beginning of winter), and we found ourselves very comfortable. The château had been rendered wind and water proof, the garden set in thorough order, the farm laid under crop, the conservatory repaired and partly filled, our *bassecour* stocked, and our Pépée (our only *bonne*) inducted into the mysteries of *rosbif* and *biftec*, which she had learned to prepare, as *she*, at all events, considered, *à l'Anglaise*. Our pigs fattened comfortably; our hens laid dozens of eggs; our pigeons hatched numerous couples of callow young, delicious in a pie; our cow yielded abundance of milk, cream, and butter; and last, but not least, our baby throve as heartily as fond parents could desire; but, above all, no ghost, as we had indeed anticipated all along, had appeared upon the scene, to scare us from our propriety by unseemly gambols in the moonlight, or minuets upon the stairs or in the garret, to both of which amusements country gossip declared it to be addicted.

Some twenty years or so previous to the date of our occupation, Mont-Fleuri had been inhabited by a certain Comte du Lûc, an *émigré*, who had married, during his residence in England, a rich and vulgar widow of the name of Smith. Upon his return to his native land, after the accession of Napoleon, M. du Lûc had purchased and taken up his abode at Mont-Fleuri, where he and his comtesse entertained the neighbouring gentry with considerable *éclat*. Among the guests thus admitted to the château was one Louvel, or, as he called himself, De Louvel, although the ennobling particle was not generally looked upon as genuine.

This Louvel was a young man of most engaging appearance, but, as subsequent events too clearly proved, of most fiendish disposition, who speedily contrived to ingratiate himself, in no common degree, with both his hosts, by ministering with assiduous attention to their foibles. Madame la Comtesse loved flattery, and Monsieur le Comte had no less a partiality for wine. Louvel contrived to satisfy them both; and, if report belies him not, M. du Lûc received from the hand of his guest some draught more potent than the Burgundy he loved, for, without any previous illness, he was found one morning dead in bed, after a carouse overnight with his friend, who, exactly three months after the funeral of her husband, married the wealthy but by no means youthful widow. Not very long afterwards, this unhappy woman herself died broken-hearted, amidst the relics of her former grandeur, for her miscreant husband had soon succeeded in dissipating the greater portion of her wealth.

Louvel, shortly after these events, sold the château he had polluted by his crimes to a M. de Chèvremont, a scion of an old noble family, who held a high official appointment at St-Loam. This gentleman, though yet in the prime of life, had passed his *première jeunesse;* but madame was young, and extremely beautiful. In consequence of the appointment he held, M. de Chèvremont was frequently brought in contact with M. Gauron, the mayor of St-Nevars, a young man of agreeable appearance and fascinating address. Official acquaintance ripened, in time, into private intimacy, and M. le Maire became a frequent visitor at Mont-Fleuri, where he was always received with *empressement* by both monsieur and madame.

Suddenly, the little world of St-Nevars was electrified by the intelligence that M. le Maire was dying. A violent attack of typhus fever, it was said, had rendered his recovery hopeless, and on the very day when this announcement was made to the sorrowing community, Monsieur and Madame de Chèvremont drove together, for the first time, through the streets of St-Nevars, every one remarking how charming madame looked—*de si belles couleurs!*—and yet, mournful to relate, that very same evening, after prematurely giving birth to a son, she expired, to the intense sorrow of her inconsolable husband.

M. Gauron and Madame de Chèvremont were both buried the same week, and the disconsolate widower immediately quitted the scene of his bereavement. Of course, there were not wanting those who insisted upon giving to these unfortunate but perfectly natural occurrences a widely different interpretation; but to the honour of the little community be it said, when, foremost among these *mauvaises langues*, la Veuve Outré dropped mysterious hints of a duel across a dining-table, in consequence, as she alleged, of an intercepted letter, very few of the inhabitants were found to give credit to a rumour, which has, nevertheless, remained uncontradicted to this day.

Mont-Fleuri continued uninhabited until taken, nearly three years after the above events, by Captain Talbot, a retired officer, formerly in the service of the East India Company, whom ill health had compelled to seek a more temperate climate than that in which he had spent his earlier years. A twelvemonth's residence, however, in the salubrious climate of St-Nevars had had the effect of so completely restoring the gallant officer's health, that, upon receiving unexpectedly the offer of a lucrative post in the country he had lately quitted, and had never expected to behold again, he closed with the offer at once, and straightway set out for his destination, leaving his wife and children to take care of Mont-Fleuri for the remainder of their lease of seven years.

Mrs Talbot was a delicate person, and had been so for years; but her children—she had six, three sons and three daughters—were all remarkably strong, and continued in perfect health until about six months after the departure of their father, when the eldest was taken suddenly and violently ill. Mrs Talbot, who did not place much confidence in the abilities of French physicians, treated her daughter in accordance with some family receipts or prescriptions, in whose efficacy she reposed the most implicit trust. Nevertheless, when the young lady, instead of getting better, grew gradually worse, and one of the younger children began to exhibit symptoms of the same malady which had prostrated his sister, the anxious mother decided upon calling in *le docteur* Cormao, the principal medical man of St-Nevars, who pronounced the patients to be suffering from a malignant attack of small-pox, and held out but small hopes of their recovery. In the course of the next day, Mrs Talbot herself was struck down by the same terrible disorder, and, shortly afterwards, the whole family, servants and all, were laid on beds of sickness, and, as the sequel, with one exception, proved, of death.

Of all that household, Nanon Magat, the cook, alone survived. Mrs Talbot, her six children, and their other domestic, fell victims to the terrible visitation; so suddenly had the calamity overtaken them, that Mrs Talbot had been unable to communicate

with any of her friends in England, and their addresses being unknown to the French authorities, who probably did not give themselves much trouble to discover them, many months elapsed before the sad truth was imparted to the bereaved husband and father, who immediately, upon receipt of the mournful intelligence, returned to Europe, and hastened to St-Nevars.

Doubtless, the sight of the silent and deserted house he had left, scarcely eighteen months before, so full of life and happiness, had a powerful and fatal effect upon his already excited imagination, for, the following morning, he was found by some of the neighbours —dead, and the implement of destruction with which he had committed the rash act lying blood-stained by his side.

Not very long after the consummation of this deplorable tragedy, Mont-Fleuri was let to another English family, who appear to have been the first of a succession of tenants who were disturbed by the visits of denizens of another world, and vacated the premises almost immediately upon taking possession.

After half-a-dozen families had been thus successively put to flight, the château became the property of M. du Val, who, being a courageous little man, and *un ancien militaire*, vowed he cared no more for ghosts than rats, and that neither should frighten him from his house. For six months or so, he stoutly kept his word, and laughed the idea of *revenants* to scorn; but towards the middle of summer his face began to assume an anxious and careworn expression, and although still ridiculing the idea of haunting spirits, he began to talk about the air of the place not agreeing with his health, and shortly after quitted Mont-Fleuri, which remained tenantless, and was suffered to fall into disrepair, until taken by ourselves.

We had been in possession for nearly six months, as I have already stated, and had had no intimation of the presence of 'ghosts' in our abode, but they were coming.

One evening about the middle of May, as my wife and self sat in the dark oak-parlour, canvassing our domestic affairs, we heard a curious noise, as of some one suddenly throwing a handful of dried pease down the stairs. Quite distinctly we heard the vegetables in question rattling and bumping down from step to step, but upon my opening the parlour-door, and looking out into the hall, to ascertain whence the unusual sounds proceeded, to my surprise, not a pea or anything else was to be seen.

I returned to my seat, and in reply to Matilda's inquiring glance, remarked: 'Rats, my dear; we must certainly get a cat,' and resumed the interrupted conversation. But the visionary pease, or whatever they were, recommenced rolling down the stairs, and fairly broke up our *séance* for that night, as well as for many more. As long as we stood with candles in the hall, the ghosts (for Matilda averred the 'spirits' had returned) were quiet enough, but the moment we re-entered the parlour, and closed the door, that moment they began again; until, at length, we were compelled to retire from the field, and leave our mysterious visitants to amuse themselves in the dark as they pleased.

Although at first I ridiculed the idea of a ghost, and endeavoured to explain away the mysterious sounds, by attributing them to natural though undiscovered causes, even suspecting that Mademoiselle Pépée knew more of their origin than she thought proper to admit, I must confess that the nightly recurrence of a disturbance for which I was, after all, unable in any rational manner to account, was not without producing a considerable impression on my mind, for although I would, without hesitation, have grappled with a visible ghost, this noisy, invisible, intangible fellow daunted me at last, and threw poor Matilda into such a state of nervous agitation, that the slightest noise would almost send her into fits.

About six or seven weeks after the first attack upon our domestic peace by the malicious disturbers of our rest, as we sat as usual in the parlour, in instant expectation of the commencement of the nightly performance, our Pépée rushed in, pale and trembling, from the kitchen, and, throwing herself at Matilda's feet, screamed: 'Je l'ai vu, monsieur! madame! Je l'ai vu!' and fainted.

Here was a climax. Matilda, though scarcely less frightened than our bonne, picked her up, whilst I ran out to the well for a jug of cold water to sprinkle on her face. As I opened the kitchen door, I imagined I caught a glimpse of a white robe flitting by in the dim moonlight, but was in too great a hurry to take particular notice of the apparition, if it were one; and, if the whole truth must be told, just a little frightened too; but hastily filling the jug I had brought with me, returned to the parlour, where I found Mademoiselle Pépée recovered from her swoon, but obstinately dumb to all my wife's inquiries as to what she affirmed she had seen.

'Je l'ai vu; oui, je l'ai vu!' was all the answer she vouchsafed to my more pressing questions, and with this rather ambiguous reply, we were forced for the time to be content.

Our bonne insisted upon bringing her *paillasse* into our room, and sleeping there, upon the floor, all night, vowing that no power on earth would tempt her to spend another evening beneath our roof.

Nightly, the disturbances increased; we were fairly at our wits' end, and more than half inclined to quit such an uncomfortable residence, when a cousin of my wife's wrote to her, informing us of her intention of spending a month at Mont-Fleuri. Here was a predicament. The letter was dated on a Monday, and our cousin promised to be with us in a week from the date of her letter; we received it on a Thursday, and there was not time to look out for a new house. It was too bad, just as we were on the point of retiring in favour of the ghost, to be required to add another auditor to its nocturnal revels, especially, too, as our bonne had left us; for though she came over, as a great compliment, for an hour or two in the morning, not all the silver in France, I verily believe, would have tempted her to sleep again in our haunted house.

There would be no use in writing to Miss Mortimer, I knew, even if there had been sufficient time, for she was a 'strong-minded woman,' and laughed the idea of ghosts to utter scorn. We must wait; and so we did; but the spirits, as if irritated by the knowledge of her arrival, fairly ran riot through the house during the weary nights that elapsed before our cousin's arrival, scattering invisible pease on every side, not only down the stairs, but against the doors and windows.

At length, Miss Mortimer arrived, and heartily she laughed when informed of the cause of our terrified and jaded appearance.

'It was absurd and ridiculous,' she argued, 'to suppose that an immaterial spirit had the power of making a noise; you might just as reasonably expect a shadow to upset a washing-tub.'

That was all very fine; we might have been of the same opinion once ourselves; but we had *heard* it, spirit or no spirit, too often to permit of our being sceptical upon the subject; besides, Pépée had *seen* one, and I myself even had caught a glimpse of its retreating robe. So we bade our cousin 'wait.'

After dinner, we three sat in the oak parlour, between the kitchen and the hall; Miss Mortimer as calm and cool as a frozen sea, but we, her unfortunate cousins and hosts, in a state of trepidation and anxiety dreadful to behold, but worse to be experienced. Presently the mysterious disturbance commenced as usual in the hall; shadowy pease rolled in handfuls down the wide stone stairs; Matilda screamed; I started with an impatient exclamation to my feet.

'Now, John,' said Miss Mortimer coolly, as she

proceeded to the door—'now for the solution of your mystery. The "ghost" cannot escape *me*.'

We followed her into the hall with lights. Nothing, as usual.

'Have you a dark-lantern, John?'

'Yes, Louisa; I believe there is one in the house somewhere.'

'Will you get it for me, if you please?'

I complied.

'Now,' said our cousin quietly, as soon as she had secured the lantern, 'we must wait for the disturbers here in the dark. They seem to have a very proper dread of letting themselves be seen. But you'll hold the lantern, and do not open it until I tell you.'

Having closed the parlour door, we waited, in a state of painful suspense, for several minutes, when pit-a-pat, pit, pit, down came the pease. Matilda almost fainted in my arms; but Miss Mortimer dashing forward, grappled for a moment with something on the stairs.

'I have it!' she cried triumphantly. 'John, the light.'

I opened the lantern, and lo! the midnight disturber, the destroyer of domestic quiet, the long-dreaded 'ghost,' stood revealed, thanks to a woman's courage, *in propriâ personâ* before us. Nay, Louisa Mortimer held it quite composedly in her hand, and it was—a *cockroach*, nothing more!

This discovery accounted for the fact of the 'spirits' having made their first appearance after the occupancy of the Talbots, who had probably brought them to Mont-Fleuri with their luggage from the East.

Our Pépée presently returned to us, and admitted, when pressed upon the subject by Miss Mortimer, that the 'spirit' she had seen *might* after all have been a sheet or tablecloth she had forgotten on the line; which would also account for the fluttering robe I fancied I had seen.

As for the 'ghosts,' we were troubled with them no more, for I caused their holes to be carefully stopped; and we afterwards spent many happy years at Mont-Fleuri, and never heard a pea either in the hall or on the stairs.

THE FAIR ISLE.

By any one traversing that part of the German Ocean lying under latitude 59½ degrees north, and longitude 2 degrees west—or otherwise, about sixty miles north-east of Westray, in Orkney, and about an equal distance south-east from the south point of Shetland—may be seen rising into view like a speck in the sea a small dark spot of land, which rejoices in the bright name of the Fair Isle. Except, perhaps, St Kilda, the outermost of the Hebrides on the other side of Scotland, there is not a more lonely inhabited spot in the British dominions. A gentleman, lately passing that way, told the writer 'it is the most lonely spot I ever saw. There is not any communication whatever with it except in fine weather, as you can only land in boats. There is no harbour for a vessel to go into, and the steamer running from Shetland to Granton passes the island, but does not call there.' Now, as this fine or calm weather is comparatively rare in those latitudes, and stormy weather, at least in winter, more the rule than the exception, the isolation approaches very near completeness to the dwellers in that sea-girdled home.

The island forms a sort of connecting-link, though a very long and wide one, between Orkney and Shetland, and in its geological features partakes something of the nature of both. Its general character is rocky, with much heath, but having also considerable portions of cultivatable land. There are excellent cod and other fishing off the coast; and between the raising of a little corn, rye, and potatoes on the land, the fishing of the sea, and the making of curiously coloured woollen stockings, the manufacture of which is said to have been introduced by a shipwrecked crew of the Spanish Armada, the inhabitants chiefly eke out their scanty subsistence. Nor is, unfortunately, another less unobjectionable mode of living unknown to the Fair Islanders, in the trade of smuggling spirits and other contraband commodities from Holland and the continental ports. In fact, a more convenient smuggling station there cannot be. In some instances, too, they seem to have improved upon the ordinary simplicity of that traffic, and not only elude payment of the government custom on the corn-brandy imported, but shew an equal dexterity in outwitting their own customers. The captains of fishing or other craft calling at the island, and taking off a few casks of that colourless liquid, would do well to taste as well as see the article before payment, otherwise, on future trial, but when too late, it may be found that the casks contain nothing more alcoholic than that distilled by nature herself from the bubbling fountains. The present tacksman of the island receives his rent from the tenants almost wholly in kind—that is, in fish caught round the coast—the only money he got last year being, I believe, about five shillings, which he returned to the poor people. It is entirely upon the produce of their fishings they depend for the means of paying their land-rents, maintaining thus a sort of amphibious existence. This double mode of life, however, exerts an unhappy influence upon their habits of industry, in dividing their attention between two callings. Anything like a continued hard day's work in field-labour is a thing unknown. Their implements of husbandry, as may be expected, are of the most primitive kind; and the extent of their farm-operations is simply the raising of a little corn or potatoes sufficient to supply their own personal wants through the winter, leaving the bounty of the sea to supplement the deficiency of rent, and procure some articles of rough clothing. Until last spring, the population of the Isle exceeded three hundred; but at that time a band of about fifty of the inhabitants emigrated to Canada, thus reducing the number to about two hundred and sixty souls, the present population.

From the earliest times, until only about four centuries ago, all those northern isles have been more Norwegian than Scotch. Looking back to a period antecedent to the days of Kenneth Macalpine of Scotland and Alfred of England, in the middle of the ninth century, we find them in comparatively quiet possession of the Picts. But although that people had a prior residence in Scotland even to the Scoti from Ireland on the west, they themselves were but intruders into the east and north from Scandinavia. Soon after Kenneth II. had fused or welded the two people into one nation, new tribes of warlike Scandinavians, but still successive waves of the same sea, came over and dispossessed the Picts of the northern isles. These were the Danes, whose chiefs were the famous sea-kings of Norway.

Long was the struggle, however, between Norway and Scotland for supremacy. In 1098, Magnus Barefoot, king of Norway, had reduced Orkney, Shetland, and the Hebrides into complete subjection, and the first two were entirely peopled by Norwegians. Nor was it until 1468 that they were united to Scotland, when given to James III. as the dowry of his bride the princess of Denmark. Still the people would doubtless retain the Norwegian type, even when amalgamated with the Scotch, in the same way as the Saxons, though overlapped by the Normans, retained long their own striking peculiarities.

As to the Fair Islanders, tradition, not uncorroborated by facts and physical resemblances, appends another branch to the historic tree. When that formidable Armada, fitted out by Philip II. of Spain to invade England and crush the Reformation, approached the shores of Britain, the elements, no less than Elizabeth's

brave commanders, did their part of the work in scattering and destroying the ships. All round the west of Scotland, the Orkneys, and Shetland, fragmentary proofs of that disaster still remain; and that great numbers of the luckless crews which manned the ships were also drifted on shore, where they took root, like seedlings driven by the wind, and mixed with the indigenous population, is also certain. On this Fair Isle, then, it was that one of the largest and most magnificent of these vessels was driven, being neither more nor less than the admiral's own ship; and to where it lies sunk in the depths of the ocean, the people are still fond of pointing attention. Several of these sailors, probably galley-slaves, remained and took up their abode in the shelter of that friendly Isle, and, it is believed, taught the inhabitants the art to which we have already alluded; and of this Spanish origin of three hundred years ago, many of the present inhabitants still retain most conspicuous and unmistakable traces; so that to this admixture of Iberian and Scandinavian blood is, in all probability, to be traced the descent of the present dwellers of that secluded gem of the ocean.

Like the occupiers of Pitcairn's Island, under similar circumstances, these people were thus forced by position to become their own legal and other guardians, and in this manner, down to the present day, have they ever continued to be so. Long and strong as the arm of the law proverbially is, neither its length nor strength seems ever to have reached so far across that wild sea as to plant any administering functionary there. Through all those three hundred years, each individual inhabitant has been a law unto himself, and doing only that which seemed right in his own eyes. Still, whatever in past times may have been the consequences of such a position on the habits of the people, their present character, as given to the writer last summer by one of themselves, the lately appointed schoolmaster of the Isle, is, on the whole, not derogatory to their good instincts. A more orthodox system of things has also just now been instituted; and besides the schoolmaster, who is a well-qualified and excellent man, a few weeks ago, the Home Mission of the Church of Scotland appointed a clergyman to settle permanently among them. Before this, about once in the year or so, a clergyman from Shetland visited the Isle, and interchanged a few friendly offices with the people, but on his departure again, they were left entirely to their own resources and their own guidance.

As for postal communication, the writer of this sketch a short time ago received a letter from the clergyman alluded to, notifying his arrival on the island, the letter being brought back by the vessel that conveyed him thither. In it, he mentions that if written to on receipt of it, in the ordinary course, he would receive such letter about the end of March! to which a reply might possibly be expected in London about the end of May! The schoolmaster, however, who has now been above a year in the place, gives a much longer interval than this, and considers six months about a fair average time for a letter to be sent to Edinburgh and its reply received. It is only an average of chances too, for there is no regular communication at all. It depends upon fishing and other vessels going and returning; and upon open boats, in which the adventurous Fair Islesmen occasionally sail to Kirkwall; which chances are again dependent upon the no less precarious vicissitudes of the weather; so that, except by a favourable opportunity, a letter might be sent not only to India but to Australia, and an answer received, as soon as an inhabitant of the Fair Isle, sixty miles from Orkney, could write to and hear from a friend in London. Think of this, ye dwellers in the metropolis, who grumble and write to the *Times* if your postman lags behind his accustomed five minutes past eight with your country letters, to say nothing of the lightning speed of your telegraphs bringing news under sea and over land in a few seconds of time from the most distant places.

That noble ship, the *Sovereign*, as she passes on her way every week from Lerwick to Kirkwall, and on to Granton, sees and is seen by the Fair Isle—can she not deflect from her course for a few hours to hold a friendly chat with its lonely dwellers, take and bring their letters, and make them to feel something like a genial glow of brotherhood wafted from the warm centres of their common fatherland? Measuring distance by the plummet of time, many of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, indeed, are in winter as remote from Edinburgh and London as New York or Philadelphia. In other words, a letter takes a good fourteen days to come to either of the capitals from any place not close by Lerwick or Kirkwall, and in summer about a week—the same returning. What a boon, therefore, would it be to place, instead of the ordinary slow packets, one or two small steamers among the isles, to circulate among them as collectors of letters and goods, to feed the main postal line going south, and thus secure a more regular communication.

As to the powers vested in the clergyman of the Fair Isle, they will necessarily be of the most multifarious kind. He will apparently be something of a king as well as priest, the governor, magistrate, and doctor, as well as minister; for, except the schoolmaster and himself, there is no other functionary whatever, civil, military, or ecclesiastic, there resident, nor, as it appears, has there ever been.

AGAINST POSSESSING TWO TONGUES.

Upon a certain great occasion of international amity, whereon many speeches were delivered by Englishmen in what they imagined to be the language of their alien auditors, Mr Bright, M.P., expressed himself in the vernacular, confessing and bewailing his inability to speak French. I admire this orator's modesty, but I do not sympathise with him in his regret. I prefer rather the sentiment of that national hero who publicly thanked the gods that he could compel his tongue to utter no language save that of his fatherland. Let there be a Universal Tongue, by all means, if the philologists will have it so. I have experienced great inconvenience when travelling abroad from the unfinished character of this great scheme of theirs myself, and I should vastly like to see it accomplished—only let them be particularly careful to select for their purpose *the English*.

My acquaintance is extensive, and I do not wish to increase it, but if there is a description of person that I am less desirous to know than another, it is one who is recommended to me as being 'an accomplished linguist.' I should have better hopes of social advantage from a 'first-rate pugilist;' or even from a gentleman whose introduction was once promised to me by an intoxicated market-gardener upon a Citizen 'bus, as 'the grower of the werry finest 'ollyocks in all Middlesex.' What a man gains in words—in the facility of expressing himself—he generally loses in ideas, as witness the Popular Preacher, the Demagogue, and the 'Cheap Jack;' and this is particularly the case when he acquires various tongues. Happy, indeed, is such a man if he possesses an idea apiece for them. The late Mr Douglas Jerrold was annoyed upon one occasion by an individual who was airing nine languages at once before a distinguished company. 'Nine, sir,' observed this social scourge, this cat-o'-nine-tails, 'I can speak nine distinctly,* but my revered father, when alive, *he* could speak no less than fifteen.' 'Ah!' remarked Jerrold, 'I knew a man who could

* He could imitate five cats, sir, five distinct cats in a wheelbarrow, upon my sacred honour: now one can't help liking a fellow with such traits as those.—*Pickwick.*

speak five-and-twenty, and who never said anything worth hearing *in any one of them*.'

The possession of a foreign tongue is doubtless useful to a man among the people who speak it, but among his own countrymen, it is no more advantageous, and scarcely less ornamental, than a second nose. Why, then, does he almost invariably flourish it in our faces, as though it were a fan with Rimmel's scent upon it? Why does he say *Adieu* (with a contortion) instead of 'Good-bye?' Why does he call me his '*Bon ami*,' when he knows I hate both him and it? Why does he utter *Je suis prêt*—why *does* he?—instead of 'I am ready.' '*Toujours prêt*,' replied a certain lady, who was always chattering bad French, to an individual who offered his arm to take her down to dinner—'*Toujours prêt* is my motto.'

But that heroic man, whom I am proud to call my friend, responded sternly: 'Then it *should* be "*Toujours* prate," madam.' Let Social-science Associations boast themselves as much as they will, it is men like these who are our real reformers. 'How agreeable,' remarked the late Sir Cornewall Lewis after the miseries of an evening-party, 'would this life be, were it not for its amusements; and especially if there was no such thing as "a little music" in the world.' And how charming, say I, might conversation be made, if all French phrases were rigorously excluded; and especially if there was no such thing as a Parisian accent. To be able to pronounce the ultimate syllable in a French word ending with *in*, such as Houdin, in a certain distressingly unnatural manner, appears to be the summit of earthly ambition with some persons; and when they fancy they have attained to it, they thenceforth look down upon the rest of their fellow-creatures, as from a moral and intellectual pedestal. The more contemptible an accomplishment is, the prouder folks generally are when they possess it; a little worthless knowledge puffing up beyond all measure, as is exemplified in the case of college dons, dealers in fancy-dogs, and turnpike-keepers; which last, when placed where two roads meet, can generally inform the wayfarer which to choose in the most disagreeable manner conceivable. And thus it is with your linguist. The moralist may remark disparagingly upon the Double-tongued, but give me a hypocrite for a companion, say I, rather than any fellow who piques himself on his French, and interlards his conversation with phrases which he pretends cannot be translated into English. This is indeed one of the most ludicrous affectations ever acquiesced in by the ignorant; were these columns open to the full expression of an honest indignation, I could, *entre nous*, reader—that is to say, between you and me and the wall—give my own opinion on it, in very apt and forcible Saxon. As, indeed, the fashionable novel, with its meaningless Gallicisms, affords the lowest type of literature, so does the man with his talk slashed with French phrases present the feeblest form of conversationalist.

> Give me the mirth that scorns to trench
> On the bright shallows of the French,
> But fills the genial eye, and rolls
> Its broad deep current to our souls.

Like the immortal Samuel. 'I love talk,' but I can't abide talking on tiptoe.

Of the man who makes jokes in a foreign language, in a company composed of his own fellow-countrymen, I say nothing, for even the English tongue, so admirably fitted for invective, affords no adjective strong enough to apply to such an offence. Most of us, however, have witnessed the enormity, and the degradation of our species that has followed upon it; the pretended appreciation of the males, who are for the most part utterly ignorant of what they are laughing at, and the pitiable irresolution of the females, who are afraid of compromising themselves by applauding something that may not be proper. How infinitely more would such an offender have contributed to the general enjoyment, had he stood on his head upon a ginger-beer bottle; or performed 'the wheel' as it is enacted by what he would call the *gamins* of the street; or given some ingenious 'imitation' of bird, or beast, or fish. Everybody would then have understood the entertainment; and even those who were above enjoying it, would have derived a satisfaction from considering how superior they themselves were to such a vulgar fellow. Whereas, from the unintelligible *jeu-de-mot*, nothing has flowed but hypocrisy and humiliation.

I was lately pursuing this subject, which is a favourite one with me, in a mixed company, among which there chanced to be an ancient Peninsular veteran, who, as I afterwards discovered, spoke every European language to perfection. Instead of obstructing the progress of my Crusade, however, he joined my standard, and assisted me in demolishing a hateful serjeant-at-law, who had just returned from a six months' sojourn in Italy, to talk as familiarly of *Ben Trovato* and *Siesta* as though they were his brother and sister.

'But in foreign countries, at least,' contended the serjeant, 'you must allow that a knowledge of the language is indispensable.'

'Quite the reverse, sir,' returned the bluff old general. 'It is better for your morality, your religion, and your good temper, never to understand what foreigners say.'

'Nay, but in warfare, for instance,' urged the cunning lawyer: 'nobody can be more aware than so distinguished an officer as yourself that a mutual understanding between allies is to be desired above all things. When you were in Portugal'——

'Ay, when I was in Portugal,' interrupted the general, rubbing his hands; 'then, as you say, it made a great difference whether you knew Portuguese or not. I have known the life or death of more than one honest fellow turn upon that very circumstance.'

'Exactly,' replied the serjeant triumphantly: 'you have known a man's life saved by his understanding Portuguese.'

'Not quite that,' responded the soldier; 'but I have known a man's life saved by another man's *not* understanding it.'

'Good,' said I; 'I can easily believe it; but I should like to know how it happened.'

'Well,' said the veteran; 'you are probably aware that Lord Wellington's discipline in the Peninsula was excessively severe. If a man did but forage for his mess without respect to the market-value of the commodity he brought back to camp; or if he suffered his affections to be centred on a young person in a nunnery; or if he picked up anything in a church that he had a fancy to send home to his friends—and chanced to be discovered, the provost-marshal was sent for post-haste, and it was even betting whether the poor fellow in trouble was not hanged. Our chief was especially particular that the men conducted themselves with propriety when billeted upon the inhabitants of the country, and a portable gallows was even constructed, the effect of which was to make us the most courteous army that ever occupied a foreign land. Two men of my company, and excellent soldiers, happened to be lodging with an old Portuguese vine-dresser, who, in addition to feeding them with omelets swimming in rancid oil, allowed them insufficient firing. My unfortunate fellows, therefore, pulled up his vine-sticks, and made a good blaze for themselves, without saying By your leave, or With your leave. Whereupon, the old curmudgeon took the opportunity of the provost-marshal coming round to inquire whether there were any complaints, to set forth a piteous story of oppression and tyranny—more than three parts of which were doubtless lies. He held a bundle of the sticks in question with one hand,

and appealed to Heaven with the other, as though he had been wronged in the most wicked manner conceivable; while I was standing by, expecting every moment that the two offenders would be taken out and hanged forthwith. Now, it so happened that the provost-marshal, although an excellent Spanish scholar, knew nothing of Portuguese; so he turned to me, and inquired what was the matter. "Pray, tell me, captain," cried he, "what this old idiot is clamouring for? What does he want? And what have these men of yours done? And why does he shake that bundle of vine-sticks in their faces, as though he were Jupiter Tonans?"

"Well, marshal," said I, "the fact is, he wants the poor fellows to sleep upon them. That is the only sort of bed he allows them, and because they murmur at such accommodation, he protests that he will get them punished, and, he hopes, even hanged."

"Blood-thirsty old scoundrel!" cried the marshal, addressing himself to the eloquent native; "hold your tongue, and don't attempt to get honest fellows into trouble. If I were they, I'm blessed if I wouldn't burn *all* your vine-sticks."

'And, with that, off he rode at a hand-gallop, leaving the vine-dresser still gesticulating, and my two poor fellows thankful enough to find themselves on their feet. Now, if that provost-marshal had understood Portuguese, they would have danced upon nothing.'

BALLAD-SUBJECTS.

A FAIR test of the increasing interest that is felt in all that appertains to our old national literature is offered by the increased value obtained for specimens of it when offered for sale at public auctions. Some of these books fetch high prices on account of their rarity, and may have had no influence whatever on the national mind, but this cannot be said of a collection of ballads. Robert Harley, the first Earl of Oxford, began a collection of these popular compositions, which was sold along with his books, when it was bought by West, the president of the Royal Society; and at the subsequent sale of his library in 1773, it was bought by Major Pearson for, it is supposed, L.20. This gentleman made considerable additions to it during the fifteen years it remained in his possession; but even then, when his collection of books went the way of the generality of such collections, it realised only L.36, the Duke of Roxburghe being the purchaser. The duke set about adding to the collection with great earnestness, and at the sale of his library they realised L.477. Mr Harding, who was the purchaser, sold them shortly after to Mr Bright for, it is said, L.700.

There are about 1300 songs and ballads in this collection. The date when the first was printed is supposed to have been 1560, but the date of printing is, of course, no criterion of the actual antiquity of the ballad. The subjects of these ballads are of all kinds, and it will only be possible to give an outline of one or two of each class, but this will be sufficient to afford an idea of what that literature was like which, with the chap-books, was all that was possessed by the masses in the olden time. Love is the burden of a considerable proportion of these, and it is curious to observe how popular the notion was of a man being loved by a woman of higher degree than himself. Thus, the earl was favoured by the queen, the squire of low degree by the earl's daughter, the daughter of the squire of a more modern type bestowed her affections on the handsome young farmer, and the farmer's daughter in her turn bestowed hers on the jolly young ploughman. When war happened to be raging, there was a facile method of disposing of the last-named individual; namely, causing him to be kidnapped, and sent to sea, in which case the young lady expressed her determination in the following or a similar manner:

'O William, sweet William, with you I will go;
Since my cruel father has served you so,
I'll put on a pair of trousers, likewise a jacket blue,
And William, dear William, I'll go along with you.'

Occasionally the young person who is guilty of this indiscretion is led astray by her love for a sailor, as in the case of the lovely Constance of Appleby, who accepted the post of scullion to the cook on board the ship in which her lover served:

And at the fire hot,
Wonderful pains she took;
She served every one
Fitting to their degree,
And now and then alone,
She kissed Anthony.

These osculatory consolations were brought, however, to an abrupt termination in this case by the wreck of the vessel on the coast of Spain, and the entry of Constance into the port of Bilboa on a plank alone.

There is very little of the supernatural in these ballads, the appearance of a deceased lover to his hard-hearted mistress being an accident of the ballad of a later date. But there is an exception to this in the ballad headed *The Suffolk Miracle, or a Relation of a young Man who a Month after his Death appeared to his Sweetheart and carryed her behind Fourty Miles in two Hours' Time, and was never seene after but in the Grave.* It is possible that this may have been the original of Bürger's *Lenore*, but it is more probable that both were derived from the same legend, of older date than either.

Shooting has always been a favourite theme, from the days of Robin Hood, and probably long before, till now. Had a poet been present at the grand shooting-match at Wimbledon, he might have celebrated that meeting in strains which would have furnished food for serious reflection; nor would the humorous have been wanting as a contrast. In the distribution of prizes, for instance, who could help laughing when Lord Elcho suggested, as the marksman who had been successful in winning the iron safe approached to receive his prize, that the band should strike up *Wait for the Wagon?* A poet was not wanting at a meeting of an analogous character held at York in the days of Queen Elizabeth, where equal skill was displayed, though the weapons used were bows and arrows instead of rifles. This was held under the inspection of the Earl of Cumberland, assisted by the Earl of Essex, who kept the field, and there was a strong muster of people of rank present, including three Russian ambassadors, one of whom tried to draw a bow, and was greatly astonished at the distance to which the English bowmen could send their arrows. After describing the shooting, the poet exclaims:

God save the good Earle of Cumberlande;
His praise in golden lines shall stand,
That maintaines archerie through the land,
As well at York as London,
Whose noble minde so courteously
Acquaintes himself with the commonaltie,
To the glorie of his nobilitie;
I will carie the praise to London.

He follows this with a loyal and pious appeal:

God save our queen, and keepe our peace,
That our good shooting maie increase,
And prayinge to God let us not cease,
That all oure countrey round about
May have archers good to hit the clout,
Which England cannot be without.

He concludes with an earnest request to her majesty to pay a visit to York, promises to immortalise Essex and others, and desires a listener to

Tell Alderman Maltbie this from me,
In print shall this good shooting be,
As soon as I get to London.

The imprint on this ballad states that it was printed at London, 'neere Holbourne Bridge,' by Richard Jones, 1598.

The following ballad will shew what English archers were capable of doing when engaged in actual combat; it is headed, *A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton, a Pyrate and Rover on the Seas.* This view of Barton is, of course, an English one, but the writer does justice to his courage, and, moreover, he does not use the term 'pyrate' in the sense we attach to the word. The imprint states that it was sold at Pye Corner, but is without a date. It begins by saying, that as King Henry VIII. was out hunting, he stood on a mountain, and

> Forty merchants he espyed,
> With fifty saile come towards him.

The object of their coming is explained when they throw themselves on their knees, and complain that they cannot go on their voyage on account of Sir Andrew Barton. On hearing this, the king appealed to those around him to know who will rid him of that Scottish traitor; whereupon Lord Charles Howard volunteered to bring Sir Andrew to England, or be himself taken to Scotland. His offer was accepted, and he lost no time in claiming the assistance of a gunner,

> Who was the best in all the realme,
> His age was threescore years and ten,
> And Peter Simon was his name.

He was further strengthened with the assistance of a bowman, a Yorkshire gentleman named Horsley, who expressed his willingness to be hanged on the mainmast if he failed to hit a mark the size of a shilling at twelve score yards. Lord Howard sets sail, and meets with a merchant of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who had not long previously had his ship cleared out by the said Andrew Barton. To this man Howard offered three shillings for every penny he had lost if he would guide him to the place where he had been plundered; but the merchant exclaimed:

> 'God bless you from his tyranny,
> For little you know what man he is;
> He is brass within, and steele without;
> His ship most huge, and mighty strong,
> With eighteen pieces of ordnance
> He carrieth on each side along.'

Eventually, he agreed to guide the English ship to where Sir Andrew was cruising, and as she was sailing by, Barton fired a shot into her middle deck, 'which cruel shot killed fourteen men.' Simon responded with a discharge which killed fifteen Scotchmen, and was followed by Henry Hunt, who brought down fifty. Finding he was overmatched, Sir Andrew directed one Gordon and his nephew to go up and loosen sail; but these were killed by Horsley's arrows.

> His men being slain, then up amain
> Did this proud pirate climb with speed;
> For armour of proof he had put on,
> And did not dint of arrows dread.

Horsley managed, however, to find a spot through which he drove an arrow into his heart. The brave Scotchman did not give in even then, but called out:

> 'Fight on, fight on, my merry men all;
> A little I am hurt, yet not slain;
> I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
> And come and fight with you again.'

They were not to cease firing as long as they heard his whistle; but when this stopped, they stopped too, and the English came aboard. They found eighteen score Scots alive, and as many corpses, and among them that of Sir Andrew. Lord Howard is represented to have cut off his head, and to have returned to England with great joy and rejoicing. On his presenting himself before the king, the latter desired to have Barton brought before him, that he might pronounce his doom; but Lord Howard did justice to the courage of his foe. 'You may thank God

> And four men in the ship,' quoth he,
> 'That we are safely come ashore,
> Sith you never had such an enemy.'

These men were duly rewarded. Lord Howard himself was made Earl Bury; seven shillings were given to every other man; and, what seems a rather remarkable act of generosity on the part of the king, after specifying these rewards, he adds that they were to give

> Twelve pence a day to the Scots till they
> Come to my brother king's high land.

This ballad is written in a rough but vigorous style, and is of great length.

There are several ballads in which a king is described as meeting with a plain-speaking individual, who is usually ignorant of the quality of the person with whom he is conversing; but this was not always so. The subject was a popular one, and the extremely long ballad of *The King and Northernman*, which was 'to be sung to the tune of *Slut*,' would have taken nearly an evening to sing it. The substance of it ran thus: A north-country lawyer who was the king's agent wanted to get possession of the countryman's farm, and pretended that the latter had forfeited his lease. The countryman tried to bribe him by the offer of forty shillings, and subsequently of five marks, but these the lawyer refused, and required him to give up his lease unconditionally, and trust to his kindness. The farmer declined on the ground that he had a wife and family. Acting on the advice of his neighbours, he put the rent in a sack, took his staff, and started for London. When he arrived there, he asked the way to Whitehall; but finding it was then too late to make a business-call on his majesty, he went to bed, to rest himself after the fatigues of his journey, but overslept himself, and to his great vexation was told, when he got to Whitehall, that the king had that morning gone to Windsor. He tells the porter very plainly that he suspects the king may have got an inkling of his presence in town, and what he had come about, and had gone to Windsor to get out of his way. From London he went to the latter place, and at the castle,

> Although the gates wide open stood,
> He laid on them till he made um crack,

to the great astonishment of the royal porter, who wants to know what he means by making such a noise. He answers that he wants to see the king. The porter replies that his majesty has plenty of servants, and he must tell his business to one of them; but the countryman is much too sharp to do anything of the kind; he has not come all the way from Northumberland to let somebody else do his business at last, and so he tells the porter, to whom he offers a bribe of a penny if he will let him in. The latter pretends he cannot resist so handsome an offer, and goes to a nobleman who is sunning himself in the court, and promises him good sport with a clown, the like of whom has not been seen at court these seven years. The noble orders him to be admitted, but the porter tells him he must leave his dog and stick at the gates. This he refuses to do, on the ground that he is not sufficiently acquainted with the kind of people who surrounded his majesty. Finally, he is introduced to the king, who is engaged in playing a game at bowls, and the weather being hot, he has taken off his coat, and the countryman seeing him so lightly clothed, imagines he has lost the rest at the game, and so, with a slight nod of the head and a beck with the knee, he says:

> 'If you be the king,
> As I can hardly think ye be,
> Heere is a gude fellow that brought me hither,
> Is liker to be the king than ye.'

'I am the king,' his grace now said;
'Fellow, let me thy case understand.'

Then he tells how he was the king's tenant, and had been born and bred on the land which the lawyer now sought to deprive him of, on the ground that he had forfeited his lease by cutting down five ash-trees which had been used in building a house on the estate. The king reads his lease, and says:

'I warrant thee thou hadst not forfeited thy lease,
If thou hadst feld five ashes mo.'

To which his tenant replies:

'I, every one can warrant me;
But all your warrants are not worth a flee,
For he that troubles me, and will not let me go,
Neither cares for warrant of you nor me.'

Eventually, the king gives him two letters to the lawyer, one enjoining him to let the countryman alone, and the other to pay him one hundred pounds. The tenant, in return for his kindness, offers him a shilling, and on the king declining to accept it, he tosses it into his bosom, for which boldness he is gently reproved. He sees reason, however, to regret his liberality, when the king directs his treasurer to bring him twenty pounds.

'If I had thought the king had had so muckle gold,
Beshrew my heart, I'd ha' kept my shillin.'

The first person he meets on reaching home is the lawyer or agent, who wants to know where he has been to, and on the other answering that he had been to the king to get him to settle their difficulty, he does not appear at all astonished that the king should have seen him, but merely exclaims:

'What a deel didst thou with the king?
Could not neighbours and friends agree thee and me?'

The agent is forced to comply with the king's order, and the ballad concludes:

Would every lawyer were served thus,
From troubling poore men they would cease;
They'd either shew him good cause why,
Or else they'd let him live in peace.

Another very long performance is *The Lamentable Ballad of the Tragical End of a Gallant Lord and a Vertuous Lady, with the untimely End of their Two Children, wickedly performed by a Heathenish Blackamoor, their Servant, the like never heard of;* and a very lamentable ballad it is, and founded on one of the tales in *Il Decamerone*. In great contrast to this, is a comic ballad, entitled *John and Joan, or a Mad Couple well met*. Loving each other very dearly, they vowed to consult each other's tastes in everything, and the result was rather singular. If he was out of temper and blustered, then she blustered too. If he didn't like this, and cuffed her, she cuffed again. If he were pleased, so was she; but if he were vexed, and kicked his dog, she immediately kicked her cat. If John broke a pipkin, Joan broke a pot. If John feasted, so did Joan; and if he sulked over his victuals, she abstained from eating too; but, as the writer remarks, there was no great harm in this, since they saved their meat. And so it goes on, till they find a change advisable, when John appeals to her thus:

'Henceforth, let's doe in goodnesse,
As we have done in ill;
I'll doe my best,
Do thou the rest.'
'A match,' quoth Joan; 'I will.'

In modes of cheating, as in a vast number of other things, how little novelty there is in the processes employed. Here is an ancient ballad describing what happened to a rustic who visited the metropolis. It is headed, *The Countriman's Bill of Charges for Comming up to London*. The first wrong he complains of was, on alighting at his inn, the barman gave him his pot of beer with an undue allowance of froth. Then he went for a walk, and got his pocket picked. After which he met two men, who declared they were his cousins, and when he expressed his doubts of their assertion, they affirmed that they were, at all events, from his country, and he must take a pot of beer with them. This he consented to do, and while they were drinking it, one of his new acquaintances pulled out a pack of cards. The result I need not add. He meets with sundry other deceptions; and quits London with a heavy heart, his last grief being, that his horse was almost starved, though he had to pay the landlord as if the animal had been on a full diet of beans.

Of course, the poets did not fail to exercise their wit at the expense of the unfortunate wives. What a taking title this must have been to the village satirist, *Halfe-a-dozen of Good Wives—all for a Penny*. The tune, *The Cleane Contrary Way*. The rustic Henry, who details his experiences with his batch of wives, describes the first as cross and a gossip; the second, thrifty, so thrifty, that to save the cost of the salt, she would let the meat spoil, and when she went to market, always bought the cheapest, and gave him the worst part first; the result of this policy being that his appetite was thereby quenched, and the best parts had time to spoil, and had to be thrown away. The third was cleanly, and had good qualities, but she had one little failing; she invariably got tipsy on Mondays, and only recovered her sobriety on the following Saturday. The fourth was monstrously frugal, and constantly looking after him to see that he did not indulge in any luxury in which she did not participate. The fifth was a good soul, without a fault, old enough to be his grandmother, but he was not happy even with her, for he says:

'Yet if I chanced to kisse,
Or on a young wench lookt,
You would not think, poore harmlesse soule,
How pitiously she tookt.'

The sixth excelled in scolding all the wives that dwell in Turn-agen-lane.

All the matrimonial complaints seem to come from the husband. *The Cruell Shrow, or the Patient Man's Woe, declaring the Misery and the Great Paine, by his unquiet Wife he doth dayley sustaine*, results in aggravating him into declaring:

If I were now a batchelor,
I'd never have a wife.

According to his account, she indulged in all sorts of luxuries at his expense. She makes him get up and go to his daily work, while she remains snug in bed until 'the chimes doe go at eight.' Then she takes her well-spiced morning-draught, to clear her eyes, after which she places herself before her looking-glass, and spends the rest of the morning

In putting on her brave atyre,
That fine and costly be,
Whilst I wurke hard in durt and mire,
Alacke what remedye.

The consequence of his intruding upon her when she is engaged with her intimates, is serious, but he says, this is nothing to what he gets when they reach home; she was jesting before, but now she begins in earnest, and to give emphasis to her reproaches—

She takes up a cudgel's end,
And breaks my head full sore,
Then if I chance to heave my hand,
Straightway she'll murder cry,
When judge all men that here doe stand,
In what a case am I.

If a friend calls to drink a pot of beer, she is sure

to pick a quarrel with him. When he sits at meat on holidays, she is sulky and pouts, and—

> This is the weary life
> That I doe leade, poore harmlesse man,
> With my most dogged wife.

Singularly enough, while she will not suffer him to accompany her abroad on her visits, she invariably follows him when he goes out to do business, and 'with her most wicked tongue' she involves him in endless difficulties, till he is driven to exclaim, with what looks like selfishness:

> O that some harmlesse, honest man,
> Whom death did so befriend
> To take his wife from off his hand
> His sorrowes for to end,
> Would change with me to rid my care,
> And take my wife alive,
> For his dead wife unto his share,
> Then I would hope to thrive.

His expectations of such an event happening are not sanguine, and he concludes his long and piteous narrative:

> Take warninge, all men, by the life
> That I sustained long,
> Be careful how you 'll choose a wife,
> And so I 'll end my song.

This was printed 'by M. P. for Henry Gosson, on London Bridge, neere the Gate.'

The following specimen is one of a kind which was exceedingly popular in the rural districts before the introduction of railways and the rubbish termed Ethiopian songs. It reads dolefully enough; but to thoroughly appreciate its excellence in this respect, it should be heard at a village harvest-home, sung by one of mature age, when he has drunk a sufficient quantity of home-brewed to carry his mind back to the days of his youth. The title of this is *The Complaint of a Lover forsaken of his Love, sung to a pleasant new tune:*

> A poore soule sat sighing by a sicamore tree,
> O willow, willow, willow,
> His hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
> O willow, willow, willow,
> O willow, willow, willow,
> Sing o' the greene willow shall be my garland.

There are several verses in this style, but it will be sufficient if I give the last one:

> Farewel faire, falsehearted, plaints end with my breath,
> O willow, willow, willow,
> Thou dost loth me; I love thee, though cause of my death,
> O willow, willow, willow.

Another once popular class of ballads relate the exploits of beggars, whose persistency was equal to that of their successors in Belgravia or Westbournia. Take, as an example of this class, *The Stout Cripple of Cornwall; wherein is shewed his dissolute Life and deserved Death.* This stout cripple had wooden legs, and his home was in a hollow tree by the roadside. During the day, he dozed and begged alternately, and at night he went on the highway, but nobody ever suspected a man of being a highwayman who, it was evident, had not a leg to stand upon. Once hearing that Lord Courtney was to pass along the road with a large sum of money, he got together a number of vagabonds to rob him; but the baron was too well supported, and the stout cripple got the worst of it. He masked his legs on these occasions with a long canvas smock-frock. He continued this career till—

> Nine hundred pounds this cripple had got
> By begging and thieving, so good was his lot;
> A thousand pound he wold make it, he said,
> And then he wold give over his trade.
> But as he strived his mind to fulfil
> In following his actions so lewd and so ill,
> At last he was taken the law to suffice,
> Condemned and hanged at Exeter size.

Another of this class relates his knaveries, but he combines prudence with the exercise of his profession, and avers that—

> 'Tis better be a begger,
> And aske of kind goode fellowes,
> And honestly have
> What we doe crave,
> Than steale, and goe to the gallowes.

As a contrast to the preceding, there are broadsheets filled with moral lessons, or Bible narratives in verse, and with the mention of the title of one of these, *A Hundred Godly Lessons bequeathed by a Dying Mother to her Daughter*, I conclude this notice of a species of literary composition which, according to an oft-quoted statesman, once exercised the most prodigious influence over the nation.

THE WRECK OF THE *ORPHEUS*.

> All day, amid the masts and shrouds,
> They hung above the wave;
> The sky o'erhead was dark with clouds,
> And dark beneath, their grave.
> The water leaped against its prey,
> Breaking with heavy crash,
> And when some slack'ning hands gave way,
> They fell with dull, low splash.
>
> Captain and men ne'er thought to swerve;
> The boats went to and fro;
> With cheery face and tranquil nerve,
> Each saw his brother go.
> Each saw his brother go, and knew,
> As night came swiftly on,
> That less and less his own chance grew—
> Night fell, and hope was gone.
>
> The saved stood on the steamer's deck,
> Straining their eyes to see
> Their comrades clinging to the wreck
> Upon that surging sea.
> And still they gazed into the dark,
> Till, on their startled ears,
> There came from that swift-sinking bark
> A sound of gallant cheers.
>
> Again, and yet again it rose;
> Then silence round them fell—
> Silence of death, and each man knows
> It was a last farewell.
> No cry of anguish, no wild shriek
> Of men in agony—
> No dropping down of watchers weak,
> Weary and glad to die;
>
> But death met with three British cheers—
> Cheers of immortal fame;
> For us the choking, blinding tears—
> For them a glorious name.
> O England, while thy sailor-host
> Can live and die like these,
> Be thy broad lands or won or lost,
> Thou 'rt mistress of the seas!

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A HOUSE OF ONE'S OWN.

WE—that is to say, myself, my wife, and one, two, three, four, and so on, little children, who have made their appearance like this *Journal* (only without a cover) at periodical intervals—have had great experience in life, under all sorts of roofs. We have not, indeed, dwelt in tents, nor realised the dream of my youth, by occupying a house on wheels, but with those exceptions, we have tried every kind of domicile. We have lived in lodgings, in flats, in furnished houses, and in a house of our own—on lease.

As to Lodgings, 'Don't speak of them,' says my wife with a shudder; and indeed the History of Domestic Imposition must be undertaken by some abler hand. When it is so, I shall be happy to supply one fact, culled from a sea-side lodging-house only last summer. In the first week, we were represented to have burned sixteen pounds of candles; daylight lasting till 8.30, and lamps alone being used in the drawing-room, which were made to consume plenty of oil upon their own account. 'Why, if we were a Russian family, ma'am,' expostulated I, 'and *ate* candles, we could scarcely have got through a greater amount of "composition."' The landlady murmured something about a night-light in the nursery [damages one farthing, according to the advertisement of night-lights], and then went off into an elaborate apology for the item twopence-halfpenny for soda, which, she owned, was more than might have been expected. I possess that woman's bill, for the satisfaction of the curious.

I repeat, however, that I am not going to reveal the awful mysteries of life in lodgings; I will merely say, without wishing to brand a considerable portion of my fellow-creatures, and those principally of the softer sex, with an accusation of dishonesty, that the letting of furnished apartments, and the dealing in horse-flesh, and the keeping of billiard-tables, and the profession of attorney-at-law, are callings which seem to demand of those who follow them an amount of integrity of which there is but a very insufficient supply. And I hope I have made my meaning clear without offence.

When we had had enough of Lodgings, and a little to spare, a certain friend of ours, who is one of the most liberal and generous beings I know for giving advice—even to the length of offering it when it is not wanted—persuaded us into a First Flat, at that time, quite a novelty in London lodging arrangements. It possessed all the advantages of a house, he urged, without the expense; it was compact, it was convenient, it was a number of eulogistic adjectives; but above all, it was quite the fashion, a remark which decided my wife, who, as usual, decided me. Our entrance-day was an exceedingly proud one, but was not without its drawbacks. Our perambulator—for we were 'carriage-people' to that limited extent—got smashed by the great swing-door, which bangs and thunders at the will of four different families, their visitors, trades-people, and tax-collectors. It also shut out our eldest little boy, aged seven years, by its own weight, and left him in tears outside, being unable, even on tiptoe, to reach the first-flat bell-handle, although he did make the ground-floor inhabitants quite sensible of his calamity. My wife, too, in a lavender silk, met a chimney-sweeper at the turning of the stairs, and for once regretted that she wore crinoline. There was, however, a good deal of truth in what the man observed in extenuation—namely, that he believed the stair was a Common Stair, and that he had just four times as much business upon it as we had, insomuch as he swept the chimneys of all four flats. I remarked with tartness, that for the future I would take care he should only sweep three of them; to which he replied that I didn't know what I was talking about; wherein, as it subsequently turned out, he was quite right.

Though the institution of common stairs is doubtless very admirable in many respects, it certainly has its disadvantages. People did not confine themselves to coming up and going down our stair by any means; they used it as a shelter from the rain, as a place peculiarly adapted for the practice of singing, and as a retired spot suitable to the interchange of love-passages. They played at marbles on its landings, they smoked upon it the most revolting kinds of tobacco, and they dropped large hummocks of coal and little blobs of milk on every step, which drove our Mary, who had to clean it every day, to use expressions which were certainly not so polished as her fire-irons. Being First Flats, too, everybody defiled *our* stair, while we had no excuse for going up higher, to pay out our less aristocratic neighbours.

Once inside, however, nothing could exceed the compactness of our residence. It is true that the Entrance Hall, or, as it is less elegantly termed, the Lobby, was all day long in twilight, and could not

be entered by a stranger with safety until the gas was lit; but then consider its convenience: you could enter the drawing-room, the dining-room, the kitchen, any of the bedrooms, and the store-closet, by standing in the middle of that lobby, and turning their respective handles, which surrounded you on all sides. The doctrine of centralisation, so much insisted upon by some politicians, had never a more practical illustration than was afforded by our flat. Before I got used to this pocket labyrinth, and in order to prevent the breath of scandal from attaching to me, I was won't to stand in the middle of the gloomy maze, and hollo until the door of some forbidden apartment opened, and warned me what to avoid.

Our whole mansion was more like the representation of a dwelling-house upon the stage of an exceedingly small theatre, than a habitation for which one pays rent and taxes. The little bell, at about three inches from the handle to a person who has obtained admission to the common stair, rang just like a stage-bell, and was answered with stage celerity. All arrivals were telegraphed with the utmost facility, by the simple plan of our Mary putting her head over the banisters, and ejaculating, 'Oh, it 's the post,' or 'Oh, it 's the baker,' or sometimes (to my wife's extreme annoyance), 'Oh, goodness gracious, it isn't though; it 's a visitor for missus.'

Of course, we in the drawing-room were not expected to hear these enigmas or their solutions—but we *did* hear them, nevertheless. We heard everything that took place in our flat, whether it occurred in the nursery or in the coal-hole.

What was for dinner, was communicated to the inmates of every apartment upon the instant that it approached the fire; if so much as a cinder tumbled into the gravy, we became involuntarily possessed of that unpleasant fact; and I must say that for these reasons my appetite failed dismally during my residence in that novel sphere. Nevertheless, there are worse things to live in than first flats, let me tell you, as long as there are Ground Floors in the world. A gentleman from underneath soon took the liberty of calling on me, to request my immediate attendance in his own apartments. They are 'flooded,' observed he with quiet sarcasm—'that is all.'

Certainly, they had rather a desolate and melancholy appearance, and reminded me a good deal of the woodcuts in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Inundations in Moray*. His boots and walking-sticks were afloat, and if there was anything in the bottom drawers of his wardrobe, it must have been damp. 'That is your pipes,' remarked he between his teeth; 'they are always at it, *they* are. That is your confounded cistern. Water, water everywhere!'

'Yes,' said I, concluding the quotation, '"and not a drop to drink" up stairs. You 've taken it all.'

After the Flat experiment, we lived in Furnished Houses, which would be more pleasant if they were less expensive. The rent is doubled for the hire of the furniture, and then the furniture is charged for again under 'breakages,' 'wear and tear,' &c. You buy it out and out, in short, with the curious addition, that you leave it, after all, in the hands of the seller. The inventories, also, are made in a remarkable manner: upon the tenant entering the house, the landlord's agent hurries over the details, writing 'perfect' against any article which is not absolutely atwain in the middle; whereas, on the tenant's leaving it, the said agent makes an examination that is microscopical, and holds up his hands over a cracked plaster bust, as though it were the Warwick Vase in fragments. Inventories, indeed, were wearing my wife to such a thread-paper, to use her own nervous imagery, that at last we took a house of our own, on lease. The domestic millennium of comfort, repose, and economy was then supposed to have set in. Let us consider, calmly and dispassionately—and, if possible, without being interrupted by the intelligence of any frightful domestic calamity, from kitchen or attic—whether this is indeed the case.

In the first place, then, upon taking a house on lease, *and before the document is signed*, the thing that charms a man that has lived under landladies all his life is the courtesy and liberality of the landlord. He will do anything in reason to meet our wishes; we shall not find *him* litigious and pettifogging—that we may be assured of. More hat-pegs in the hall? Most certainly. A Bramah latch-key added? By all means. Nay, if we thought of erecting a little conservatory at the back of the house (which we don't), he would pay a quarter of the expense without a murmur. This pattern of courtesy is not personally visible at any time. We do not even hear from him directly—as a matter of fact, he can neither read nor write—but receive all his gracious offers through his confidential agent, who lives in a mews. Mr Brixanmotar is 'the last man to object to this or that,' we learn; but from such loose and negative characteristics it is difficult to picture to ourselves this admirable man. He is an angel, hovering over us invisible—until the agreement is signed. After that, though remaining unknown to us as ever, his nature undergoes a complete change. He even embraces a totally different religion. From the gentleman and the scholar (for we did not previously know but that the letters had been his own) he sinks into the Old Bailey practitioner; from the Christian he apostatises to the Jew. The transformation is as rapid as in a pantomime trick. The confidential agent shakes his once subservient head at every proposition for our comfort. Mr Brixanmotar, he now assures us, is the last man to do anything for a tenant he is not obliged to do. Loose slates indeed? If we will be so good (sarcastically) as to cast our eye over the agreement, the word Slates does not occur from beginning to end. If the water has come through the roof and spoiled the ceilings, he would suggest, first repair, and then whitewashing. He is pleased to hear that it has only penetrated through two floors. The chimneys smoke, do they? Mr Brixanmotar has never received a complaint of that nature before, and indeed he is scarcely the proper person to appeal to; but try a cowl. There is a very respectable person, and a near relative of Mr B.'s, who supplies the article in the next street; we could not do better than go there. A still more certain way, adds the confidential agent, upon learning that the cowl is of no use, is to block up the fireplace altogether; remembering, however, that the house must be left, at the expiration of the lease, in precisely the same state as when we took it. I have nothing to urge in favour of the Irish system of shooting their landed proprietors, but if that intelligent people would turn their attention to the owners of *house*-property, I could furnish them with a proper object for their enthusiasm.

However, there are plenty of evils in a house of one's own, which could not be cured even by a willing landlord, should such a prodigy exist. When we have furnished the mansion to our complete content, and especially the best bedroom, into which one's wife inveigles lady-visitors to look at the full-length mirror let into the wardrobe, and other gorgeous fittings, we begin to find that we have been deceived; that all is not rosewood that shines; and that out of Tottenham Court Road has come something more than we bargained for. That magnificent four-poster (for example) of carved oak, and once the property of a person of title—seasoned wood was better than new, said T. C. R.—is found to contain an interesting colony from the insect-world. In the winter, they hybernated, 'sported their oak,' slept peacefully in their several posts; but allured by the unaccustomed warmth of a certain May morning they—they sent out a messenger to ascertain the true period of the

year. This herald was butchered by a female domestic, and exhibited to my wife, who (after idly imposing secrecy upon her informant) confided the awful news to me.

'Well,' said I cheerfully, 'perhaps there are no more of them; one swallow doesn't make a summer, you know.'

'I wish it *was* a swallow,' said she, shaking her head gloomily, 'for then we need only open the window to let them out.'

Without pursuing this painful subject further, I will merely remark that her worst suspicions were realised. The ancestral couch which cost forty pounds was disposed of for exactly that number of shillings, and 'the happy hunting-grounds,' to use a beautiful Indian metaphor, were exchanged for a simple iron bedstead. After this, we thought we had done with entomology, but I had not then been down to the kitchen, at midnight, with a lighted candle and a poker in search of thieves. There were no human intruders, but the whole kitchen floor was a sort of movable mosaic—a kaleidoscopic carpet of black beetles! There were mice also, I have reason to believe, but I saw nothing but that shifting mass of insects. Traps have been set for them, and caught thousands without the slightest apparent diminution in their number; cats have been trained to devour them, and perished in performance of that too arduous duty; but 'the cry is still, they come;' and 'spiles the jam-pots,' adds the cook.

Up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber revels the Moth; I have never heard him, and far less seen him, but he must be of very considerable size; for when I asked for my last winter's greatcoat, with a double cape, I was told that I couldn't have it, for that 'the moth had got it,' as though it had been given away to him in charity.

The above plagues might have been Egyptian, but there are others incidental to a house of one's own which even Egypt never dreamed of. For example, take the gas. One experienced friend tells me that if it is not turned off at the main at night, we shall all be blown up and perish. Another informs me that that is just the way to insure carelessness in the management of each particular jet. If your servant knows the gas will be turned off below, she does not trouble herself to turn it off above; and, moreover, the one great advantage of gas—of its light being ready to your hand at any moment—is totally lost by the arrangement in question. Between these two plans, we have managed to combine, I believe, the least amount of illumination, and the greatest amount of smell attainable. 'A young man from the country,' according to present popular opinion, is a shrewd and sagacious individual; but a young woman from the country, who considers herself qualified to be an under-housemaid, is often by no means so intelligent. The last domestic from the provinces who encumbered us with her assistance, turned on the gas with the most cheerful obedience all over the house, just as though it was water; she never thought of setting light to it. 'I see'd nothing to set light *to*,' she remarked in apology, meaning, I suppose, no visible wick. Another rural retainer of ours (for we get relays of them from clergymen's wives who are friends of my wife, and confide these treasures to her care, as though the obligation lay upon our side), with equal ignorance of the laws of science, neglected to fill the kitchen boiler, whereupon a rumbling noise arose, which, fortunately for them, frightened herself and the cook out of the kitchen just before the explosion, which made a ruin of that apartment and its crockery, and shook Paradise Crescent to its foundations.

For a considerable period, however—with the trifling exception of rats in the beer-cellar, and a strange face looking in at the attic window, which frightened rural retainer No. 3 into fits—all had been peace with us, and without possessing either a vine or a fig-tree, we enjoyed content. My wife and myself were dining together *tête-à-tête*, at 7 P.M., when suddenly such a very tremendous uproar took place in the wall of the room, as it seemed, that for the moment I thought 'the house of our own' was coming to pieces there and then.

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed my wife, holding up a fork with a piece of cutlet on it to bespeak my best attention; 'did you hear that, my dear?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I did, my love, having my organs of hearing yet preserved to me in spite of my having passed my thirtieth year; and I think it's coals.'

'Coals don't come in through the wall,' returned she sarcastically.

'Somebody has upset a scuttleful down the uncarpeted stairs of the next house,' said I decisively.

Here the same noise was repeated with even increased violence.

'They must have upset another scuttle,' added I calmly, for I always stick to a theory as long as I can.

'I smell soot,' said my wife with preternatural quiet.

I was up and out of the room like lightning, but the parlour-maid followed me on the instant, and laying her finger on her lip, she whispered: 'Hush! we mustn't frighten missus; but please, sir, the house is a-fire.'

'Where?' said I.

'Down, stairs, please, sir, and also above; it's the kitchen chimney: the flames is a-bustin out below into the middle of the room, besides coming out at the top. But the young man is a throwing buckets of bricks down it, to squench the conflagration, and that's the noise you heard.'

'The young man? *What* man?'

'Elizabeth's young man, please, sir; he was providentially just a-looking in when it broke out. He's just like a sweep, *he* is. You wouldn't know him, sir, with that there chimney.'

I certainly should not have known him, inasmuch as I had never set eyes upon him before; but I rushed up stairs three steps at a time to make his immediate acquaintance. His Elizabeth was in the attic, handing jugs and cans of water out of window to the Beloved Object, who, after a hazardous expedition up the slates of the sloping roof, emptied the liquid down the offending chimney-pot. He was certainly very sooty, and Elizabeth also had soot upon both her cheeks; but it was not a time for moral severity, so I took no notice of that.

'Do you want help?' inquired I.

'Well, yes, sir, I do: if you'd please to go on with this 'ere work, while I goes down for regular buckets, we'll soon get it under, bless yer.'

Whereupon he ran down stairs with exceeding speed, though not, as we discovered next morning, without leaving the most distinct impression of his shoes on the white drugget, and the marks of his hands on the delicately tinted walls. Then I squeezed myself out of the window (for I am rather stout) with considerable difficulty, and not without some confusion from the knowledge that Elizabeth was a witness to my struggles, and proceeded with my unwonted task. I had once been on the sloping roof before, in pursuit of the intruder above mentioned, and accompanied by a policeman, and I had thought the expedition amusing. We had crawled over Paradise Crescent, looking into all the attic windows, terrifying the housemaids in our turn—only in the name of the law—and witnessing many interesting scenes; but the present occasion was much more embarrassing and distasteful. In the first place, it was now night, and even with my glass stuck in my eye (without which I can't see a yard), I could not discern objects with any distinctness. I remembered that the parapet was low, and the

perpendicular fall (on to the area railings) about fifty feet. The slope of the roof was very steep, and even an Alpine climber (to being which I never made any pretensions) would have found it difficult to surmount with a can of water in his hand. In my first attempt, I upset all the water over myself, and had to return to Elizabeth for more, but in the second I overcame all difficulties, and reached the summit in triumph. I stood, I say, upon the topmost ridge, with the range of chimney-pots immediately under my nose, and so far master of the situation. But what was I to do then? There was no flame now visible to tell me which was the particular chimney in whose cause I had gone through so much. They all seemed to smoke with equal vehemence, and when I put my head down one of them and holloed out—as I knew was the mode adopted by sweeps when in search of topographical information—there was no answer, and the smoke was so stupifying, that I very nearly tumbled down it, can and all. There were eight pots in all, and therefore the odds were exactly seven to one against my hitting on the right one. Still, I was not going to carry that can back again to Elizabeth, full; so, placing its spout upon the red lip of the nearest chimney, and shutting my eyes and mouth, I emptied the contents to the last drop, and waited to see what would come of it. Nothing. No noise even. The water was either absorbed by the rich layers of soot, or else I had dashed it down so dexterously that it had never touched the sides at all, but had gone at once to the heart of the mischief. I was rather terrified at the silence, having expected a good splash; and slunk down the slates and in at the attic window, determined that the young man should finish the business unassisted. Elizabeth shrieked at my appearance, not recognising her respected master, so very great an alteration does the looking down chimneys produce on the human countenance, when it has previously been drenched in water; and even my wife looked twice before she said: 'My dearest John, for gracious' sake, don't touch the furniture before you've washed yourself.' She had not at that period examined the highly polished drawing-room fireirons, upon which an avalanche of soot had noiselessly descended, set in motion by my misdirected can of water.

The fire, however, was eventually 'got under' by the energetic young man, who, after receiving a donation in return for his services, pulled his forelock respectfully, and tendered me a very dirty visiting-card with his name and address on it. 'Them ere slates will want looking to, to-morrow morning, sir; you nearly came through them in one or two places. I'm a slater by trade myself, sir, and shall be happy to wait on yer. Being "a house of your own," you see, the landlord will never do it for you, for I knows 'em well.'

HOW THE LLAMAS GOT TO AUSTRALIA.

When the Spaniards first visited Peru, among other novelties that interested them was an animal which appeared to be a cross between the sheep and the camel, but which, as it partook more of the features of the former, they denominated *carneros de la tierra*, or sheep of the country. 'These animals,' writes one of the travellers, 'are of great use and profit to their masters. They are large enough to serve as beasts of burden; they can carry about one hundred pounds or more, and the Spaniards used to ride them, and they would go four or five leagues a day. Their wool is very good and fine, particularly that of the species called pacas (alpacas), which have very long fleeces. The expense of their food is trifling, as a handful of maize suffices them, and they can go four or five days without water. Their flesh is as good as that of the fat sheep of Castile.' Gregory of Bolivar estimated that in his day no fewer than three hundred thousand were employed in the transport of the produce of the mines of Potosi alone, while four million were annually slaughtered for food. The garments of the natives were also woven from their wool. This very serviceable animal was no other than that of which the three species are now known as the llama, alpaca, and vicugna.

The llama and the alpaca resemble each other closely, but the latter is somewhat shorter in the limbs, and possesses a more copious and silky fleece. The vicugna is much smaller and more agile than either of the others, and lives among the lofty crags and precipices of the Cordilleras, on the skirts of the region of perpetual snow. The Peruvian coast consists of a narrow strip of verdant land, from which abruptly ascend the steep slopes which lead to bleak and barren table-lands. On the top of the latter, at an elevation of from eight thousand to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the llamas and alpacas browse in herds on moss, lichens, and the rushy grass called *ycho*. There they are exposed to severe vicissitudes of climate. Snow lies on the ground for six, and sometimes eight months of the year. The winds are keen and boisterous, and storms frequent. These animals are no less remarkable, however, for their endurance than for their patience, docility, and intelligence. They shift for themselves with singular success even in the most unpromising localities, and require little attention from the shepherds. They accommodate themselves both to heat and cold, and can dispense with water for a long period. Now a days, they are little used as beasts of burden, but they are killed for the table, and their wool constitutes an important article of commerce. The staple of the wool is from eight to twelve, and sometimes even twenty inches long—that of English wool being seldom more than six inches long. The fleece also averages from ten to twelve pounds, whilst that of our sheep is seldom more than eight pounds. The filaments are of a soft, lustrous, silky character.

The Spaniards, who were active promoters of that useful science which has lately risen into notice under the somewhat awkward names of 'acclimation' and 'applied zoology,' introduced horses and cattle into America, and looking about for some animal to import, by way of exchange, into their own country, selected the llama. War, however, broke out, and the idea was dropped. It was revived several times, but was not carried out till the beginning of the present century, when a dozen llamas were deposited in the menagerie at San Luca, in Lower Andalucia. They throve very well for a time, but gradually died out, it is supposed, through an intermixture of breeds, which produced mules. Since then, the llama has been found to do very well in various parts of England and Ireland, and, better still, in some of the Highland districts of Scotland. In many respects, it is peculiarly adapted to Australia, and the problem of its settlement there appears to have been successfully determined.

The two great drawbacks to the breeding of sheep in Australia are the sparse herbage and the sudden droughts. The grass never forms turf; it grows in tufts, so that however green a plain may look at a little distance, the dark soil always discloses itself between the blades when you are near at hand. At the best, it takes from three to five acres to feed a single sheep, which, under less favourable circumstances, is apt to be exhausted before it can get a meal. But the llama has not only more energy and endurance, but is very well satisfied with the coarse vegetation which the sheep rejects; it can also do without water for an almost incredible time, so that it is independent of the treacherous water-courses, which suddenly dry up into beds of sand, and cause the sheep to perish of thirst.

These circumstances render this animal well suited to Australia. Many and serious obstacles had, however, to be overcome before the promising immigrant

could be introduced into the great southern continent. The government of Peru absolutely prohibited, under severe penalties, the exportations of any llamas; hence none could be shipped from a Peruvian port. Mr Ledger, an enterprising colonist, having made up his mind to bring a flock from Peru to New South Wales, conceived the daring design of smuggling them over the Andes, taking them to Chili overland, and there embarking them for their new home. This undertaking was attended with innumerable difficulties, dangers, and hardships. There is nothing very wonderful in smuggling such things as lace or tobacco, which can be easily secreted; but it was truly a bold and original idea to smuggle several hundreds of large living animals, which were jealously guarded as a national monopoly. The llamas could not travel very quickly; they had to feed by the way, and care had to be taken to avoid the observation and lull the suspicions of the authorities. Mr Ledger's intimate knowledge of two Indian languages and acquaintance with the customs of the natives, enabled him to get safely to the frontier, where nothing but great courage, aided by a bold stratagem, enabled him to elude a guard which was sent to arrest him. He succeeded in reaching Jujuy and Salta, in the extreme north of the Argentine Republic, and then, turning westward, he again crossed all the intricacies of the vast Cordillera into Chili. At length he had the satisfaction of starting with his whole flock from Copiapo, and soon after arrived in Australia, having devoted nearly four years of incessant labour to this object. He lost a number of the llamas (we use the word in its broad generic sense, without reference to species), but the majority of them were safely landed, and have since prospered even beyond expectation. They have rapidly increased, Mr E. Wilson states, in numbers, appear to be free from all diseases, and thrive better upon the indigenous herbage, even of the rougher and coarser descriptions, than when fed with clover, lucerne, or other cultivated grasses. Mr Ledger calculates that, in fifty years, the flock introduced by him will have increased to 9,760,000, yielding a clip of 68,320,000 pounds!

In consequence of the success of this experiment, it is probable that there will be a considerable export of llamas to Australia during the next few years. The Peruvian government, astounded at Mr Ledger's wholesale smuggling under their very eyes, have withdrawn their prohibition, and seem resolved, since they cannot prevent the traffic, to turn it to profitable account. Mr Duffield, a gentleman connected with an eminent house in South America, has obtained a 'concession' from the Peruvian and Bolivian authorities for the exportation of fifteen hundred pure alpacas, and has pledged himself to land the first five hundred in Australia by next October. This gentleman is now engaged in collecting the herd for which he has contracted. In a recent letter to Mr E. Wilson, written from Potosi, he says: 'What has pleased and rewarded me most for the horrible journeys I have passed, is in being able to verify by personal observation the important fact, that the alpaca will live and thrive in the hottest and coldest climates, enduring all rigours and trials of the most rapid change from one extreme to the other, provided the climate be dry. There was a time when the Peruvians were among the first agriculturists of their age (before Spain turned them all into slaves and miners), when the alpaca browsed in the moist and filthy atmosphere of the Peruvian coast; and if this intelligent and invaluable animal could live and thrive there, there is no part of Australia or New Zealand where it would not equally live and thrive. If you could see the hot, sandy desert where I met with these animals, or the bleak, barren, and horribly desolate mountains which they climb in search of a very precarious living for eight months of the year, you would wonder how those creatures live. Here and there, they will find a few dry ferns growing between barren rocks, or sheltered from the scorching heat between large stones. The ice-plant and its relations, with a few other green things, that only just peep out of the earth, and which no sheep could nibble, form the chief food of the alpaca, together with any hardy shrub which the Indian has not cut down for firewood. In short, they will live where a sheep would die; and one of the great benefits which this animal will confer on Australia will be, in the fulness of time, to make its waste, unconquered, and almost impenetrable lands as valuable as its glorious, broad, agricultural plains. The flesh of the llama requires to be known before any one, who has not tasted it, can believe in its flavour, which has a dash of fine mutton and luscious veal.'

One cannot help thinking there is something significant in the appearance of the llama on the Australian scene just at the moment when on all sides such energetic and successful explorers as M'Dowell, Stuart, Gregory, Howitt, Landsborough, and Walker are opening up vast tracts of new country, much of which is unsuitable for sheep and cattle, but admirably adapted for an animal less nice about its food, and less dependent on supplies of water. At the same time that such scope is offered to the enterprise in this respect, the demand for alpaca-wool continues on the increase. It is now rather more than twenty-five years since Mr Titus Salt first brought this material into vogue. He was walking one day through the Liverpool docks, when he observed a tuft of an odd-looking substance, half hair and half wool, projecting from a rent in a large bale. Always on the alert to discover some new material fit for weaving, he pulled out a handful of it, rubbed it between his fingers, twisted it, tried to snap it in two, separated it into fibres, and tested its qualities in various other ways. Then he took it home, and examined it more carefully. The result was, that next morning he made an offer for the bales of this new stuff to the firm to whom they had been consigned. As they had lain in the docks for some time, and as nobody seemed to know to what use the material could be applied, the agents would almost have been willing to give them away for nothing, rather than keep them on their hands. They were therefore equally surprised and delighted when Mr Salt offered to give them eightpence per pound for the whole consignment, and gladly closed with the bargain. This was the first introduction of alpaca-wool to the English market. Mr Salt, after many difficulties, succeeded in adapting his machinery to the spinning and weaving of the new wool, and has since been continually improving the processes. Other manufacturers took up the idea, and Bradford is now the flourishing seat of a great alpaca-trade. Mr Salt's own works at Saltaire contain twelve hundred power-looms, and produce annually, it is calculated, five thousand miles of webs. If the llama is naturalised in Australia, we may expect, before long, to see a great extension of this already important manufacture.

THE MAD SAVANT.

'Just take a look in here before you go, my dear English friend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the balcony I will tell you the story,' said Dr Frochot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin, to me, with professional *sang-froid*. The doctor, as he spoke, slid aside the little round piece of brass that hid a glazed aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborate pinch of snuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trestle-bed, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, prismatic pieces of glass that are used as ornaments to

chandeliers. Having counted them some twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. 'He has swooned; should he not have help, Dr Frochot?' said I to my friend the mad doctor.

'No; he is often so,' replied the imperturbable doctor; 'he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors have for ourselves?'

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and myself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped leaves of the lime-trees waver and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our cigars and sipped our *Hochheimer*. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patient was confined was far away from us, and separated from the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shriek could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, and the children from time to time ran out to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graufenclau's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the other on a china garden-seat, began his story:

You must know, my dear English friend, that in 1812—that is to say, exactly eighteen years ago—I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Davout's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45—then a well-known astronomer in Berlin—was also with the Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russia, and to record its variations. His name was Krautzer, and he was well known at that time in Berlin as an acute observer of great industry and sagacity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemic pursuits, which he had finally abandoned in disgust, only to give himself altogether up to place-hunting and money-making. We knew each other by sight, and I frequently saw him both during the advance and the retreat. The story I tell you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouth of his intimate friends, many of whom were acquaintances of mine.

But let me delay for a moment, my dear English friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Russia. Only yesterday an old country woman was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cottage. She described Napoleon as sitting on her small table, alternately consulting his maps, and cutting huge slices from a loaf that lay on the table. All his marshals were round him, and all day the troops moved past the doorway in dusty columns. The country girls were peeping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. 'Why do you look at me?' he said good-naturedly to one of the prettiest, chucking her under the chin as he spoke. 'I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows' (pointing to Davout and Murat). The old woman who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one years back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at Borodino.

We all know what happened then. The Emperor rose at three in the morning, called for a glass of punch, sent Rapp for the reports, and transacted business with Berthier till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. 'It is the enthusiasm of Austerlitz,' he said as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand. But a few days after, the Russians retreated, and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I daresay you have read a dozen times about this famous battle, but I cannot resist—pardon an old soldier—briefly reminding you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field-works; their right flank rested on an intrenched wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to Lemonskoie, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by redoubts and batteries; while in the centre, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davout wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Poniatowski therefore attacked their right and centre; while Ney tried to storm the redoubt in the centre; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemonskoie. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davout had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

Ma foi! those peasants in the gray frocks, encouraged by their bearded priests, with their painted images, fought like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals *hors-de-combat*, you may imagine that I had a busy time of it the day after the battle. I was the chief doctor in the great convent of Kolotskoi, where our wounded were brought. We had no lint or anything, and our hussars had to scour the country for linen and beds. I was up to my waist in legs and arms; and at night, when I went out to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groans from that great building rose as from a dying giant.

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russians had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were to advance on Krymskoie. We were all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night, as I was walking round the bivouac fires, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of firs, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krautzer, whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, tormenting an old Russian peasant, who knelt before them. They had each got a lighted brand, and were, I suppose, going to torture him into some sort of confession. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and gray greatcoats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a lean, haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currants. As he stood there in his greasy caftan and dirty boots, drawn over his trousers, I thought he might have passed muster for the very spirit of Avarice himself.

'Burn his beard off, great sir!' I heard him say to Krautzer; 'I tell you he knows all about the Rostopchin Palace.'

'And the celebrated Rostopchin jewels?' said Krautzer eagerly.

'Yes, everything. He was steward's man to the prince, and knows all the family secrets.' Then he

held his torch close to the eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap, and screamed for mercy.

'Burn his fingers off!' cried the Jew.

'Mercy! mercy! and I 'll tell all,' cried the peasant. 'All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third story, as you go up the grand staircase.'

'He 's lying,' said the Jew; 'my great sir, burn his toes off—do burn his toes off.'

I was just going to interfere, and had indeed spoken to Krautzer apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the but-end of his musket, told him with an oath not to ill-treat the Russian.

'We owe them a turn,' he said, 'and we 'll singe them with our cannon; but once prisoners, brave men should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your life, and no Jew or savant shall hurt you while I've a cartridge left. I've got an old father home in Auvergne just your age. Go, *mon enfant*.'

The old Russian did not probably understand a word the old *moustache* said to him, but he saw that Krautzer and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he saw the wood to which the grenadier pointed. That was enough. In a moment, he blundered through the fire, and ran off as hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back, and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of my mind, and I had my large family, my twenty thousand men, to look after.

At sunrise on the 14th of September, the vanguard reached a hill called the Mount of Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.

'Moscow! Moscow!' cried a hundred thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes shone in the sun; the huge triangular Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the trees.

As I stood among the crowd, I heard two harsh voices at my elbow. One said: 'Where—where is it?' The other replied: 'That is the Rostopchin Palace there among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin, by the Kolomna Gate. All will soon be ours now.'

I looked round: it was Krautzer and that carrion-crow of a Jew. They were evidently thinking of the Rostopchin jewels.

'Monsieur Krautzer,' I said, 'have you not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbidden all pillage?'

'I suppose we may take keepsakes,' he replied. 'But to what do you refer?'

'I was thinking,' I replied, 'of the malachite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace.'

'A peasant's lie,' said Krautzer, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his horse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beast of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man, or what common interest brought them together, I never could learn.

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Moscow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after noon.

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafés, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of a Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarters, and asked to what palace that led.

'That is the Rostopchin Palace, Frenchman,' said the prisoner, 'and contains furniture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican's plunderers.'

'We are no thieves,' I said. 'Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered, on pain of death, to prevent all pillage.'

'Ha!' says he, 'look there; they have begun already.'

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a window on the third story. I looked; it was Krautzer and that accursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopchin diamonds.

'Take charge of this officer,' I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me, 'and wait below. I have business here.'

'Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers,' muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign a reply.

I leaped through the shattered door, and in a moment was up the staircase. That moment a gun was discharged, and a bullet shivered the balustrade that my hand rested upon. I drew my sword, and ran into a room on the third story where the door was open.

I stumbled over a still smoking musket. There, in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautzer and the Jew, bending over a hole in the floor, from whence they had removed two layers of cedar-planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There, between them, was the malachite cabinet—the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. 'I don't know which of you it was who shot at me,' said I, 'but one of you it was. If it was this cursed Jew—who already I know to be a spy, and half suspect to be a murderer—I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautzer, I shall report you to Marshal Mortier.'

'I know what you want,' said Krautzer sullenly, looking up. 'Don't swagger. You want your share; well, then, here take it;' and so saying, he threw off the lid of the malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined recesses still bore the impress of tiaras, carcanets, chains, and bracelets. 'You see we were too late; other men had the fruit, and left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a thousand pardons, my dear doctor; but pray, keep this casket as a small remembrance of Moscow.'

I left the room with a curse, dashing the malachite box to pieces with a kick of my foot, and saw no more of Krautzer and his Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumour, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never knew a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautzer—fame, science, honour had all been sacrificed to that moloch.

That night, our ruin began—the Russians fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after began.

Every day, matters grew worse and worse. When one morning, on 6th November, at Dorogobuj, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, it grew worse and worse—thicker and thicker; and the Cossacks skimmed round us like Arabs round a plague-struck caravan. As Segur says grandly in his great work: 'In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tremendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress.' First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers,

prisoners, standards. At the convent of Kolotskoi, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wounded dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and bandaged, stretching out their arms, and praying us to take them with us. There was no ford but some wagons or guns were abandoned at it; no storm of Cossacks but swept off some miserable stragglers; no bivouac fire lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair frozen to the ground.

Pounded corn and horse-flesh had gradually been superseded by birch-bark and saw-dust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-half the wagons, so as to use the horses and draught oxen to help forward the artillery. Many of the cavalry, by the time we reached Studzianka—and many even of the Sacred Squadron, the five hundred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor—were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags, to replace their worn-out shoes. There were generals wrapped in women's pelisses. All discipline was rapidly going.

During the retreat, I had frequent glimpses of Krautzer, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we left Moscow, I had seen him riding beside the sumptuous carriage that contained the Russian lady of rank whom he had undertaken to convey to Paris. A day or two later, when we halted at the lake of Semelin, to throw into it the ancient armour, cannon, the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautzer and his charge were both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Emaciated, dirty, and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army. It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes, I can see him now, with the stern, gripped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black tress of hair fell. I was riding quietly along with the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautzer.

'Look at that man, Monsieur Frochot,' he said; 'observe how his holsters are stuffed out. The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. *Parbleu!* I would give a hatful of diamonds now myself to be safe in the Boulevards.'

'And look at that poor woman, *camarades*,' said a grenadier from the ranks—'how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid of the Cossacks. Brute! I should like to put a bullet through him!'

'And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of him,' cried a third fellow, with a red rag round his forehead—'follows him like a weasel does a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so.—Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes!'

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long lines of snow-hillocks, the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensko, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in a sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walking with almost bare feet, clinging to an old soldier, who had taken compassion on her; her hair was dishevelled, her rich dress had turned to rags. A day before we reached Smolensko, I came upon her body among a heap of camp-followers who had been speared by the Cossacks. The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, and even in the cruel selfishness of that terrible retreat, covered her face with some snow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings were over; she was beyond the reach of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that wretch Krautzer, he, intent on saving his plunder, was riding hotly on to Smolensko, hoping to be first to reach the ovens, where the Jews were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensko, with its half-burned walls and dismantled towers, hope once more revisited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried headlong to the ovens.

I found an infuriated mob of soldiers besieging the doors of the bakehouse where rations were to be distributed. Alarmed at their menaces, the frightened Jews were handing out lumps of the unbaked dough. Hundreds of bayonets were tossing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on door-steps, within arm's-length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men screaming for more bread, officers were seen clamouring loudly as the meanest camp-follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I saw Krautzer; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed holsters were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayonets were all round him before and behind, and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or down.

'Shoot the savant!' cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; 'soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he foresee the bad weather?'

'Bread, bread, accursed Jews! bread, dear Jews!' screamed out Krautzer, alternately wheedling and threatening.

'Bread, or we'll slay every Jew!' shouted the soldiers, tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for a bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautzer, and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsters with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hoarse voices, it is not possible that any alarm I could have given could have reached him. Suddenly I saw the holsters slide off, and the Jew stoop down and crawl under the horse's belly, and winding through the crowd, disappear down a side-alley.

'I think,' said I to an officer next me, 'that a Jew has robbed that man in front of us. I saw him cut off his holsters.'

'*Cha!*' said the officer I addressed; 'this is no time to look after thieves. Here, Jews—bread, bread; I'm starving; bread, Jew, or I'll fire my pistol.'

Presently from the ravenous crowd Krautzer emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

'Is there more to be got, Monsieur Krautzer?' I said.

'I don't know or care,' said the wretch; 'it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilna.'

At that moment, Krautzer's eyes happened to fall upon his saddle; he saw that his holsters were gone. He turned pale as a corpse, then suddenly his eyes kindled with the fire of incipient madness, and he drew his sword and advanced upon me.

'Villain! thief! it is you,' he said; 'give me the jewels, or I'll cut you to pieces.'

'Put up that sword, fool,' I said, 'or I'll shoot you down as I would a Cossack. It was that Jew who cut off your holsters, and ran down that lane.'

The sword fell from Krautzer's hands; his eyes

rolled in their sockets; he flung up his arms, rose in his stirrups, gave a ghastly scream, and then sank into a half-paralysed heap on the saddle, and rode slowly off down the lane I had indicated.

From that hour, the savant's reason failed him; that shock had stricken him to the brain; his conduct became gradually more and more wild and raving. He rode up and down among the ranks of the vanguard, like a madman, seeking for the Jew, calling his name, threatening him with death, praying him to take half the jewels, and surrender the rest. At last, raving, and threatening a general with his sword, Krautzer was arrested, and sent to the rear with the sick. It was then I was sent to see him, and pronounced him mad.

I need scarcely remind you of the horrors of the Beresina, when about thirty thousand of our soldiers perished. I, however, passed my wounded over early in the day, and escaped safe to Wilna. Krautzer has been with me ever since, the Prussian government paying for his support. He will never recover; his brain is softening; I give him two years longer to live.

The rascal Jew was never again heard of; but a year or so after my return, I happened to see an advertisement in an Amsterdam paper, announcing the sale of some valuable jewels, diamond brooches, sapphire necklace, and tiaras—'rarest water,' 'greatest lustre,' &c.—the property of Moses Levi. The next paper contained a paragraph stating that the jewels previously advertised had been bought in by one of the leading jewellers of Paris for the Rostopchin family, to whom it had been discovered they belonged, having been stolen during the time that the French held Moscow. These were the fatal jewels for which Krautzer had committed so many crimes.

Thanking the doctor for his interesting story, I rose to go, for it was getting late. As he opened the front door for me, a tall, pale, thin woman, clothed in black, glided into the house, and passed into the porter's room.

'There,' said the doctor, 'behold a proof of the imperishability of woman's love! Talk of asbestos—talk of granite; that poor woman, twenty years ago, was engaged to be married to Krautzer. She visits him every day, and has done so for years. He does not know her, and he does not care for her visits; still she comes.—Have another cigar, to smoke going home? You won't? Very well. Good-night.'

HOTELS.

Hospitality ranked among the first of the barbaric virtues. It was necessary in wild countries and among small communities, that those who were compelled to travel should find food and shelter wherever the welcome smoke announced a human abode. Logan in his wigwam, deep in the gloomy shade of the forest, gave as kind a welcome to the wayfarer as an Arab sheik could have done; and, half a century ago, even the mountain districts of our own isles, Connaught and Kerry, Wales and the Highlands, were famous for the patriarchal fashion in which a stranger was received and feasted, and in due course passed on from castle to hall, and from grange to abbey, among swarms of new friends, to whom his very name was before unknown.

In the old days—and in this respect all days except our own are entitled to be classed as old—none travelled but on compulsion. Actual business was needed to conjure our forefathers out of their homes; and the very few who went to see the world were sure to be poets, artists in love with nature, enthusiastic students, or, at anyrate, persons of marked character; but when travel became a universal fashion, it was not to be expected that in even the most rugged regions the old rules would hold good. Central Europe, and the most populous portions of Asia and Africa, very early gave up the antique institutions of the open door and open hand.

Rome and Greece knew very little of real inns, but both had taverns, where strangers were occasionally lodged, and the former instituted the *osteria*, such as we still see it in Italy—a slovenly place of entertainment, where those who pleased might bring their own forage and provisions, but where the host was ready to supply those who could pay for meals and horse-provender. Persons of importance were either housed by the magistrates, or travelled with such a train of sumpter-horses as rendered them independent of the innkeeper's humble larder, and the latter's receipts arose rather from rent than the sale of viands and liquor. Rich merchants were apt to find pleasanter lodging in a town than the rough osteria afforded, and the chief customers of classical Boniface were swarthy muleteers, bluff yeomen attending markets, or persons on their way to some famous temple or shrine.

The East had a most peculiar substitute for hotels, which seems to have been the invention of the Turco-Tartar race. The caravansary, or palace of travellers, was always roomy, and often justified its pompous title by stateliness and splendour. These buildings, otherwise called khans, are thickly distributed over Western Asia, and their ruins are to be found on far-off steppes of Tartary Proper. Mighty sophis and sultans boasted of the numerous piles of this kind which they had founded for the benefit of trader and devotee—how they had reared the massive ramparts, studded the gates with iron, and spared neither marble nor skill to decorate the interior. A work of this sort was held as a charitable action; and, in truth, the caravansary, with its solid walls and stout portals, is a welcome haven to the voyagers in dread of thievish tribes and midnight attacks. The caravansary never, in its palmiest days, possessed a real landlord, still less a staff of waiters and chambermaids, a bar, and the other adjuncts of a genuine hotel. It had a keeper or *khanji*, who dwelt in a porter's lodge beside the archway, and who was generally very careful in reconnoitring visitors through a grating before he let them in. The duty of this man was to give each traveller the key of his chamber, to sweep it out, and perhaps lay a mat on the floor; to shew the well, and the stable where the quadrupeds might be tethered, and to call any barber or other person required. For this he received a small fee from each lodger; but he presented no bill, and, indeed, the place was Liberty Hall, and every one did as best pleased him. The caravansaries are in ruins now, but such of them as are habitable afford fine studies for a painter or a student of manners. It is worth while to secure a room in one of those rambling corridors, merely to stand in the gallery at evening, and look down at the huge square courtyard, with all its gaudy groups around the ruddy watch-fires, as the light flickers on the snaky-necked camels and gaily-caparisoned horses; on the spears and turbans, the many-hued apparel and varying complexion of those who eat, cook, smoke, bargain, sing, or squabble, with a serene indifference to their neighbours.

The inns of the middle ages were wretched enough, according to the fragmentary notices of their condition which have reached our time; but they provoked little grumbling. Travelling was an uncomfortable employment, but then people believed discomfort to be an integral part of travel. The inns were dirty and cheerless, but the extortions of the landlords elicited almost the sole complaints. When the reckoning was moderate, guests were not over-critical, and good wine condoned many shortcomings. Rabelais seemed to think that, but for the 'sad quarter of an hour' spent in remonstrating about the bill, inns would be sufficiently cheerful places.

Erasmus has bequeathed us a verbal photograph

of the continental houses of entertainment, such as they appeared to the keen, sensible eyes of the great scholar. We can ill comprehend the patience, amounting to pusillanimity, of the generation which brooked such dens as these. The landlord was Sir Anthony Absolute in a vintner's apron, with a few of the agreeable qualities of Harpagon and Tartuffe in addition. He bullied and browbeat his unfortunate middle-class guests without mercy or scruple. Complaints were rebuffed by a blunt request to seek quarters elsewhere—no pleasant alternative when hostels were few and far between. It was needful to be a great noble, with a great noble's well-filled purse and retinue of swashbucklers, to be exempt from the sway of these awful autocrats of the spigot and soup-ladle. The poor gentleman, the student, the merchant, were the slaves of their landlord so long as they were beneath his roof. In England, this was not the case. Prediger Stoffman or Ritter Schwillerstein might be compelled to eat, sleep, and move according to the inexorable rules laid down by that high and mighty potentate, Mynheer Kwarterkaak; but Sir John Falstaff could take his ease in his inn, unquestioned monarch of his sanded parlour and sack posset. The inns of England long merited the reputation of being the best in Christendom; they alone had silk hangings, tapestry, good beds, good fare. Better still, they offered a kindly and civil welcome, the British host or hostess being the servant, not the taskmaster of the travelling public. Accordingly, the praise of inns, from such handsome places of entertainment as the Fountain or the Three Cranes, down to the 'honest alehouse,' whither Piscator and his pupil carried their fresh-caught trout, was no uncommon theme for poet or biographer.

English inns were not, as a rule, extravagantly dear. It was a point of etiquette, that no traveller whose bill included a bed and a bottle of wine should be charged anything for his horse's keep. It was also held fitting that a solitary guest should now and then invite mine host to drink a glass of his own sherries or Rochelle, and many landlords were thought excellent company, since they could troll a jovial song, cap jokes with all-comers, and tell the latest news of the country-side. The hotels at Dover, at Canterbury, and in other halting-places along the frequented road between London and the coast, drove a roaring trade. It is matter of history how the Spanish and French ambassadors were fleeced, many hundred pounds being extracted from their excellencies' pockets for one night's accommodation of themselves and their large suite; but our own government forced the innkeeping Cacus to disgorge his plunder. The unpretending country hostelries must really have been capital of their kind, with their lavender-scented linen, their gardens gay with roses, and the sun shining genially on the honeysuckle-shadowed porch, the diamond-paned lattices, and the clean floors and old oak furniture.

We islanders were fond and proud of our inns. It was said that an Englishman was never so much at home as when enjoying their purchased hospitality. He did not, to be sure, desire to travel; but when he was obliged to ride from home, his average day's progress was but twenty miles. Under such circumstances, it was no trifling comfort to the horseman, delayed by floods or alarms of robbers, to be well lodged and well fed, with a prospect of polite intercourse by the way. All this insular snugness contrasted with the gaunt barracks, the dirty auberges, the bare barns, which did duty for inns in Germany, France, and Italy. It contrasted especially with the flea-haunted Spanish posadas, where the muleteers and their beasts slept on the same straw, and where he who did not bring his dinner with him was likely to go to bed fasting.

The fast coaches did some harm to British inns, which really seemed to thrive in an inverse ratio to the facilities for travelling. Old gentlemen who had been used to trot from York or Exeter to London on a steady crop-tailed roadster, or to crawl in the tedious long stage, now protested that everything went wrong. These venerable seniors growled as their sons and grandsons growled at the railways. Those pestilent *Highflyers* and *Butterflies*, they vowed, gadding along at the break-neck speed of ten or twelve miles an hour, were destroying the old comfort of the English inn; and landlords, chamberlains, and drawers grew daily more roguish.

A new principle certainly sprung up—that of making as good a harvest as possible in a brief space. Your delightful old wayfarer of Evelyn's time came jogging up to the door before dusk, called for his nag after breakfast, took his stirrup-cup, and rode off when he had exchanged courteous salutations with the hearty host and buxom landlady. Time was of no object to him. He would argue the point, in case of overcharge, and perhaps decide the difference by chuck-farthing or a bout at quarter-staff. At anyrate, he was respected as an old 'true penny,' sure to come again.

But the *Tallyho* dashed madly up to the door, with twanging horn and stamping steeds, and poured forth a coach-load of cramped 'insides' and muffled 'outsides,' to dine or sup in twenty minutes sharp. The old coach-dinner was a wretched affair, with its smoking joints, fiery-hot potatoes, clattering plates, and medley of hurried passengers eating as if life were at stake. There were knots of corpulent red-faced men, in rough coats and with shawls knotted round their short necks, who risked actual apoplexy in the desire to absorb a fair half-crown's worth of solid food; who bolted beef, swallowed great slices of ham, made cruel havoc among apple-tarts and cheese, and yet found breath to roar 'Waiter, waiter,' at every second mouthful. There was the genteel widow, who took possession of the tea-pot, who trifled with the buttered toast, and who finished by carrying off a treasure of sandwiches in her reticule. There was the shy young gentleman, or perchance the awkward school-boy, who got nothing to eat, being too bashful to bawl and scramble as others did, and thus starved amid plenty. There was—— But the guard has tossed off his ale, and is executing a shrill solo on his horn, and the mail sweeps off again.

It is not wonderful that innkeepers and their subordinates should soon have learned to look on passengers as a fisherman looks on a mackerel shoal. Travellers lost their individuality, and became Number 54 or Number 9. Dame Quickly had no longer the leisure to look after Falstaff's pet dishes and sack flagon, but regarded him simply as the stout gentleman just arrived by the *Comet*, and who wanted a chop in the coffee-room. Posting, too, the most lucrative part of a hotel business on the grand roads, was very mechanically managed. First turn out, second turn out, were called for as steaks and oyster-sauce are ordered in a London tavern. Travellers grumbled plentifully; bills, they said, grew higher, and servants became more eager for fees, in proportion to the increase in the flippancy of waiters and the pertness of waiting-maids. Betty Chambermaid was nothing to equal the Betty of fifty years back—a kindly, smiling lass, who thought more of making the pilgrim comfortable than of fleecing him. Richard, the waiter, was a sorry presentment of nimble Dick, the drawer, or Will Chamberlain; boots was a licensed brigand; and the host and hostess were myths. Indeed, from 1800 to about 1835, the landlord and landlady of a great hotel made money much too rapidly for their heads not to be in some degree turned by the golden flood. Some Bonifaces drove out with four horses, and had mail-phaetons, drags, and cockaded grooms, and many were able to live in a style very superior to that of the bulk of their guests.

The peace, however, sapped the foundation of the British innkeeper's fortune; it unsealed the continent,

and sent a stream of money-spenders abroad, as well as overthrew the artificial system of high prices at home. Ale could no longer be a shilling a quart, nor bread a shilling a loaf, nor claret and champagne from fifteen shillings to a guinea a bottle. Rents fell, corn cheapened, the whole inflated price-list collapsed like a burst bubble. Englishmen and, above all, Englishwomen sallied forth like so many errant champions, to reform continental hotels. Their gold and murmurs did wonders. At that time, the Milor Anglais was believed in and respected by high and low. He found the inns of old Europe either bleak and dirty barns, or vile little pothouses; and it does great honour to foreign docility that the improvement should have been so prompt. Yes, a Briton may stand on the quay at Boulogne, and cry: 'Alone I did it.' Those huge Rhine hotels, those monstrous palaces in Switzerland, whose ample proportions are in good keeping with the cliffs and peaks around, the enormous and well-managed establishments to be found wherever the tide of travel flows, are all founded in behoof of Mr, Mrs, and the Misses Bull.

A great deal of capital has been sunk, from Prussia to the Pyrenees, in building and decorating fine hotels, which a general war must shut up in bankrupt emptiness. Americans and Russians, no doubt, are now esteemed at least as good customers as our insular selves; but the roar of cannon drives travellers away, of whatever stock they may be. Foreign hosts are sanguine mortals on the subject of a continued peace, no war being accounted serious in which Britannia does not clash with France.

In many respects, a good foreign hotel certainly carries away the palm from what is called a good English one. At home, when Mr and Mrs Bull arrive, tired and belated, at the Omnium Arms, they are inducted into a great gloomy sitting-room on the ground-floor, with funereal curtains, heavy furniture, and a pair of tall candles flickering in gigantic plated candlesticks, while they know that their sleeping apartment will be distant two pair of stairs and two-thirds of a corridor. 'This is the sitting-room, sir. Dolphin-room, sir. Yes, mem, the bedroom is Number 45,' says John the waiter, as he ushers in the wayfarers. John is solemn, the chambermaid is probably tart and vinegarish of aspect, the bar resembles a glass-case or vivarium, full of astonishing young ladies with exuberant ringlets, spruce attire, and black eyes that express depreciatory criticism of all they look upon. If Shenstone really never found a warmer welcome than in such an inn as this, the poor man was much to be pitied.

Abroad, Mr and Mrs Bull would be inducted into a pretty little fairy suite of apartments, where the sitting-room would, by opening into the bedchamber, spare the travellers that awful tramp up and down the tall flights of stairs, and through the bewildering labyrinth of delusive passages, which we all remember to have sighed at. The Bulls might count on being received by a bowing host, a smiling landlady, and attendants of both sexes who had actually found out that it was possible to be respectful without ceasing to be human, and to do their duty without looking like mutes at a funeral. The clocks and vases, the mirrors and pretty gimcracks, would have a home-look in Mrs Bull's eyes, incomparably pleasanter than the plated candlesticks, grim cruet-stand, and sideboard of dead-looking mahogany, with which the Omnium Arms proposes to fascinate its customers.

No parallel holds good throughout, and there are matters in which our island Bonifaces leave the continentals far behind. It is a curious thing that to the railways, which immolated the old order of hotels, we owe the new growth of those palatial structures which are reared by joint-stock companies, and managed with methodical regularity. The antique inns had been toppling, even before the iron avalanche overwhelmed them, and they sank at once before the triumphant march of the steam-horse. Away to the fair or market went wheelers and leaders, teams of bays and teams of grays, the mettled nags that ran in the *Foxhunter*, the steady roadsters that tugged the heavy *Paul Pry*. First turn out and second turn out turned out with a vengeance, and never darkened the stable-doors again. The gay postilion jackets went to Rag Lane; the bright yellow chaises were useless, save for firewood; hostlers and boys competed for grooms' places. Closed shutters, a cold kitchen, and a shorn household, marked the decline and fall of the old posting hotel.

Then a new state of things arose. It was quite true that many towns and villages were left high and dry, helpless as fish out of water, by the rail's victory over the road. But others were on a line of railway, or so near it that an omnibus could run to the next station, and thus sprung up the new plan at which Theodore Hook scoffed so bitterly. People went faster than of old, faster and further, but they sometimes required houseroom and food, and a reasonable amount of money was yet to be made. One condition was attached, and that was that profits, or rather charges, were to be cut down to suit what advertising innkeepers call the spirit of the age, and which demands a pennyworth for a penny, and declines, as a rule, to give twopence.

In America, meanwhile, had started into existence a crop of hotels, actual Anakim to any with which we of the Old World were acquainted. They were such as suited a population, not only of travellers, but of moderately well-to-do persons who hated the trouble of housekeeping, and had slight taste for domesticity. The American caravansaries had and have their fixed charges. The most modest arithmetician can reckon without his host, and knows to a cent his expenditure. For so many dollars a day each guest can subsist; all dine together, and dine splendidly; all have an equal right in the handsome drawing-rooms, the gay bar, the fine reading-rooms, and the saloons for smoke and billiards. It is a phalanstery, where those who can pay live in a not unpleasant Socialism; and so attractive are these hotels, that many young couples never go into housekeeping at all, and children are bred up to play about the corridors, and to regard Number 488 as the home of their infancy.

That these hotels have considerable merit, is certain. Every bedroom has its endless supply of hot and cold water and of gas, obtainable by a motion of the hand; the table is copiously supplied; and a stranger is not sorry to find himself under the same roof with a swarm of educated people, quite devoid of stiffness or shyness, and willing to amuse and be amused. But there are drawbacks. The attendance is nominal, and your only hope of attention is from a black waiter; while even coloured men are sometimes too republican to comply with an order issued out of hours. As for the chambermaids, those terrible Irish helps who have added to their native untidiness the fullest faith in the dogma that all men (and women) are free and equal, it is quite as well not to depend too much on their good offices. An American hotel must be a dreadful place to be ill in. So long as the traveller is healthy, hardy, and in good spirits, all goes merrily; but he is but a cog in the vast mechanism, and is painfully made to feel himself out of tune on the minutest deviation from the rules of the place.

The newest species of giant hotels in Britain and in France are superb in many respects, but are apt to give a traveller rather a disheartening sense of his personal insignificance. He feels very small in face of all this drilled bustle and organised hurrying. His number weighs on him with a crushing weight. Somehow, he experiences sensations a good deal like those of a captive in the mines of Siberia, who is told that he is dead to the world, save as 7790. Yet he must

carry the hideous arithmetical shadow about with him from coffee-room to bar, from chamber to smoking-room, and cannot get so much as a draught of bitter beer without signing a cheque for it as Sixty-six, B. Few of us quite like this. Our own identity is dear to us; and it is no pleasure to Mr John Smith to be perpetually and ostentatiously reminded that it is too much trouble for the attendants of the Circular Junction to recollect his humble patronymic. Many a man sighs, as the majestic porter claps on his head the extinguisher of his new designation from 1 to 1000, for the old half-fabulous days when the traveller had an individuality of his own.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

MODERN AMAZONS.

EVER since the days of Queen Thalestris, there have been ladies who have aspired to be gentlemen, and despised their own position, no matter by what complimentary terms—such as 'Better Halves,' 'The Gentler Portion of Creation,' 'Guardian Angels,' &c.—their sex has been designated. Joan of Arc, we are told, could not restrain herself from putting on the male armour that was so ensnaringly placed in her dungeon, although she knew that she would be burned for it. Her passion for wearing the Unwhisperables was not to be controlled.

Metaphorically speaking, and in the sense of wishing to rule, thus it has ever been and is with all her sisterhood, as every married man is well aware, but the actual inducement of the garments in question is comparatively rare. The ladies who have gone to that length are generally, it seems, not only strong-minded but strongly built, with a turn for warfare as decided as Joan herself; and they commonly enlist in one of the two military services, of which the army is the more popular, in spite of that rapid naval promotion of the female sailor with which we are all familiar through ballad:

> Which when the captain comed for to hear on 't,
> Very much applauded o' what she'd done,
> And he made her the first-lieutenant
> Of the gallant *Thunder-bomb*.

With the maiden name of Mrs Christian Davies we have not been able to acquaint ourselves, but she was born in Dublin about 1667, the daughter of a brewer, at that period in good circumstances, but who afterwards lost all his property as well as his life (in the battle of Aghrim) through adherence to James II. Of her early years, we know little, but it is on record that she preferred a country life to residence in town, was expert in following the plough and using the flail, and greatly given to riding horses across country without a side-saddle, or indeed *any* saddle, nor did she sit sideways. In Ireland, such eccentricities are easily pardoned, and she found a suitor in the Rev. Thomas Howel, Fellow of Dublin College, her first-cousin, by whom, however, she was discreditably jilted. She afterwards married Richard Welsh, a person in humbler circumstances, and by him had three children. On a certain day, her husband having gone to pay a brewer some money, failed to return; and all inquiries being without effect, he was given up by his inconsolable widow as having been privately murdered. At the expiration of a year, however, she received a letter from him, relating how he had been inveigled, while intoxicated, on board a transport-ship, and had joined the army in Flanders as a recruit.

On the receipt of this intelligence, Mrs Welsh placed her children with a nurse, dressed herself in a suit of her husband's clothes, and enlisting under the name of Christopher Welsh, herself set sail for the scene of war. She found the army at Landen, on the eve of a general engagement, in which she took part with distinguished courage, and was recompensed with a musket-ball in the foot, which incapacitated her from service for two months. After that, she was taken prisoner by the French, but soon exchanged. Her solicitude for the concealment of her sex led her to pretend to the character of a gay Lothario, and she challenged and dangerously wounded a rival suitor for the hand of a burgher's daughter at Gorkum, for which offence she was discharged from her regiment. Enlisting in Lord John Haye's dragoons, the honours of paternity were forced upon her by an untruth-speaking damsel of Namur, and she paid for the infant's maintenance without grudging, since, strangely enough, such a charge established her reputation. She could hear no tidings of her husband throughout the campaign, but liked her mode of life so well, that after a short residence at home, she again rejoined the same regiment, and was present with it in all the principal engagements of 1702 and 1703 under the Duke of Marlborough. She was shot in the hip at the battle of Donauwörth in such a manner that the ball could never be extracted, and yet, though remaining in the hospital at Schellenberg for many weeks, her sex was not discovered. On the field of Hochstadt, she recognised her husband—whom she had not seen for twelve years—in a regiment brigaded with her own, and after the contest, revealed herself to his astonished but not altogether delighted eyes. He had been married in the interval to a Dutchwoman, and gave our heroine to understand that he was very well content with his present spouse. Mrs Welsh the first, being a person of high spirit, did not stoop to supplication, but, on the contrary, promised the faithless Richard the sharp edge of her dragoon's sword if he ever ventured to breathe a word of her secret; and yet, singularly enough, the dissevered pair were excellent comrades, and as such seem to have enjoyed one another's society.

At the battle of Ramillies, a shell struck this gallant lady on the head, and fractured her skull, upon which she was compelled to be trepanned, and while under treatment, her sex was at last discovered. She was in consequence dismissed from the military service, and undertook the duties of the camp-kitchen, the officers of her late regiment furnishing her with all the requisites of female attire. These may be said to have been her second *trousseau*, for her husband being killed in action, she almost immediately wedded one Hugh Jones, a grenadier, who in his turn fell in the attack on St Venant, a few weeks afterwards. On the conclusion of the war, Mrs Jones was presented by the Duke of Argyle, her commander, to the queen, from whom she received a considerable gratuity. On her return to Ireland, she found her mother yet alive—upwards of a hundred years old—but two of her three children had died. In Dublin, she was married for the third time to a soldier named Davies, for whom she obtained a situation in Chelsea Hospital; while, in addition to the bounty above alluded to, the government awarded a small pension to her for life.

The above lady was exceptionally fortunate in her career. The assumption of the masculine apparel, without being absolutely criminal, yet seldom fails to bring its fair wearers into collision with the law; it also subjects them to oppression, as in the following case, from any unprincipled person who may have chanced to have discovered their secret. In 1731, a girl named Mary East was engaged to be married to a young man for whom she entertained the strongest affection; but upon his taking to evil courses, or, to tell the whole truth, being hanged for highway robbery, she determined to run no risk of any such disappointment from the opposite sex in future. A female friend of hers having suffered in some similar manner, and being of the like mind with herself, they agreed to pass for the rest of their days as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. The question of which should be the husband was decided by

lot in favour of Mary East, who accordingly assumed the masculine habit, and under the name of James How, took a small public-house at Epping for himself and consort. Here, and subsequently at other inns, they lived together in good repute with their neighbours for eighteen years—during which neither experienced the least pang of marital jealousy—and realised a considerable sum of money. The supposed James How served all the parish offices without discovery, and was several times a foreman of juries. While occupying the *White Horse* at Poplar, however, his secret was discovered by a woman who had known him in his youth; and from that time the happy couple became the victims of her extortion. First five, then ten, then one hundred pounds were demanded as the price of her silence, and even these bribes were found to be insufficient. At last, however, the persecutor pushed matters too far, and killed the goose that laid such golden eggs. James brought the whole matter before a magistrate, and attired, awkwardly enough, in the proper garments of her sex, herself witnessed against the offender, who was imprisoned for a considerable term. Exposure, however, of course followed upon the trial, and the *White Horse* had to be disposed of, and the landlord and landlady to retire from public life into retirement. After thirty-four years of pretended matrimony, Mrs How died; the disconsolate widower survived long afterwards, but never again took to himself another spouse. Neither husband nor wife had ever been seen to dress a joint of meat; nor did they give entertainments to their friends like other couples; neither, although in excellent circumstances (having acquired between three and four thousand pounds), did they keep man-servant or maid-servant, but Mary East served the customers and went on errands, while her wife attended solely to the affairs of the house.

But perhaps the most singular story connected with this transmigration of sex is that of Mary Anne Talbot, otherwise John Taylor. According to her own account, this lady was a natural daughter of Earl Talbot, steward of his majesty's household, and was born in 1778 at the house of Mr Gosling the banker, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. After being tolerably educated, she was put under the care of a Mr Shuker in Shropshire, who behaved towards her in a very cruel manner; her father having died, the money for her maintenance was paid with regularity to this gentleman, who seems to have had no dislike to that arrangement, but only to the charge which it entailed upon him. Having brought the girl up in an entire ignorance of the world, and almost as a prisoner, he threw her in the way of a certain Captain Bowen, in whose company she quitted her guardian's house, under pretence of being placed at a school in London. So completely did she fall into the power of this scoundrel, that when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, he compelled her to accompany him on board the transport in the capacity of his footboy, under the name of John Taylor, by which she was ever afterwards known. At St Domingo, orders were received countermanding their destination, which was changed to Flanders, and the poor girl was forced to become a drummer-boy, under pain of being sold as a slave by her gallant proprietor. 'This new position was only mitigated,' says she, 'by the fact, that I was less immediately compelled by it to endure the sight of a man now rendered to me detestable.'

Still, when the captain was slain at the taking of Valenciennes, the young woman sought for, and discovered his body, and shed a tear or two over his miserable fate. Her next step was desertion from the army. Compelled by destitution, she engaged as cabin-boy on board of a French lugger, which was presently captured by the English fleet. Being carried before Lord Howe, on board the *Queen Charlotte*, John Taylor was in great danger of being hanged as a sailor acting against his country, but his woman's wit made out so good a story that he obtained pardon without the necessity of playing that last card, to be kept for great emergencies; namely, the discovery of his sex. Stationed as powder-monkey on board the *Brunswick*, he shared in the great action of the 1st of June, during which that famous ship engaged three seventy-fours at once, and that so closely, that she was unable to haul up her lower port-lids, but obliged to fire through them. Our heroine, who describes herself as by no means intimidated under these trying circumstances, received a shot in the left ankle, which gave her excruciating pain, and more or less crippled her for life. After four months of Haslar Hospital, however, she obtained a partial cure, and joining the *Vesuvius* bomb, belonging to the squadron under Sir Sydney Smith, was taken prisoner with the rest of the crew by a privateer near Dunkirk, and lodged in a French jail until exchanged. Having experienced enough of warfare, Miss Talbot now engaged himself as steward on board the *Ariel*, Captain Field, bound for New York. His commander entertained so high a regard for him that he took him to his own home in Providence State, where a singular misfortune befell him. Miss Field, a niece of the captain's, became passionately enamoured of his favourite; offered to marry him, although it was not leap-year; and when he departed to join the ship, 'went into convulsions,' so that he had to be recalled to bring her to herself again. At last, he was only permitted to depart under a solemn promise to come back after a single voyage to England, and make her Mrs Taylor, and that he never did so was doubtless reckoned among the crimes of faithless Man.

But the hour was fast arriving when John Taylor was once more to be known as Mary Anne Talbot. Having left his ship in the Thames, and gone into Wapping 'on a spree' (we use the lady's very words), he and his friends were seized by the press-gang, and after a desperate resistance (in which he got his head cut open), were carried on board what was called by a frightful misnomer 'the Tender.' He had about him his protection as an American, but the mate of the *Ariel*, his rival in the affections of Miss Field, divulged the fact that he was an Englishman. In this emergency, our wounded hero was compelled to demand his release upon the delicate ground of being a female; when the chagrin of the lieutenant who had captured her was only equalled by the astonishment of Mr John Jones, the malignant mate. Miss Talbot then sent for Captain Field, and made the same confession, and resisting his invitation to continue in the sea-service, although pressed with great earnestness, purchased certain feminine garments, which caused her excessive inconvenience, and began housekeeping in East Smithfield.

From this time, her biography is a record of her attacks upon the Admiralty for pay and prize-money, and upon the crown for a pension. At the Navy Pay-office in Somerset House, the people being of the ordinary rude and supercilious type, Miss Mary Anne Talbot made use of language that seems to have given great offence, and which caused her to be brought (in sailor's costume) before the sitting magistrate in Bow Street. This incident, which promised at one time rather unpleasantly, only terminated in a public subscription for her benefit. A number of good people 'took her up' in consequence of the police having done so, and for a little while she was in tolerable circumstances. Many of her benefactors, however, being conventional in their morality, objected to her 'smoking and drinking grog more than what became a female,' and in particular, to her reassuming her late nautical garb, and seeking the company of some messmates she had known on board the *Brunswick*, and entertaining them at *The Coach and Horses*, opposite Somerset

House, with the money she had received in charity. The grape-shot in our heroine's ankle, too, began to trouble her, 'the reason of which,' she naïvely confesses, 'I imagine, proceeded from the wound breaking out afresh in consequence of my too free use of spirituous liquors.' Diseased and poverty-stricken, her case became truly pitiable, until another misunderstanding with the law once more introduced her to public notice. She was informed against, and carried before the commissioners of the Stamp-office for wearing powder in her hair without a licence. 'It is true,' confesses she, 'that I have worn a little powder in my hair whenever I have had occasion to call at the house of noble persons to whom I have made known my case; but I have much more frequently made use of it in defence of my king and country.' The commissioners, of course, immediately made a handsome collection for her, and the public, as before, made haste to endorse their generosity.

One of the more legitimate uses to which Miss Mary Anne Talbot put the money thus received, was to go down to her old enemy Mr Shuker, in Shropshire, and frighten him to death. She drew a sword upon him at least, according to her own confession, 'and in less than three days he was found dead in his bed, without any previous appearance of illness.' A little while after this achievement, she was presented to the queen, and received from her royal hand some temporary pecuniary assistance. Still, her finances were not in a satisfactory state, and she was obliged to join a theatrical company in the Tottenham Court Road, where her salary for playing Lady Helen in the *Children in the Wood*, and Jack Hawser in *Banyan Day*, was exceedingly limited. She was like a child in the wood herself, poor thing, and it was generally banyan-day with her. She was even locked up in a sponging-house in Carey Street, and afterwards removed to Newgate for a debt of eleven pounds. 'Stone walls do not a prison make,' however, to one like our heroine; she merely remarks upon the circumstance: 'A new scene in life now opened to my view, and finding many of my fellow-prisoners of a congenial temper with my own, I frequently joined in parties of conviviality hardly to be credited in this place. These pleasures, however, were confined to a certain time, as my station in the woman's ward compelled a separation by ten o'clock, at which hour the wards are separately locked.' The 'Society for Relief of Persons confined for Small Debts' at last obtained Mary Anne Talbot's discharge, and a pension from the royal bounty placed her for the remainder of her days above the reach at least of destitution.

The above are among the most interesting of Modern Amazons on record; but they are culled from quite a host. The reverse transformation—the putting on of petticoats by a male—is on the other hand a very rare event. The talents of the Fair are more versatile than those of the sex which calls itself superior; and ignominious discovery generally awaits the man who would play the woman. The most famous case of deception of this nature is that of the Chevalier D'Eon. This individual was born of a good family at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, in 1727; was well educated, and distinguished himself both as a barrister and an author at an early age. At eight-and-twenty, he entered the diplomatic service of Louis XV.; was secretary of legation to St Petersburg, and so pleased the Empress Elizabeth that on his withdrawal from that city she presented him with a very handsome amount of rubles and her own miniature. He afterwards entered the military service as captain of dragoons and aide-de-camp to Marshal de Broglio. In 1761, D'Eon was secretary of legation to the French ambassador in London, and upon his chief's departure was actually appointed plenipotentiary in his room, and filled that important office for eight months. He was also made Chevalier of the order of St Louis, and enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign to such a degree that he never lost it throughout his subsequent escapades. When superseded by the Count de Guerchy, however, he took that indignity with such a bad grace, that he threw off his allegiance, and published a pamphlet exposing the designs of the French court, and issued such calumnious statements respecting his successor, that judgment was given against him for libel; and not surrendering himself in the Court of King's Bench, he was declared an outlaw in 1765.

Notwithstanding this—and herein consists the real mystery of D'Eon's case—we find Louis XV. increasing his pension, in the ensuing year, from five thousand to twelve thousand livres. The Chevalier was soon at large again in this country, and embroiled in political scandal; but about 1768, he disappeared for a long interval from public life; and when he entered it again, it was in the character of a female. The question of the real sex of an individual so notorious became of course a topic of universal interest, and produced wagers to an immense amount. One of these was tried before Lord Mansfield in 1777, in the form of an action brought by a Mr Hayes against Mr Jaques, a broker and underwriter, for the recovery of seven hundred pounds; 'the said Jaques having, about six years before, received premiums of fifteen per cent., for each of which he stood engaged to return one hundred pounds, whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier D'Eon was a woman.' Large sums on policies depended on this suit, which was decided in favour of the plaintiff, two witnesses, one of whom was a surgeon, having established the fact in question beyond all doubt. These men, however, were gross perjurers, and in all probability confederates of the masquerading Chevalier, although he had declared most solemnly, on his last departure from England, that he had no interest in the policies relating to his sex. He caused it to be reported that his masculine education had arisen from a caprice of his father, who had been ardently desirous of male offspring, and being disappointed in the sex, had exclaimed: 'No matter for that; I will bring her up as a boy'—a resolve which he put into execution. The Chevalier now appeared for the first time in female apparel in Paris, at the age of forty-nine. Her manners appear to have been the reverse of prudish. 'I shall be always respectable,' said she; 'but I frankly own that I don't think I shall ever be modest.' Having always been very attentive to the fair sex, she could not refrain from still doing them little services, such as filling their glasses and handing them chairs. She found it difficult, she complained, to make rouge stick to her face, and having formerly encouraged a beard, consumed much of her time in eradicating the same with tweezers.

Very curious is it that all this time there were many persons living who could have put an end to this trickery, had they been so minded; but the fear of Court influence perhaps restrained them. On two of the Chevalier's old schoolfellows calling on him to remonstrate upon his disguise, he answered: 'What would you have me do? they have ordered me to be a woman, and I wear petticoats by command of the king.' Certainly, on his attempting to enter the naval service, in his masculine character, he was apprehended by royal mandate, and imprisoned. After his release, he returned to England, and gave exhibitions in fencing, in which he was a marvellous proficient. He fenced with the Chevalier St George before the Prince Regent at Carlton House, and although in female apparel, held his own. At the Revolution, he lost his pension, and petitioned the National Assembly in the strangest terms. 'Although,' said he, 'I have worn the attire of a woman for fourteen years, I have not forgotten that I have been a soldier. I demand, instead of my cap and petticoats, a helmet, a sabre,

a horse, and that rank in the army to which my seniority, my services, my wounds entitle me.' The petition was 'interrupted by repeated bursts of applause,' but produced no pecuniary benefit. In May 1811 the Chevalier expired in Milman Street, near the Foundling Hospital, after having been indebted to private benevolence for his support for several years. His body was examined and dissected in the presence of Lord Yarmouth, Sir Sydney Smith, the Hon. Mr Lyttelton, and other persons of distinction, when, of course, all doubt concerning his sex was set at rest.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

For a few days within the past month, much excitement prevailed among geologists, palæontologists, ethnologists, and the new society of anthropologists, at the news that at last a portion of a fossil man had been discovered. A gravel-pit near Abbeville, in France, where numerous flint implements have been found, was the place of the discovery, and the fossil was a human under jawbone, in which three or four teeth yet remained. English and French geologists hastened to the spot, to inspect the relic: papers detailing all the circumstances were laid before the Royal Society in London, and the Academy at Paris. If proved to be genuine, it was all that was wanting to complete the evidence of the existence of man in the era of the drift. The first results of investigation were unfavourable; it was alleged that disproof of its fossil character was obtained. Latterly, however, as we understand, the spuriousness of the relic has been held as still open to doubt. Imposture has already been playing its usual tricks in the drifts of Picardy. We mentioned a year ago that a friend of ours, while exploring the gravel-beds near Amiens, found a manufactory of *ancient* flint implements in full activity, preparing relics to sell at a franc each to credulous tourists. It is well known that labourers who are constantly stimulated by collectors with promises of reward, will always discover the very thing which the patron is most eager to obtain. When Mr Leonard Horner was carrying on his borings through the Nile deposits at Memphis, he had to watch closely, to prevent the Arabs from deceiving him with relics of the time of the Pharaohs, which they pretended had been brought up by the boring-tool. However, we doubt not that geologists will profit by this touch of experience, and though for the present disappointed of the much-longed for fossil man, they may reasonably hope that in course of time their desire in that particular will be gratified.

In a paper on some of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism as observed at Greenwich, read before the Royal Society, the astronomer-royal shews that the revolutionary year 1848 appears to have been one of confusion and disturbance in cosmical as well as tellurian affairs, for changes have taken place which cannot be explained on any established theory, and Mr Airy conjectures that some (at present mysterious) modification of the earth's climate has taken place, and is still going on, in which conjecture he corroborates an opinion to the same effect put forth by Sir John Herschel. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, the astronomer-royal remarked that the phenomena, as observed, might be accounted for by supposing that for some years past the climate of the northern hemisphere has become more and more winterly, while that of the southern hemisphere has remained unaltered.

The Lalande prize of the Academy of Sciences at Paris has been awarded to an American astronomer, Mr Alvan Clark of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, for his discovery of the companion star of Sirius. Mr Clark has other merits besides skill in observation. The object-glass, 18 inches diameter, with which he made his remarkable discovery, was his own manufacture. It was intended for the university of Mississippi, but, in consequence of the strife between North and South, was never delivered, and has recently been sold to the Astronomical Association of Chicago for 11,000 dollars. It is highly creditable to the state of Illinois that such a purchase should have been made for its busiest trading city, and we may anticipate that the observatory of Chicago, which has already done good work, will achieve a reputation in the higher branches of astronomy.

Arago once made an investigation of the sun with a polarising apparatus; Kirchhoff, as many of our readers are aware, has tried to analyse the great luminary with his spectroscope, and his experiment was regarded as a great scientific feat. But if distance be the test, both have been outdone by the star-gazers. Compared with the objects studied by these inquisitive personages, the sun is scarcely more than a cannon-shot distant, for the light which they examine left the stars not minutes ago, but years. The short paper on this subject which we mentioned three months since, subsequently made the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution by Dr Miller, is highly suggestive of what have been called the 'wonders of creation.' By placing a prism within the tube of a refracting telescope, Dr Miller has analysed the light of some of the most distant stars—Sirius, Capella, and Aldebaran, for example—and although the light experimented on left Sirius twenty years ago, and Capella sixty years ago, its activity is still such as to produce a photograph of its own spectrum. When those rays, which science has just compelled to reveal their constituents, started from Capella, George III. was king, and the peace of Amiens having been broken, England was busy with preparations to renew the war against Napoleon, while Nelson was within a couple of years of the close of his victorious career. So, if we suppose the inhabitants of Capella gifted with very long sight, they are now witnessing the terrible strife of sixty years ago, and so we may imagine the eyes in stars yet more remote gazing on the battle of Marston Moor; on Columbus making his first voyage across the Atlantic; on the landing of William the Conqueror; and, indeed, on all the events of terrestrial history, according as they are more and more distant. But speculation apart, there seems reason to believe that spectrum analysis will prove as valuable in the investigation of cosmical phenomena as in the familiar operations of chemistry. The large spectroscope constructed for Mr Gassiot, which was exhibited at the President of the Royal Society's last conversazione, may be regarded as an earnest of yet wider research. At the same time, it affords satisfactory evidence of marked improvements in the construction of a novel instrument, and of Spencer and Browning's excellent workmanship. And as was stated by the President of the Royal Astronomical Society in his anniversary address, the observation of star-spectra is now to be regularly carried on at Greenwich Observatory, so we may hope to hear before long of interesting additions to our knowledge of physical phenomena.

The active progress of chemistry—perhaps the most active of modern sciences—leads continually to new results or to modifications of existing conclusions. Ozone has of late years been a very prominent subject of research and discussion; but further research shews that what in numerous instances was described as ozone is in reality nitrous acid or nitrite of ammonia; a fact now recognised by Schoenbein himself, the discoverer of ozone. One consequence of this fresh discovery should be to render observers cautious in the use of what is called 'ozonometric paper;' that is, paper saturated with starch and iodide of potassium, for the purpose of determining the presence and quantity of ozone in the atmosphere.

For if it be true that the paper when moistened for experiment does not indicate the presence of ozone, but the energy only with which nitrite of ammonia is produced during the evaporation of the moisture, it is clear that the so-called ozonometric test is a fallacy.

A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hôtel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he shewed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

M. Pasteur, the well-known chemist, has presented a paper to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the part played by the oxygen of the atmosphere in fermentation, putrefaction, and slow combustion, which throws a flood of light on three natural phenomena, which, as some readers are aware, by accomplishing the destruction of organised matter, tend to the perpetuity of life on the globe. We content ourselves with this brief notice for the present, reserving further discussion until the paper shall have been published in full; we shall only add, that the opinion among members of the Academy was that M. Pasteur has, by his new researches, demolished alike the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, and the old theories of fermentation.

The soapmakers of New York and Boston are now using water-glass—*liquor silicum*—as the alkaline constituent in the manufacture of soap. Formerly, they mixed resin largely with the fat, in order to keep down the price of soap; but since the blockade of the Carolinas, whence the supply of resin was drawn, they have had to discover a substitute. They have found, within the last two years, 'that highly silicious water-glass assimilates perfectly with soap, and decidedly improves its quality;' and now the so-called 'soap-liquid' has come into general use among the soapmakers of the Northern States. There is reason to believe that the cheapness of the article encourages fraud, for we observe that a good-looking soap can be made which contains full 60 per cent. of the silicate, and that some manufacturers, instead of silicated soap, produce 'water-glass in bars.'

Professor Crace-Calvert of Manchester has published a series of *Lectures on Coal-tar Colours, and on recent Improvements and Progress in Dyeing and Calico-printing*, which is likely to be interesting to others besides manufacturers. We learn, from Professor Crace-Calvert, that by dipping ordinary calico into a weak solution of sulphuric acid, its thickness and strength are so much increased, that it is known technically as 'blanket.' Paper treated in a similar way is converted into a material resembling parchment; while in the process of singeing, such improvements have taken place, that four thousand pieces can be singed in a day by a machine which consumes not more than one foot of gas for each piece. The progress of calico-printing may be judged of from trade-returns on the subject: in 1830, about two hundred thousand pieces were printed; in 1851, the quantity exported was more than six million pieces; and in 1857, the estimated export was twenty-seven million pieces. Assuming a proportionate export of unprinted calico, we see sufficient explanation of a fact much spoken of since the cotton-famine set in—namely, the overstocking of markets in all parts of the world.

Professor Crace-Calvert's *Lectures* are illustrated by actual specimens of the silk and cotton 'fabrics' of which he treats. We quote his concluding paragraph as one that deserves to be widely known and considered. 'It is to be regretted,' he says, 'that the beautiful colours obtained from coal-tar should be exposed to injury in public estimation, owing to certain parties printing them with starch only, by which they are so loosely attached to the fabric, that a slight washing in pure water will entirely remove the colour, and leave nothing but white cloth. .... If the use of coal-tar colours were properly encouraged, they would doubtless gradually decrease in price, and this country, instead of being tributary to others for its dye-stuffs, would in time become the purveyor of dyeing materials, or of the substances yielding them, to the whole world.'

In his last published *Report*, the Registrar-general puts forth a startling statement on the mortality that takes place in England from fire. It appears that in fourteen years (1848—1861) nearly forty thousand persons were burned to death—that is, died in consequence of burns or scalds—in this country. This is at the rate of eight deaths a day from fire! What an outcry would be raised if the *Times'* correspondent in India reported eight *suttees* every day, or if news came from Fiji that eight youths were roasted from time to time, to satisfy the demand for 'long pig.' But, as this destruction occurs at home, and not thousands of miles away, it serves to supply sensation-paragraphs, and is then forgotten. On examination of the *Report*, we find that of the deaths therein recorded for the fourteen years, 15,621 were of children under four years of age; that 6255 girls and 3750 boys perished between the ages of five and fifteen, and 2122 old women. Age and infancy alike fall victims to this terrible scourge; and yet, on calm reflection, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the greater part of this cruel loss of life is preventable. If every fireplace were protected by a guard, children could not pull down kettles of boiling water, or amuse themselves with lighted sticks or paper; neither could muslin dresses, however thin, or however much expanded by crinoline, come into contact with the grate. The means of prevention is so simple, so cheap, and so effectual, that it would seem as if all who neglect it must be chargeable with great carelessness or culpability; and as the Registrar says: 'Private houses should all be provided on each floor of the sleeping apartments with the means of escape, in the event of the lower apartments taking fire during the night; especial provision to be made for women and children.'

MAY.

THE wet leaves flap, the sad boughs sway;
The Spring is dead, and her child May—
May, who fed the nestling bird—
May, who sang at every word—
May, who turned the dew to wine—
May, who bade the sun to shine—

May, who gave us skies of blue—
May, who brought the cuckoo too—
May, who gave the sunbeams power—
May, who sent the hawthorn flower—
May, who buds with soft rain fed—
May, the Spring's dear child, is dead.

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THE STAMP MANIA.

FIRST used, as many of our readers will remember, in 1840, the postage-stamp has only just passed out of its years of minority; and yet at this present moment there are no fewer than fifteen hundred different postage-labels in existence, and the number is increasing every month. Now that the postage-stamp has become an institution with us, people are beginning to inquire who was the author of so convenient an arrangement, and the discussion has served to exemplify the truth of the saying of the wise man: 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun.' The idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. with a M. de Velayer, who, in 1653, established, under royal authority, a private penny-post in Paris, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters, which should be wrapped up in certain envelopes. Some of these envelopes are still extant, and one of them we have ourselves seen.

On this idea, later suggestions may or may not have been built. Dr Gray, of the British Museum, claims the merit of having suggested that letters should be prepaid with stamps as early as 1834. Before that time, Mr Charles Knight proposed a stamped cover for the circulation of newspapers. Of course, no steps were taken in respect to either of these recommendations till the period of penny postage. The credit of suggesting the postage-stamp has consequently to a considerable extent fallen to Sir Rowland Hill; but the best inquiry we have been able to institute would scarcely bear out the usual assumption; and indeed this public benefactor, crowned with so many well-won laurels, may easily afford to dispense with the adornment of this single one.

Mr Hill's famous pamphlet on *Post Reform* went through three editions rapidly; in the first edition, which was issued privately, the author makes no mention of the use of stamps—though prepayment of letters was always a principal feature in his proposals—*money payments* over the counter of the receiving-office *only* being suggested. Immediately afterwards, the members of a royal commission on the Post-office, which had been sitting since 1833, called Mr Hill before them, as also the officers of the Stamp-office, and Mr Dickenson, the paper-maker, with several others, when the subject of letter prepayment was discussed. In the second edition of Mr Hill's pamphlet, the prepayment of letters by means of stamps or stamp envelopes is definitely recommended. When the committee of the House of Commons met to investigate the merits of Mr Hill's penny-postage scheme, they were required to express an opinion as to the desirability or otherwise of prepayment by means of stamps. Again, a favourable opinion was given of the measure, and when the government brought in and passed the penny-postage act, a clause for the use of stamps formed a component part of it. Though all agreed that stamps of some sort should come into use with the advent of cheap postage, it was by no means easy to hit upon a definite plan, or when a number of plans were submitted, to decide upon the particular one to be adopted. Stamped *paper* representing different charges was first suggested. Folded in a particular way, a simple revenue-stamp would then be exposed to view, and frank the letter. Another suggestion was, that a stamped wafer, as it was called, should be used, and, placed on the back of the letter, would both seal and frank it at the same time. The idea of stamped *envelopes*, however, was at first by far the most popular, and it was decided that they should be the prepaying medium. Plans and suggestions for the carrying out of the arrangement being required at once, the Lords of the Treasury issued a somewhat pompous proclamation, dated 23d of August 1839, inviting 'all artists, men of science, and the public in general,' to offer proposals 'as to the manner in which the stamp may best be brought into use.' So important was the subject, that Lord Palmerston, the then Foreign Secretary, was directed to apprise all foreign governments of the matter, and invite suggestions from any part of the civilised world. Three months were allowed for plans, and two prizes of two hundred pounds and one hundred pounds were to be allowed for the proposals on the subject 'which my Lords may think most deserving of attention.' The palm was carried off by Mr Mulready, R. A., who designed the envelopes now known by his name. These envelopes, which allegorically celebrated the triumphs of the post in a host of emblematical figures, were of two colours, the one for a penny being printed in black, and the other, for the twopenny postage, being in blue ink. They gave, however, so little satisfaction, and were found to be so inconvenient, that

at the end of six months they were withdrawn from use. The Mulready envelopes are regarded as great curiosities by stamp-collectors, and as their value came to be about fifteen shillings, a spurious imitation has at length found its way into the market, usually to be had at half-a-crown. Last year, stamp-dealers were shocked by the Vandalism of the government, who caused many thousands of these envelopes to be destroyed at Somerset House.

Before the postage-envelope was finally withdrawn from use, the Treasury issued another prospectus, offering a reward of five hundred pounds for the best design and plan for a simple postage-label. It was made a condition that the stamp should be simple, handy, and easily placed on paper, and of a design which would make forgery difficult, if not impossible. About a thousand designs were sent in, but not one was chosen. Eventually, the ugly black stamp, said to be the joint production of some of the officers of the Stamp and Post Offices, was decided upon and brought into use. Two years afterwards, this black stamp was changed to brown, principally with a view to make the obliterating process more perfect, and the better to detect the dishonesty of using *old* stamps. For the same reasons, the colour was again changed in a short time to *red*, and so it has remained to the present time. The twopenny stamp has been from the first blue. Up to this date, at different intervals, six other stamps have been issued, as the necessities of the inland or foreign postage required them. The tenpenny stamp, of an octagonal shape and brown colour, is now scarcely ever used, if it be not even withdrawn from circulation. The list comprises, besides the stamps we have mentioned, the sixpenny (lilac), the shilling (green), the fourpenny (vermilion), the threepenny (rose), and the ninepenny (yellow). The last two were issued only two or three years ago. The whole of the English stamps bear the impression of the head of Queen Victoria, and are all of the same size and shape (if we except the tenpenny stamp), the sole difference being in the colour, and in the various borderings round the Queen's portraits. Besides these distinguishing marks, however, they all tell the tale of their own value.

Our colonies issue their own stamps, with different designs. Some of them are emblematical; the Swan River Territory using the design of a 'Swan,' and the Cape of Good Hope choosing that of 'Hope' reclining; but they are gradually adopting the English plan of a simple profile of the sovereign. The portrait of our Queen appears on two hundred and forty varieties of stamps. Nearly all the stamps used in the colonies, and even some for foreign governments, are designed, engraved, printed, and embossed in London, and many of them are much prettier than the products of our own Stamp-office. The principal houses for the manufacture of colonial stamps, are Messrs De la Rue & Co., and Perkins, Bacon, & Co., of Fleet Street.

Soon after the introduction of postage-stamps, stamped envelopes were again proposed. This time the proposition was a very simple one, only consisting of the usual kind of stamp embossed on the right-hand corner of a common envelope; the stamps to be oval, round, or octagonal, according to the value of the envelope. For the envelopes themselves, a peculiar kind of paper was prepared by Mr Dickenson, and was considered on all hands to be the best possible preventive of forgery. This paper, which was manufactured with lines of thread or silk stretched through its substance, has been used ever since. Russia, in adopting the stamped envelope, guards against forgery by means of a large water-mark of a spread eagle running all over the envelope. The English Stamp-office affords every facility in the matter of stamped paper and envelopes, and private individuals may indulge their tastes to almost any extent. The officers of the Stamp-office will place an embossed stamp, for merely its nominal value, on any kind of paper or envelope which may be sent to them for that purpose. A recent concession which has been made may be regarded as one of the latest novelties in the advertising world: under this arrangement, the Stamp-office permits embossed rings, with the name of a particular firm, to be placed round the stamp, as a border for it.

In 1844, after the exposé of the letter-opening at the General Post-office, Mr Leech gave in *Punch* his 'Anti-Graham Envelopes.' This satirical postage-envelope, afterwards engraved by Mr W. J. Linton, and widely circulated, represents Sir James Graham sitting as 'Britannia.'

For eight long years, the English people may be said to have enjoyed a complete monopoly in postage-stamps. Towards the close of 1848, they were introduced into France, and subsequently into every civilised nation in the world. The royal portrait is in most countries the prevailing design; exceptional cases occur, in which eagles, crosses, caps of liberty, and coats of arms appear. In a few cases, the stamp simply bears in figures the value of the label. Only this year, has the postage-stamp penetrated into the Ottoman empire, where, as Mohammedan usage will not admit of his portrait being presented, the stamps are designed so as to shew a fac-simile of the sultan's signature.

All the postage-stamps used in this country are manufactured at Somerset House, and the entire establishment, which is distinct from the other branches of the Inland Revenue Department, is managed at the annual expense of thirty thousand pounds. Of this sum, nineteen thousand pounds is the estimated cost for the present year, 1863—1864, of paper for labels and envelopes, and for printing, gumming, and folding. About five thousand pounds will be necessary to pay the salaries of the various officers, including five hundred pounds to the supervisor, and one hundred pounds to the superintendent of the perforating process. Mr Edwin Hill, a brother of Sir Rowland Hill, is at the head of the department. Little is known of the way in which the stamps are made, nor is it thought desirable that their manufacture should be generally understood. Paper of a peculiar make is used for their manufacture—the stamps are of course printed in sheets—all the stamps of a sheet are struck from the same die or punch—the blocks used are of first-class quality, and only subjected to a certain number of impressions, after which they are entirely relieved from duty. After printing, the sheets are covered with a gelatine matter, to render the stamps adhesive. Drilling the sheets is the last process before the stamps are fit for use. This process consists simply of puncturing the narrow spaces round each stamp with a number of small round holes, so that one stamp may be torn from the other with ease and safety. We say *simply;* but it was not a matter of easy arrangement, when we reflect that the numerous holes made on a sheet of stamps are not such as may be made in any printer's establishment, for the pieces of paper forming the circles require to be cut completely out. For a number of years, in fact, till very recently, stamps had to be separated from each other by knives or scissors. The invention of the perforating apparatus was attended with considerable labour and ingenuity, and the inventor received from the government the sum of four thousand pounds for the exclusive use of his patent.

Of course, great precaution is taken in the printing of the stamps to provide against forgery. All the lines and marks, as well as the initial letters in each corner, mean something, and the whole affair is regarded as almost inimitable. Take a penny stamp and look at it narrowly: running up each side we have a narrow slip of prettily carved trellis-work; in the two corners at the top, there are two small figured spaces, with the word 'Postage' between

them; and at the other two corners, two more square spaces, each containing a letter of the alphabet. No one of the two hundred and forty stamps in a sheet will exhibit the same two letters, but the changes on the alphabet are rung throughout the series. This mystic arrangement of the letters of the alphabet is supposed to constitute the great check on the forger, but we think we see far greater difficulties in the way of this pest to society than that the forger would not only have to engrave his own die and cast his own blocks, not only have to find his own drilling-machine—not his least difficulty—but he would have to make his own paper, and even his own *ink*. If we look at the back of our postage-stamps, we will find that each die has been struck on a piece of paper bearing the mark of a crown, impressed on the paper as a water-mark at the time of its manufacture. The ink also with which postage-stamps are printed differs from ordinary printers' ink, not only in colour, but in being soluble in water. More, however, than even its execution, the fact of the stamp being a government article, and only obtainable in any large quantity from the Stamp or Post offices, makes any attempt on the part of the forger to put a spurious article into circulation exceedingly difficult. Stamps, while they do duty for coin, are used almost exclusively for small transactions, and generally among people well known to each other.

When postage-stamps were first introduced in England, it was little thought that they would become a medium of exchange, and far less that they would excite such a *furore* among stamp-collectors. The same stamp may do duty in a number of ways before it comes to be affixed to a letter, to have its countenance disfigured, and then transported for miles away. It may have been previously used in discharge of some small debt, or sent to pay a charitable subscription. The advertising columns of a newspaper will shew the reader many of the thousand and one ways in which he may turn his spare postage-stamps to account. Therein some public benefactor promises to reveal a secret that will bring its happy possessor within reach of an easy competence, for the small acknowledgment of half-a-crown's worth of stamps. Thirteen Queen's heads will secure you exemption from all the ills that flesh is heir to. 'Send a dozen stamps,' says another, 'and a specimen of your handwriting, and the advertiser will disclose to you the mysteries of your own mind and capabilities, and will put you in a position to make the most of the faculties you possess.' For the same quantity of stamps, another will tell you who will win the Derby, 'as surely as if you stood at the winning-post on the very day.' 'Stable Boy' promises all subscribers of twelve stamps that if they 'do not win on this event, he will never put his name in print again.' Of course, all this is quackery, or worse; but the reader needs not to be told how in an immense number of *bonâ-fide* cases the system of postage-stamp remittances is exceedingly handy for both buyer and vender, and how trade is fostered by it. As a social arrangement for the poorer classes especially, we could not well overestimate its usefulness. While the use of postage-stamps in this way has never been discouraged, and even owned to be useful, as a means of helping to put a stop to the transmission of coin in letters, the Post-office authorities have recently made provision for taking postage-stamps from the public, when such stamps are not soiled or not in single stamps. This arrangement is already in force at the principal post-offices in the country, and will ultimately extend to all. The commission charged on these exchanges is at the rate of sixpence in the pound. In America, as the reader will remember, postage-stamps have formed the principal currency of small value, since the breaking out of the present fratricidal war. Recently, the United States government has issued the stamps without gum, as it was found inconvenient to pass them frequently from hand to hand, after they had undergone the gelatinising process. Under a recent act, 'Postage Currency, July 17, 1862,' the Federal authorities have issued stamps printed on larger-sized paper, with directions for their use under existing circumstances.

Most of our readers will have heard something of stamp-collecting, but few will be aware of the extent to which the *timbromanie*, or stamp-mania, has been carried. The scenes in Birchin Lane last year, where crowds congregated nightly, to the exceeding annoyance and wonderment of policeman X—where ladies and gentlemen of all ages and all ranks, from cabinet-ministers to crossing-sweepers, were busy, with album or portfolio in hand, buying, selling, or exchanging, are now known to have been the beginnings of what may almost be termed a new trade. Postage-stamp exchanges are now common enough; one held in Lombard Street on Saturday afternoons is largely attended. Looking the other day in the advertisement pages of a monthly magazine, we counted no fewer than sixty different dealers in postage-stamps there advertising their wares. Twelve months ago, there was no regular mart in London at which foreign stamps might be bought; now, there are a dozen regular dealers in the metropolis, who are doing a profitable trade. Within the last few months, we have witnessed the establishment of a monthly organ for the trade; and in the second number of the *Stamp-collector's Magazine*, the publishers are moved to say that its success 'has far exceeded their most sanguine expectations.' England is not the only country interested in stamp-collecting. As might be expected, the custom originated in France, and has prevailed there for a number of years. In the gardens of the Tuileries, and also to some extent in those of the Luxembourg, crowds still gather, principally on Sunday afternoons, and may be seen sitting under the trees, sometimes in a state of great excitement, as they busily sell or exchange any of their surplus stock for some of which they may have been in search. The gathering of a complete set of postage-stamps, and a proper arrangement of them, is at least a harmless and innocent amusement. On this point, however, we prefer, in conclusion, to let Dr Gray, of the British Museum, speak,* and our readers to judge for themselves. 'The use and charm of collecting any kind of object is to educate the mind and the eye to careful observation, accurate comparison, and just reasoning on the differences and likenesses which they present, and to interest the collector in the design or art shewn in their creation or manufacture, and the history of the country which produces or uses the objects collected. The postage-stamps afford good objects for all these branches of study, as they are sufficiently different to present broad outlines for their classification; and yet some of the variations are so slight that they require minute examination and comparison to prevent them from being overlooked. The fact of obtaining stamps from so many countries, suggests to ask what were the circumstances that induced the adoption, the history of the countries which issue them, and the understanding why some countries (like France) have considered it necessary, in so few years, to make so many changes in the form or design of the stamp used, while other countries, like Holland, have never made the slightest change.

'The changes referred to all mark some historical event of importance—such as the accession of a new king, a change in the form of government, or the absorption of some smaller state into some larger one; a change in the currency, or some other revolution. Hence, a collection of postage-stamps may be considered, like a collection of coins, an epitome of the

* *Hand-catalogue of Postage-stamps*, introduction, pp. 5 and 6.

history of Europe and America for the last quarter of a century; and at the same time, as they exhibit much variation in design and in execution, as a collection of works of art on a small scale, shewing the style of art of the countries that issue them. The size of the collection, and the manner in which they are arranged and kept, will shew the industry, judgment, neatness, and taste of the collector.' Thus, says another authority, 'the stamps of the period will be indelible records that Parma, Modena, and Tuscany once had independent rulers of their own; they will mark the revolts of Schleswig-Holstein and the Romagna; exhibit the transfer of Luxembourg from Holland to Belgium. When North and South America are parcelled out into kingdoms, like Europe in our days, they will testify to the pre-existence of New Granada, and the Argentine Confederation, &c., as republics; shew the phases of French government, from Republic to Presidency, and thence to Empire; and record to remotest generations that the Grecian islands owned, in days long past, the sway of the British queen, Victoria, for postal amateurs are already on the *qui vive* in anticipation of another series of Ionians, under a change of *régime*.'

MR BOWEN'S HOUSE-WARMING.

'ARE you going to the Bowens' theatricals next week, Amy?' asked Kitty.

'Am I *going?*' repeated Amy. 'Why, my dear Kitty, I am going to *act*.'

Kitty's aunt, Miss Tapper, gave a start and an hysterical shudder; Mrs Flitt said: 'Indeed!' and Mrs General Gore said: 'Going to act, are you?'

'I should so like to go,' said Kitty; 'I have been asked, and I think papa will let me. I've never seen a play in my life, you know.'

'I suppose you are aware that it's wicked?' said Miss Tapper, in a sepulchral voice.

'Wicked! Miss Tapper,' cried Amy; 'what's wicked?'

'Playacting's wicked,' replied Miss Tapper solemnly.

'Why, what is there wicked about it?' asked Amy.

'Everything's wicked about it,' said Miss Tapper peremptorily. 'Plays are wicked; curtains are wicked; dresses are wicked; scenery's wicked; footlights are wicked; and it's a wicked world.'

'Hear! hear!' cried Kitty's brother, Joe. 'Well done, aunt. Green baize is wicked; pictures are wicked; candles are wicked; and—what was the other? Oh, dresses are wicked—so long live the noble savage, and death to the tailors.'

'Don't, Joe,' said Kitty.

'Oh, pray don't stop him, dear,' said Miss Tapper; 'you know you agree with him. But it doesn't matter: truth is great, and will prevail, and insult is not argument.'

'Nay, aunt!' cried Joe. 'Didn't I agree with everything you said? Didn't I agree with you that the stage is wicked? I'll prove it, too. It's a wicked world; good! all the world's a stage; good: therefore the stage must be wicked; Q. E. D.'

'Ah! never mind,' returned Miss Tapper, in that irritating tone peculiar to martyrs; 'I can bear it. Scoffs fall harmless when directed against truth. Sneers won't make playacting right, or my opinion wrong: acting's wicked. Reflect upon what I have been saying, Amy, and I think you'll give up your intention. But at anyrate, remember, if anything dreadful happens, I've warned you.' And Miss Tapper rose and left the room.

'I quite agree with Miss Tapper,' said Mrs Flitt; 'that is to say, I very nearly agree with her. Playacting is wicked.'

'Why, Mrs Flitt,' urged Amy, 'I once acted charades at your own house.'

'Charades, my dear—yes!' returned Mrs Flitt. 'There's no harm in charades: there's no harm in a few shawls, and a feather or two. One wears a feather in one's bonnet out-of-doors sometimes, so why shouldn't one do the same indoors? and if one may wear a shawl in the street, I suppose one may in the house. Then as to what is said: I suppose there is nothing wrong in fancying one's self some one else for a few minutes, and trying to provide language for such and such a person, or to suit such and such an occasion. I must say I think, myself, it is a very good intellectual exercise. There is no harm in that: no. The harm is when one takes regular plays, and sits down and regularly learns them, and then says them off by heart like a regular actor; and when one has a curtain, just as they do in a regular theatre'—

'But you had a screen, Mrs Flitt,' said Amy; 'and by pulling it out, and closing it again, you made it answer all the purposes of a curtain.'

'A screen, my dear!' returned Mrs Flitt, in a tone of injured innocence, as if it was rather hard to impute wickedness to a screen—'a screen! But what's a screen? One uses a screen in daily life. If it's not wicked to use a screen in one part of the room, it's not in another. A screen does not draw up and let down. Why, I have seen a screen made use of in a church. No; there is no harm in that. It is when one goes further, when one has a regular curtain that draws up and lets down, and footlights, and all those kinds of things—it is then that you overstep the bounds of moderation, and trespass upon the ground of impropriety. I take liberal views about these matters; I don't like to see young people brought up so strictly as to think everything wrong; but, believe me, my dear, a screen is the limit; further than that it is not right to go. So, if the Bowens are going to have anything more than a screen, and a few feathers, and one or two innocent things of that kind, have nothing to do with it, my dear Amy. Have you chosen your words, or would any suggestions of mine be of use to you? "Charitable" is a good word. "Chary," explained Mrs Flitt, 'and "table." Then the whole—"charitable"—is quite easy, you know.'

'But, Mrs Flitt,' said Amy, slowly and cautiously, 'the fact is that we are not—not going to act charades; we are going to act—*Hamlet*.'

'Oh, my goodness!' said Mrs Flitt, for the moment quite overcome—'oh, my goodness! Dear me! I did not know it was so late.' And making her adieux rather hastily, Mrs Flitt took her departure, with all the best feelings of her nature sadly disturbed.

'I must say, Kitty,' said Mrs General Gore, as she rose to go, soon afterwards—'I must say I think both your aunt and Mrs Flitt take rather too strict a view of the matter. For my part, I candidly confess I can't see the harm of acting real plays. If there is no harm in trying yourself to supply words to suit a particular character upon a particular occasion, I can't see the harm in another person doing the same. And, upon my word, if it's not wrong to compose the conversations, I don't think it can be wrong to write them down; and if it's correct to write them down, I feel certain that it can't be wrong to make use of them afterwards. Now, don't you agree with me?'

'Entirely,' cried Amy and Kitty.

'Mrs Gore, you speak like a book,' said Joe.

'Then really,' continued Mrs General Gore, encouraged by the applause, 'I could not quite agree with the conclusion at which Mrs Flitt arrived about the curtain. What is a curtain? Dear me!—to take one of Mrs Flitt's own arguments—if I may use a curtain in one part of the room, mayn't I in another? And what difference does it make, morally, whether a thing draws up and lets down, or unfolds? Then if, as Mrs Flitt says, we may use a screen, because she has seen a screen used in church—oh, how blind bigotry makes us!—for the same reason, we may use a curtain, because they use curtains in church. Yes, I must say I think people look at these little things too seriously—much too seriously. Don't you think so too?'

'I quite agree with everything you've said,' cried Amy.

'And so do I,' said Kitty.

'So do I,' said Joe. 'People take a few of these trifles, invest them with an importance to which they have no right, make them in their own minds types of sin, and because you don't look at them in the same light, because you look at them with your own eyes—not through their coloured spectacles—you are set down as an irreclaimable sinner. Why, what are curtains, scenery, footlights, but?'——

'Stop, Mr Joseph—stop!' cried Mrs General Gore. 'You said footlights. Now, footlights I strongly object to. Yes, I draw the line at footlights. I quite agree with your aunt and Mrs Flitt that footlights are wicked; I can't even think of them without a shudder. If I hear of footlights being used at private theatricals, I say to myself at once: "There is something wrong with the master of that house."'

'But, Mrs Gore,' said Joe laughing, 'if we may use candles in one part of a room, why mayn't we in another?'

'Oh, Mr Joseph,' replied Mrs General Gore, 'don't speak in that light and jesting way about a serious, a very serious subject! There is a moral sense within me, my dear friends, that tells me what is right and what is wrong; and at the very mention of footlights, this moral sense starts up and pricks me, by that means telling us as plainly as possible that footlights are wicked. Besides,' added Mrs Gore triumphantly, 'you never saw footlights in church. Oh, my dear Amy, if the Bowens are going to have footlights, don't consent to act—don't, I beseech you.'

'Well,' said Joe, when Mrs Gore was gone, 'for a woman like my aunt, who declares she was against plays and everything connected with them, I have some respect; but for a woman who can swallow a screen and strain at a curtain, or swallow a curtain and strain at a candle, I have no respect at all.'

'Nor I,' said Amy, pulling out her acting edition. 'Come and hear me my Ophelia, Kitty, will you?'

Yes, the Bowens were going to act *Hamlet*. Mr Bowen, senior, who had been an ironmonger, and was now a gentleman, had from his earliest youth been impressed with the idea that he was gifted with histrionic powers of no common order. As iron had been the business, theatricals had been the pleasure of his life; not that he had ever as yet appeared upon any boards, but he had been diligently educating himself for an occasion of the kind by a constant attendance at the theatre, by an earnest study of plays in general, and of Shakspeare's in particular, and by carefully cultivating the acquaintance of all the members of the profession that he had had the good-fortune to meet. That day was a white day in the annals of the Bowens when Stalker, the great tragedian, took an early dinner with them before proceeding to rehearsal. Stalker's great characters were the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and the Duke in *Othello*. Long dwelt that evening in the memory of the Bowens, when Scorley, the comedian, supped with them after the performance; Scorley, the pet and pride of the London theatres—on the Surrey side of the river. Many people would tell you that a man with propensities of this kind would never succeed in life as an ironmonger, but this would be a mistake. Mr Bowen never allowed his pleasures to interfere with his business, and he had succeeded so well, that at the age of fifty he was able to retire with a large fortune, an extensive library of dramatic works, and a profound conviction, the result of long study, that the character of Laertes had never as yet been done justice to, and, till he undertook it, never would be. After his retirement, Mr Bowen went through the usual stages in the opinion of the local society: the ironmonger dissolved into the retired tradesman; the retired tradesman into the person with property; and when he took the large house in Morley Street, he was considered fairly to have earned the title of gentleman, and was visited accordingly.

This house in Morley Street Mr Bowen had not taken without an eye to its suitableness for an amateur theatre. From the front-door, you passed through a lobby into a large hall that occupied a great part of the front of the house: at one end of this hall was a breakfast-room; at the other, a dining-room. Opposite the door of the lobby was the door that opened into the servants' part of the house; and answering to this, at the other end of the hall, was the door by which you gained the staircase that led to the drawing-room.

'Now,' thought Mr Bowen, as he surveyed this hall previous to taking the house, 'how will this do for a theatre? Cut the hall into two with your curtain. Well! Make the front-door end your stage, and you have the breakfast-room for your green-room. Well! The other half is for your audience, with the dining-room for supper-room. Excellent! I'll take the house,' said Mr Bowen.

The only objection to this arrangement was, that any one entering the house from the front-door must come upon the stage; but as between the door and the hall there was the lobby, where a servant could be stationed, this did not so much matter.

Of course, Mrs Bowen's first thought, when they were comfortably settled in the house, was a house-warming. This suggestion was eagerly caught at by Stanley Bowen, the eldest son, who inherited his father's theatrical tastes, and was possessed of a voice so powerful, that at college it had gained for him the nickname of Bowen-erges.

'House-warming by all means,' said Stanley; 'and let's celebrate it with private theatricals.'

'My idea exactly,' cried Mr Bowen, rising solemnly; 'and I'll be Laertes.'

So the Bowens were going to act *Hamlet*. It was impossible to pass the house without seeing that something was wrong. You can always tell by the look of a house whether any one is dead, or has just been born, or is just going to be married; and in the same way you can tell by the look of a house if private theatricals are impending. It was plain enough in this case, at anyrate. Carpenters were constantly going in and out; through the windows, you could see that the hall was divided by a curtain; lamps were lighted in broad daylight; and the shutters of one of the hall-windows were kept closed. A hatchment could not be plainer.

But if the house from the outside betrayed that there were going to be private theatricals, the moment you set foot inside it, that fact, and the additional fact of *Hamlet* being the play selected, became painfully clear. Through the lobby-door, you hear a gentleman abusing his mother at the top of his voice, and using the most dreadful language to convey an idea of the very low opinion he has of his uncle.

'"A murderer and a villain!"' cries Mr Stanley

Bowen; '"a slave, that is not twentieth part the size of your precedent lord."'

'"Tythe," "tythe"—not "size,"' says Tom Bowen, the prompter, and the company laugh.

'I wish you would not interrupt me, Tom,' says the manager severely. Stanley had been elected manager, because, having once acted at college, he was supposed to have some practical knowledge of stage business.

'But you said "size" instead of "tythe,"' replies Tom mildly.

'Well, could you not tell me of it afterwards? How is a fellow ever to get well into a part, if he's to be checked and pulled up every minute about paltry mistakes of that kind? Where was I? What's the cue?'—in a voice of thunder—'Can't you give me the cue?'

'"Precedent lord,"' says Tom.

'"Of your precedent lord,"' continues Hamlet; '"a vice of kings: a cut-throat of the empire and the rule, that from a shelf the precious"'——

'It isn't "cut-throat," is it Tom?' asks the Queen.

'No; it's "cut-purse,"' replies Tom.

'Then why didn't you tell me so?' says Bowenerges furiously.

'You told me not to interrupt you,' answers Tom.

'What are you standing there with the book in your hand for?' demands the manager with an awful affectation of calmness.

'To prompt, of course,' says Tom; 'but'——

'Then why don't you prompt?' yells Bowenerges.

'Why don't I? Because'——

'"A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,"' shouts Bowenerges, drowning the answer, '"that from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket."'

Queen. '"No more!"'

Hamlet. '"A king of shreds and patches:—Save me, and"—— Hang me!' says the manager, abruptly deserting the text; 'if that Ghost is not gone now. Where is he?'

'Run and tell him, will you?' says Tom to one of the company; 'he's playing billiards with Johnson.'

'Of course, it was quite out of your power to send for him before,' says Stanley with a sneer. 'It was too much to expect of you, that, of course.'

'Hang it,' says Tom, 'a fellow can't do everything. Some one else ought to'——

'How on earth, Jones,' says the manager angrily to the Ghost, who comes running in—utterly unlike a Ghost in everything, except in being quite out of breath—'how on earth can we rehearse properly, if you keep running away and playing the fool in this idiotic manner? If I'd known you were going to treat us like this, I'd have given the part to some one else.'

'You'd better give it to some one else now,' retorts Jones. 'I'm not particularly anxious'——

'"Do you not come,"' says Bowen, striking in, to prevent the end of the sentence—'"Do you not come your tardy son to chide?"'

'No, by Jove!' says Jones promptly; 'I think it's quite the other way.'

'As it is impossible that the piece can ever go off well,' says Stanley, after a pause, in order to enable him to command his feelings, 'considering the state of mind of some of the actors, my advice is to give it up at once.'

'All right,' says Jones, with an air of assumed carelessness. 'I second the motion. Let's give it up, by all means.'

'To study the character of Hamlet with any chance of success,' continues the manager, a little more warmly, 'requires a mind free from care and annoyance. As some persons'—with a severe look at Jones and the unhappy prompter—'have apparently determined that I shall not enjoy that freedom, I shall give up the part. I feel that I can't do it justice.'

'We have long shared your feelings,' rejoins Jones, in a tone of mock sympathy.

'Confound it, sir!' shouts Bowenerges, losing all patience.

'Boys, boys,' exclaims a voice from behind the scenes, 'stop quarrelling, and go on with the rehearsal—do.'

This voice belongs to Laertes, who is in France, or rather in the green-room, correcting the proof-sheet of the playbill. His timely interference, and the united entreaties of the rest of the company, with some difficulty effect a reconciliation between the contending parties, and the rehearsal is resumed.

So things went on, till the important day arrived, which was from morning to night a day of rehearsals and wretchedness. No one seemed to know his part; the byplay was all wrong; Bowenerges stormed; Jones sneered; Mr Bowen made peace, and Mrs Bowen pastry; and everything seemed upside down, inside out, and all in a tangle.

The company was called by the manager for a rehearsal at ten, for an early dinner at half-past one, and for a rehearsal again at three. The morning rehearsal was troublesome and tiring enough; but the afternoon rehearsal, when the actors wanted to digest in comfort, was a most melancholy and sulky affair indeed. Jones confided to each one of the company separately—the manager excepted—that if any gentleman or lady then present ever caught him (Jones) acting in private theatricals again, they might consider themselves at liberty to skin him and eat him on the spot. To do the company justice, none of them betrayed any eagerness to avail themselves of the permission, should the opportunity ever occur; and when the communication was made to Mr Bowen, senior, he rather resented it than otherwise, advising Jones, in a gruff voice, to learn his part. Jones, with great politeness, offered at once to say his part, if Mr Bowen could conveniently find time to hear him. As Mr Bowen rejected this proposal with some disdain, Jones retired into the green-room, and went to sleep upon the sofa. The lighting up of the stage, however, roused the company, and restored their cheerfulness. The afternoon lethargy passed off; the excitement of the coming event cast its shadow before; and as scene after scene was finally passed in review, the effects were so striking, that the actors were enthusiastic in their praises, and even Jones forgot to sneer.

'It seems to me, Jones,' said the manager, in a satisfied voice, 'that that first scene ought to be effective.'

'It's sure to be,' replied Jones.

'I expect to hear the audience shudder when you come on, Jones,' continued the manager.

'I'll make them shudder,' said Jones confidently. 'I shall come on with a rush, and startle them.'

This remark was received in silence.

'I shall operate upon them like a shower-bath,' added Jones, lost in his own pleasing reflections.

The manager tried to look at this in the light of a joke, and laughed faintly.

'A sudden clap of thunder in the dead of night will be nothing to me,' continued Jones, working his body about, as if to ascertain that his muscles were in good order.

'Dignity, Jones—dignity,' said the manager, in a serious voice.

'Dignity's all very well in its way,' returned Jones; 'but the thing in acting a ghost is to produce a terrible impression at once. Now, suddenness'——

'You don't mean to say seriously that you intend to come bounding on to the stage like the clown in a pantomime, do you?'

'No, I don't,' replied Jones, in an icy tone. 'May I

ask what induced you to put such an absurd question to me?'

'What do you mean by saying you shall come on with a rush, then? No, my dear fellow,' continued the manager, employing that friendly term in the hope of preserving peace, 'to make them shudder, you must'——

'Imitate your Hamlet,' said the irascible Jones, rejecting the olive.

'It's my belief that the audience will be in fits of laughter at your folly, before I ever shew my face,' cried Bowenerges, laying himself open, in his eagerness to get a hit at his adversary.

'Your face will do it, certainly, if I don't,' retorted Jones, promptly availing himself of the opening.

'There 's the first carriage,' exclaimed Tom Bowen, and a precipitate retreat was made into the green-room.

Yes, the company were beginning to arrive, sure enough. Carriage after carriage set down its freight; and amongst the earliest arrivals—spite of Aunt Tapper's forebodings, spite of Mrs Flitt's warnings, and spite of Mrs General Gore's affectionate entreaties—came Miss Kitty.

'So you are going to this—this playacting, Kitty?' said Aunt Tapper.

'Yes, aunt,' replied Kitty, looking—bless her!—in her innocent pink and white, as if she were not going upon any very wicked expedition—'yes, aunt, I'm going.'

'Very good,' said Miss Tapper. 'Then all I have to say is this: if the floor gives way, or if the roof comes down, or if the carriage is overset, don't say it 's my fault.'

Now, as it was not in the least likely that Kitty would charge any accident of this kind on her aunt, the probability is, that Miss Tapper meant, 'If any of these things happen, mind it 's your fault.' However, Kitty only answered meekly: 'No, aunt,' and went rejoicing to the party, where she passed the time till the play began in observing, with the greatest interest, the footlights and the curtain, and in thinking how very nervous Amy must be on the other side of it.

At eight o'clock the curtain drew up, and Kitty's delighted eyes beheld Francisco leaning on a spear, and looking nervously towards the front-door. To him Bernardo entered, and, after a word or two, Francisco, either through nervousness or cold—for it *was* a cold night, you remember—dropped his spear, which was within a quarter of an inch of taking Bernardo's eyeball with it in its fall. Bernardo, with extraordinary agility, avoided the spear, and with, Kitty thought, still greater courtesy restored the weapon to Francisco. An apology (not in the part) was hurriedly made, and Horatio and Marcellus entered; and after Horatio had explained that he did not believe in the Ghost a bit, the Ghost appeared, and dispelled Horatio's incredulity instantly. Jones was perfect. His attitudes were the most weird and horrible that could be imagined. Such an effect did he produce, that, on his second entrance, he was loudly applauded, and though, perhaps, it was a little mistake to bow his acknowledgments, yet he instantly dissipated any feelings of levity that this bow might have occasioned, by a motion or two so ghastly, that if purgatory can be expressed by two stamps and a twist of a truncheon, Jones certainly expressed it.

As the play continued, Kitty's delight increased. Though she had never seen *Hamlet* acted before, yet she had read it, of course, and here it all was before her. There was Polonius; and there was that wicked King that she detested so; and there was the Queen; and there Laertes—rather too stout, perhaps, for so elegant a cavalier, but evidently painfully anxious to look as thin as possible, and as far as acting was concerned, all, nay, even more than could be desired—and oh! here was Hamlet. Mr Bowen's Laertes was characterised by an overpowering melancholy, to which, when his speech was over, he drew attention by groaning at intervals, and by periodically putting a handkerchief to the whites of his eyes. The reason for this he had imparted to Jones. He felt certain that, however much Laertes wished to go to France, he could not leave his friends and his native country without regret, 'though,' added Mr Bowen, 'this feeling would doubtless work off in a day or two.' Of Mr Stanley Bowen's Hamlet I need say no more than that it was decidedly pre-Fechterite, and that his leading idea in representing the Prince appeared to be to shut his eyes and shout loud. And so the play proceeded, the audience applauding heartily, the actors warming to their parts, and the whole thing going on gloriously, when, in the second act, an unforeseen accident occurred, that ruined everything. Imagine the feelings of the traveller who, biting the desert apple, sends his teeth into a mass of sand; of the somnambulist who, after dreaming he is walking in the land of Beulah, awakes upon the area railings; of the actor who, turning to greet Rosencrants and Guildenstern, grasps the hands of—two firemen.

'Who are you?' cries Hamlet.

'I'm the brigade,' answers the first fireman.

'And I'm the parish,' says the second.

'And what do you want here?' inquires Hamlet angrily.

'You don't appear to be aware, sir,' says the brigade, 'that your kitchen chimney's on fire.'

'Kitchen chimney on fire!' exclaims Hamlet.

'Blazin' most awful,' says the parish.

'What's to be done, then?' asks the manager, for the moment quite overcome by the calamity.

'Why, if you ain't anxious for the house to be burned down, the sooner you lets us get to the kitchen, the better,' replies the brigade.

'Which it's also my sentiments,' says the parish.

'What an awful disaster!' murmurs Hamlet, and audience and actors join in the lament, the Queen exhibiting hysterical tendencies of such uncommon violence, that Jones hints to the parish that it would be only kind to play upon her before proceeding to the kitchen.

'Don't you be afeard, mum,' says the brigade; 'we shall be able to stop it, if it ain't gone too far.'

'If it ain't gone too far,' repeats the parish; 'but there's no knowin'.'

'Then, why don't you go down at once?' shouts Bowenerges.

'All right, sir,' says the brigade; 'we're goin'. We should have been there some time ago, if you'd not kep us, asking questions.'

'Delays, in these cases, is very dangerous,' adds the parish.

Exeunt two firemen.

'I'm sure we had better stop the play,' says Ophelia.

'Nothing of the kind,' returns the manager, rousing himself—'nothing of the kind;' and turning to the audience, he apologised for the interruption, said that there was nothing to be afraid of; that the fire would easily be extinguished by the firemen and the servants; hoped that the play might now proceed; and concluded, rather unaptly, by saying that he would endeavour to prove that the fire had not damped his energies. The play proceeded accordingly, the audience paying little attention to what was going on, and the actors, with the exception of Bowenerges himself, appearing utterly demoralised.

Now, to act Hamlet at all is a very difficult thing, but to act it when the chimney is on fire, is simply impossible. Could any amount of enthusiasm carry an actor through the part when, in his best scenes, he is interrupted in such a way as this? The scene with Ophelia is just finishing; Hamlet bids her 'to a nunnery go,' and turning sharply to rush off, comes into collision with a chimney-sweeper, who is going to sweep the chimney, accompanied by a friend who is going to see him do it.

'Hollo, master!' says the sweep in an encouraging voice, supposing that the unhappy Bowen is fleeing from the conflagration; 'you've no call to run away. We shall put you out quite easy.'

'You've done that already,' says the miserable manager.

How long things might have gone on in this way, there is no saying, but fortunately a fireman, putting his head up the chimney, gave it as his opinion that the house was catching. A terrified housemaid instantly rushed up stairs, communicated the intelligence in a voice of horror, and then took the stage, weeping hysterically. Whether the house was catching or not, the panic that this news occasioned was very catching indeed. The audience rose with wonderful unanimity, opera-cloaks and hats were scrambled for, handkerchiefs were tied round heads, and in a remarkably short space of time the street before Mr Bowen's house was filled with people in evening-dresses, hurrying off as best they could to their several homes.

The manager stood for a minute regarding the deserted theatre, and then made his way down stairs to the scene of the disaster. The chimney was being dosed with water by some one on the roof; the chimney-sweeper was standing on the hearth with his instruments ready; the two firemen were talking together like doctors in consultation; and a policeman was leaning with his hand on the mantel-piece, as if he were feeling the patient's pulse.

'Is it going out?' asked Stanley.

'I think we're getting it under,' said the brigade encouragingly.

'But it may break out afresh,' added the parish, with a warning shake of the head.

'You don't think that the house will catch now, do you?' inquired Bowen.

'No fear of that,' replied the brigade.

'Unless there's a beam in the chimney,' said the parish, 'which I've knowed such cases.'

'Hang it! I wish the governor would come back,' muttered Stanley. 'Where can he be all this time?'

Yes, where could Mr Bowen, senior, be all this time? Why, the fact was, that in the interval between the first and second acts, Ophelia was suddenly observed to express great consternation, and after a hurried search, was heard to use these awful words: 'There, I've left them at home.'

'Left what at home?' inquired a dozen anxious voices.

'The flowers that I have to distribute when I'm mad,' said Amy, almost ready to cry; 'and I prepared them so carefully.'

'I'll send a servant for them at once,' said the manager.

'A servant would never find them,' replied Amy; 'and he'd be sure to make some mistake.'

'I'll go for them myself,' volunteered old Mr Bowen. 'You know I shall not be wanted till the fourth act. So give me careful directions, and I'll just change my dress and go.'

'But are you sure there will be time?' asked Amy.

'Plenty of time,' replied the manager, 'if he goes at once.'

The good-natured Mr Bowen started off on his errand in high spirits, for the play so far had gone off capitally, and there was every prospect of a triumphant evening. In the fulness of his pleasure, he gave little jumps as he hurried along, and whenever he drew near a lamp, the passers-by were astonished at the number of dimples that kept rising to the surface of his countenance, as bubbles do in very dirty water.

Well, he reached Amy's house, secured the flowers with less trouble than he expected, refused the offer of a servant to carry them for him, and set off jubilant as ever on his return. 'My Laertes is a hit—quite a hit,' he said half aloud. 'There's nothing like carefully studying a character—nothing. Stanley's Hamlet surprises me. Upon my word, I've seen a good many Hamlets, but I don't remember one that I like better than his. It has more than Kean's polish, with more than Brook's'——

'Fire!' shouted a small boy, tearing along past him.

'Just so,' said Mr Bowen, highly pleased: 'the very word I was going to use. Very curious and funny indeed.'

'Fire! fire!' shouted several more boys.

'There appears to be a fire somewhere,' reflected Mr Bowen. 'Hurray! Fire! fire!'

'Is it far off?' one boy asked another.

'No; it's just round there,' was the reply.

'That's right,' commented Mr Bowen, if possible in higher spirits than ever; 'for I could not have gone much further, and I should like just to get a glance at it. This is really amusing. Fire! Hurray! fire!' and he began to run.

'Fire! What street, Bill?' cried a newspaper boy to a friend.

'Morley Street.'

'Hollo!' said Mr Bowen, slackening his space. 'My street! That's not so pleasant, though.'

'Whose house is it, Bill?' inquired the newspaper boy.

'Old Bowen's,' was the answer.

Old Bowen stopped for a second, thunderstruck; the next moment, dashing forward with a rapidity astonishing in a man of his figure, he seized the boy by the collar, and asked breathlessly: 'Whose house?'

'Old Bowen's,' replied the boy, surprised at the earnestness of the question.

'Who's old Bowen?' said that gentleman, in his agitation scarcely knowing what he said.

'Who's old Bowen?' repeated the boy, breaking away; 'why, old Bowen, the ironmonger as was, of course;' and as if to illustrate this explanation, he gave, as he ran on, a remarkably correct vocal imitation of the sharpening of a saw.

There was no longer any room for doubt; and when he entered Morley Street, the appearance of two engines and a large crowd about the door of his house only made assurance doubly sure. He pushed his way through the people, entered the house, and as he crossed the stage, encountered Jones, who, true to his ghostly character, still haunted the scene.

'Where's the fire?' asked old Bowen.

'Kitchen chimney,' replied Jones shortly.

'Will the house catch?' inquired the master anxiously.

'Who knows?' answered the Ghost solemnly.

'Where's the audience?' asked the deserted host.

'Fled,' said the spectre in a gloomy voice.

'And the actors, are they gone too?'

'Ay,' answered the Ghost in the same tone.

'And the supper—has no one had any?'

'No,' replied Jones moodily; then added with more cheerfulness: 'By the way, I forgot that; the supper, to be sure;' and instantly vanished in the direction of the supper-room, as if determined not 'to fast in fires' at anyrate.

Old Bowen muttered something that sounded very like 'Greedy beast!' and was hurrying towards the kitchen, when he met Stanley.

'What a time you've been,' said Stanley; 'however, it's all over now.'

'The fire's out, is it?' asked old Bowen, much relieved.

'Yes, sir,' said one of the firemen, who was just passing on his way to the door; 'the fire's out, and the parish will come round in the morning.'

'What does he mean by the parish coming round in the morning?' asked Bowenerges.

'Means that I shall have to pay for this precious

business,' said old Bowen, leading the way to the supper-room.

Here they found Mrs Bowen consoling herself with a good cry, and Jones consoling himself with a hearty supper.

'If you call this a house-warming, I don't,' said Mrs Bowen in a voice broken by sobs.

'And if you don't,' said old Bowen bitterly, for he was soured by disappointment—'I wonder what you would call a house-warming, for I don't see what you can have much more like it than a house on fire.'

* * *

'How is it you are home so early?' said Miss Tapper, meeting Kitty in the hall.

'Oh, aunt, I've been so disappointed,' replied Kitty. 'The chimney took fire, and'——

'I knew it,' said Miss Tapper, in a voice of the sincerest exultation—'I knew it. I'm very sorry—very sorry, indeed; but I knew how it would all end.'

'Surprised! not at all surprised,' said Mrs Flitt, when the news reached her. 'What else could any one expect, I wonder? What are curtains likely to lead to? I'm only surprised that the house was not burned down.'

'Ah!' said Mrs General Gore to her informant, 'sin brings its own punishment, and so do footlights.'

SEPULTURE.

It is of course among savage tribes that we meet with the most primitive modes of interment; the Esquimaux and other races around the Frozen Ocean never bury their dead, or at most merely cover them with the branches of shrubs. The natives of the Murray River and other parts of Australia elevate them among the branches of trees, or else upon a framework of sticks, raised upon four poles, leaving the body uncovered, a prey to the ravens and vultures. Suspended thus in mid-air, a little village of dead will sometimes be met with, whose putrefying carcasses contaminate the atmosphere for miles round, and oblige the settler, as a sanitary measure, to disregard this national freak of interment, cut down the corpses, and bury them in a proper fashion. Not unfrequently, the benighted traveller who has lost his road, seeking the shelter of some umbrageous tree, to protect him from the rain, unwittingly deposits his weary body at the foot of one of these aërial tombs, and safe from the dropping shower, is exposed all night long to a continued patter of what the daylight reveals to be maggots and decaying human remains. But these modern savages are not the only people who have adopted this singular mode of burial, for Herodotus tells us that the Colcheans disposed of their dead in like manner. The great difficulty seems always to be how to get rid of the remains.

Among the Parsees, who form such a large proportion of the inhabitants of China, the dead are admitted into a tower of great depth and circumference, at the bottom of which is a well. This tower is open at the top to the air, and allows of the entrance of birds of prey, who, attracted by the smell of the carrion, gorge themselves with human flesh till the bones are left nearly bare. When, by the aid of these scavengers, and the natural process of decay, the body has been reduced to a skeleton, the friends of the deceased revisit the tower, and commit the remains of their departed friend to the well, which, being furnished with subterraneous passages, is mysteriously supposed to communicate with the other world, and afford an easy transit to the regions of the blessed. Among other modes of burial by simple exposure is that followed by some of the inhabitants of Tibet, who, cutting up their deceased friend into quarters, carry the pieces up into the mountains, and there leave them, to be devoured by birds, or destroyed by natural influences.

Though exposure of the dead on the surface of the earth seems thus to have been not uncommon, we rarely read of their being committed to the waters, either of any large inland river or of the sea. The only instance in which we are aware of such form of burial being adopted as the usual custom, is that of the boatmen of the Indian rivers, who bury their dead by floating them on the surface of the water, and thus permit the stream to bear them along till they are either devoured by the alligators, or become stranded and torn in pieces by vultures and adjutants; before parting with the body, the attendants place a live-coal in the mouth, for the purpose, as they aver, of burning out the evil nature.

Inhumation would seem to have been practised from the earliest ages. Sometimes a cave was selected, such as that of Machpelah by Abraham; at others, vast catacombs were excavated under ground, where were deposited the sarcophagi and coffins containing the remains, and among savage tribes the more rude process was in vogue of merely digging out a hole, placing the body in it, and raising on it a mound or tumulus, which, as civilisation and wealth advanced, became supplanted by the marble tablet. Some select the sitting posture as the one most appropriate in which to bury their dead, others the standing, while the most common position of all is lying on the back. Nor do all savage tribes adopt the plan of removing their dead out of their sight, for we find that the natives of Sierra Leone not unfrequently bury their children in the floors of their houses, and the Soosoos, another African race, inter their dead in their streets.

The Egyptians seem to have been the first people who paid much attention to the burial of the dead, owing, no doubt, to their belief in the immortality of the soul, and its transmigration into the bodies of birds and other animals, till, after the lapse of a cycle of years, it returned to inhabit the human tenement which it had just quitted. To this end, therefore, is to be attributed the care which they took in forming proper places of sepulture, and embalming the body. As among other nations, the friends of the deceased put on mourning habits, and withdrew themselves for a period from all levity and enjoyment. There existed, however, among the ancient Egyptians, a custom now nowhere to be met with, and which most probably gave rise to the mythological story of Charon the ferryman and his boat conveying the dead across the Styx—that is, that when an Egyptian died, before his friends could inter him, they were obliged to submit him to a solemn judgment. This consisted in the ferrying of the dead across the lake of the district to which the deceased belonged. The friends of the departed having been summoned, they and the judges, usually forty in number, repaired to the lake, and stationed themselves on the further side, when the latter waited to hear if there was an accusation against the deceased. The attendants having placed the body, enclosed in a coffin, in the boat, which was under the care of a pilot, termed in the Egyptian Charon, the accusers, if any existed, who could charge the deceased with having led a wicked life, then stepped forward, and the accusation was listened to, and decided on by the judges. If no sin was laid to his charge, or if the statement proved to be false, the friends immediately changed their lamentations into expressions of joy and gladness, and extolled in high encomiums the virtues and good actions of the dead. If, on the contrary, it was

proved that he had spent his life in wickedness, the sentence was passed upon the deceased that he be deprived of burial. King and people were alike subject to this ordeal, and Diodorus Siculus tells us that several Egyptian sovereigns had been refused the rites of burial, due to the accusations brought against them by their subjects, and that fear of such an exposure exerted a wholesome effect on their life and actions. In embalming the dead, it was customary for the Egyptians to take out the entrails, and while praying for the deceased, to aver that if he had done any wickedness in his lifetime, it was through these (the entrails), which were then enclosed in a box, and thrown into the river, while the body was carefully preserved.

The burial customs of the Greeks resembled not a little those of the Egyptians and Romans; they, too, rolled themselves in the dust, covered themselves with ashes, beat their breasts, wounded themselves with their nails, tore off their hair, and threw it into the funeral-pile, and in many other ways manifested their sorrow.

The ancient Greeks placed a piece of money in the mouth of the deceased, as a fee to the pilot who was to convoy the body across the river Styx. They likewise furnished the body with a cake of bread, which was supposed to appease the wrath of Cerberus, door-keeper of the infernal regions.

Among the Romans, great attention was paid to preparing the body of the deceased for inhumation. Having been washed with warm water, the limbs were next anointed with aromatic salves, each member having its own particular unguent. After this, the body was wrapped in fine black linen, or in a white toga, to which was superadded the ceremonial dress of the deceased, if he had been a person of note. A state couch was then prepared, and placed in the vestibule of the mansion, on which the body, laid with its feet towards the door, was allowed to remain a week, while preparations were going forward for the due performance of the ceremony. During these seven days, a *conclamatio*, or system of yelling and shouting, was kept up, in order that if the dead were only in a slumber, he might be wakened, while an altar was also erected by the side of the body, for the purpose of receiving the incense offered by friends. At the door were placed branches of the cypress or pine, according to the rank of the individual; and lest any robbery should occur, a sentinel was stationed to guard the body. As in a climate like that of Italy a body could not possibly be kept for a week without becoming very offensive, young boys were frequently employed to drive away the flies, naturally attracted by the decaying mass; and, unlike ourselves, the Romans chose the hour before sunrise as the one most suitable for interment, doubtless owing to the greater quietude and coolness of the city at that time. A herald having proclaimed the day of the funeral, also invited every one to be present; but generally only relatives attended, except where the deceased had been a person of note, and the public were anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. The bier, highly decorated and ornamented with flowers, according to the rank of the dead, was then carried forth, in order that its occupant might undergo the last process either of inhumation or cremation; but as the latter was a most expensive proceeding, it was reserved only for those of the wealthier classes.

Among the Mohammedans, funerals are conducted with great pomp under the special superintendence of the priests; but instead of allowing any time to elapse in ceremonies, no sooner is the faithful follower of the Prophet dead, than preparations are immediately made for his burial, that he may be detained as short time as possible on earth, nor be precluded from entering at once into the happiness of the blessed promised by Mohammed. Having washed the body with milk and water, or water alone, and laid it on a bier on its right side, with the face uncovered, and the feet directed towards Mecca, the attendants, usually of the same sex as the deceased, hasten with it to the grave, the priest accompanying them, and calling on the dead three times, sometimes coupling with the name of the deceased that of his mother. Nor is there any lack of bearers, but all of every rank press forward in the endeavour to lend assistance, faithfully relying on the indulgence promised by the Prophet, that whosoever shall carry a dead body forty paces shall blot out a heinous sin.

It matters not to the good Mohammedan what may have been the cause of death, how infectious the corpse, or how contaminating the touch, but relying on the promise of the Prophet, and the blessing of Allah, he cheerfully lends a hand to carry his fellow-mortal to the grave. With a more extended interchange of human kindness, induced, no doubt, by the promise of reward hereafter, the good Mohammedan combines more resignation; and instead of wringing his hands, and giving vent to groanings and lamentations, he meekly accepts the bereavement as the will of Providence.

If, however, the Mohammedans think they cannot be too hasty in interring the dead, the Chinese again dwell over it with a tediousness and fastidiousness loathsome to our ideas, keeping the bodies of their friends as long as two years, in order that the obsequies may be performed with greater magnificence and detail. In consequence of this, a funeral forms, in Chinese household history, a landmark from which members of a family, and even subsequent generations, date their domestic records; nor can a son or an heir throw greater disregard on his predecessor than by conducting the funeral ceremonies in a parsimonious and careless manner. The Chinese must be a morbidly moralising race, for they love to ruminate for years before they die on the little tenement which is to be their long home, carefully fashioning and adorning it with their own hands, in proportion to the amount of their income, and placing it in a conspicuous part of the house, where they can feast their eyes on it. When the superstitious in our own country dream of coffins or funerals, they usually opine that some calamity is at hand; with how much more reason would they think so if some one were to forward them a coffin ticketed with their own name; but in China children often join together, and hoard up their little savings, to purchase a coffin for their father, which he, as the custom of his country, receives as an especial mark of filial affection, and points out exultingly to his guests as an evidence of the regard in which he is held by his children.

When a Chinaman dies, his relatives cover his face with a handkerchief, to which the soul of the deceased is supposed to attach itself, and which is carefully preserved after his interment. The coffin, instead of being fastened with screws, is closed by some very adhesive pitch, and varnished outside, to prevent the emanation of any disagreeable odour. Besides the body of the occupant, there is usually enclosed as much food and clothing as is deemed sufficient for his use in the next world. The Chinese are exceedingly particular as to the place of sepulture, expending great sums on the purchase of some chosen spot, disposing sometimes of the whole landed property of the deceased, in order to enable them to raise sufficient money to give him a costly and superb burial. When at last the body is carried to its resting-place, the heir precedes it, having his head wrapped in a fagot of straw, and flinging himself on the ground, retards the progress of the procession, as if by his actions he would still detain the departed a little longer.

But a Chinaman's regard for the dead continues long after they have been interred, and a traveller will often notice, on the beautiful hillsides selected for sepulture, relatives engaged burning incense and

sycee paper, while chanting hymns to the spirits of the departed. Great care is bestowed in keeping the tombs and surrounding ground in order, so long at least as survivors remain to pay attention to the sepulchre of their ancestors.

Buddha sometimes condescends to be present at the burial of the Chinese, but only at that of the priests, nor is he visible to all mortal eyes that may be there, but only to the high-priest. On such occasions, propitiatory offerings are made him, varying in worth according to the rank of the deceased, and a table spread with the good things of this life is laid out to appease the god's hunger. When the followers of the deceased are absent on some other part of the ceremony, the clothes, or whatever articles may have been offered, if worthless, are burnt, and the cakes, fruit, &c., disposed of by other than immortal beings, though put down to the credit of Buddha.

The Jews preserve many of the customs with which they were wont to bury their dead when masters of Jerusalem; instead, however, of rending their garments, the modern Jew merely cuts off a bit in token of affliction. The bending of the thumb into the hand, and retaining it in that posture with a string, is still followed, the Hebrew of our own time believing, as did his forefathers, that by giving the thumb of the dead the figure of the name of God, the devil would not dare to approach it. Those who follow the body do so barefooted, and throw dust on their heads, as emblematic of their sorrow. Of old, the wealthy Jew lavished large sums on the burial of the dead; as, for instance, Josephus tells us that Herod's body, when lying in state, was placed upon a couch, and covered with purple cloth. It was then transferred to a bier of solid gold, ornamented with precious stones, while the deceased ruler had a crown of the same metal placed on his head, and a sceptre in his right hand.

Cremation, or the burning of the dead, once greatly practised among the Greeks and Romans, is now entirely confined to some eastern nations. It was put down by the early Christians, who manifested much abhorrence at the custom, and invariably inhumed their dead; but though not now followed among civilised people, it has this powerful argument in its defence, that it is a much more healthy and decorous proceeding than that of cramming a city churchyard with ten times more dead than it will carry, till the surface of the ground has risen six or seven feet above its original level. Among the Greeks, the pile was lighted by the deceased's nearest friends, who, pouring libations of wine upon the burning mass, invoked the winds, by vows and prayers, to consume it as quickly as possible, while at the same time they called the dead by name. It was customary to add to the pile the clothes which had been recently worn by the deceased. The Romans followed a nearly similar plan, with this exception, that they occasionally cut off a finger of the dead, and after the body had been reduced to ashes, buried the remaining portion with further ceremonies. In either case, the ashes of the dead were subsequently collected, deposited in an urn, and placed in some conspicuous apartment of the house.

In the East, where cremation still constitutes one of the modes of disposing of the dead, the Siamese follow a method of their own. Having removed the intestines from the body, it is then placed upon a bier made of gilt wood, whilst tapers and perfumes are kept constantly burning round it. The pile, which is composed of precious woods, is kindled by the friends and family of the deceased, who, dressed in white, attend the funeral, while the sound of various instruments drowns the crackling of the fire, and serves, in Siamese opinions, to enhance the splendour of the ceremony. The whole eventually concludes with theatricals and other amusements.

Two-thirds of the natives of India burn the bodies of the dead, and scatter the ashes on the Ganges or any other river they may live near, for which purpose the process of cremation is carried on on the banks of the stream. Among the Buddhist priesthood of China, of whom there are several divisions, the largest class burn their dead, and afterwards deposit the ashes in urns, carefully preserved in neat-looking temples, which are usually stationed on some hillside.

GHOSTS IN AUSTRALIA.

In the spring of 185–, I was employed in driving a numerous herd of store-cattle from New England down into the Melbourne country. The grass was plentiful, and the cattle travelled along at their leisure across the wide plains which lie between the Lachlan, Murrumbidgee, and Edward Rivers. It was nearly sunset on a fine evening in August when we came to Deniliquin, where the crossing-place of the last-named river is situated; and driving the cattle down into an angle of the Edward, we camped close to the foot of the sandhill on which the township is built. There were two or three other herds of cattle and some flocks of sheep waiting to cross in the morning, and as several of the men in charge of them went up to Billy M'Intyre's public-house, and then came down to our camp-fire, there was soon a pretty large crowd of bushmen assembled round it. Some of them had brought bottles of rum from the inn, and as the grog circulated, we began to discuss the various routes by which we had travelled. There was a long argument as to the best track across the Old Man Plain; but, as almost all of us were in favour of that by Lang's Crossing-place, that point was almost settled, when an Australian stockman named Driscoll started what he seemed to consider an unanswerable objection, by asking us, how we would avoid the Black Swamp and the ghost of the 'trotting cob?' This speech was received with a roar of laughter; but Driscoll jumped up in a rage, and said: 'You may laugh as much as you like, boys; but as sure as I am standing here, I saw it myself, worse luck, and seeing's believing.' Of course, when we heard this, we were all anxious to hear the story; and by the aid of a little judicious flattery and a pannikin of grog, we succeeded in appeasing Driscoll's passion, and prevailing on him to tell us his adventure, which he did in the following words:

'You nearly all know Wantabadgery Station above Wagga-Wagga. Well, two years ago, Bill Kelly and I took three hundred fat beasts from there to fetch into Bendigo. The feed was good, and we came down the river-bank till we reached Lang's, where we crossed the cattle. It was late in the afternoon when we got out on the plain; and the sun was just dipping as we were abreast of the Black Swamp; so we rounded up the cattle, and determined to stop there for the night. We hobbled our horses close at hand, lit our fire, and had our suppers. Then we agreed that I should take the first watch; so Kelly rolled himself up in his 'possum-rug, and I went down to have a look at the cattle and horses. I found them all right; so I went back to the fire, heaped on fresh fuel, and then stretched myself down to have a comfortable smoke. I was pretty tired with riding all day, and the fire was hot, so in a short time I dozed off. I must have slept three or four hours, for the cold awoke me, as the fire was very low; so I got up and put on more wood, and then I thought I'd just go round the cattle before I waked Kelly to take his watch. So I caught and saddled my mare, and rode away to the cattle-camp. The moon was at the full, and shining brightly, and the beasts had drawn out on the plain to feed; so, of course, I started to head them back. I was cantering along when all of a sudden the leading cattle came galloping back, and as they wheeled, a man passed close to me, riding a bald-faced cob, and coming from the

opposite direction. Now, Kelly's horse was bald-faced, so I thought that he had waked up and come out to look after me, so I rode on towards the camp. When I got there, to my great surprise I saw Kelly lying quite snugly rolled up in his rug, and apparently fast asleep. This very naturally vexed me, so I shook him roughly, and when he sat up, says I to him: "Kelly, what do you mean by going and lying down again, when you know it's your watch?"

"Lying down again?" replied he. "Why, I never woke at all till now."

"What!" cried I; "do you want to deny that you passed me just now out on the plain heading back the cattle? I did not see your face, but I saw the bald face of Dandy plain enough."

'At that, Kelly jumped up as if he was shot. "Saddle up, for your life, Driscoll," said he, "and let us be off. You've seen the ghost of the trotting cob, and we're both dead men."

'Well, we jumped on our horses; and by daybreak we had got as far as Broderip's Station; and next night we camped just where we now are; but that very trip, Kelly was drowned in the Campaspe, and I broke two ribs and my collar-bone. So I for one would sooner go a hundred miles round than camp again near the Black Swamp, and chance seeing the ghost of the trotting cob.'

When Driscoll had finished, the conversation naturally turned on apparitions, and 'Fisher's Ghost' was triumphantly quoted as an unanswerable argument in their favour; but there were still several who laughed at the idea of such things. At last a bullock-driver from the Sydney side said: 'There *are* ghosts, there's no denying; and I'll tell you of one that hundreds heard about, and many of you know the man who saw it, and you can ask *himself* about it. Many of you have been up the Murray towards Albury, and have passed Brown's Station just above Quart-Quart. Well, when I was a government-man, I was doing my time near Camden, and in those days Brown had a farm at the Cow-pastures, close to where I was living. He had just settled down on the Murray with a few hundred head of cattle, and stopped there five or six months, putting up huts and yards, and breaking in the cattle to the run; so when he thought everything was going on well, he started for down-country, intending to bring up more stock in a short time. He travelled on horseback, for there were no mail-coaches to the Murray then, and as he pushed on pretty sharp, he was very tired when he got to the Myrtle Creek. He told Thomson, the landlord, to call him early in the morning, took his supper, and two or three glasses of rum, and then went to bed. Towards morning, something awoke him, and when he opened his eyes he saw his wife standing by the bedside. Before he could speak to her, she told him "to get up," and went out of the room at once. Well, Brown was greatly surprised, of course, at seeing her at that place, but he thought that she had come to meet him, so he got up and dressed himself. When he went down, he looked in the parlours; but as he could not see her, he began to call out her name. At last, the noise he made roused up the landlord, and he came and asked what the matter was.

"Why," says Brown, "I want my wife. She's come and waked me, and now she's hid herself."

"You're dreaming, man," cried the landlord. "How can your wife be here? You know she's at the Cow-pasture Farm."

"What!" rejoined Brown; "do you mean to say that she did not come here since I went to bed?"

"Of course she didn't," replied the landlord, "for I locked the door when I went to bed, and the key is under my pillow."

'With that, Brown grew quite frightened. "Saddle my horse at once," said he, "for so sure as I'm a living man, my wife came and spoke to me to-night, and I'm greatly afraid that something has happened to her at home." With that, he mounted and galloped off. He rode till he knocked up his horse, and then he borrowed a fresh one, and kept on as fast as he could ride, so that, before sunset, he came close to the Cow-pasture Farm. As he galloped up, he could see there was something unusual going on, for several horses were fastened to the posts of the verandah, the working-men were standing in groups at the doors of their huts, and two or three troopers were lounging about near the stockyard. Brown jumped off his horse, and was going at once into his house, but one of his neighbours came out, and met him at the door. This gentleman led him away to a little distance, and told him as gradually as he could what had taken place. Now, boys, Brown was a good master to his assigned servants, but his wife was a tyrant, and while he was at the Murray, she had been stopping the rations of the government-men, and sending them up to court. There was one man in particular she took a great dislike to; he could do nothing right, and almost every Monday morning he got his fifty lashes at the nearest court-house. At last, he got desperate. He was chopping some wood, when she came up to him, and after abusing him, said: "I'll get you fifty more on Monday next." "I may get the fifty," cried he, "but you'll not live to know of it;" and with that he lifted the axe he had in his hand, and split her skull. This happened at the Cow-pastures at the very hour when she was seen by Brown in the inn at Myrtle Creek; so you see, boys, there can be no doubt but ghosts do sometimes appear on earth.'

'Of course, there's no doubt at all about that,' said an old shepherd, who had just come up to the camp, 'for I was close to one myself, and my mate saw it quite plainly, and as it was a quare thing, I'll tell yez all about it. You that are from the Sydney side must recollect the time when the fires were seen every night on King's Plains, near Bathurst, and how all the people went out to see them, and the priest tried to lay the spirit. All that was told in the Bathurst papers, but I never told any one till now what happened to Red Jack and me there. You see, I'd been shepherding at Wargoola, near Carcoar, and when the shearing was over, I got another man to take my flock for a bit, and went into Bathurst to buy some things and have a spree. Well, of course, in a few days I'd very near spent my cheque, and as I was just thinking of making a start, I fell in with Red Jack. He was an old mate of mine, and he'd been down in town for some weeks, so you may be sure he had "pockets to let." He was looking for a job; so I told him to come on with me to Wargoola, and he'd be sure of employment, for they wanted some hands on the station. Jack said "he was glad of the chance;" so he rolled up his blankets; I got my traps and a couple of bottles for the road, and away we went out of Bathurst. We had been nobblerising about the public-houses, and we were both pretty *fresh* when we started; so we walked along very gaily, and never took any notice of the time till it began to grow dusk, and then we found we were coming on to King's Plains. We looked about for a good camping-place as we walked on; and just as it grew dark, we saw the light of a large fire away to the right, and then another, and another. "Come on," said Jack; "we're all right now; there's some overlanders there with cattle, and we'll go down to their camp."

'With that we turned in off the road, and went towards the nearest fire; but when we got to it, there was no one there. We coöeed, but there was no answer; so we pushed for the next, thinking the men might have shifted their camp. Well, when we got to it, there was no one there either; and then all of a sudden I recollected what I had heard them speaking of in Bathurst; so I told Jack of it, and told him we'd better get away at once; but he only

laughed at the thoughts of a spirit. Well, we lit our pipes, and had a good stiff glass apiece out of one of the bottles, and then Jack said he'd go and have a look for the ghost, and he asked me if I was game to go with him. Well, I didn't like to back out, so off we went towards the next fire; and when we came near it, we could see some one moving about and piling on wood. "There's your ghost for you," says Jack. "Hollo, mate, will you have a glass?" But the figure kept on at the fire, and made no answer. By this time we had got quite close to the fire, and as it blazed up, we saw quite plainly the figure of a man, but he had no head on his shoulders—nothing but a blood-stained stump of a neck, and yet he was going about quite contentedly feeding the fire. I thought I'd have dropped, but Jack said: "Come on; we'll grab him, ghost or no ghost." Then he put the bottle to his mouth, and took a long drink; I took another, and then Jack ran round the fire one way, and I ran another. As we got to the other side, we could see the Headless Shepherd standing between us. "I have you now," cried Jack, and tried to lay hold of him. I did the same, but he slipped through our fingers, and we caught only one another, and down we fell; and when we came to ourselves, the sun was shining overhead, and nothing remained of the ghost except the wood-ashes at the different fires. Jack and I went on to Wargoola; but what became of the ghost I don't know, as I went down to the Darling soon after.'

This story started the dispute about spirits afresh, for there were some 'new chums' present who had never read the Bathurst papers of the period, and *they* said that Rum was the only spirit that Red Jack and his mate had seen on King's Plains. However, the 'old hands' would not listen to this, and the dispute began to grow furious. At last, Jim Ryan, an Irish native, roared out in a rage: 'It's my belief ye're no better than haythens; and the next thing you'll do will be to deny the "Coöee Hut!"' This was evidently considered a conclusive argument by all the old bushmen, and their opponents were compelled to confess their ignorance of the Coöee Hut, and to ask for an account of it. For a short time, Jim Ryan refused to satisfy them, but at last he allowed himself to be persuaded.

'The hut we call the Coöee or Mendering Hut is out on the Yareko Creek, at the back of Goree Run; and the way it got that name was this: At the time when the Billilong and Yareko were first settled on, there was a man named Bill White employed at Goree Station. He was an emigrant, and had not been long in the colony, so they used to keep him about the home-station chopping wood and carting water, and helping up at the draughting-yards occasionally. Well, it happened that one of the shepherds had a row with the overseer, and got discharged at once; so, as they had no one else handy, they determined to send Bill White shepherding till they could get another man. The hut is twenty-five miles back from Goree; so the overseer went out himself with Bill and the sheep, and then stopped a day with him, to shew him the run. Bill had no hut-keeper, but he managed pretty well for two or three days; but one very hot day he must have fallen asleep in the middle of the day, when the sheep were in camp, and did not awake till they were drawn out. He was, as I told you, a new chum, and did not know anything about tracking, so he wandered vaguely up and down, looking for the flock, until he lost himself completely. The dusk was coming on, so he began coöeeing till he was fairly worn out, and then lay down to sleep. Next morning, he started again, but he had got confused; and you know the Yareko country is very puzzling, for the sandhills and plains are so much alike, it's very hard to tell one from another. Well, poor Bill tried to travel by the sun; but as he kept following it, he went round and round, and at dusk was near the place he started from. He had no food, and could not find the creek, so he was dying of thirst, for it was burning hot weather. He coöeed again and again, till he fell exhausted, and there he lay till morning. In the morning he arose and crawled a few yards, then down he sank, and there he perished. Meanwhile, the sheep had gone to another out-station, ten miles further back, where they had been running formerly; and as the feed was good, they stopped there very contentedly for seven or eight days, when the overseer happened to see them, and of course he brought them in to the home-station, and then went out to tell Bill White to come in himself. When he got to the hut, he found the ashes cold on the hearth; and he could see that White had not been in for some days; so in a great fright he gallopped back to the home-station, and mustered all hands to go and look for Bill. He took two black trackers also; and as I happened to be passing, I went out. Well, it was near dusk when we got out to the hut, and of course we could do nothing that night, so we hobbled the horses, and went into the hut. We were just getting our suppers when we heard a faint coöee, and then another and another. Of course, we answered at once, for we were in hopes that it was Bill White coming up; but the sound came no nearer, though the coöee was repeated every four or five minutes. We then thought that perhaps he had been hurt, and could not walk; so several of us went out to look for him, but we could see nothing of him, though the coöeeing still continued, and apparently quite close to us. In about an hour, it ceased suddenly, and we went back to the hut greatly puzzled, and very uneasy. In the morning at daylight we started, and the blacks very soon found poor Bill's track; it was by them that I was enabled to tell you of his rambling about, for they traced all his wanderings, pointed out where he sat, and where he slept, and at last brought us to where his body lay; and strange to relate, he had died within less than a mile of his home; but it was on a different side to that on which he had been accustomed to take out the sheep. We buried him in an adjacent sandhill, where you may see his grave fenced in; but since that time, no one will live in that hut, for every evening from dusk till dark poor Bill White is heard coöeeing; and plenty who never heard of the story, and have chanced to camp in the neighbourhood, have heard the sound, and have imagined that some traveller was coming, little thinking that it was the spirit of Bill White wandering about the Coöee Hut.'

When this tale was ended, midnight had passed some time; and as we had all to be up at daylight, to put our stock across the Edward River, there was a general move. The visitors filled and lit their pipes, took a parting glass, and went off to their respective camps; while I, rolling myself up in my opossum rug, went off into dreamland, into a slumber such as those who live at home at ease can never hope to enjoy.

THE PROBLEM OF TRANSMUTATION SOLVED.

THE dream of the alchemists, *lapis philosophorum*, that miraculous agent by which man was to acquire not only the power of transmutation of metals, but to enter into possession of a universal medicine, an elixir of life, is one of the most remarkable and unaccountable phenomena in the history of the human mind. What endless hours of labour, what nights of toil, and years of anxiety have been spent by the enthusiastic alchemist in his obscure and dusty laboratory! It is hard to conceive that this persevering labour, which spread more or less over

a period of twelve centuries, was entirely vain. As concerns the discovery of the philosopher's stone, it is evident that none such has yet been made. But may we not look upon the wonderful science of modern chemistry as having originated in the obscure labours of the adepts? And if so, what greater benefit could the alchemistic band of the middle ages have bestowed upon their fellow-creatures.

It is difficult to trace out the origin of true science, in the confusion of ideas which reigned for years before modern chemistry came to light; but the old alchemists discovered many useful substances—for instance, sulphuric acid, sulphate of iron or green vitriol, nitric acid, zinc, and phosphorus, which, in the hands of modern philosophers, have yielded an endless variety of treasures.

About the year 1780, when alchemy was fast disappearing, and giving place to the precise results of modern chemistry, the pretended art of transmutations appears to have been suddenly resuscitated in London and in Berlin. There exist, indeed, a few alchemists, in the true sense of the term, at the present day; more than one who believe that metals will some day be found to be transmutable, and that a universal medicine, or an elixir of life, will really be discovered before many years have elapsed, will probably read these very lines, and—may they profit by them.

The sensation just alluded to was created in London by certain publications emanating from the pen of a man who held a somewhat distinguished position in science, and had contributed not a little to the chemical knowledge of his day. This man was James Price, M.D., F.R.S. He was in possession of a considerable fortune, and, what was more, of two powders, a white and a red one, by means of which he assured the world that he could convert common metals into silver and gold. It is true that his experiments only produced very small quantities of the precious metals; but on one occasion, on the 30th May 1782, when operating before a numerous assembly, Price, by using only twelve grains of his philosophical powder, converted sixty ounces of mercury into two ounces and a half of silver, and presented the little bar of metal thus obtained to George III. It was then that Price published his *Account of some Experiments on Mercury, Silver, and Gold*, which excited so much curiosity in the public, that his colleagues of the Royal Society thought proper to name a commission, in order to inquire thoroughly into the matter, and, if possible, to discover where the error lay. But the doctor at first refused to divulge his secret, alleging that his provision of philosophical powder was almost exhausted in the experiments already made, and that it took a long time and much trouble to prepare more. At length, however, at the instance of Sir Joseph Banks and others, he determined to recommence his experiments. He retired to his laboratory at Guildford, and for a period of six or nine months, nothing more was heard of Price's transmutations, and the members of the Royal Society began to think that he had discovered his errors, and had consequently abandoned these futile researches. They were not a little surprised, therefore, on receiving from Price, in August 1783, an invitation to attend his laboratory for the purpose of witnessing a transmutation. Two or three members only thought proper to respond to this invitation, and in their presence Price swallowed a bottle of prussic acid, and died before any antidote could be administered to him.

At this time there lived in Germany a man named Semler, an honest, hard-working, persevering seeker after knowledge. John Solomon Semler was known among a wide circle of admirers as a learned theologian, and held a chair of theology in the university of Halle. Whilst quite a child, he often listened eagerly to the wondrous stories related now and then to his father by an alchemist called Taubenschuss. This Taubenschuss was an alchemist somewhat after his time; most of his life was passed in the preparation of the philosopher's stone, in which he believed firmly, in spite of the progress of science; and the miraculous accounts which he gave of its virtues in the presence of young Semler, imbued the latter with such a taste for chemical experiments, that in after-life, when deeply engaged in the study of theology, and in the pursuit of his profession, he always managed to devote a few hours in the week to chemistry. In his little studio or laboratory might be seen all the tinctures, acids, alkalies, salts, &c., that could be procured for love or money; and his investigations appear to have borne mainly upon the elucidation of the great problem of the alchemists.

Although his experiments never procured him the least spark of light, or advanced him one step nearer to the desired goal, Semler obstinately persevered. When his studies at the university were ended, and his acquirements as a theologian had procured for him a professorship at Halle, he had a little more spare time at his disposal, and this he likewise devoted to chemical experiments. At this period, he turned for a while from his laboratory, and began to consult the large *infolio* relics of the middle ages. It is impossible to say precisely what ideas he gleaned from the writings of Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Paracelsus, and Van Helmont; but, however scanty, they were probably sufficient for a man who had a blind faith in alchemy, without any notion of the laws of exact science.

A circumstance occurred, however, in the midst of his chemical mania, for we can call it by no other name, which tended by no means to lessen his belief in the marvels of alchemy. Semler had not long enjoyed his position as Professor of Theology in the university of Halle, before the gossips of the town had spread the report that the worthy professor was attached to the problem of transmutations, and that his greatest enjoyment appeared to reside in the pursuit of his chemical labours. It is not astonishing, therefore, that one evening a friend rushed almost into Semler's arms to inform him of the arrival in Halle of a stranger who had just travelled from Africa, in seemingly very distressed circumstances, but who possessed a piece of intelligence which was calculated to prove of infinite advantage to any learned man who might choose to avail himself of the information. The stranger, a shabbily dressed Jew, was accordingly introduced to Semler the next day. In the most mysterious manner, the Jew placed before the theologian-alchemist a greasy piece of paper, on which were written about a dozen lines in Hebrew characters; but the words were Arabic. He stated, at the same time, that he came from Tunis, and that at Tunis, Tripoli, and Fez there lived a great number of Jews, who had received as an inheritance from their forefathers the golden secret of alchemy. They were perfectly well acquainted with the art of making gold, he assured the professor, but they only made use of this important art in the most urgent cases of necessity, so fearful were they lest their secret should by some accident be revealed to their neighbours. The stranger said, moreover, that he had served for many years in the house of one of these eastern Jews, and had more than once assisted his master in a work of transmutation. The writing which he placed in the hands of Semler contained the whole secret of the process, and was an exact indication of all the operations to be performed. He understood perfectly the whole of this writing, and would explain it to Semler, only he had, unfortunately, forgotten the precise meaning of three words, without

which the rest was useless to him. This caused him the greatest distress, and he offered the paper to the theologian, not doubting that the professor himself, or some of his learned friends, would easily discover the sense of the three words, and with the condition that they should both work out the process together, to their mutual advantage, as soon as the whole should be properly interpreted.

The worthy theologian could scarcely conceal the joy he felt at the conclusion of this story, and certainly imagined that he was about to enter into possession of the secret which he had so fruitlessly endeavoured to wrest from nature. He accepted without delay the kind offer made by the Jew, requesting the latter to keep the affair strictly secret, and to come back to him in the course of a few days.

Semler set to work that same evening to translate the logograph which had so curiously fallen into his hands, and after a considerable amount of labour, fancied he had succeeded in finding out the meaning of about seven words, but all the rest remained a mystery to him. He was therefore obliged to take for granted the sense of the remainder as translated to him by the Jew, and to endeavour, by all the means in his power, to discover the sense of the three words of which his interpreter was ignorant. His linguistic resources having failed him in this respect, he applied to the most learned Orientalists of the town, and to the professors of the university, but all in vain; no one had ever seen the words before, nor was any one able to discover even their approximate meaning.

When this perplexing work had been proceeded with for five whole days, the stranger returned, and Semler informed him pitifully of his want of success. The Jew appeared greatly discomforted, as might have been expected, for he assured the professor that his only resource now was to return to Africa, to learn from his old master the meaning of the three words. Whether or not the worthy Semler found the Jew, who was evidently an impostor, the funds necessary to perform his journey to Tunis, we cannot say; but this adventure had upon the Professor of Halle the direct effect of increasing tenfold his belief in alchemy, and all the marvels related to him in former years concerning the properties of the philosopher's stone rose again most vividly in his mind.

Time rolled quietly on; Semler continued perseveringly his search after the mysterious *lapis*, prolonging his experiments long after dusk, without discovering anything remarkable until the year 1786, when a certain Baron Leopold von Hirschen announced to the world his discovery of a medicine which he called the *salt of life*. This medicine, supposed to be universal, was naturally advertised as the most wonderful discovery of the day, and calculated to insure unheard-of benefits to suffering humanity. Semler, who bought up all kinds of drugs for his experiments, soon procured some of this new product, and set to work upon it with such enthusiasm, that he published three consecutive papers on the subject. He pretended that he knew more about the *salt of life* than the person who had invented it. Improving upon the wonderful assertions of the baron, he unhesitatingly assured the world that it was not only a universal medicine, but also an agent of transmutation. With this new product, he stated, neither charcoal, nor crucible, nor mercury, was required to convert common metals into gold. It was sufficient to dissolve the wonderful product in water, and to abandon it to itself for some days in a glass vessel kept warm, when gold was sure to appear, and deposit itself at the bottom of the phial.

These announcements coming from a professor of the university of Halle, could not fail to attract considerable attention. At the period of which we are writing, science had taken a firm stand; alchemy was forgotten, or nearly so, by the learned men of the day, and it was only here and there in Europe that some obscure mind, which had not kept pace with the march of progress, still leaned towards the mysterious operations of the adepts.

Numerous objections to Semler's views were brought forward; considerable discussion ensued; and his friends thought it best he should make a public demonstration of his experiments, in order that the contest might stand upon a fair basis; supposing, no doubt, that the error, if such existed, would thus come to light. The theologian acceded with the utmost good-nature, and perfectly confident of his results, he determined to set the matter before an analytical chemist. Dr Gren was fixed upon as the chemist who should decide the question, inasmuch as he had taken a considerable part in the discussion; and accordingly, in 1787, Semler sent him a phial containing a brown-coloured salt, requesting him to examine it, and to lay the result publicly before the Academy of Berlin; assuring him, at the same time, that as soon as this salt was dissolved in water and warmed for a few days, it would begin to deposit gold—the fact being positively certain, Semler added, inasmuch as he had already procured a notable amount of gold from the very specimen he handed to Gren. Frederick Gren, a man of considerable talent, was not long in perceiving that fragments of gold-leaf were already mixed with the salt when he received it, and separated easily by the addition of water. He stated his conviction that gold had been mixed with the salt; in reply to which Semler asserted energetically that this gold was formed spontaneously in the liquid. But Gren refused to yield. Whereupon it was unanimously decided to place the matter before Klaproth, one of the most learned men of the day, and the greatest chemist in Germany.

Another specimen of the *salt of life* was accordingly forwarded to Berlin, to the laboratory of Klaproth, who carefully analysed the now celebrated substance, and found it to be composed of sulphate of magnesia and sulphate of soda, mixed with urine and gold-leaf. As the sample forwarded was very small, and Klaproth wished to decide the matter in the most satisfactory manner possible, he wrote to the professor of Halle, begging him to forward a larger specimen of the same product. Semler, with his usual good-nature, hastened to comply with the request, and forwarded to Berlin two large phials, the one containing a brown crystallised salt, in which, he stated, gold had not yet been produced; and the other, to use his own expression, 'being a liquid which already contained the seed of gold, and which, by the aid of warmth, would fecundate the salt.' The salt being dissolved in the liquid, and the whole being kept at an appropriate temperature, would yield gold in a few days.

But, like Gren, Klaproth saw at once that the crystallised salt had already particles of gold-leaf mixed with it, and by dissolving it in pure water, this gold separated from it without the addition of the liquid in the second phial. The alchemist of Halle was not in the least disconcerted; in spite of all that had passed, he felt confident that his illustrious correspondent would soon be convinced of the possibility of making gold. He forwarded more and more specimens of gold-leaf manufactured by the aid of the *salt of life*, calling them *aurum philosophicum aëreum*, some of which were of considerable dimensions, measuring as much as eight or nine square inches. Semler begged the learned chemist to do him the justice of analysing this product in the presence of the members of the Berlin Academy, so that, at least, it should be known to the world that real gold was produced, whether the true process was understood or not. So satisfied was Semler that his discovery would sooner or later be appreciated as it deserved, that his faith in alchemy was not yet shaken

in the least degree, for his experiments with the *salt of life* had always yielded him gold, and the gold itself was of the purest quality. A fragment of one of his letters to Klaproth has been preserved: it states:

'My experiments are more prosperous than ever. Two of my phials already contain gold, which I withdraw from them every fifth or sixth day. I extract each time from twelve to fifteen grains. Two or three other phials appear to be beginning; I see a little gold glittering near the bottom of them. But at present the process is expensive, each grain of gold that I produce costs me two, three, and sometimes four Prussian thalers; this is owing, no doubt, to some imperfection in the manner of operating.'

Klaproth did not hesitate to comply with the request of the theologian, and determined to test the gold before the members of the Academy of Sciences. The subject had made much noise in Berlin, and the assembly was more numerous than usual. After the usual preliminary business had been disposed of, Klaproth rose and laid the results of his investigation of Semler's *salt of life* before the meeting. Taking in his hand a test-tube, and placing in it some of the gold produced by the learned theologian, he shewed, by pouring upon it a few drops of acid, that it was not gold at all, but simply common yellow copper foil; in other words, that the gold in question was nothing more than ordinary brass. This declaration caused, as may easily be imagined, an outburst of hilarity, which soon spread from the academy over the whole of Germany, where nothing was more talked of for the next few weeks than the famous discovery of the great theologian of Halle, who, having made gold, and written considerable memoirs upon the process, had sent this same gold to be analysed by Klaproth, when it turned out to be brass!

The good-tempered, self-confident Semler was thus forced to open his eyes at last, and after taking a more careful view of the whole matter than he had ever done before, discovered the source of the mystification, the nature of which came to light as follows.

The learned professor used to perform his chemical experiments in a country house, where he was attended by an old servant, who had the greatest regard for him. It was this servant who had charge of the store in which were placed the phials where the mysterious salt fructified and yielded gold. The worthy domestic had remarked the ardour and persevering stimulus with which his master carried on his chemical operations, and the profound joy which attended the success of any of his experiments. Wishing to contribute as much as possible to the happiness of his master, the amiable old man conceived the notion of slipping a little gold-leaf into the phials with which the theologian experimented. But it happened now and then that he was obliged to absent himself, for he was not only the servant of the professor, but a soldier of the king of Prussia, and his presence as such was sometimes demanded at the reviews which took place at Magdeburg; in which case he was relieved in his guard by his wife, to whom he passed the watchword. This ingenious woman continued to supply the gold-leaf as it was required; but thinking, no doubt, that the expenditure of gold was a needless outlay, and that brass would answer the purpose just as well, the economical old lady had prevailed upon her husband to make use of a few thin sheets of brass that were lying about the house. The *aurum philosophicum* analysed by Klaproth was no other!

Semler, who had been labouring under a complete delusion, acquitted himself honourably before the public of Germany. He has left us in an autobiography the most candid confession of his alchemical errors, in return for which the inhabitants of Berlin have rather pitied than ridiculed him.

THE COMMON.

THERE the star-blossomed chickweed grows,
And there the yellow groundsel blows,
On which the goldfinch feeds;
There sleeps the pond, all freckled o'er
With duckweed bright, a golden store,
'Neath which the horse-leech breeds.

There the gold-sprinkled furze-bush flings
Its mellow glory wide; there sings
The linnet 'mong the spears—
The guardian thorn-spears that surround
His favourite dwelling, and oft wound
The nester's brow and ears.

There, culling blushful wild-flowers gay,
A merry group of children stray,
Linked by health's rosy charm;
The youngest one is all behind,
Slow toddling up against the wind,
With bonnet on her arm.

There's a lean strip: the absent grass
Proclaims that swift feet o'er it pass,
And keep the green'ry down:
'Tis the young cricketers' freehold,
For splendid hits and catches bold,
The scene of great renown.

There stands an urchin winding in
His kite, that looks as reed-flag thin,
Struggling so high o'erhead;
Guiding the captive quite at will,
A consciousness of strength and skill
May on his face be read.

Upon its quiet reedy marge,
Poor ill-used Neddy roams at large,
Cropping the herbage sweet;
While near stands, the horse-pensioner,
That scarcely now a limb can stir
'Mid mates of nimble feet.

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ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.

WHEN my Brougham is gone to the coachmakers for repairs, and the small Tiger who stands rampant at the back of my cabriolet has got a fortnight's leave to see his friends in the country, then I sometimes ride upon an omnibus; *upon*, mind, but never *in* one. I cannot submit to sit sideways among hard-breathing but silent persons, the majority of whom entertain suspicions that one of their two neighbours is picking their pocket, and that the other is working in concert with him. It is too distressing to me to witness the futile efforts of that good-natured person from the agricultural districts to ingratiate himself with the rest of the company by jocose remarks, which only change their dark suspicions with regard to *him*, at least, into perfect certainty. It is too frightful to run the risk a second time—for it has happened to me once already—of sitting next a mother with two babes, one of whom being discomposed by the movement of the vehicle, requires the exclusive attention of its parent, who thereupon intrusts me with the other to 'hold,' as though it were a challenge-cup, and I were honoured indeed in being made the repository of such a trust.

These things, I say, are not to be endured in the finest weather; while, if it rains—when people, curiously enough, seem most to affect the interior of these conveyances—the mystical power of emitting horrible odours which an omnibus possesses is such that nothing would induce me to brave it. I do not pretend to question the desirability of this gift; we know that the skunk and other animals are dowered in the like manner, and doubtless for some good and wise purpose; nor do I concern myself with what composition of forces may make up the aroma in question—how much may be contributed by damp straw, how much by wet broadcloth, how much by saturated members of the human family, and how much by their umbrellas, dripping black and green and brown into a common centre; I leave that matter to the analytical chemists, for the insides of omnibuses I never use myself by any chance.

But the outside of a 'bus, let me observe, is a very different position, and one that is most charming in many respects. In the first place, it affords, by reason of its elevation, the best air in London, with the exception of that obtained by Mr Glaisher during his metropolitan ascents, which are, after all, quite exceptional cases, and scarcely need to have been mentioned, only that I am so anxious to be fair. Secondly, it affords the best view, and that without even the above exception; for although Mr G. may have panorama and chimney-tops in immense variety, he cannot pursue the engrossing study of mankind—inclusive, of course, of the female sex—to nearly such advantage as can I upon the knife-board. In great thoroughfares, such as Holborn, I allow that I can only survey, with distinctness, what is going on in the first floors; but when that street is 'up'—as it has been for the last twelvemonth, and probably will be for twelve months to come—and the 'busses are driven into the by-streets, the second floors, and even the attics, are exposed to my view, as clearly as though I were Asmodeus, and had lifted the roofs off. The people thus invaded are not accustomed to defend themselves from surveillance, as are the inhabitants of the dwellings that skirt our lines of railway; they have no window-blinds, or, if they have, they do not use them. They quarrel, they eat and drink, they play at dominoes, and they retire to rest, unconscious of the fact, that they are under my observation, or indifferent to it. I know of no method by which a foreigner can make himself acquainted with what is called 'the inner life' of the lower classes of London—of all the grades, in fact, below that which uses Venetian blinds—so well as by journeying to and from the City to the West End on the top of a 'bus, while Holborn is in the hands of the Commissioners of Drainage.

Diverging from that great artery at Hart Street, Bloomsbury, on the eastward route, he will find himself in a labyrinth of narrow ways, wherein, by turning himself sharply round, he will even be able to observe *both* sides of the streets; although this must not be done too rapidly, lest in the attempt to combine his information he may confuse it, through the reception of the second image upon his retina, before the first has wholly faded away. Thus, a gentleman may be shaving in the second floor of No. 9, while a lady may be trying on what I believe is termed 'a skirt' in No. 140 opposite; whereupon the note-book of the too observant foreigner will record that the ladies of Theobald Street use razors, and the men wear stays. He may make some statements, however, with perfect truth, which are calculated to excite astonishment even among the fellow-countrymen of those he describes,

since all have not enjoyed the advantages of surveying English life from a slow-moving, unexpected, and exalted point of view.

Many, for instance, will be surprised to learn that the whole population of the district of which I speak eat whelks for supper. They generally pick them out with a pin, though some will break them with the handles of their knives; nor are pieces of shell considered an impediment to gastronomical pleasure. I *once* saw a lady crunch a whelk under her heel (and she hadn't a shoe on either), but she was in a hurry. They also consume shrimps in enormous quantities at all seasons of the year. There is a venerable individual (male) living at the corner of King's Road, second floor, front, whom I have twice observed in the act of eating shrimps *in bed*. I do not know what may be his profession, but it is certainly one that does not keep him up late at night, or interfere with what I may truly designate a healthy appetite: how often, at a dinner of eight courses, have I envied that happy, unsophisticated man! Acres of green-meat are devoured in this neighbourhood at tea-time, which is about 4.30 P.M. Often and often have I been an unseen witness to that deathless entertainment given by Sairey Gamp to Betsey Prig; but I am bound to say, that after the season for that delicacy has well set in, she rarely forgets 'the cowcumber.' They sup the vinegar up with their knives with intense enjoyment, while my fastidious teeth are set on edge with the mere contemplation of them. How they eat radishes, too, tails and all, and celery down to the very roots! No males are ever to be beheld at these festive scenes. Their day's work is not yet over, or, if it is, they are in the ground-floor parlour of the *Cat and Cauliflower*, where I could take a clearer observation of them, if they did not envelop themselves in such remarkably thick tobacco-smoke; or, if not there, they are in the excellent dry skittle-alley attached to the same establishment, and that dull thunder which comes up to me, as I roll by in comparative silence, is the result of their scientific 'flooring.'

When at home, the male inhabitants of this quarter invariably sit in their shirt-sleeves, without the slightest regard to the state of the temperature. I believe this to be a procedure at once natural and becoming; for although chilly and artificial myself, and therefore without any personal prejudice in favour of the custom, I have observed the same predilection to exist in certain stalwart persons of my own class in life, whose example I revere. At college, in chambers at Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, on long-vacation excursions in the country, and, in short, on all occasions when the conventionalities of life are most easily dispensed with, I have seen this desire to sit in their shirt-sleeves budding, expanding, and at last, as it were, blossoming into flower. The test of friendship with some men is, whether they can say to their host: 'I know you don't mind my taking off my coat, old fellow.' And, for my part, I always say: 'Certainly not; you may take off anything you like,' for I know how it pleases them. It is not by any means vulgarity that prompts this request; no vulgar man would venture to make it; but rather, I think, some sublime yearning after freedom and the golden age of humanity. Curiously enough, when this privilege is once conceded, it seems appropriate to quaff porter from a pewter pot, and to apply the back of the hand to the lips, which is never done, in the best circles, under any other circumstances whatever. The drinking of porter from the metal is an enjoyment confined solely to males. In all my observations from the knife-board, I never but once saw one of the fair sex bury her expressive features in the sparkling foam, and that was only to please her lord and master, who regarded her all the time as lovingly as though she were Aphrodite. This occurred in a first-floor in Gray's Inn Lane, in a family of good position.

A whole volume might indeed be written on life as seen from the knife-board, and one that would make rather a sensation if it recorded the actual facts. But besides the objects of external interest which are being continually presented to the travelling student of humanity, there is immense attraction for him in those remarkable persons, the Driver and the Conductor of the 'bus itself, who have never yet been properly investigated.

The omnibus-driver is perhaps the only specimen of the true philosopher now extant; the gravest, the most serious, the most sententious, and the most egotistical of created human beings. A beadle may possess some of his attributes, perhaps, but he lacks the elevation, and especially the catholicism. My Driver looks down, not upon a parish, but upon what may not improperly be termed the world at large, for eleven hours every day of his life. Nothing, or at least very little, is concealed from him, and he has only to turn his head to witness the most surprising social phenomena. This tremendous and varied experience is a little too much for him.

'I am not a conceited person,' observed a late classical professor of great eminence, in the confidence of a friendly conversation, 'but I do believe that I know everything except Botany.'

Now, that is exactly the opinion of my omnibus-driver, with this added, that he knows Botany also. How is it possible that he should not know it? Conceive the flower-pots which pass under his eye upon balconies and porches; the boxes of mignonette filling up half the little windows in district N.; 'the coleworts, the marygoulds, the toolips, the chickweed and them blessed creepers'—I use the very words of my Driver with reference to this subject, in place of any Linnæan classification. *Don't* he know! If not, then he would like to know the man as *does* know. This omniscience has the effect of endowing my driver with that 'scorn of scorn' which has been attributed to the Poet only. He has a truly withering contempt for all his fellow-creatures who are not also omnibus-drivers, and even for those, if they are in opposition or do not belong to his own Company. Only yesterday, a pastry-cook's vehicle, with *Ice* written very legibly on the back of it, interfered with our progression in a narrow thoroughfare. The young man who drove it looked in no degree inferior to pastry-cooks' young men in general. He was not in the least to blame for his position in front of us, which he had obtained, not by hazardous driving, but by order of seniority. Yet he fell under the crushing satire of my driver, thus: '*Git out the*, *with your old ice-cart.*' It was a brand-new one; and he could not 'git out' unless by cutting his way through a coal-wagon and a Parcels Delivery. Yet so superior was the tone of this reproof, that the young man blanched beneath it; nor did he venture to return a single word, when, as we passed by him, grinding his newly-painted axletree, my driver added scornfully: '*You scaly warmint.*' Without admitting the remark to be quite courteous, I confess it filled me with admiration for the speaker, 'looking right on with calm eternal eyes,' and unconscious of having committed the least breach of good-manners. I have known a clerk in a government office to be even whit as insolent, but then the air was not so natural. The official *endeavours* to be rude, but the omnibus-driver is rude without knowing it. Perhaps the dangers that he has perpetually to encounter make him feel more than mortal.

> To play at the game whose moves are death.
> It maketh a man draw too proud a breath,

must, I have often thought, have been originally written of one of this profession, although it has been applied to soldiers; for, consider the perils which

have to be guarded against between the *Royal Oak*, in Bayswater, for instance, to the *Bank* eight times *per diem*. The slippings-up of the horses and their comings-down—the drivings-over children at crossings, and—worse—the knockings-under to policemen consequent on having done it! The long, long glide down Holborn Hill, in the course of which, if a single link, or strap, or spoke gives way, all is over! The concourse of hostile vehicles, most of them going the other way, amid which, if eye and hand are not in exact unison, or if the head 'goes' for a single instant, the 'bus becomes a wreck, and the cause of wrecks in fifty others! One half-look to right or left—and there are faces among the daughters of men so fair that they will attract even omnibus-drivers—and an obstruction may be produced at Tottenham Court Road which will presently paralyse Skinner Street, and check the circulation of Cornhill.

Nay, the 'bus itself is not that ark of safety which some imagine it to be. There are some 'buses—and especially in times when London is thronged—which, although fair to see, and brilliant with paint and gilding, are rotten and unsafe: decayed vehicles temporarily furbished up to meet the emergency, fulfilling the beautiful natural law of Supply and Demand up to a certain point, when they become, *in an instant*, chips and lucifer-matches. Thus it happened to a 'bus in the Exhibition-time.

> It had traces of age on the opening-day,
> Just a general flavour of mild decay,
> But 'nothing local,' as one may say.
> There couldn't be that, for the patcher's art
> Had made it so like in every part,
> That there wasn't a chance for one to start;
> For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
> And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
> And the panels just as strong as the floor,
> And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
> And the back crossbar as strong as the fore;
> And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt,
> In another hour it would be *worn out*.

Loaded with passengers inside and out, this hypocrite of a 'bus got its fore-wheel (which was 'off' immediately) into a gutter in St James's Street, and in the attempt at extrication the catastrophe occurred.

> All at once the horses stood still,
> Expectant, on that St James' Street hill;
> First a shiver, and then a thrill;
> Then something decidedly like a spill.
> What do you think the driver found
> When he got up and stared around?
> The poor old 'bus in a heap or mound,
> As if it had been to the mill, and ground!
>
> You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
> How the 'bus went to pieces all at once—
> All at once, and nothing first,
> Just as bubbles do when they burst.

This is surely a species of accident calculated to appal the strongest mind; yet that omnibus-driver (whose name, let it be recorded, was Oliver Wendell Holmes) is not described as having exhibited a trace of emotion previous to the dissolution of his vehicle, of the critical state of which he could scarcely have been ignorant. Omnibus-drivers, then, are brave, and very scornful; but it is fair to add, that this latter quality is much exaggerated by the evil treatment they receive at the hands of their proprietors. They have two guineas a week, indeed, which is a larger salary than falls to the lot of curates whose university education has cost them a thousand pounds; but they are kept at work incessantly for twelve, or even fourteen hours per week-day, while on Sundays they are worked as hard as the curates. They are allowed but twenty minutes or so for their dinner, and if any unusual obstruction has detained their vehicle, even that time for refreshment is proportionally curtailed.

'I runs down to dinner, and then I runs up again,' remarked one of this persecuted class, whose weight could not have been much less than twenty stone; and if ever I heard pathos, it was in his manly tones: the very image of his 'running' either up or down, set forth the dire necessity for haste in the most striking colours. That antetype of the omnibus-driver, the stage-coachman, was never hurried after this fashion; but, nevertheless, he was an inferior being. His views of life were less extended, and his knowledge was mainly confined to horse-flesh. His pride, too, was derived from a lower source—namely, the excellence of his team. Now, fortunately for the subject of my panegyric, the superiority of his spirit is not dependent upon the beauty and condition of the steeds under his control; if it were so, he would be humble indeed.

But the most interesting of all the subjects of contemplation which are presented to me upon the knife-board is the social relation which exists between the Driver and the Conductor. We hear of brother and sister, father and son, man and wife, and a good deal of that newly-discovered relative, the co-respondent; but the bond between the omnibus-driver and his conductor has escaped the notice alike of the natural historian and of the writer of fiction. No tale of the affections, so far as I know, derives its interest from the peculiar sympathy existing between these two classes; no Driver retires from his box into some place of picturesque obscurity—say Little Hampton—and passes the remainder of his days in sentimental regret for a Conductor, repeating to himself 'Bank! Bank!' or 'Twopence all the way,' the cry of his lost favourite, by the passengerless sea-shore. I throw the suggestion out for the sensation-novelists, who have, singularly enough, overlooked this phase of sentiment.

In life, however, I am bound to say that the mutual behaviour of these persons does not convey the idea of morbid attachment; they contradict one another too flatly for that, and pass too protracted a period without speaking. There is an eloquence in silence, I am well aware, but not in the silence which is broken by ringing a bell, or sounding a whistle, or flapping the roof of an omnibus impatiently with a leathern strap. Yet these are the communications which pass between the parties in question, whenever their conversation is suspended through temporary tiff or disinclination for talk. It is never suspended through that delicate sensitiveness which sometimes forbids the interchange of friendly speech in the presence of strangers. There may be four persons beside myself upon one side of the knife-board, and five upon the other, without that circumstance checking in the very least the sprightly flow of the Conductor's remarks, addressed across us all, to his friend the Driver. The former is generally the chief speaker, and is content to receive the most sententious answers, or even responsive growls, from his guide, philosopher, and friend. He passes a life in all respects the reverse of that of the driver; he never sits down; he flies from step to step, or to the ground, with the agility of an anthropoid ape; he is gallant to an extraordinary degree, and often induces unconscious females bound for Islington to patronise his vehicle, though it is going to London Bridge; he is almost always a humorist of considerable ability, and is never restricted in the expression of his sentiments by circumstances of conventional restraint—such as, for instance, that the individual who is the subject of his satire is within hearing.

The Conductor is on very much the same terms with his Driver as certain ladies of rank and fashion are with their husbands. Always apprehensive of a rebuff, he does his best to make things pleasant, and keep his lord in good-humour, but yet without subservience. In case of protracted sulks in his superior, he is himself prepared for the offensive, and 'Now, then, stoopid, *off*-side, didn't I tell you. Darn me if ever I seed a fellow miss his chances like you,' is a specimen of the sardonic style

in which he may be driven to address the 'guv'nor,' if all his arts of fascination have failed to please. As, however, in the case of the fashionable couples above alluded to, the two are always unanimous in running down their common friends. Depreciatory remarks concerning 'Bill' and his Bess (evidently visiting acquaintances of both parties) are freely interchanged between them; one contemptuously opines that 'that 'ere boy'—the offspring, as I gather, of the above pair—'don't weigh eight pounds;' to which the other replies: 'No, nor seven neither.' And 'What about that trottin' pony of his?' asks the Conductor, radiant with satire. 'Ah, what indeed!' grunts the Driver; 'why, nothin' at all.'

It may be a little vulgar, but I greatly delight in listening to suggestive conversation of this sort, and much prefer it to the sentences which drift into my hearing in elegant assemblies, without meaning, or even a base for the imagination to build upon. I picture Bill and Bess, their baby, and their pony under tax, and am perfectly satisfied with the presentment, until, all of a sudden, who should meet us but Bess herself, with the babe in question on her lap, and driving the very pony of which I have heard such depreciatory remarks. The animal, however, is not in motion, but standing opposite a very genteel public-house, and the lady has deputed the reins to a female friend who sits beside her, and is herself partaking of refreshment in the form of Hollands, administered to her by an obsequious potboy. 'Lor, Mr Miller,' observes she, colouring a little as she recognises our driver, 'I was just taking a glass to keep the cold out.*—Lor, and you too, Mr Parks, how do *you* do?'

Whereupon both driver and conductor go into an ecstasy after their very different manners: and 'Ain't Bill's old woman fond of a glass of *water?*' screams Mr Parks across me, sitting on the knife-board. 'I believe you,' replies Mr Miller; 'and that 'ere baby, too!' adds he; but with reference to what circumstance I cannot tell. He is put in thorough good-humour, however, until we meet with a South Kensington 'bus far too crowded with passengers to be gratifying. He exchanges a surly turn of the wrist with his brother-driver; but the conductor of the fortunate vehicle is anxious to have his triumph recognised in a more signal manner. 'Here's a blessed lot on 'em, ain't there?' exclaims he, indicating his fares with a wave of his hand, as if they were dry goods; 'it's them presents down at Kensington; I likes presents, I do.' No answer is returned to this self-congratulatory speech; but Mr Parks remarks moodily to Mr Miller, that 'that there Jack Walker is always owdacious lively when he's full.' This would almost seem a contradiction in terms, since people in that condition are seldom or never lively; but the observation refers to the fulness, not of Mr John Walker, but of the omnibus which he has the honour to conduct.

And here, let me say, as one accustomed to the knife-board, that not only are Mr Parks, Mr Walker, and most of their class extraordinarily lively when full, but, whether full or empty, exceedingly kind and considerate to women and children, helping them carefully down the step, and even tenderly accompanying them through the perilous streams of traffic to the kerbstone of safety. Their behaviour in this respect is in the strongest contrast with that of cabmen.

As to how the omnibus-driver conducts himself socially when off his box, I have no information to offer; but when serving on a job, and not engaged in public traffic, his nature undergoes a revolution. On the night of the illuminations on the occasion of the royal marriage, I chanced to sit next the driver of a 'bus who was acting in a private capacity. Nothing could exceed the ease and affability of his manners. He drank the best part of half-a-dozen of sherry, and ate sandwiches in such mighty layers, that the task of satisfying him seemed as hopeless as that of supplying a Russian bear with sugar-coated Bath-buns. All on a sudden, however, he observed that he had had enough of *them*, and produced a loaf and half a cheese from his pockets, which he 'worked off' (I use his very words) to the last crumb. Eventually, I regret to state, he got politely intoxicated. This did not incapacitate him from driving, but it confined his conversation to a single remark, which he repeated, I should think, about nine hundred times between Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park Corner. 'All I sees is, let me only give satisfacshun.' And that was all he did say. I was upwards of eight hours upon omnibus-top on that particular occasion, and I confess that I had more than enough of it. But in a general way, I repeat that the most charming method of metropolitan travel is on the knife-board of a 'Bus.

* The thermometer on the day in question was 65 in the shade.

THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE FORCE.

The manning of the navy is a question which, of late years, has forced itself upon the attention of the country, and has caused considerable discussion. Our statesmen and naval men have tried various plans, but their efforts have not been attended with great success. The difficulty has been not only to man the navy, but to man it rapidly, when necessity shall demand an increase in the force afloat, with men who, when called on to serve on board a man-of-war, can make themselves of use, without requiring to be taught the elements of seamanship.

The formation of the Naval Reserve is a practical solution of the question, and judging from its present strength, there is no reason to doubt the ultimate success of the scheme. To Captain Brown, R.N., late Registrar-general of Seamen, is mainly due the credit of having originated the scheme, and of bringing the force to its present state of organisation.

A few years ago, it was a difficult task to get good men to serve on board the Queen's ships. In some seaports a positive prejudice existed in the minds of merchant-seamen against the royal navy; and except in rare instances, few men were willing to take service, if there was any chance of finding employment on board a merchantman. This prejudice continued until quite recently, notwithstanding the high pay, bounty, and other allowances which were held out as inducements. Great and important changes have taken place in the navy of late years; many of the old sources of unpopularity have ceased to exist; and there is at present an evident turn of feeling in favour of the Queen's service.

The Volunteer Reserve has now reached the fourth year of its existence. The Return of the Registrar-general tells us that, at 31st January 1863, the number of applications made for enrolment was 17,401. Of this number, 15,272 men had been enrolled, the difference, 2129, or about one-seventh of the whole, being rejected on various grounds. Let us see how this large number of 15,272 men is made up. London, of course, comes first, furnishing 3629, or something more than one-fifth of the whole Reserve. The next highest is North Shields, which contributes 1234. Liverpool—which one might suppose would be equal, or, at all events, next to London—only furnishes 1137; Bristol, 819; Hartlepool, 617; Aberdeen, 510; Seaham, 471; South Shields, 407; Plymouth, 268; Glasgow, the most important seaport in Scotland, only 245; and Newcastle, one of the chief English ports, supplies but 220 men. In addition to these, there are less important ports of which the numbers are small indeed; in one or two instances, we find a small seaport set down as having one man on the roll. It is evident that many of the ports mentioned in the Registrar-general's Return do not furnish anything

like the number of men in proportion to their seafaring population; for instance, Hull, one of the most extensive shipping-ports, from which we should expect sufficient men to man a line-of-battle ship, has only 158 volunteers on the roll; Cork, another important seaport, with a large seafaring population in its neighbourhood, gives as its share 130 men; and Leith, the very small number of 87. Among the Scotch ports, Dundee stands forward as the highest, not only in respect of numbers, but as regards the proportion of men it furnishes as compared with the sea-going population, the 776 on the roll representing about 25 per cent. of the seamen of the district. Aberdeen, another not very extensive port, has twice as many volunteers on the roll as Glasgow, and nearly six times as many as Leith.

The duty of enrolling naval volunteers has devolved exclusively on the different shipping-masters throughout the kingdom, and to these officers the country is in a great measure indebted for the success which has attended the scheme thus far. On them rests the duty of keeping the subject before seamen, of explaining to them the nature of the service which as volunteers they will be required to give, and, in many cases, of overcoming deep-rooted prejudices peculiar to merchant-seamen. Should the shipping-officer happen to be an unpopular man, the probability is that his roll of naval volunteers will be short.

The object of the government in sanctioning the Naval Reserve being to obtain a body of picked men, it was not to be expected that every candidate who presented himself would be accepted. While he might be very well fitted to perform a seaman's duties on board an ordinary vessel, the merchant-seaman, in many cases—nay, in every case—comes far short of the standard by which men in the royal navy are judged. In the mercantile marine, for example, a man would not be rejected on the ground of slight physical imperfections, provided he was an average sailor, and able to perform a fair amount of work. In the Queen's service, it is imperative that men be *perfectly* sound physically, and possessed of more than the ordinary share of bone and muscle, thew and sinew. Then, as regards seamanship, the term 'able seaman,' applied to first-class men in the merchant-service, very frequently means 'ordinary seaman'—a grade lower—in the royal navy. Hence, it may often happen that an able seaman who has served in that capacity in a merchantman finds himself rated only as an 'ordinary' on board a man-of-war.

We learn from the Rules issued by the Admiralty and the Board of Trade, that no one will be accepted who is above thirty years of age: though prior to 1st April last, the limit was thirty-five years. The candidate must also be 'free from physical defect, and his health good;' he must also be of good character. The officer before whom the candidate appears for enrolment must be furnished with satisfactory proof of age, and with certificates of his good character. Having satisfied the officer on these points, the candidate is, in the next place, required to prove that he has been five years at sea within the last ten years—one, at least, of the five years' service as an 'able' seaman.

As soon as the volunteer has proved that he is eligible for admission into the force, he will be duly enrolled, and furnished with what is termed a certificate of enrolment, by the shipping-master, or other officer on whom devolves this duty. This is a most important document to the volunteer, and must be produced every time he attends for drill, in order that the record of his attendance, and other particulars of his drill, may be made; and it will be the proof of his claim to pay and other allowances as a member of the Reserve. If, by unavoidable necessity, he has been absent from training, or if he has been unable to take the full amount of drill which is required of him, in consequence of prolonged absence from this country, it is essential that the reasons be stated in his certificate by the shipping-master or other authorised officer, who will make the necessary endorsements on the document when it is presented to him. In order that this record be carefully kept up, and that the authorities may be satisfied that the conditions and requirements of the force are regularly complied with on the part of the volunteer, it is incumbent on him to appear before a shipping-master once in six months, except in cases where he has been granted leave of absence, for which he must make special application. This leads us to consider what duties are required of the Naval Reserve man, and how far the fact of his belonging to the force interferes with his ordinary employment as a merchant-seaman.

It is not to be imagined that there is no work for the Reserve, merely because there is no pressing cause for its services at present, or that the naval volunteer has nothing to do but draw his pay. There *is* work, and hard work, too, so long as it lasts; and no one who is conversant with the nature of drill on board a man-of-war will deny that even in time of peace Jack earns his pay. The arrangements for training the Reserve Force, however, are so admirably made, and so suited to the convenience of the men, that the work, hard as it is, falls lightly on them; and the drill is so well and judiciously divided, that there is nothing, except in rare instances, to prevent a seaman from being a volunteer, and at the same time pursuing his calling in the merchant-navy; that is, so long as no extraordinary emergency renders it imperative that the force should be called out for service afloat.

As a general rule, the volunteer can employ himself on board any vessel he may think proper, subject to certain conditions.

First, he must appear before a shipping-master in the United Kingdom once in every six months, for the purpose already explained; the intention of which is, that, under ordinary circumstances, a volunteer may not engage to go on a voyage the performance of which is likely to exceed six months. Thus, while he may take service on board a ship engaged in the coasting, European, or American trades (if the last-mentioned be on board a steamer or regular trader), he cannot serve in a vessel trading to the Cape of Good Hope, India, or Australia. Should he wish to employ himself in a particular trade—say the Australian, for instance—by which it will be impossible to comply with this condition, the volunteer must apply for special leave through a shipping-master, who will be empowered in particular cases to grant exemption from personal attendance and drill, subject to certain conditions.

In order that the Admiralty and Board of Trade may be aware of the whereabouts of the volunteer, it is incumbent on him to present himself to the shipping-master, and inform him of every new engagement he makes. Should he change his residence, it is necessary that the fact be duly intimated to the shipping-master, so that the volunteer may at once be found, should a necessity occur for his presence. As all these particulars will be carefully recorded on the certificate of enrolment, a shipping-master or naval officer having charge of the Reserve at any port in the country, can easily ascertain, by looking at that document, how and where the volunteer has been employed since he became a member of the force, and how far the foregoing conditions have been complied with. The penalty of non-compliance with these requirements is forfeiture of all the benefits which belong to the Reserve Force.

The volunteer is expected to devote twenty-eight days *per annum* to drill, although it is not imperative that the whole of the drill be taken at once. Should he find it inconvenient to take his full month's drill, he may take twenty-one, fourteen, or even seven days at a time, provided always that the legal number of days' training be performed within

the year. The time and place of training rest entirely with the volunteer himself; and as every facility consistent with the interests of the Reserve is given by the Admiralty in respect of naval officers and training-ships, the plan of leaving it to the option of seamen to choose the port and time for training is the best that could have been devised.

Those interested in shipping affairs are aware that the majority of foreign-going merchant-seamen are employed on an average only about nine months in the year; hence it happens that many of them have one, two, or three months at a time at their disposal. Those of them who are more thoughtful and 'pushing' than their fellows, avail themselves of the opportunity, when at home and unemployed, of attending classes for instruction in navigation, so that after a time they may be able to serve as mate, or even master of a vessel—the highest ambition of a sailor. In this respect, it is gratifying to notice that the Volunteer Reserve has been the means of assisting its members to add to their educational acquirements, by affording them an opportunity of attending school, and defraying the expense of their instruction.

There are, however, always a large majority of men who do not trouble themselves much about the matter of education. For both these classes of seamen (but more especially the latter, who literally roll about with their hands in their pockets), the Reserve is a relief from idleness, besides furnishing a month's pay, and the other emoluments and advantages to which naval volunteers are entitled.

It frequently happens that a sailor arrives off a voyage at a port a considerable distance from his home; and to avoid the expense which travelling would entail, he will prefer to stay and look about for a berth in an outward-bound vessel. He may, however, have to wait for a week, probably longer, ere he finds employment. In such a case, should he belong to the Naval Reserve, he will find this a very suitable opportunity for taking a portion of his drill. With this view, he will make his way to the nearest training-ship, report himself to the officer in charge, and on presenting his certificate, will at once be placed under instruction. So long as he continues at drill, he will be allowed to sleep on board the ship, and will be victualled on the same scale, and paid at the same rate as seamen of a corresponding rating in the royal navy.

There are now seventeen ports where training-ships are stationed for the use of the Naval Reserve Force: these ports are London, Liverpool, Hull, Leith, Greenock, Dundee, Harwich, Pembroke, Sunderland, Shields, Southampton, Weymouth, Aberdeen, Bristol, Falmouth, Queenstown, and Dublin. On board each ship or hulk are properly-qualified instructors, generally selected from the class of petty-officers in the royal navy, and these in their turn are under the supervision of one or more commissioned officers, so that everything has been done to insure an efficient and thorough training of the force.

If we visit one of these vessels, we shall find that the system of drill is precisely the same as that pursued in the royal navy, and comprises big-gun, cutlass, pistol, and musket exercise. In the use of the last-named weapon, the Reserve is so well drilled, that should an emergency arise, the force might fall in with the rifle volunteers on shore, and act along with them. In addition to the ordinary drill, the volunteer is taught the other naval duties which have to be performed on board a man-of-war, so that he may rate as an 'able seaman' on board ship, should his services ever be required. Unlike the rifle volunteers, whose drill generally begins after their ordinary daily employment is over, the naval volunteers exercise during the early part of the day, and the drill is carried on for several hours. It is essential that it should be so, as it often happens that a squad of men may be able to give a week only at a time to training, and in order that the most may be made of this short period, the work must be hard and constant.

The officers of the Naval Reserve are divided into two classes—lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. Their number must not exceed 400 in all; 130 of the former, and 270 of the latter rank. In addition to these officers, the Admiralty may enrol honorary lieutenants to the number of 100; but as they are exempt from drill, and will not be called out for service, we need only remark that it is a condition of their holding honorary rank that they be in command of merchant-vessels *afloat*. To these, in common with the other officers of the Reserve, commissions are granted on the recommendation of the Board of Trade.

For a lieutenancy, it is indispensable that the candidate hold a master's certificate of competency; he must also have been for at least two years in command of a vessel of not less than five hundred tons register. Chief-mates, who possess certificates of competency either as masters or chief-mates, provided they have sailed in either capacity in vessels of five hundred tons register for two years, are eligible for the rank of sub-lieutenant. The age of men filling either office must not exceed forty-five years. By limiting the number to those who have served on board vessels of a large size, the Admiralty secures a body of the most intelligent, thorough, and experienced seamen to officer the force.

Applications for commissions are made through the Registrar-general of seamen, and are by him forwarded to the Admiralty, with whom the patronage rests. For the convenience of officers of the merchant-service who are absent from the country, the list will remain open until January 1864.

The number of days in each year which an officer must devote to drill, is the same as that required of the men. In the case of officers, however, it is more imperative than in the case of men that they take the full amount of drill in twenty-eight successive days. Besides his ordinary drill, an officer is taught all the duties that belong generally to a naval officer of the same rank. When he has received his commission, and acquired a thorough knowledge of drill, the duty of the officer will be to train the men himself, instead of leaving this work to be performed by officers of the royal navy, as at present.

And now as to remuneration for attendance while training. Lieutenants are paid at the rate of ten shillings, and sub-lieutenants at the rate of seven shillings a day while being drilled. The men are paid the same wages as seamen of corresponding rating on board the royal navy. If they live on board one of Her Majesty's ships, they are victualled in the same way as the other seamen serving afloat; and if they live on shore, they will receive in place of victuals an allowance of one shilling and fourpence a day. Besides these allowances, men of the Reserve are entitled to what is termed a *retainer* of six pounds a year, which is continued as long as they remain members of the volunteer force, and comply with its conditions. These sums, amounting in all to ten pounds four shillings per annum, add considerably to a sailor's income, apart from the other advantages which belong to the Reserve.

Being purely a Reserve Force, it is only liable to be called out for actual service in a case of urgent necessity, when war is imminent, and an increase of the navy becomes absolutely necessary for the safety of the country. Should an emergency of this kind occur, the force is called out by royal proclamation, and the naval volunteer, the moment he sets foot on board a ship-of-war, is on the same footing as the regular seaman serving in the navy. His annual retainer then ceases, but so long as he remains in actual service, he is entitled to the same pay and allowances which men of the same grade in the navy

receive. In like manner, officers are paid when serving afloat at the same rate, and are in every way treated as officers of the same rank in the royal service. The Admiralty is empowered to reward long or distinguished services by permanent appointments in the navy.

The naval volunteer cannot be compelled to serve for a longer period than five years in the navy. Three years, however, is the most probable term of service he would be called out for; and should it be necessary to retain his services for two years longer, he is entitled to additional pay for the additional service.

Besides the other inducements the Naval Reserve holds out to seamen, there is the very important one of pension on the retirement of the volunteer from the force; and the value of this allowance to seamen cannot be over-estimated. The length of service which will entitle him to a pension varies according to the age of the volunteer when he entered the Reserve. Suppose his age on joining to be thirty years, he must serve fifteen years; and if his age be under thirty when he enters, he is required to serve twenty years, to entitle him to a pension. Should it, however, happen that he is called out for actual service, the time he thus serves will reckon double; thus, three years' active service will be equal to six. Although he complies with these conditions, the pension is not granted to a volunteer until he is sixty years of age, except he becomes unable, from bodily infirmity, to follow his employment, and in such a case, he may claim a retiring allowance, even although his age be under sixty. Fulfilment of these conditions on the part of the naval volunteer entitles him to an allowance, on leaving the force, of twelve pounds per annum; and if, during active service, he has sustained wounds or injury, he will be pensioned at the same rate as seamen serving in the royal navy.

We have thus seen what is the nature and organisation of the Reserve Force. Of its value and of the pecuniary saving to the country, it need only be remarked, that in future, we can reckon on the navy being manned by a better class of seamen, and that it has already been found practicable to reduce the strength of the fleet; add to this, the feeling of security imparted by the fact of our having fifteen thousand seamen trained to the use of arms, and ready at short notice to man a fleet.

One great result, even if no other has been accomplished by the formation of the Reserve, is, that the barrier which had so long existed between the seamen of the royal and merchant navies has been completely broken down; and the old prejudices so long cherished by seamen of the mercantile marine against serving in the royal navy, have given way to a hearty and cordial willingness to take service in the Queen's ships. There is little doubt that should ever the necessity arise for the Volunteer Naval Reserve being called on to man the royal ships, every man of the force would do his duty, and do it heartily.*

SQUIRE MELFORD'S FAMILY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Melfords were a very regular family. Every clock in the house struck at precisely the same instant, and, as the last stroke of ten sounded, shutters were closed, lights extinguished, and the greater part of the household retired to their rooms.

Mr Gordon rose immediately to take his departure, and was followed by Grace into the hall, where the lovers bade each other good-night. While they were doing so, Dora and Andrew remained in the library.

'I expect we shall have a capital meet to-morrow. Ridley and some others are going to be there, who are good men; none of your cockneys in brand-new scarlet, riding pretty, round-legged horses.'

'I wish I could see my brother a little more like the "good men." I doubt if you are strong enough to ride in the wet, and stand about in your damp clothes, as you sometimes do. Is Mr Gordon going with you?'

'Well, I should suppose that he would rather go with *you*.' Then, after a moment's pause, he continued: 'He is not one of my sort exactly. You don't like him either, Dorry?'

'Perhaps I am too difficult to please. There are not many men whom I should think worthy of Grace.'

'She is a very good girl. What do you think I have been doing to-day? I was all the morning with old Salter, looking over my leases, and I find that Prayton Farm will be vacant just one month before I come of age. Don't you think it would be a capital present for me to give the bridegroom? I sounded him this morning, and he did not seem as if he would make any difficulty about it.'

Dora shook her head. 'You ought not to have the power of giving away your property.'

'I haven't, I'm sorry to say; not a penny can I touch till I'm of age. The very day that I am twenty-one, I shall provide for you and Grace. It makes a coward of a man to have two girls depending on him, as my sisters are on me.'

Andrew was up betimes the next morning—in the kitchen, inquiring what was for breakfast, knocking at the doors of his sisters' rooms, sending messages to Mr Gordon and other friends, consulting with every one he came near about the arrangements of the day, and looking, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, the very picture of boyish health.

'It is a morning made on purpose for a first meet!' he exclaimed. 'If the clerk of the weather had consulted us huntsmen, we could not have suited ourselves better: no frost, no wind, not too muddy, just sunny enough to tempt the ladies to come and look at our new coats. How does mine look, Dorry?'

'Very nice, as also the new'—— And she tapped her upper lip.

He boxed her ears, laughing: 'I can take a joke. Mind you are as good-tempered when I spy out your first gray hair.'

The two girls and Mr Gordon went in a carriage to see the start. Dora sat on the back-seat; she pretended that she preferred feeling the wind in her face, and neither of the lovers were loath to sit side by side. The latter enjoyed their drive immensely; they saw everything through the medium of their own happiness, and made very silly jokes, which they thought very clever, though neither the one nor the other was conceited.

Dora did not pass a very pleasant morning; she felt neglected and low-spirited. She remembered how last year she had sat in William's place, and none had then been dearer to Grace than herself. Friends who came to speak to her, soon turned away; she fancied that they pitied her, and received them coldly. She felt that she looked, that she was, an unamiable girl; that she ought not to listen so contemptuously as she was doing to nonsense talked by her own sister and future brother. 'I doubt if I'm much better than an envious old maid,' she thought. 'I could almost believe that I am jealous because Grace has found a husband before me. If she loves him, I ought to love him too; and why don't I? What fault have I to find with him? If he imitates Andrew, and flatters, nay, I should say admires him, that is not exactly a crime. If Andrew acts up

* According to the latest Return issued by the Registrar-general of Seamen (31st March), the Volunteer Reserve Force is 15,968 strong, shewing an increase, since 31st January 1863, of 696 men. The ports which have contributed chiefly to this increase are:—North Shields, an increase of 227; London, 113; Liverpool, 120; Bristol, 37; Dundee, 27; Aberdeen, 20; Glasgow, 19, and Plymouth, 30. Of the whole force, 44 volunteers are masters holding certificates of competency; 373 hold certificates of competency as mates; 19 have certificates of service as masters, and 51 certificates of service as mates.

to his boastful words, and William does not, the one is poor, and the other rich. It is foolish, no doubt, to talk so extravagantly, and to spend so carefully, but if Andrew were as poor as William Gordon, perhaps he would do the same.' She was glad when the hunters had started, and the carriage returned home.

It was a glorious run: the stag was taken thirty miles from the starting-point. There were a few accidents, but none of any consequence. A drizzling rain, not worth thinking about, came on. Young Melford stood a while talking with several others about the adventures of the day. 'What! cold?' asked one of the gentlemen, as Andrew shivered, and buttoned up his coat.

'I was warm enough a little time ago,' he answered, laughing. 'I'll get a glass of something hot, and then ride home.'

The morning after the hunt, it was necessary to send for the doctor; Andrew had taken cold, and Dr Wilson thought the cold more serious than either the invalid or his sisters. In a few days, however, Andrew was in the drawing-room again, confidently looking forward to a perfect recovery; his sisters and future brother-in-law were with him.

'So you have got a horse of your own, Gordon?'

'Yes; I don't like to be always borrowing yours.'

'What did you give?'

'Give—oh, let me see—I think it was fifty.'

'Did you get a warranty?'

'No.'

'Did you have him examined?'

'No.'

'I think you paid dear, then. He don't look to me like a horse who has much more work in him.'

'Oh, I never yet made a bargain—never shall, either. I can't go haggling for five pounds as some fellows do.'

'Well, but who did you buy him of?'

'Oh, a man in—what's the name of the street?—a man of the name of Robinson, in London.'

'Robinson—Robinson; I don't remember any dealer of that name. Is he in a large way?'

'No; he has only just set up in business. The fact is, I bought the horse out of charity. I don't mind telling you how it was, because I know you won't misunderstand me. With strangers, I always set up for being rather a hard man, but, in reality, I'm as soft as any old lady; a woman, a child, a beggar, can make a fool of me any day. Well, my friend told me a story about this Robinson, who is the son of a gentleman, brought up to do nothing, and is now disinherited by his father because he has married for love. I rather sympathise with a man who marries for love, and'——

'By Jove, so do I! Get me his address; I'll give him a turn. We'll take him up. There's no better fun than helping a fellow. Write a letter at once.'

'Nonsense! I shall do no such thing. I don't know enough of the man to recommend him. Perhaps he'll turn out a regular scoundrel. By the by, can you tell me the name of an honest man who has good stabling?'

'Yes, to be sure I can—Andrew Melford, Prayton Park.'

'No, no; I can't allow that. I shall be very glad to accept your advice, because, without it, I may some morning find a dead horse instead of a living one; but'——

'Very likely. Your horse won't be properly attended to unless you send him to me.'

'I should be ashamed to sponge'——

'Now, I tell you what, Gordon, if you won't let me have your horse, we shall quarrel.'

'That is you all over; but'——

'Where is he?' interrupted the other, with his hand on the bell.

'At Charley Brown's; but'——

The servant answered the bell, and received master's orders.

'Now, that's settled; we need say no more about

'Oh, you are very kind; but really, I don't like to keep my horse at your expense. I shan't be comfortable unless you let me pay'——

'You can tip the groom as much as you please broke in Andrew indignantly; 'but I have no license to take in horses at livery; and I think you would shew better feeling, Gordon, if you did not refuse accepting a few oats from a man who is to be your brother.'

'I should. You are right. I ask your forgiveness, Andrew. You must not be too hard on a man who is at once proud and poor.'

How differently Grace and Dora were impressed by the above conversation! The former felt her love and respect increase with every word that William uttered. When he said that he could not make a bargain, she thought—'He is too generous, too much of a gentleman to remember his narrow means. When I am his wife, I must take charge of his purse, or he will leave nothing for himself; every penny will be spent on me and the poor.' When he reluctantly acknowledged that he had purchased the horse out of charity, she could not resist pressing his hand, and looking at him with an approving smile; and when he so frankly acknowledged his error, and asked his brother's pardon, her lips quivered, her eyes filled, and she asked herself if it were really true, and not some happy dream, that so good a man had chosen her for his wife.

Dora did not find that she could judge Mr Gordon more favourably by trying to do so. It was all very well as long as he was absent; she lectured herself into a belief that he was worthy of her sister, and resolved to feel kindly towards him; but as soon as he was present all her good resolutions were broken, and her involuntary dislike appeared to her the more inexcusable that she could name no reasonable cause for it. 'Why can't I like him?' she asked herself, as she reproved a sneer at his not being able to haggle about five pounds. 'If Andrew had made that same speech, I should have admired it. I think I have heard him express the same sentiment, nay, use the very same words; but then they burst from him; they were spoken like thoughts uttered aloud, and he acted up to them; he could not help doing so. As he sits there, with his frank, open eyes, and full, red lips, he looks the very picture of a generous young spendthrift. His thoughtless liberality may not be a virtue, but it seems so much a part of himself, so on a piece with the rest of his character, that it is hardly possible to love him, and not to sympathise with it. But Mr Gordon is older, poorer, has mixed more with the world, and it seems but natural that he should be shrewder, and better able to take care of himself. His eyes are deep-sunk, and placed near together; they open only to see others, never to shew himself; his lips are thin, tightly closed; surely disinterested words rarely escape through them. Why does he object to say where he bought the horse? A beggar make a fool of him! The beggar who tried would be a fool for his pains. If he is really proud and poor, why does he not walk? A horse is not an absolute necessity. I think some men in his position would be very careful what they accepted from a boy of twenty.'

'Is not my brother recovering sooner than you expected him to do?' Dora said one day to the doctor. The latter shook his head. 'Do you not think him better?'

'I think no better of his case than I did.' Then after a pause, hoping that he had prepared her for the worst, he continued: 'Mr Melford may rally from time to time—for a few days, that is'—— The doctor's manner spoke even more plainly than his words.

'Do you mean he is in a consumption?' and Dora started, frightened at the sound of her own words.

'I feel it my duty to answer you truly: your brother is in a rapid consumption.'

Dora received the news more calmly than most women would have done; she was not demonstrative, either in joy or sorrow. She had sufficient presence of mind, even at the very moment that she was told of the certain end of Andrew's illness, to inquire of the doctor how to spare her brother any unnecessary suffering, and to delay his death as long as possible. It was not till after the doctor had gone, after she had thought for Andrew and for Grace, when, for the present, she could do nothing more for others, that she realised the anguish preparing for herself. Is sorrow ever really felt until it is thought over? Do those who meet misfortune with tears, groans, and hysterics, ever suffer as silent Dora suffered? Had the blow fallen upon her mind at once, it might have stunned her into temporary insensibility, but only slowly did she comprehend how great was her coming loss. Grace had already gone, or would do so soon after she became Mr Gordon's wife, and it seemed to poor Dora that if Andrew were also taken from her, the whole of her future life must be utterly devoid of happiness. She had never fancied herself in any home but her brother's: she had long known that she was not likely to have many offers of marriage, or to be easily contented with a husband; she neither pleased strangers nor was easily pleased with them; as a child and as a girl, she had made but few friends of her own sex; though she was not ungenerous to the poor, nor unamiable to her equals, there were but two, her brother and sister, whom she really loved, and for them she felt the tenderest devotion; to the world in general, she wished no ill—for Andrew or Grace, she would gladly have died. All this she felt as she thought of her brother's certain death, and thus feeling, realised how great would be her loss. Then she turned, with still dry eyes, to look back upon the past: once more, she was in fancy a little toddling child, waiting upon the nurse as she dressed and washed the baby-boy; once more, she proudly called herself his little mother, and heard him crying for Dorry in all his nursery troubles; and again she lived over the bitter parting of their first farewell, and the yet more bitter meeting, when he came home with a school-friend and declared himself above playing with girls; on the next few years her fancy did not care to dwell, and then came the time—it seemed to her the happiest of her whole life—when she, and Grace, and Andrew had been all in all to each other: and must those happy years be followed by Grace's marriage with a man whom Dora could neither love nor respect, and Andrew's early death?

One day, as Andrew sat reading, his book fell in his lap, and he gazed listlessly into the fire. 'Dorry,' he said, after a while, 'put my book on the table. It is of no use trying to read; my mind is occupied with other matters.'

Dora looked anxiously at him. Were they both thinking of the same thing? It would be well, she thought, if his own feelings would tell him that he was dying. After what the doctor had said, she dared not warn him that he had not long to live, and yet it seemed to her very awful to die without any warning. But no suspicion that his life was well-nigh ended had ever crossed the boy's mind.

'Dorry,' he said, after a silence of some minutes, 'it is dull work passing day after day in the house, but I dare say, in the end, this illness will make a better man of me.' Dora did not answer, except by putting her hand on his. 'I'm not happy, Dorry; I'm not easy that I have done my duty by Grace. If she had had a father, or a wiser brother, would she have been engaged to Mr Gordon?'

'She is two years older than you, Andrew, and has a right to marry whom she pleases.'

'But I might have reasoned with her.'

'You would only have wasted your time. She is a gentle, yielding girl, except where her heart is concerned, but there she is stronger-willed than you or I.'

'When they come in, take Grace away. I must have a little talk with Gordon.'

'What about? He has done or said something to annoy you? Don't think about that just now, Andrew, darling: wait till you are stronger.'

'I shall soon be stronger after I have had it out with him. Doubt and suspicion do not agree with my constitution, Dorry: it is they, not this stupid little cough, that are keeping me from getting well.'

'But you are so easily excited just now, let me speak for you.'

'No, no. There they are. I daresay he'll explain it all away, and then, Dorry, you will see that I shall get well like a house on fire.'

Dora ran to prevent Grace coming in to her brother's room, and to whisper to Mr Gordon: 'Andrew is vexed with you; I don't know why, but go and speak to him. And, William, you will be very patient; don't, pray, don't make him angry.'

'Deuce take it! what's the row?' he muttered, and without giving Dora any answer, he walked slowly towards the sick boy's room. 'Well, my poor fellow,' he said, taking Andrew's hand, and looking him full in the face as he spoke, 'you have but a dull time of it just now, I fear.'

Andrew hardly returned the pressure of the other's hand, and turned his eyes away, unable to feign love for a man against whom he had been speaking. 'Yes, it is rather dull; but, William'—and here he looked up—'I want to ask your forgiveness. For the last week, I have been suspecting you of a lie, without even giving you the opportunity of setting me right.'

'I have noticed and, I need scarcely add, have felt much hurt by your altered manner, my dear Andrew; but I can forgive a great deal to a friend when he is ill.'

'Oh, you are a better Christian than I am,' answered the boy, trying to laugh.

'My dear Andrew,' exclaimed the other, 'in a sick-room, I am as nervous as a girl. What is it you take for your cough? I'll call Dora.'

But the boy, catching hold of William's coat, held him tight. 'I'm all right now,' he said, as he fell back exhausted in his chair, and the hectic colour settled in his cheeks.

'I will do just as you please, Andrew; only keep quiet for a few minutes.' William spoke in a voice of real compassion, which was not wasted on the invalid.

'I'm half ashamed to say what I feel I ought to say, William; it is such a shabby trick for a gentleman to have done; I'm sure I have made a mistake'——

'Then say no more about it,' interrupted the other. 'Your suspicion has been but a sick man's fancy, and as such I forgive it. If, when you are well, you desire an explanation, you shall have it; but you will not—when you get your right wits about you—you will not suspect *me* of a *lie*. You are not one of those purse-proud upstarts who think a man must have ever so many thousands a year to enable him to behave as a gentleman. Poverty, you know, makes a man of education sensitive, not dishonourable.'

Andrew blushed with shame, and bit his lips.

'Are we friends again?' continued Mr Gordon, holding out his hand as he spoke. 'Can you meet my eye now, as I can meet yours?'

'By Jove!' exclaimed the boy admiringly, and grasping William's hand, 'what a good fellow you are! Do you know, I don't feel it in me to forgive what you have forgiven, though a dying man had spoken it.'

'Perhaps not; but we poor gentlemen whose position depends upon personal merit and education, receive so many insults from the rich and vulgar,

that we cannot afford to be easily offended with one who judges his friends by their conduct, not by their circumstances, and is even more courteous and considerate where his rudeness would give pain, than where it would give offence.'

At every word of this civil speech, Andrew turned redder and redder, and when at its conclusion William looked at his watch, and mentioned an engagement, Andrew silently pressed his friend's hand, and felt a greater relief at his departure than he had ever felt before. 'I 'm glad,' he said to himself, 'that I was wrong, for poor Grace's sake.' Yet somehow he did not feel very well satisfied either with his own conduct or with that of his future brother-in-law; but if he could not help suspecting William, he had no doubt that he ought to be ashamed of doing so.

One day when Grace came into her brother's room, Dora put her finger on her lips, and pointed to Andrew lying asleep on the bed. Grace left the room on tiptoe, signing to her sister to follow. 'Do you know where there is another piece of chalk like this?' she asked. 'William is taking my portrait, and he says it is very like; but I am afraid that it will turn out too pretty.'

Dora found a piece of chalk, and as she gave it to her sister, said: 'Andrew's cough was so bad last night that he had scarcely any rest.'

'Poor boy, poor boy! Do you think,' Grace asked, speaking as though she were doing her utmost to give her attention to the subject of discussion, 'that Dr Wilson understands the case?'

'Yes, I do,' was Dora's answer; and so saying, she turned away.

Grace had never been told that her brother was dying, and was too much engaged with her lover to be often in the sick-room, or to notice that the invalid was becoming daily weaker. He himself always answered her inquiries cheerfully; and she did not attach much importance to Dora's hints, because the latter was known to be rather of an anxious than of a sanguine temperament.

If Grace were not exactly beautiful, she had a very sweet, womanly countenance; her features were not regular, nor her complexion brilliant, but the form of her face was good, the general impression pleasing, and her cheeks were ever ready for a blush. By all the laws of either beauty or physiognomy, Dora's face was far superior to her sister's, and yet, somehow, where the former had one admirer, the latter had a dozen. Nobody was afraid of Grace, and she never appeared to remember that any one was either above or beneath herself; she listened very patiently to the sense of clever men, and laughed very encouragingly at the nonsense of fools; and with her own sex she was not less popular than with the other.

Dora stole softly back to her brother's room, and found him awake.

'I would not get up till you came, Dorry, for I knew you would be in directly you heard me move, and I am sure that you have need of a little rest.'

Dora smiled, kissed, and helped him to rise.

'These last few weeks have made an old man of me; you should be leaning on my arm, Dorry—not I on yours.'

She placed him on his chair by the fire, and tried to amuse him; but he was restless and absent. 'I want to walk about my prison. Give me my stick.' He walked to the window, from which, now that the trees were bare, he could see the whole of his little park. 'It is a pretty spot, is it not, Dorry? We two will pass the whole of our lives here. Ah, there is somebody coming to have a canter on the grass. How jolly it looks! I wish I was with them.' He eagerly watched the horses as they went. 'The bay is a good stepper, but I don't think much of the other.' Dora turned away, and, pretending to poke the fire, concealed her tears: with dry eyes, she could hear him allude to his weakness, and watch him daily dying; but she could not control her emotion when she saw him, with short breath and sunken cheeks, still laying plans for the future, and still taking an interest in the pleasures of his boyhood. In a few moments, however, she had recovered her composure, and returned to his side. He was watching the deer now; then he turned to admire the swans, sailing with such graceful pride on the little lake. Grace and her lover were crossing the bridge, and both were laughing. Andrew watched them till they were out of sight, and then he looked to the right, where the white church-steeple, with the old yew at its side, stood out clear, backed by the blue sky. 'I suppose they will be married there,' he said, sighing, 'and some day, Dorry, we shall all'—— He stopped abruptly, and his eyes fell on his father's monument, which rose high above the low paling that separated the churchyard from the park. 'I'm chilly; we will go back to the fire.' Dora warmed his hands with hers, and looked lovingly into his face, but he did not seem to heed her. 'When will this cough go?' he said peevishly; 'it is taking all the goodness out of me; and I have no nerve—no nerve for anything.'

'This weather is too cold for an invalid.'

'But it will be colder still before the summer comes, and all the winter is creeping away, and I have only had one run with the dogs. Is *Bell's Life* there?' Dora gave him the paper, but he soon put it away. 'If Gordon says anything more about selling that little mare, you buy her for me, Dorry, and have her shot.' She stared at him, and for a moment thought him delirious. 'William told a lie,' he continued, 'when he said that he bought her of Robinson. The mare was a pet of Mr Harvey's, who gave her for nothing, on condition that when William had done with her, he should have her killed. Daniel told me so some time ago; and I tried to get an explanation out of William, but he's too clever for me, and made me feel ashamed of ever having suspected him of an untruth.'

'Perhaps Daniel has made a mistake, Andrew.'

'No, he hasn't; for when Mr Harvey was staying with his cousin at Dorney, just before going to India, he came to see his favourite, and thanked me for making her so comfortable.'

'I don't suppose that William was really going to sell her, Andrew.'

'Well, any way, he has not behaved exactly as one would like one's own brother to behave.' Dora could not find it in her heart to contradict him. 'If I were sure that I should live, I shouldn't so much mind; but sometimes I think—and then I wish that you and Gracey had some one better than William Gordon to take care of you.' There was a short silence. 'It would be hard to die yet,' he continued, looking towards the window—'only twenty—and mine might be such a merry life. However,' he added, with a laugh, as if half-ashamed of his fear, 'I need not talk of dying yet a while. I shall tell Wilson a bit of my mind. He don't seem to think that I am ill enough to need much doctoring; but I shall let him know that I am tired enough of being under his thumb.'

Not many days after the above conversation, Andrew welcomed his sister one morning with: 'I have had such an excellent night's rest, Dorry! I have not coughed once.'

'You do look much better,' she exclaimed.

'Oh, I have turned the corner now. Dora's occupation will soon be gone; and I do feel so very impatient to be well! I must go somewhere for a change of air.'

It was impossible to keep Andrew quiet; he was in high spirits, and laughed and talked incessantly. He sent for his groom, and inquired if his horses were in good condition, for he should soon be able to ride them now, and, smacking his whip over his head, tried to shout a tally-ho. He was very anxious to see the physician, and his table was covered with maps

when Dr Wilson entered. The patient first smiled at him from his chair, then rose and shook hands with him, saying, as he did so: 'My two months' illness has made me forget my manners. I order about every one who comes near me, and receive my visitors as though I were a prince instead of a gentleman.'

The doctor asked a few questions, which the invalid answered to his own perfect satisfaction. 'But what I feel I want,' he said, 'is a change. Which is the best air for me? I must be back by the 1st of February, to keep my coming of age; so I had better be off at once.'

'I am going to try a new medicine, and I should like you to stay here a few days, till I see how it agrees with you.'

'Can't you send me to some place where there is a clever doctor, who could consult with you by letter?'

But Dr Wilson insisted upon the necessity of himself watching the effect of his prescription, and when he saw Dora alone, said that Mr Melford must be kept quiet for a few days, and not left. Dora asked no questions.

That very night, as she lay on a sofa in a room adjoining her brother's, she heard a movement, and running to him, found him sitting up in the bed, looking terrified and astonished. She took his hand in hers, and as he fell back, he faintly returned the pressure of her hand, and for one instant his eyes met hers, and a smile played on his lips.

THE TURKEY.

Dr Johnson thought there was something in a name, or he would scarcely have defined the turkey as 'a large domestic fowl brought from Turkey.' How the name which so misled the great dictionary-maker originated, is a mystery defying elucidation. Mr Broderip ingeniously suggested that it may owe its derivation to a corruption of 'turquoise,' the hue of that stone bearing some resemblance to the colour of an excited turkey-cock's wattle; but it is more likely that the misnomer arose from a popular belief in the bird being a native of the land of the Moslem. Our subject has, indeed, as much reason to be dissatisfied with his sponsors as any of the name-changing gentlemen of newspaper notoriety. In France, he is known as the *Coq d'Inde*, or Indian cock; while his German appellation of *Kalekuter*, presupposes his importation from Calicut, unless Beckmann is right in thinking it intended rather for an imitation of the fowl's cry.

Dr Doran says: 'The turkey, originally from the East, was slowly propagated in Europe, and the breed appears to have gradually passed away, like the bustard in England. It was brought hither again from America.' He gives no authority for his statement, and we have that of Tavernier to the fact, that turkeys were not to be found in Asia in his time. Had they been common there, the ancients could scarcely have been unacquainted with them. On the other hand, we know that the American turkey surpasses those of any other country in size, beauty, and prolificness, while we have plenty of evidence of its abundance in the land long ere the pale-faces became masters of the continent. Merchant Heriot, who, in 1585, accompanied Grenvill—the hero of the most extraordinary naval combat on record—in one of his expeditions, enumerates the turkey among the birds of Virginia. Captain Smith, of Pocahontas fame, saw red-skinned beauties flaunting in mantles of turkey-feathers, as is still the custom of squatters' and farmers' wives. A pamphleteer of Charles II.'s reign, writing up Virginia, encourages hesitating emigrants by telling them that the settlers there possess hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys without number. Dampier shot turkeys in Yucatan; and when Lawson, the surveyor-general of North Carolina, visited the savannahs and swamps of the south, he and his companions were cloyed with turkey-meat, the birds coming out of the swamps at sunrise in 'gangs of several hundreds to feed upon the acorns in the oak-woods.' Kalm, visiting Pennsylvania in 1748, says: 'The turkey cocks and hens run about in the woods of this country, and differ in nothing from our tame ones except in their superior size, and redder though more palatable flesh;' and Smyth, twenty-five years later, speaks of flocks five thousand strong abounding in the country south of Virginia.

Franklin wished that the turkey had been chosen as its emblem by the American republic, rather than the dishonest, tyrannical, cowardly bald eagle, as being a bird peculiar to the continent; but we do not think he would have gained much by the change. The turkey is anything but a moral character; he is vain in the extreme, and will sacrifice his offspring to his selfish pleasure, if materfamilias does not baffle him by hiding her eggs. He never misses an opportunity of attacking those of his own sex, if younger and weaker, and not content with killing a rival, treads his body under his feet.

Like the other natives of America, the wild turkey has had his domains contracted by the advance of the common foe. He is now very rarely seen east of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and in those states the breed is gradually declining. In Georgia and the Carolinas, turkeys are still plentiful; but they are most abundant in the valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi, in the wooded parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama, and the less populated portions of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Kentucky.

February is pairing month with the turkeys, and then the hen-bird constructs her ground-nest of withered leaves in a dry place, carefully concealing it from the eyes of her liege lord and those of the watchful crow, on the look-out for a dainty meal. Such is her caution, that she covers her eggs with leaves whenever she has occasion to go abroad, and varies her homeward course, the better to deceive her enemies. Sometimes several hens will club together, laying their eggs in the same nest, so that one can mount guard over the precious deposits, while the others are out foraging. The young birds feed upon strawberries, dewberries, blackberries, and grasshoppers, with an occasional dose of spicewood-bush buds, administered by their parents as a specific against damp, which is especially fatal to them. By August, they are able to take care of themselves; at the same time adding grass, herbs, corn, beetles, tadpoles, and small lizards to their *ménage*. Fruits and berries of every description serve them for a meal, but the winter-grape and pecan-nut are their favourite food. They have the power of abstaining from eating for a long period if they cannot help themselves; but should the vicinity of a farm allow them to do so, they do not scruple at entering the yards and stables, and satisfying their hunger at the farmer's expense.

Early in October, when the trees begin to shed their fruit, the turkeys assemble in large flocks, and make for the rich bottom-lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. The older males ungallantly forage for themselves in parties of from ten to a hundred; the females travelling apart with their broods, sometimes uniting their family with those of two or three particular friends. Nature-loving Audubon has described these annual migrations so well, that we cannot do better than draw upon him. Having made up their several parties, the turkeys, old and young, move in the same course, and on foot. When they come to a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminence, and there often remain a whole day, or sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation—the males gobbling, calling, and strutting about, as if to raise their courage to a pitch befitting the emergency, communicating their excitement to the feminine and younger members of society, who spread out their tails, run round each other, pur loudly, and take extraordinary leaps. When the weather appears

settled, and all around is quiet, the whole flock mount to the tops of the highest trees, and at a signal-cluck from a leader, take flight for the opposite shore. The old and fat birds easily get over, even if the river be a mile broad; but the younger and less robust frequently fall in the water. These unlucky birds bring their wings close to the body, spread out the tail as a support, stretch the neck forward, and striking out their legs with great vigour, make for the bank. If it prove too steep, they float down the stream till they find a more favourable spot, when, by a violent effort, they extricate themselves from the water. This effort, successful as it is, bewilders them for a time, making them wander aimlessly about, and fall an easy prey to the hunter. When they arrive at a good feeding-ground, they separate into smaller flocks, in which both sexes and all ages are commingled, fall to, and devour all before them; and so wandering from forest to forest, pass through the autumn and early winter months.

Man is not the only animal that appreciates the delicacy of the turkey's flesh; the lynx also has a weakness that way, and his cunning is as great as his taste is good. He cautiously follows a flock, until he ascertains the direction of its march, and then makes a detour, and lies in ambush till the unsuspecting fowls approach his lair, when their leader inevitably falls a victim to his astuteness. If the turkey cannot travel safely by day, neither can he sleep securely by night, for his slumbers are liable to be rudely broken by the snowy owl. His assault, however, is as often unsuccessful as not, a cluck from a wide-awake bird bringing the whole flock to the ground, where they stand watching every motion of the disturber, while he is considering which of them he shall honour with his unwelcome attentions. Having made up his mind, he sweeps down on the selected one; but his expected prey is prepared. Lowering his head, he forms his spreading tail into an inverted plane, down which the owl slides without doing him any further injury than displacing a few of his feathers.

Against man, the turkey stands small chance. Sometimes he is lured within range of the fatal tube by a clever imitation of the yelp of the hen, sometimes he is hunted down by the turkey-hound. This is a troublesome process, for the turkey, though an awkward, is a swift runner, and can 'stay' for hours. This quality led to a curious wager between two English noblemen, which resulted in a practical illustration of the fable of the hare and tortoise. Lord Orford matched a drove of geese against an equal number of turkeys, the course being the turnpike-road from Norwich to London. The turkeys beat their opponents in speed; but when evening approached, flew to roost on the nearest trees, giving the drovers no end of trouble ere they could dislodge them; while the slower geese plodded steadily on, and reached the metropolis two days before them.

When turkeys are the game, the trap finds greater favour with the Americans than either dog or gun. A pen is constructed by laying young trees across each other till a cage some four feet high is formed, covered in at the top. Under one side of this, a trench eighteen inches deep, and as many broad, is cut, and a bridge of sticks made across that part lying within the pen. The trench is then filled with corn, grains of which are scattered on the ground beyond, sometimes to the distance of a mile from the trap. This corn-track the turkeys soon discover, and follow it till they reach the trench, into which they squeeze after the manner of sheep. When they have eaten till they can eat no more, they make vigorous attempts to force their way out at the sides and top, but never think of departing as they came, and so they waste their strength till the trapper calls to collect his prizes. That he should allow himself to be captured thus, almost justifies the popular idea that the turkey is a stupid bird. He is not, however, so stupid but what he can remember some things. A pet bird of Audubon's recognised his dog Juno as quickly as that sensible animal recognised him; and the following story, told by the naturalist, also goes to prove that the turkey's memory is not so bad. An old farmer, exasperated at the way the fowls destroyed his young corn, resolved to read them a lesson on the rights of property. Cutting a long trench, he filled it with maize, and placed his favourite duck-gun so that he could pull the trigger with a string without being seen by his visitors. The birds soon found the trench, and no sooner found it than they filled it. When he judged the pit would hold no more, the farmer gave a loud whistle; up went a crowd of black heads; he pulled the string, and ere the report died away, great was the 'skedadling.' Nine dead turkeys lay in the trench; but for the remainder of that season, the farmer's fields were untroubled with living ones.

One of the first results of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards seems to have been the introduction of the turkey into Europe. The conquest was achieved in 1521; in 1526, Oviedo described it under the name of the peacock of New Spain; Pierre Gilles saw it in Venice in 1535. Twenty-two years afterwards, a law of that republic limited the number of tables at which the turkey might be served; and in 1570, the pope's cook informed the world how to dress it. Francis I.'s admiral, Philip de Chabot, is said to have introduced the delicious fowl into France, where a few remained in Scaliger's time. In 1566, they were yet rare enough to be considered worthy the acceptance of the king, and it was not till 1579 that they found their way to the table, when one was served at the wedding-banquet of Charles IX. They must have become pretty common by the year 1603, since Henry IV. was under the necessity of punishing the higglers for carrying them away from their village owners, under pretence that they were required by the queen. Just before the battle of Ivry, Henry was staying incog. at the house of one of his officers, and had exhausted its commissariat. Luckily, his hostess bethought her that a neighbour of hers possessed a fine turkey, and suggested that he would not object to part with it, if he were invited to partake of the bird. Upon being assured that the turkey-proprietor was a jovial fellow, the king readily consented to sit down to dinner with him. The invitation was sent, and promptly accepted. Henry was delighted with both his dinner and its provider; and when the latter, over the wine, declared that he had all along known with whom he was sitting, and hoped his majesty would grant him a patent of nobility, the good-natured monarch laughingly assented by inquiring what arms he would assume as a noble of France. 'I will emblazon the turkey that founded my fortune,' was the reply. 'Ventre St Gris!' exclaimed the king, 'then you shall be a gentleman, and bear your turkey "en pal," on a shield;' and so the lucky tradesman became 'Le Comte Morel d'Inde.'

The date of the turkey's introduction into England is not to be fixed with any preciseness; the old couplet—

> Turkeys, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year—

instead of solving the question, only makes confusion worse confounded. What poetical quality its author lacked, he certainly indulged in poetical licence without compunction. Both carp and pike were served at the coronation banquet of Henry VI. Carp is not mentioned in the *Liber Albus* (1419) among the fish brought to the London markets, while pike figures in the list; and Dame Juliana Berners, writing in 1496, says: 'There ben but few' carp in England then. The hop is supposed to have found its way here in 1524: four years afterwards, it was prohibited by statute, in consequence of parliament being petitioned to put an

end to the adulteration of beer with the 'wicked weed.' That hops and beer were not coeval is therefore self-evident, even if we had not the testimony of Fabia to settle the point. In 1470, says the old chronicler, 'the Kentishmen began to wax wild, and assembled them in great companies, and so came into the outparts of the city of London, Radcliffe, St Katherine's, and other places, and robbed and spoiled the Flemings, and all the beer-houses there as they came.' These discrepancies entirely dispose of the old rhyme as an authority regarding our subject's advent into the country. Possibly, we owe the bird to Cabot, or one of the early navigators who sailed under the auspices of Henry VIII. It was in that monarch's reign that Cranmer forbade more than one swan, crane, or turkey-cock to be served in a dish at the tables of the clergy. The fowl, however, soon became pretty common, for Tusser enumerates 'turkey well dressed' among the English good cheer that smoked on the farmer's table; and when Shakspeare makes Gower describe Pistol as swelling like a turkey-cock, and Fabian say of Malvolio, 'Contempt makes a rare turkey-cock of him—how he jets under his advanced plumes,' we may assume that Globe audiences were able to appreciate the comparisons. So we learn from the exclamation of the carrier (1 *Henry VI.*), 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved!' that they formed no uncommon part of his load, and were probably as familiar to Elizabethan poultry-yards as to those of our own day.

Once established in Europe, the turkey was soon spread over other parts of the world. Tavernier, though he saw no wild ones anywhere in Asia, found the domesticated bird in Persia: he says that the Armenian merchants trading with Venice imported some turkeys thence as a present to the shah, who was so pleased with their flesh, that he commanded the Armenians to stock the country with them; but the wily traders fancying a turkey-tribute loomed in the future, allowed the chicks to die from want of care. Suspecting something wrong, the shah ordered that all dead turkeys should be kept by their owners until the authorities could inquire into the cause of their decease; 'and,' concludes the traveller, 'it was my wonder to see so many young turkeys hanging against the walls of some houses, that occasioned this story to be told me.' The turkey is now to be found in most places where Europeans have settled themselves.

The turkey has been, and is, cooked in every possible way: filled with forcemeat, stuffed with chestnuts, crammed with truffles; and ham, tongue, bacon, pickled pork, and sausages, have been called to add zest to his delicate flesh. The Provençals impart an oily taste to it by feeding the bird on whole walnuts. Soyer would have him fattened by five weeks' feeding on a paste of mashed potatoes, buckwheat, flour, Indian corn, and barley; while Parmentier says that, to obtain all possible advantage from the turkey, 'they must be killed at the same time as pigs, then cut the turkey in quarters, and put them in earthen pots covered over with the fat of the pork, and by this means they may be eaten all the year round.'

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

EVIDENCE.

From the most Direct to the most Circumstantial, there are almost as many gradations of evidence as there are of crime; nor is the latter kind less valuable than the former (as it would certainly appear to be at first sight), since what it lacks in the way of identification is compensated for in its freedom from personal spite. There can at least be no malice in a chain of undesigned coincidences; whereas, nothing is easier than the swearing away a man's life falsely. Moreover, it is not to be expected, in very serious cases, that direct evidence should be forthcoming. Murder, especially, demands Solitude and Night as sentinels of its dreadful work. Its appearance without those attendants, redhanded and defiant, is rare; although there are a few examples of it on record.

Robert Irvine, who murdered his two pupils at Edinburgh in 1717, perpetrated the deed in broad daylight and in the open fields, and was distinctly seen by persons walking on the Castle Hill, within half a mile of the spot. A few years before, Alexander Balfour shot his rival, a pedagogue, sitting in the schoolroom among his pupils. Nor in this case did the murderer meet with his desert, for after condemnation, he escaped in his sister's clothes from prison.

The most extraordinary instance of openness, however, in this worst of crimes occurred in 1712. One William Johnson, who had been a butcher, a corn-chandler, a publican, and mate to a surgeon at Gibraltar, and eventually had given up all these professions for that of a highwayman, was greatly attached to one Jane Hunsden, who turned her less diversified talents towards coining only. Being put upon her trial at the Old Bailey, a second time, for this offence, Johnson wished to address her in the dock; and on Mr Spurling, the head-turnkey, informing him that no such thing could be permitted until 'that little matter,' the trial, was concluded, he instantly drew a pistol, and much encouraged thereto by the object of his affections, shot Spurling dead in Court. The judges, deeming it unnecessary to proceed with the case of coining, ordered both offenders to be tried at once for the murder, and there being no want of witnesses to the deed, they were immediately convicted, and received sentence of death. It is remarkable that they both pleaded 'not guilty,' and resolutely averred their innocence upon the scaffold.

Certainly as the identity of the above-mentioned criminals was established, not less surely has guilt been brought home to others by the most indirect and apparently inconsequential means. When Mr Blight was shot at Deptford in 1806, there was no suspicion of the real assassin until Sir Astley Cooper came down from London—not as a detective, but as a surgeon—and at once, as it were, laid his finger on the murderer, whom he had never set eyes on in his life. From an examination of the wound, he inferred positively that the fatal weapon must have been fired by a *left-handed* man. Now, the only left-handed person near the premises when the crime was committed was a particular friend of the deceased, and the last man to have been implicated in the matter, but for this revelation of science. He was in consequence arrested, tried, and convicted, and before execution, made a full confession of the whole matter. There have been many examples of the complete efficacy of evidence of this sort; but of late years, since medical jurisprudence has been taken up by experts as a profession, such testimony has been received with caution. Yet fatal mistakes are doubtless much less common than they used to be, and the indecent haste with which the links of circumstance used to be woven into a chain sufficient to hang a man, is not to be found in modern judicial proceedings. 'Presumptive proof,' observes the most agreeable of essay-writers, 'is a very presumptuous personage. People circumstantially found guilty ought at the worst to undergo only a circumstantial hanging. A gallows should be paraded round them, the executioner should make a circuitous pretence of turning them off, and the bystanders should exclaim: "There you are, not, indeed, positively hanged, but circumstantially. You may presume that you are dead; the proof of your being so is not direct, but strong symptoms of an execution are round about you. You may say that you have been in very hanging circumstances."'

The above remarks are comments upon the case of William Shaw, who suffered at Edinburgh in 1721 for the murder of his daughter Catherine. She had been passionately attached to a young man of dissipated

habits, while her father was desirous that she should marry a steady husband of his own choosing. On one occasion, the quarrel between them was very violent, and the words *barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death*, pronounced by the girl, were distinctly overheard by a watchmaker living in the same stair, and whose apartment was divided from that of the Shaws by a single partition only. For some time after Shaw left the room, the watchmaker heard no more of these exclamations, but presently there were several groans, and, being alarmed, he called his neighbours, who also listening attentively, heard Catherine two or three times faintly exclaim: 'Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death.' Upon breaking into the room, they found her stabbed and speechless, with the fatal knife by her side; and upon questioning her as to whether she owed her death to her father, she was just able to make an affirmative motion with her head, immediately after which she expired. Upon this evidence William Shaw was hanged. But in the August of the ensuing year, a man who had succeeded to the tenancy of the Shaws' apartments, found, in the chamber in which Catherine had died, in a cavity on one side of the chimney, a paper folded like a letter, which contained, in her own handwriting, the avowal of her deliberate intention to commit suicide in consequence of her father's cruelty. 'My death,' it concluded, 'I lay to your charge. When you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the knife into the bosom of the unhappy CATHERINE SHAW.'

The magistracy of the town being convinced hereby of the innocence of her father, caused his body to be taken from the gibbet in Leith Walk, where it hung in chains, and given to his family for interment; while, as a reparation to his memory, they directed a pair of colours to be waved over his grave!

An uncle and niece also once fell out upon that unfailing topic of disagreement between old and young, the choice of a lover:

> Young hearts are always finding out
> That ancient matrons have no feeling;
> While as for fathers—how should gout
> Find any happiness in kneeling?

These relatives were walking in the fields together; a person at a little distance heard the girl say: 'Do not kill me, uncle; do not kill me;' and afterwards the discharge of a pistol—which was, in reality, that of a fowling-piece in an adjacent field. The same night she eloped, and left England for a year, when, upon her return, she found that her unfortunate relative had been hanged for her supposed murder.

But the most extraordinary case of the failure of evidence on record, is perhaps that of Jonathan Bradford. This man kept an inn on the London and Oxford Road, and bore an excellent character up to the date of the commission of the offence for which he suffered. In 1736, one Mr Hayes put up at his house; and in conversation with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, disclosed the fact that he was travelling with a large amount of money. These gentlemen, who slept in a double-bedded room, were awakened by groans proceeding from the next chamber, and entering that apartment, were horrified to find their companion of a few hours before lying stabbed upon his bed, with the landlord standing by with a dark-lantern in one hand, and a bloody knife in the other.

Such evidence—which could scarcely be termed circumstantial—was, of course, held to be conclusive, although the accused averred that he had entered the apartment urged by the same humane motives as the witnesses, and terror-stricken by what he saw, had dropped the knife upon the bed-clothes. Jonathan Bradford was hanged, protesting his innocence; whereas the real perpetrator of the deed was the murdered man's own footman, who had decamped with his booty only a few seconds before the landlord made his appearance. This miscarriage of justice is not, however, to be deplored like the others, inasmuch as Bradford confessed, to the prison chaplain, that he had entertained the same horrible intention as the assassin himself, and upon entering the bedroom was amazed to find that the murder which he contemplated had already been committed by another.

The sort of evidence, however, which is the greatest obstacle to the discovery of crime is Misidentification. Examples of this have been already given in the paper headed *Child-stealing;* but they might have been greatly multiplied. An over-eagerness for bearing witness is but too common among a very large class of persons, and, we regret to add, especially among females. Having once made a mistake, the gentler sex seem to consider that their reputation demands their 'sticking to it,' without sufficient consideration for the victim of their virtuous consistency. Sometimes it is the thief whose lineaments they unmistakably recognise, and sometimes it is the property stolen which has stamped itself indelibly upon their memory; but in either case, nothing can exceed the positiveness of their statements—until their cross-examination begins by the prisoner's counsel, which, in the good old times of which we write, was not permitted to worry honest witnesses for the prosecution.

In the month of April 1726, a very curious sight 'might have been seen,' as the novelists say, by any wayfarers who happened to pass through St Margaret's churchyard, Westminster—namely, the exposition of a human head upon a pole. Human heads on poles were more common in those days than these, notwithstanding that our own are called 'sensational;' but still this particular one *did* attract considerable attention, for it was not the head of a traitor. Nobody knew whose head it was, indeed, and the government had set it up, washed and combed, where it stood, for the purpose of its identification. It had been found in a dry-dock near the Horseferry, Westminster; but there was no clue to those who had placed it there, although what detective force existed at that time was diligently engaged in the matter. Officers also were stationed among the crowd in the churchyard, to take into custody any person who should discover signs of horror unwarranted by the exhibition, and so disclose their guilt. At the present time, it is probable that half London would thereupon have been taken up on suspicion of murder; but our great-grandfathers and their spouses were not so easily shocked. However, even now a days crimes are sometimes committed on unknown persons, and the public being invited to view a body, it *is generally* identified pretty positively as being that of five or six different people; nor need this be set down (as it has been) as proof of the frequency of the disappearance of our fellow-creatures from their homes and families, and of the prevalence of undiscovered crime, but rather to the great delight in identification taken by many persons. So in the case of the unknown Head, there were many who recognised it very much to their own satisfaction, and gave the most detailed information, and misled the police of the period to the very best of their ability. After this singular exhibition had lasted four days, it became necessary, for the preservation of the features, that the head should be placed in spirits, which was accordingly done, and the public were still invited to witness it at the establishment of a certain surgeon. Among others came a poor woman from Kingsland, and, after a minute survey, she pronounced it to be the head of her husband, who had been missing from the very time it had been found. His other relatives were even hastier in their conclusions—

Regardless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's him!'

But, after all, it was not 'him;' for the Kings-

land truant was alive and well, with his head on his shoulders, and had only been detained from home by a press-gang, or other emergency of that attractive time. These repeated mistakes obstructed the course of justice excessively, although, at last, the genuine identification did take place, and the real criminals were taken into custody; among whom, and the chief of them, was the wife of the unhappy victim. It is unnecessary to narrate the circumstances of the murder, which were dreadful enough to establish the reputation of any sensational periodical; but the measures which were taken with the supposed murderess were curious and noteworthy. Following, probably, the ancient usage of 'ordeal by touch,' the peace-officers carried the woman to the place where the head was exposed, to see what effect it would have upon her. She recognised it immediately, exclaiming: 'Oh, it is my dear husband's head!—it is my dear husband's head!' [she having helped to cut it off with her own hands]. 'She took the glass that contained it in her arms, and shed many tears as she embraced it,' like Boccaccio's Isabella over her pot of basil. But when they took the head out of its resting-place to give her a lock of hair, as she had desired, her resolution gave way, and she fell into a fit. Petit treason—the murder of a husband by his wife—was at that time, and up to the thirtieth year of good King George III., punished by strangulation and burning; and although Queen Mary, from strong sentiments of religion, burned her bishops without any previous suspension, it was usual, in mercy, not to roast persons, and especially females, until they had hung a considerable time. Accidents, however, used to happen at the best regulated executions, and the wretched woman in question, being insufficiently strangled, was burned alive at Tyburn, while her more fortunate male accomplices were hung in chains.

In civil cases, weight is certainly sometimes given to evidence which would be disallowed in criminal procedures, as in the curious case of Fish *v.* Palmer, tried in the Court of Exchequer in 1806. The wife of the plaintiff, Fish, who had been possessed of property in her own right, died nearly ten years before these legal proceedings were instituted, after having given birth to a child which was supposed to have been born dead. In consequence of the plaintiff not having had a living child (as was assumed) by his marriage, the estate of the wife was claimed by Palmer, her heir-at-law, and surrendered by the widower without opposition. From information derived, after a great lapse of time, from some women who had been present at his wife's accouchement, Fish began to think that the estate was in fact his own, and he brought his action accordingly. It lay with him, of course, to prove that the child had been born *alive*. The accoucheur who had attended Mrs Fish had died in the meanwhile, but it was proved that he had affirmed the child to be alive an hour before it was born, that he had directed a warm bath to be prepared, and had given the child, when it was born, to the nurse, to be placed in the said bath. *The child neither cried nor moved*, but the women swore, that, when it was immersed, there appeared twice a twitching and tremulous motion of the lips. Upon their informing the accoucheur of this, he bade them blow into its throat, which they did, but without any beneficial effect. The question was therefore: was this *tremulous motion of the lips* sufficient evidence of the child having been born alive? The doctors, as usual, differed; but the jury, under direction, gave it as their opinion that the plaintiff had established his case; and in consequence, he recovered an estate of which he had been deprived no less than ten years!

If this case had been one of Infanticide, the verdict would doubtless have gone the other way, on the ground of insufficiency of proof.

Of all descriptions of evidence, however, it is needless to say that the worst is intentional false-witness; though it is perhaps hardly so dangerous as misidentification, since the honesty of those who fall into this error intensifies the effect of their testimony, while that of a perjured person is often weakened by his having been the subject of suspicion. In a few cases, testimony has been so positive, and yet so contradictory, that judges have declined to direct, and juries to come to a decision. There is no example of evidence of this conflicting kind more striking than in the case of Edward M'Elroy, labourer, a lad of twenty years of age, accused, in 1825, of setting fire to a car-house belonging to his master, David Woods, near Carrickmacross, in the county of Monaghan. His employer deposed that, being awake at twelve o'clock at night, he heard a noise out of doors, and on getting up, discovered his car-house on fire, and distinctly perceived the prisoner urging the flames towards the dwelling-house. Thomas Woods, son to the prosecutor, stated that on hearing his father call out that the car-house was on fire, he ran out naked, and saw the figure of a man at a distance running from the flames.

In defence, Charlotte Woods, eighteen, the daughter of the prosecutor, averred that on the evening in question, all the family, except herself and a servant-girl called Ellen, went to bed between nine and ten o'clock. These two slept in a small bedroom on the ground-floor, off the kitchen; and the girl having some wearing apparel of her own to mend, she sat up with her, assisting her in the same—unknown to the rest of the household—until half-past eleven o'clock, when, hearing her father rise, they extinguished their candle, and began to undress: she was afraid of their sitting up being known, since he had expressly prohibited any of the family doing so. These two had just knelt down to their prayers, when she heard a stool fall, and turning her face towards a small window which looked into the kitchen, she observed her father take a lighted turf from the fireplace, and go out. The girl and herself then quietly followed him to the door, and actually saw him set fire to the car-house with his own hand, having previously set at liberty the calf and pig. She then heard him go up stairs and close his door, and after about a quarter of an hour, reopen it, and give the alarm of fire. In addition, she narrated a conversation she had overheard between her two elder brothers a night or two previous to the burning. One of them, speaking of the proposed crime, said: 'It was a good plan to put M'Elroy out of the way.' To which the other replied: 'Yes; but I doubt my father will go too far; he must perjure himself.' She also said that her father had previously accused her of encouraging the attentions of M'Elroy, although his suspicions were quite groundless. Being cross-examined on this point, she declared she had no particular regard for the prisoner, but had come forward actuated solely in the interests of truth, and from a desire to save an innocent life. She admitted, however, that she was now living under the protection of the prisoner's relatives, having left her father's house a fortnight previously, at which time she and the servant, who accompanied her, had given information of the foregoing facts before a magistrate.

The servant-girl, Ellen, corroborated this statement of Miss Woods in every particular. A certain tailor also swore to the prisoner's having come to his house on the day preceding the occurrence, and remained therein from sunset to sunrise.

On the other hand, George Woods, one of the brothers in question, denied that any such conversation as had been detailed had passed between himself and Thomas Woods, and swore most positively that a close intimacy did exist between his sister and the prisoner at the bar. His brother Thomas was equally positive in corroboration of this.

Lastly, a girl named Collins, also in the service of the prosecutor, stated that she was in the kitchen, on

the night in question, with Miss Woods and Ellen; that they went to bed in half an hour after the rest of the family, and did not mend any clothes; that she and they were all undressed, and at their prayers, when her master gave the alarm of fire; and that all they had stated of his conduct was untrue from beginning to end.

There must certainly have been a great deal of false swearing somewhere.

The jury remained closeted during that night, and until the afternoon of the next day, when, not having agreed on any verdict, they were conveyed to the verge of the county, and there discharged in the usual way.

ECHO.

The advancing sunray of science has dispelled many legends which had shadowy yet beautiful existence in the twilight of poetic ages. Man, in the infancy of his education, gave the rein to his luxuriant fancy whenever he wished to account for effects of which the cause was not visible. Thus were produced most of those enchanting myths to which the genius of Ovid gave permanence in verse; among others, the plaintive tale of the love and grief of Echo, that gentle shade, who ever dwelt in woods and caves, mourning for lost Narcissus. The power of this legend has passed away, but the fact remains—Echo has still a voice, and nothing more. Let us see how this voice arises.

To understand an echo, we must understand the nature of sound, which may be explained as follows: No material in nature is really solid, but all are composed of a number of atoms, cohering together more or less closely, according to the density or hardness of the material. Now, when we strike any substance, we drive its constituent atoms one against the other, and occasion a commotion among them, caused by the conflict between the force of the blow disarranging them and their natural tendency to resume their original position. This commotion, commonly called vibration, displaces the air around, driving it away in waves, and the effect of the striking of these waves upon the ear is the sensation of sound. All differences of sound arise from differences in the form and quickness of these sound-waves, the regularity of their succession, or the way in which they strike the ear. If they break upon the ear at equal intervals, a musical note is produced; if fitfully and without order, the result is a noise. Strange as this doctrine of sound-waves in the air may appear, it admits of an easy proof, by placing a bell in the receiver of an air-pump: when the air is exhausted, the bell will cease to ring, and the clapper will strike the sides on being shaken without any sound ensuing. Further proof is afforded by the fact, that sound takes time to travel; we see the flash of a gun before we hear the report.

Now, when these advancing waves of sound meet with an obstacle which throws them back to the point from which they started, an echo is heard. But it is necessary that the ear of the person listening for it be in the path of the returning sound, and also at some distance from the reflecting surface, as otherwise the advancing and retreating sounds become mixed together, and indistinguishable. No perfect echo can be heard unless the obstacle which drives back the sound is about sixty-five feet from the place where the sound originally arose. It is because of this that the walls of ordinary rooms do not produce echoes; they are so near, that there is not time for the sound-waves they drive back to get separated from those that follow them. Sound travels at the rate of about 1130 feet in a second, consequently, a person standing that distance from a wall capable of producing an echo, would hear the echo just two seconds after he spoke, as the sound would take a second to go to the wall, and a second to come back to him.

Caverns are among the best places for the production of echoes, because they not only drive back the sound from their sides, but collect it together, and so make the echo louder. For the same reason, passages and cathedral aisles are noted for giving back the voice; mountains, icebergs, and tall trees will do the same. What is required is, that the opposing surface should be of such a shape as to utterly prevent sound from passing beyond it, or from becoming dissipated among the surrounding air. Obviously, a concave surface is the best adapted to this result, but any which is large enough to accumulate the tide of sound sufficiently, and roll it back, will cause an echo. If there be a number of surfaces equally distant from one another, and receding from the ear, the echoes from them will be musical in character, however unmusical may have been the noise which has produced them: this occurs because they fall upon the ear in regular succession, from the regularity of the reflecting surfaces. An instance in point is the musical ringing sound which will be heard by a person who stamps on the ground at the end of a long row of railings or pales.

Echoes sometimes multiply the sound by reproducing it many times; or, to express it in another way, there is sometimes such a configuration of surrounding objects, that the echo thrown from one surface is itself driven back by another, and so becomes re-echoed over and over again. This may happen between parallel walls, for example. At Roseneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo which will repeat a tune played on a trumpet, three times with great accuracy, though, of course, with diminished strength each time, because the sound becomes dissipated. At the Simonetta Palace, near Milan, an echo is said to exist capable of repeating the report of a pistol sixty times. By the Lake of Killarney is one which supplies a second part to any easy tune performed by a bugler. In Woodstock Park is another, which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night; the reason for the difference being, that air is of more uniform density by night, owing to the absence of the rays of the sun, which create breezes; and the more uniform the density of the air, the better sound-waves are transmitted.

Thus, we have seen Echo to be neither a nymph, a fairy, nor any other supernatural visitant, but a simple minister in Nature's temple. Yet we are far from knowing all that requires to be known of the phenomenon. Not any branch of science is less perfectly understood at present than that which relates to the laws of sound; and the works of the ablest writers on the subject are confessions of at least a lack of certainty. Still, what is known has been turned to good account; and the astonishing harmonies of music, whether rolled forth from the mighty orchestra, or breathed by a concert of voices soft and clear, attest the power which this knowledge confers.

A LESSON FROM THE LARK.

The mists of winter scarcely die away,
Ere the bold lark salutes the feeble sun;
Up from the watery marsh or windy down,
He springs, through morn's low-hanging clouds of gray,
With dew-gemmed wing and heart serenely gay;
High lost in heaven, ere the matin chime
Booms from the abbey tower, he chants his hymn,
Nor ends his praise till Night infolds the Day.
Oh, if ere yet the fragrant breath of Spring
Rocks softly to and fro the half-formed leaf,
This wild, impassioned minstrel thus can sing,
Shall we, the wisdom-dowered, hug our grief?
No! Let us, like the lark, *anticipate*
Bright morns to come, and warble while we wait.

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MISSING.

THERE is something in human affairs even more terrible than Death itself—namely, Disappearance: the sudden snatching away of a man, from amidst his fellow-creatures, who either know not what to think of the matter, or who have a score of elucidations to offer, not one of which is in the least degree satisfactory. Compared with death, indeed, such things are uncommon, yet, probably, there are few of my elder readers within whose personal knowledge something of this nature has not occurred. At all events, we have all read of such things, and been affected by them more than by any other species of narration, with the exception, perhaps, of ghost-stories, which are scarcely more mysterious, and are open to objections on the score of credibility. How strangely that episode strikes us, in the *Life of Grimaldi*, where his brother, after the lapse of many years, comes to the stage-door of the theatre to see him, and after a promise of meeting him that night at supper, disappears thenceforth and for ever. I remember little of the book besides that incident, which stands out with strange distinctness among the Clown's reverses and successes, and the poor tinsel of theatrical life.

Even about inanimate objects that have been suddenly removed from human ken, there hangs some interest, as, for instance, about the Great Seal of England, filched from Lord Thurlow's house in Ormond Street, and cast into nobody knows what melting-pot—made 'gold-soup' of for nobody knows whose benefit! I don't feel nearly so interested about that Chancellor's Seal which foolish James II. cast into the Thames, in the malicious hope of interrupting public business, because that was fished up and found.

What a terrible thing, again, is a Lost Ship; how much worse than any ship*wreck*, which tells its own tale in spars, and fragments, and drowned men cast on shore! A ship that leaves its port, and is perhaps 'spoken with' once or twice, and then is no more seen or heard of; one, that not only never reaches its haven, but meets with we know not what fate. We cannot even say of her as of that great ship, which, lying on a calm day in front of a populous town, suddenly heeled over and went to the bottom: 'Down went the *Royal George*, with all her crew complete.' She may have been blown up, for all that we know. She may have been borne northward by some hitherto unknown current, and imprisoned in adamantine icebergs, and all her crew have petrified. She may have been carried to the tropics, and been becalmed for months, and rotted, men and timbers; or in some island in those dark purple spheres of sea, her people and their progeny may still exist, cut off for ever from old associations, familiar faces, and home, with her planks laid in the coral caves, never more to bear human freight. What a shudder still comes over us when we remember the *President!* What a weird and awful mystery lies still about those explorers of the North, although we know that they be dead, and may see at any time in Greenwich Hospital their last tokens. There is scarce a ghastlier sight, to my thinking, than that little heap of tarnished silver-forks, abandoned in those far-away icy solitudes. What despair must have been in the hearts of those who left them there, and pushed on, God alone knows whither!

Of all the evil things that were permitted in the Bad Old Times, it seems to me the Press-gang must have been the worst. Conceive the misery that it must needs have caused in humble homes: the bread-winner suddenly carried off, and the wife and children not only made destitute, but harrowed with the thought that he was dead. There was no alacrity in consolation among the officers of his majesty's tenders; the kidnapped wretch might be able to communicate his position, or he might not. A state of things less endurable than even the recruiting in Poland, in as far as the horror of what may be exceeds the pang of the misfortune that is.

The imagination magnifies the unknown evil. I well remember the state into which the public school where I was educated was thrown, one fine morning, by the intelligence that Bilkins *major* had been sent away in the night; had been carried off home, or elsewhere, and was never more to return to pursue his classical studies. The previous day, he had construed his Greek with his usual infelicity; had distinguished himself at football as much as ever; had added the ordinary amount to his tick at the pastry-cook's—and yet, behold he was Gone! What had he done? What *had* he done, to be withdrawn with such excessive suddenness from the midst of his fellow-sinners? Not even Bilkins *minor*, his brother, could tell us that. We lingered about in knots all day, discussing his possible crime; and if it was the object of our head-master to hush matters up by this secret method of ejection, that object was certainly

not attained. Even now, after the lapse of I dare not say how long, a certain weird and appalling mystery clings to Bilkins, with whom I have no acquaintance, but whom I meet going about Lincoln's Inn, to outward appearance a very ordinary barrister. The particular offence that caused his abrupt departure from school was never known, although it must surely have been *one* of those which we imputed to him. If not, it must have been Original Sin indeed —pure Bilkinsism.

In 1723, a gentleman named Annesley was expected by his friends from Rotterdam, to arrive in London by a certain vessel, in which, he wrote, he had already secured a berth. On his non-appearance, a search was instituted among the shipping in the Thames; the craft which he had described was boarded, and the captain—one Philip Roche—and crew examined. They denied all knowledge of such a person. There was nothing to disprove this except Mr Annesley's letter, which gave, however, such details as it was impossible to mistake. Upon a representation to the Secretary of State, the vessel was placed under surveillance, and the letters sent by the suspected persons were opened on their passage through the post. A communication from Roche to his wife furnished the clue to quite a labyrinth of nautical crime. In his early career, this wretch had driven a tolerable trade by sinking ships which he had previously insured beyond their value; but having been appointed mate to a trader bound for Cape Breton, he had mutinied with others of the crew, and thrown the captain and half-a-dozen sailors overboard. It had then been his intention to turn pirate in the western seas; but finding his provisions getting short, he had been obliged to put back to Portsmouth, where he painted the vessel afresh, and gave her a fictitious name. Then he traded—commencing with the stolen cargo —but with this hideous addition to his commercial gains, that he was ready to take passengers, with valuable property, to any port they pleased; only when he got a little way out to sea, he drowned them; and thus he had murdered the unsuspecting Mr Annesley. For this, Roche was hanged at Execution Dock; but before that righteous punishment overtook him, what unimaginable misery must such a monster have caused! what mysterious woe! what fruitless and heart-sickening hope!

A still more curious case, but without its tragic horror, was that of Mr Duplex, which occurred in 1787. This gentleman, having arrived from Margate by the hoy one day, had taken a boat in the Thames, to be set on shore at Tower Stairs; this was boarded, however, by some persons calling themselves revenue-officers, who carried him and his portmanteau, on pretence of examining the latter, on board a sloop lying at anchor. Mr Duplex followed his property down to the cabin, when presently, upon looking out of the window, he found himself opposite Greenwich Hospital. He was calmly informed that he was going out to sea, and as he could not be put on shore, had better make himself comfortable. Nobody did him any injury, nor even robbed him of his money; but the crew wore his best shirts and other fashionable garments as though they were their own. For three months he was constantly confined in the cabin, nor—although he could frequently hear the sailors leave and return to the ship, and in the latter case, always bringing hampers and boxes with them—had he the least idea at what port it was touching, or even on what coast he was cruising. He was fed, like his captors, upon salt beef and grog, and never made to work, or do anything unpleasant. At length, being permitted to come on deck, he found the sloop to be in the Bay of Beaumaris, North Wales; and the man at the helm telling him he might go on board a fishing-smack that lay alongside, he did so, and was safely landed; and so ended his extraordinary adventure. The friends of Mr Duplex, who was a young man of considerable property, had offered a large reward for him, dead or alive; and the Thames had been dragged for his body, again and again.

Mysterious as is the sudden disappearance of our fellow-creatures, the interest is considerably intensified when they take a horse and cart with them. Yet that such a startling phenomenon must once at least have occurred, rests upon no less grave an authority than the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the beginning of the last century, as the curate of Skegarp, in the Swedish province of Schonen, was engaged with some of his parishioners in digging turf in a drained marshy soil, they came upon an entire wagon and the skeletons of a man and horses several feet below the surface of the ground! If the place had been always a morass, such a disappearance would not have been so inexplicable as it doubtless was at the period of its occurrence. There was once, however, a lake upon the spot, and it is presumed that, in attempting to cross the ice, the unfortunate carter with his steeds and vehicle fell suddenly through, and were swallowed up. If, as was likely, it was on the way home at the conclusion of the day's work, the whole would have frozen over before the morning, and absolutely no trace have been left to account for their disappearance. The explanation was doubtless supplied by Superstition, for whom a finer opportunity can surely never have occurred.

Another instance of the total disappearance of a horse has happened within very modern times. No less celebrated an animal than a certain winner of the Derby was, immediately after that great victory, lost for ever to the admiring eyes of men. There was some talk of his having entered a Veterinary College—to complete his education, I suppose; but such a course could only be paralleled by a Senior Wrangler being sent to a preparatory school to learn arithmetic. A darker story is afloat, that the noble animal was basely murdered on account of his teeth; not, indeed, for the sake of depriving him of those ornaments, but to prevent their revealing the fact, that he was over three years old—past the legal age at which an animal is permitted to run for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, and therefore not entitled to the honours—and emoluments—he had carried off. The favourite for the Derby of this very year had 'pitfalls' dug for him, so that he might break his legs in his morning 'gallop;' but even that atrocity seems less tremendous than the secret assassination to which the finger of Suspicion points in this case. There has been nothing like it since the murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

To quit horses, and return to humanity, however, the saddest disappearance of which I remember ever to have read was that of a Captain Routh of the Indian army, who came home on leave from Calcutta, to be married to a Miss Ling in Hertfordshire. The better known case of Mr Gordier in Guernsey affords a very close parallel to it in many respects; but the fate of that latter gentleman was discovered for certain, while that of the Indian officer was never cleared up, although open to the darkest suspicion. Captain Routh arrived at Southampton, and was identified as having been a passenger by the coach from that place to London. But after having safely accomplished so many hundred miles, he never attained that place, such a little way off, where his bride awaited him. He neither came nor wrote. She read his name in the list of passengers by the *Europa*, and looked for him hour by hour, in vain. What excuses must not her love have made for him! How she must have clung to one frail chance after another, until her last hope left her! How infinitely more terrible must such vague wretchedness have been to bear, than if she had known him to have been struck down by the fatal sun-ray of Bengal, or drowned in Indian seas. *Where* was he? What *could* have become of him?

This young lady had a cousin of the name of Penrhyn, about her own age, who had been brought up in the same family, and, although much attached to her, had not been hitherto considered to entertain towards her warmer feelings than those of kinship. But as month after month, and year after year, went by without tidings of the missing bridegroom, he began to court her as a lover. She, for her part, refused to listen to his addresses, but her mother favoured them; and plunged in melancholy, the girl did not take the pains to repulse him which probably she would otherwise have done. She accepted, or at least she did not reject, a ring of his, which she even wore on her finger; but whenever he spoke to her, or tendered her any service, she turned from him with something like loathing. Whether this was remarked upon so much before the following circumstances occurred, it would be interesting to learn; but all who knew them now testify, that whereas in earlier days she had taken pleasure in her cousin's society, it seemed to become absolutely hateful to her, subsequent to her calamity.

About three years after Captain Routh's disappearance, a brother-officer and friend of his, one Major Brooks, having business in England, was invited into Hertfordshire by Mrs Ling, at the urgent request of her daughter. So far, however, from being overcome by the association of the major's presence with her lost lover, Miss Ling seemed to take pleasure in nothing so much as in hearing him talk of his missing friend. Mr Penrhyn appears to have taken this in some dudgeon; perhaps he grew apprehensive that a present rival might be even more fatal to his hopes than the memory of an absent one; but, at all events, the two gentlemen quarrelled. Mr Penrhyn —who lived in the neighbourhood—protested that he would not enter the house during the major's stay, and remained at his own residence. During this estrangement, the conversation between Brooks and Miss Ling had Captain Routh for its topic more than ever. In speaking of the absence of all clue to what had become of him, the major observed: 'There is one thing that puzzles me almost as much as the loss of my poor friend himself. You say that his luggage was found at the inn where the coach stopped in London?'

'It was,' said the lady. 'I am thankful to say that I have numberless tokens of his dear self.'

'There is one thing, though, which I wonder that he parted with,' pursued the major, 'and did not always carry about with him, as he promised to do. I was with him in the bazaar at Calcutta when he bought for you that twisted ring'——

'That ring,' cried the poor girl—'*that* ring?' and with a frightful shriek, she instantly swooned away.

Her mother came running in to know what was the matter; Brooks made some evasive explanation, but, while she was applying restoratives, inquired, as carelessly as he could, who had given to her daughter that beautiful ring?

'Oh, Willy Penrhyn,' said she. 'That is the only present, poor fellow, he could ever get Rachel to accept.'

Upon this Major Brooks went straight to Penrhyn's house, but was denied admittance; whereupon he wrote to him the following letter:

'Sir—I have just seen a ring upon the hand of the betrothed wife of my *murdered* friend, Herbert Routh; he bought it for that purpose himself, but *you* have presented it. I know that he always wore it on his little finger, and never parted with it by any chance. I demand, therefore, to know by what means you became possessed of it. I shall require to see you in person at five o'clock this afternoon, and shall take no denial. JAMES BROOKS.'

The major arrived at Mr Penrhyn's house at the time specified, but found him a dead man. He had taken poison upon the receipt of the above letter; and so, as is supposed, departed the only human being that could have unravelled the mystery of the missing Captain Routh. Still, it is barely possible that he may not have been his murderer after all; if he were, it was surely the height of imprudence to have given away a thing so easily identified, and that to the very person of all others from whom he should have concealed it. It is curious, that directly we begin to suspect the commission of a particular crime, however dreadful, and seem to recognise the offender, as in this case, the horror of the matter subsides. But, as we said at the beginning of this paper, Disappearance is, in truth, more terrible than Death; nor should this fact be overlooked by the opponents of *public* executions. There should, of course, be enough of official spectators to set the carrying-out of the sentence beyond all cavil; but it is worthy of consideration, whether the sudden withdrawal of a wretch from the living world—his disappearance at the jail-gate for ever—would not strike a greater terror into the criminal population, than the present brutal exhibitions outside of Newgate.

AS TO THE JAWBONE.

For several weeks in this spring, a very agitating question in certain circles of London society was—'What of the jawbone?' It must have appeared a very mysterious question to many who chanced to hear it; and probably the great mass of our readers, hearing it now for the first time, wonder considerably what it could refer to. We shall endeavour to enlighten them 'as to the jawbone.'

Probably most of them have been made aware that, since 1859, the English geologists have accepted as genuine certain findings of flint weapons in the drift of the valley of the Somme in Picardy, which had for twenty years before been knocking at their doors in vain. It is now a piece of fully-sanctioned scientific doctrine that, in certain beds of ancient gravel, lying over chalk, containing remains of extinct species of elephant, rhinoceros, hyena, bear, &c., and so proved to be of vast, though unprecise age, there are found proofs of the contemporaneity of man, in the form of implements, such as hatchets, spear-heads, and knives, fashioned by his hands out of the rough flints which the subjacent strata supply. These relics occur in great numbers at various gravel-pits along the valley of the Somme within a space of about twenty-five miles, particularly at St Acheul, near Amiens, and at Menchecourt and Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville. Local antiquaries—M. Boucher de Perthes of Abbeville, a Dr Rigollot, and others—have been in the custom of gathering and storing them up for many years; and there is not now the least doubt entertained on any hand that they are really the work of man's hands, and that they are actually, and not by any imposture, found imbedded in the ancient gravel along with remains of extinct species of mammalia, so as to demonstrate a greater antiquity than any yet surmised for the human race.

So far well; yet it was remarked with some surprise, and even as a justification for some lingering shade of scepticism, that no relic of humanity itself, not a single bone, had been found in these ancient beds. Accordingly, it was a matter of no small gratification to many when an announcement appeared at the end of March, to the effect that a human jawbone had been taken out of the tool-bearing drift at Moulin-Quignon. The history of this discovery was stated as follows by a writer in the local journal (*L'Abbevillois*) of April 9. 'Towards the end of last month, a workman in the gravel-pit of Moulin-Quignon (on the outskirts of Abbeville) brought to M. Boucher de Perthes, along with a worked flint, a small fragment of bone, which he had found close by it. Having divested

this bone of the sand with which it was covered, M. Boucher de Perthes found implanted in it a tooth, which, although very imperfect (the crown having been almost entirely destroyed, apparently by caries), was distinctly recognisable as a *human molar*. He immediately repaired to the gravel-pit, examined the place in which the worked flint and the tooth were said to have been found, and satisfied himself that there could not have been any accidental or secondary mode of introduction of the tooth, but that it must have been imbedded (if the workman's account was to be trusted) in the original deposit. Naturally expecting that, where one fragment had turned up, others might not be far off, M. Boucher de Perthes urged the workmen to proceed very carefully with their excavations, and directed them, if they should come upon anything like a bone, at once to inform him, without removing it from its place. On the 28th of March, another workman came to inform him that what appeared to be a bone had just shewn itself in the gravel; and on going to the spot, M. Boucher de Perthes found that it was really so, the projection of the bone from the face of the excavation being about eight-tenths of an inch. He carefully removed the sand from around it, and himself extracted it from its matrix; the bone proved to be the lateral half of a lower jaw, unquestionably human. From the immediate neighbourhood of this jaw, a companion of M. Boucher de Perthes (M. Oswald Dimpre, well known in Abbeville as an archæologist and draughtsman) disinterred a flint hatchet. . . . . M. Boucher de Perthes had yesterday the kindness to place in my hands this precious fragment, and I was immediately struck with its almost black colour, its solidity, and its weight; all these peculiarities (which are in marked contrast to the characters of the bones ordinarily found in these gravel-pits) being obviously due to one and the same cause—namely, metallic (ferruginous?) infiltration. The worked flints and the ordinary flints obtained from the same deposit are all of them characterised by a like depth of colour, which is not seen in those taken from any other part of the same pit, or from any other gravel-pit yet opened in the neighbourhood of Abbeville. Of the anatomical characters of this jaw, I should not wish to give a decided opinion without a more careful examination than I had the opportunity of making; but my impression is, that they differ very decidedly from those of the same bone in any race at present inhabiting Western Europe. . . . . We have, therefore, not merely the personal testimony of M. Boucher de Perthes and others who were present at the disinterment, but the evidence of the *pièce de circonstance* itself (which by some will be regarded as yet more satisfactory), that this bone *could* not have come from any less depth in the gravel-bed than that in which it is stated to have been found; and I cannot myself conceive that any one who carefully examines the undisturbed condition of that bed can entertain a doubt that the bone in question is *a true fossil*, dating back to the time of its original deposition. I may add, that the gravel-bed of Moulin-Quignon is about 100 feet above the present level of the river, and therefore corresponds in position with the *upper* gravels of St Acheul, not with the *lower* gravels of Menchecourt; so that, if we accept the conclusions of Mr Prestwich as to the relative ages of these gravels, this human jaw was buried in the deepest (and therefore the oldest) portion of the earliest of these fluviatile deposits.'

Here was a sufficiently precise statement, as one would have thought. It is, however, a matter on which vastly important inferences hang, and the English geologists were resolved to exercise their usual caution before accepting the fossil as genuine. Dr Hugh Falconer, whose palæontological researches in India have placed him in the highest rank as a man of science; Mr Joseph Prestwich, who is admittedly the most expert man in regard to the superficial formation in England, and whose favourable verdict first attracted English attention to the flint implements of the Somme; and Mr John Evans, a sagacious antiquary, visited the scene of the discovery, examined the jawbone and the flint weapons found near it, and took a careful survey of the whole of the attendant circumstances. They were at once satisfied that the weapons were modern and spurious, and that the jawbone, although bearing some characters shewing affinity to forms among the Esquimaux and the savages of Australia—the posterior angle shewing what Dr Falconer called 'a marsupial amount of inversion'—nevertheless was only a clever imposition practised by the *terrassiers* of the gravel-pits. For this decision as to the jawbone, the principal ground was afforded by the discovery, that the single molar tooth found in the jaw, when sawed up, was fresh and full of gelatine. 'There,' said Dr Falconer, 'was an end of the case.' Yet he, after all, admitted that the imposture was 'cunningly clever' to an extraordinary degree, and that there was something singular 'in a jawbone combining so many peculiarities having been hit upon by uninstructed workmen.'*

The French investigators not being so easily convinced of the alleged imposture as the English, it was afterwards agreed that there should be a convention of experts of both nations to sit upon the subject at Paris, and try to come to a verdict which should be final and decisive. On the English side were Dr Falconer and Mr Prestwich, with the addition of Dr Carpenter and Mr George Busk. The French gentlemen were M. de Quatrefages, Mr Milne-Edwards, M. Lartet, M. Delesse, and M. Desnoyers. They spent three days in examining the fossil and the flints, and the jawbone was sawn through in their presence, and found, like the tooth, to be fresh. The English gentlemen adhered with more firmness than ever to the belief that it was a case of imposture, and some of the French savans were shaken in the faith they had formerly held. It was arranged, however, that before a final decision, the commission should adjourn to Abbeville, and make some new investigations on the spot.

This was a fortunate move; but its results were such as to read an impressive lesson regarding hasty judgment. The English experts, who had pronounced the flints to be spurious, obtained some of precisely the same character and condition from the gravel with their own hands; so that their assumed tests of genuineness for the flint implements proved to be wholly fallacious. The evidence for the genuineness of the jawbone was supported by so much 'direct testimony,' that it was now unanimously accepted by the commission. Thus, all that had been done and said in April on this important subject was, in May, reversed—with but one small piece of reservation. Dr Falconer and Mr Busk, while fully admitting the genuineness of the relics—that is to say, that they were not impostures, but really had been found in the drift—professed that they could not regard the jawbone as of 'any very great antiquity,' or 'of an antiquity equal to that assigned to the deposits in which it was found.' The only thing we can understand as meant or implied in this dictum is, that the bed in which the flint weapons, the jawbone, and the relics of the extinct mammalia, have been found, is not of any very great age after all—an idea which appears to be supported by the venerable Elie de Beaumont, but which is beset with fully as great difficulties as any other. Be it observed, that the beds of the Somme drift are what Mr Prestwich calls high-level drifts—that is, drifts of the greater relative antiquity. There have been great geological changes in France since they were formed. There have also been great zoological changes, including

* Letter of Dr Falconer, *Times*, April 25, 1863.

the extinction of elephantoid animals. How is all this to be made compatible with the conclusion arrived at by the two dissentients?

To us outer barbarians, it is apt to appear that, as our English geologists misjudged the flints from fallacious symptoms, so may they now be misjudging the fossil. Those appearances of freshness which make them doubt the antiquity, may be compatible with antiquity after all. It must depend on surrounding conditions whether the animal matter in a bone is carried away quickly or slowly, or that it is ever carried away. If we are not mistaken, traces of animal matter have been found in fossils of much older date than the Drift. Supposing favourable conditions in the black crusty gravel out of which the jawbone was taken, the freshness might have continued to characterise the fossil for countless ages yet to come. We shall not, then, be surprised if the opinion of Dr Falconer shall undergo yet another change.

SQUIRE MELFORD'S FAMILY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

A VERY bustling town is the town of Subridge—bustling with business, not with pleasure; many are the rumbling wagons, few the carriages, that pass through its paved streets. In the environs of Subridge, there are neither pretty villas nor picturesque churches; but broad roads, dusty or muddy with much heavy traffic, and small public-houses, only a few yards apart, for the refreshment or temptation of the numerous carters who pass that way.

The small houses on each side of Beech Street are let in single rooms to some of the poor, and not over-sober work-people employed in the various mills in the neighbourhood of the town. But at the end of the street is a good-sized house, with a small garden in front, facing the High Street of Subridge. Once, Beech House really was what it now only professes to be—a desirable residence for a gentleman; but then, the two cypresses, now the only trees in the front-garden, were not planted; the garden-gates stood where the blacksmith's forge and the butcher's shop stand now; and the bees gathered honey where drunken men now beat their wives, and lazy mothers scold their squalling children.

Dora Melford is alone in the dining-room of Beech House. She is still dressed in deep mourning for her brother; but it is sorrow and anxiety for the living, not grief for the dead, which have so changed her. An artist might still detect traces of former beauty, but not a careless observer; and many a dabbler in physiognomy would pronounce her to be a discontented, envious woman.

'I know what I would do myself,' thought Dora, as with crossed arms she walked slowly up and down the low, cheerless-looking room. 'I should tell him that it is plain to be seen he only wanted me for my money, and that I am well content to be poor, since my poverty saves me from becoming the wife of a fortune-hunter—— Oh!' she exclaimed, with an impatient gesture, 'when will that blacksmith be quiet? Hammer, hammer, hammer!—it is enough to drive me mad.' She resumed her thoughts, still pacing up and down the room. 'I must speak to Grace. They can't go on for ever as they are doing now; her eyes must be opened some day—the sooner the better. Much good I shall do, however. Every month, we are further and further apart; and if I advise her to dismiss William, she will quite hate me.'

'Now, Dora, dear,' said Grace as she entered the room, 'put on your bonnet, and come with me.'

'Where are you going?'

'To buy one of the coffee-pots William was recommending.' Grace spoke with some appearance of hesitation and even shame.

Dora smiled contemptuously. 'You may save yourself the trouble, Grace; you'll not be able to use it to please him; and besides, we have no money to waste on such fancies.'

'Nay, Dora,' answered Grace, somewhat angrily, 'we are not so poor that we cannot spare a few shillings to satisfy our guests.'

'Well, you do not want me to help you to choose the coffee-pot, I suppose.'

'You had much better come with me,' said Grace. 'It would do you a great deal more good to walk in the open air than up and down this room. And why won't you dress yourself better? I declare, Dora, it is quite depressing to live with any one who is always moping, slovenly, and doing nothing. William says that you make him feel quite low-spirited.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Dora; but as she looked up, the expression of her face became more amiable, and she answered differently to what she had at first intended, and in a gentler voice. 'I will tidy up the room, and dress myself, whilst you are out.'

Grace kissed her sister. 'That is a dear, good girl! I am sure, Dora, I am quite as sorry for poor Andrew's death as you can be; but you know it is not right to be always grieving for the dead. We owe something, dear Dora, to the living, and if'—and here Grace looked entreatingly at her sister—'we were more cheerful, I think that perhaps William would come oftener than he does.'

'I will do my utmost, Grace, but'——

'I know that it is a miserable place,' interrupted Grace, as if anxious to prevent her sister's concluding her sentence—'very different from Prayton Park; but still, as we must live here, we may as well make the best of it.'

Grace also has altered during the last six months, but not so much as Dora, and what her face has lost in beauty it has gained in interest. She looks very delicate and ladylike in her black dress; even the rude men who live in Beech Street pity Grace, and will often cease their quarrelling and swearing as she passes. Scarcely any one feels kindly towards Dora; in losing her brother, she appears to have lost all that was most attractive in herself. Andrew had seen, and forced his sister to see, the bright side of everything; and it seemed to poor Dora as if the sun had ceased to shine since his death, and that she had buried even hope in his grave. The excitement that had supported her during his illness, and had enabled her to do without sleep for many nights together, and to watch him dying with outward calmness, had been followed by a reaction that was mental as well as physical.

When Squire Melford—as he liked to be called—purchased the Prayton estate, he was a bachelor, and intended to remain so. He was much attached to his brother, and entailed his estate first on his own male descendants, and then on his brother and his male descendants, always expecting his brother to inherit it. Squire Melford afterwards married, but from day to day delayed altering his will. 'I myself am good for a few years yet, I hope,' he would say; 'and I am sure Joseph will do right by the girls, if I should die unexpectedly. I don't approve of women having much money in their own power.' After his son's birth, he no longer considered that the will required altering. 'My son will, of course, make a home for his sisters until they have one of their own; and a home is all that girls want; they only get into mischief if they have too much money.' The utmost the easy old gentleman could be persuaded to do was to add a codicil to his will, giving Andrew the power to dispose of a portion of the estate as soon as he should be of age. But Andrew died before coming of age. Joseph had preceded him to the grave; and John

Melford, the heir-at-law, considered that whatever was legal was right. Grace and Dora were not left penniless; they inherited three thousand pounds, the house, and the street in which they lived, from their mother; but sometimes, when Dora had walked up and down one of the rooms of their new residence until fatigue produced positive pain, she would stand looking at the gloomy green of the cypress-trees, and wonder if it would not have been better to have lost all their fortune, instead of a part, and so to have been forced to work for a livelihood. She felt the noises of the street, the inconveniences of their new house, and the absence of the luxury and refinement to which they had been accustomed from childhood, far more than Grace did. 'If I had something to do,' she would say to herself, 'I should be better.' And she tried to work, but the work only made her more irritable than she was before. She blamed herself for her ill-temper; but every effort to be amiable was followed by a relapse. In truth, it was not work that she needed, but rest, quiet, a patient nurse, and a sympathising friend.

Mr Gordon came in the evening, and received a more cordial welcome from Dora than usual. 'I 'm hardly fit to enter a lady's drawing-room,' he said, glancing, as he spoke, at a very dirty pair of boots.

'Oh, we are not such old maids as you take us for,' answered Grace cheerfully. 'Besides, I can provide you with clean feet.' She danced out of the room, and soon returned with a pair of worked slippers in her hand. 'My good fairy must have made you forget your clean boots,' she said, as she took off his dirty ones, and carried them into the kitchen to dry. He looked fondly at her as she thus waited on him, and Grace saw only his smile, but Dora thought: 'He could manage to enter the drawing-room at Prayton Park with clean boots, however muddy it might be, and he would not then have allowed Grace to do servant's work for him.'

Many of William's careless words and acts were magnified by Dora into intentional insults, and unperceived or ignored by Grace. The one girl could see only the bad side of his character; the other, only the good. Dora was right in supposing that he wished to break off his engagement, and indeed he was only prevented doing so by shame and pity; but Grace also was right in supposing that he loved her—loved her, that is, according to his nature.

'It is necessary for me to have money with my wife,' he would argue to himself, 'because I have scarcely any of my own. But I am not a mere fortune-hunter. I would not marry a woman I could not love, though she had a hundred thousand pounds.' In Grace Melford, of Prayton Park, he thought that he had found exactly the woman to suit him; and many a time did he strike his hand on the table, and stamp his foot on the ground, as he exclaimed: 'One more month—only one more month would have done it!' for he knew that if Andrew had lived to be of age, his sister's fortunes would have been very different from what they were. He was sorry to be obliged to part with Grace, but it never entered into his mind that she was worth working for: he did not care to remember how often he had told her that he wished she was as poor as himself, that he might be able to prove how much he loved her. No fault could ever be found with Mr Gordon's sentiments; the pity was that he did not act up to them. He had now an opportunity of playing a really noble part. He might have made a home for Grace, if not equal to that which she had been willing to leave for his sake, at least very superior to her present one; but to do so he must work—it came more natural to him to talk. He read *Lord Burleigh* to Grace—just as he used to read her *Locksley Hall*, when she lived at Prayton Park—and thought and told her that he wished he could take her into a splendid mansion, and say: 'All of this is mine and thine.'

'Grace!' said Dora one morning.

'Well?' inquired Grace, for Dora had stopped abruptly.

Dora had been walking about her room all night, preparing a conversation with her sister, but now she could think of no words to express what she wished to say. She was sitting on a stool before the fire, her right elbow resting on her knee, and her face on her hand, looking twelve years instead of twelve months older than the girl kneeling on the rug by her side. She took Grace's hand in hers: 'You 'll forgive me, my darling, what I am going to say? You know how dearly I love you?'

Grace was silent; her heart beat quickly, and foreboded what was coming.

'If we saw a blind stranger walking into the river, should we not warn him? And shall I not warn you, Gracey, my own sister?' Dora approached nearer to Grace, and looked earnestly into her face, as she spoke; but Grace leaned back, and withdrew her hand. Many were the arguments that Dora had intended to urge, eloquent the exhortations she had prepared to persuade her sister to act as she considered it would be both wise and right for her to do; but now she had neither the power nor the desire to utter them. She only said: 'He does not love you, my darling; write and tell him he is free;' and then Dora covered her face with her hands, and sobbed like a child.

Grace did not appear to notice her sister's tears—did not reflect how unusual it was for Dora thus to give way to her emotion. 'You always judged him harshly,' she said coldly. 'You always see the worst side of everything; Andrew used to say that you did.'

'But offer to give up the engagement, Grace, and if I am wrong, he will not accept the offer.'

'I can't,' said Grace, beginning to cry in her turn. 'If he does not love me quite so well just now, it is my fault—it is your fault, Dora. This is such a miserable place to come to. Why don't we leave off our black, and be more cheerful? O Dorry! dear Dorry! don't tell me to give him up—help me to win him back.'

What could Dora say? She only kissed and embraced her sister, and promised to do whatever she wished.

The next evening that William came, he was more courteous to Dora, and more affectionate to Grace, than he had been for some time; and he spoke of his marriage as an event for which he was becoming impatient. 'I must exert myself,' he said: 'other men make enough money to keep their wives—why should not I?' Grace looked triumphantly at her sister, and Dora smiled approvingly on William. She was willing enough to be proved in the wrong. The two sisters were very happy all that night; awake or asleep, they dreamed very pleasant dreams.

The next time William came, he said that he had brought good and bad news. 'I have a prospect of being able to make a home for my dear little Gracey; but I must leave her for a time. I am offered a very good situation at Lisbon. You would not mind living abroad for a few years, would you?'

'O no; *she* will not mind, William,' said Dora; and Grace smiled her answer.

'But you 'll come too, Dora, will you not?'

'I 'll just do what I 'm wanted to do,' she answered, with a short hysterical laugh.

'O yes; come too, Dorry,' said Grace; 'we shall all be so happy!' and she looked fondly and, ah! so confidingly, into her lover's face as she spoke.

He pressed her hand, with averted eyes, and turned towards Dora, as if expecting her to speak.

'If Andrew's spirit be with us to-day,' she said.

William started, looked over his shoulder, and then said, with a forced laugh, that he did not believe in apparitions.

'Nor do I,' answered Dora; 'but though we cannot

see him, he may be able to see us, or at least to know that you are faithful to his sister, William. I thought you a worse man than you are, but Grace has always done you justice; she has always fought your battles, William; but for the future she and I will be on the same side.'

'You pay me so many compliments, that you make me feel quite uncomfortable.'

'Then I will only tell Grace how well I think of you. She is always ready to receive flattery on your account. But—chattering old maid that I am—neither of you is listening to me! I will leave you alone; only remember, brother, that I depend upon your making me as useful as you can.'

Mr Gordon said that it was necessary for him to start at once for Lisbon, and he therefore bade the girls good-bye that evening. It was a very affectionate, but not a very sad farewell. It was arranged that Dora and Grace should join him, as soon as he considered it prudent for them to do so. 'You are the captain, and we the soldiers,' said Dora: 'only give your orders, captain, and we will obey;' and she made him a military salute. She was as ready to worship him, and to talk nonsense with him, as her sister.

'You see now that I did right not to follow your advice, Dorry,' said Grace as she wished Dora good-night.

'Quite right, quite right; and oh, how happy I feel.'

Dora joined Grace in her walks now, and the fresh air and exercise did her good; her health and spirits were both better. Though she had not the power some women have of building castles out of nothing, yet, give her a foundation on the earth, and she could run them up in the air as fast as any one; now that she had some reasonable ground for supposing William to be worthy of her sister, she equalled Grace in her expectations of the future.

William's first letter said that he had been greatly deceived in his situation; it was not nearly so good as he had expected it to be.

'Never mind, Gracey,' said Dora; 'you are both young, and can wait a while. Now he has proved that he really loves you, we must not be cast down by trifling difficulties.'

'*I* never doubted him,' answered Grace.

'No, my dear, and I will never doubt him again.'

The next letter was not to Grace, but to Dora, who read it more than once before she was sure that she understood it.

'DEAR DORA,' wrote William, 'I am most anxious to spare my darling Grace any unnecessary suffering; and so I trouble you with this letter, in order that you may break the bad news to her, as you can, I think, do so better by word of mouth than I could do by letter. I am so thoroughly prostrated by my present disappointment, that I dare not trust myself in a personal interview with her. I feel that I could not act as a man ought to act, were I to see her. You know how sincerely anxious I have long been for our marriage—how I was willing to give up my native country and the friends of my youth—in order to be able to call dear Grace my wife. But—it is useless to fight against fate—it was destined not to be. Grace is free to become the wife of a more fortunate man; and though I can never forget her, or love any other woman, I shall pray not only for her happiness, but also for his who gains her heart. Bid her farewell for me, and by so doing you will oblige your unfortunate, not unfaithful, WILLIAM GORDON.'

'P.S.—I have destroyed Grace's letters, and I hope that you will use your influence to persuade her to destroy mine. If any one alludes to my engagement with your sister, I shall always leave it to be inferred that it was she who broke it off. I know that if she had been capable of following your judicious advice, she would have done so long ago.'

The letter had no address, but was stamped Paris.

Dora was still standing with the letter in her hand, staring stupidly at it, when she heard her sister's step on the stairs. She crushed the letter into her pocket, forcing her nails through it as she did so, and feeling at the moment towards the senseless paper as though it were a living enemy.

'I heard the postman, Dorry; did he bring me a letter?'

'No, my darling, there was no letter for you.' Dora looked down as she spoke, feeling very guilty.

At the same moment, Mr William Gordon was feeling far from happy. He knew that Dora would be about opening his letter, and he vividly pictured to himself the scornful expression of her countenance as she read it. 'Well,' he said to himself, 'it is done now, and it can't be undone. She ought to have let me off of her own accord. I don't think I would do it again; but what can't be cured, must be endured.' And then he confided his sublimated sentiments to Miss Purley, the pretty heiress, thereby gaining her admiration, and quieting his own not very troublesome conscience.

Grace was not one to foresee trouble before it actually came, and she laughed and talked all breakfast-time without once noticing her sister's altered manner. When at length the meal was finished, she proposed a walk, and on Dora's refusing to accompany her, said: 'Why, Dorry, you have got the mopes again. You ought not to be always so melancholy. I think, for my part, it is very wicked; yes, indeed, positively wicked, to be miserable when we have so much to be thankful for.' And after having administered the above lecture, she consented to take her walk alone.

Left to herself, Dora locked the door of her room, and read and re-read the letter, vainly hoping to discover a few words of comfort. Then she rested her elbows on the table, and pressed her hands against her forehead, and tried to think a way out of her trouble; and then she looked blankly out on the blue sky, and fell on her knees to pray such prayers as only those do pray whose sorrow is too deep for tears. Had Dora understood either herself or her sister better, she would have suffered far less than she did; but she fancied herself to be somewhat of a masculine character, with blunter feelings than women generally have, and Grace the very opposite. 'What should I even suffer,' she thought, 'if one whom I had loved and trusted had behaved to me as he has behaved to her. Oh, what a villain he must be, to use *her* so! My poor little Grace! The very ruffians of the street feel pity for you; and this wretch, this cold-blooded wretch, for whom you would gladly have died, casts you off in your misfortunes, and taunts you with your very love. Ah! it is better for women to be cold, hard-hearted things like I am. O God! why did you take our father from us! If he had lived, he would have protected her from this wretch, and then she might have loved some good man, and been a happy wife and mother. I daren't think of what she will suffer. God must comfort her, I cannot. I cannot even comprehend what she will feel: it would have driven me mad; what will become of her?'

Dora waited until her sister was in her own room; then she walked up and down the passage, one minute resolving to tell the evil tidings, and the next to leave the poor child yet a little longer respite. At length she opened her sister's door, and looked pitifully at her.

As Grace stood before the mirror, she saw the reflection of her sister's sad face. 'Why, Dorry, you ought—— Is anything the matter?'

'I have received bad news, Gracey.'

'Bad news! not from William? Is he ill?'

'He is worse than ill, Grace. He is not worthy of you.'

'How dare you speak so, Dora?' exclaimed Grace indignantly. 'I will not live in the same house with you! I will go alone to him! You are one of those

mean, calculating women who care for nothing but money, and because he is not rich, you are always suspecting him of one thing or another. Be silent; I will not listen to another word. Dora, sometimes I could almost believe that you envy me his love.'

'My poor Grace' ——

'Poor Grace, indeed! Why poor? unless it is for having so bad a sister' ——

'You must read this. I would have prepared you for it; but' ——

At sight of the well-known handwriting, Grace eagerly seized the letter. 'It is a forgery!' she exclaimed, but she did not put it away—she read it again and again. 'I'll not believe it. It is not true. Do you dare to say it is true?'

'I believe it,' answered Dora, in a very low voice. She had not the courage to raise her eyes, nay, she had hardly the power to do so; her lips were quite white, and she felt almost as helpless as though she were in a faint; but she was quite conscious. Every passionate exclamation that her sister uttered wrung her very soul, and, attempting to realise the agony that would have forced such words from herself, she multiplied it a thousandfold, and so tried to imagine what her sister was suffering.

Grace stamped her little foot on the ground, and tore the letter, declaring again and again that William had never written it. 'Or if he did, Dora, he can't mean it. He'll come in a day or two, and ask my forgiveness. Don't you think he will? Dora,' she exclaimed, in a raised voice, 'why don't you answer?'

'I am sure that he will never come again.'

'He will, he will; I tell you he will;' and she threw herself crying on the bed.

'You have set him against me, Dora. You never wanted me to marry him. And there you sit, never saying one word, never caring one bit for all you have done. And oh! I am so miserable. I shall die! I shall die!' and the poor child wrung her hands, and looked piteously at her sister.

Dora seated herself by the side of the bed, and kissed, soothed, and listened to the complaining girl.

Suddenly Grace started up. 'Dora!'

'Yes, my darling; but don't look so!'

'Do you think he loves somebody else?'

'I don't know. Very likely not.'

'I could forgive him anything but that—— Do you think he would have married me if I had been rich?'

'Yes, indeed; I am sure he would.' And Dora wondered what comfort Grace could find in such a belief.

'Then he must have loved me better than other women, for there were plenty of rich girls besides me —— You won't leave me alone, Dorry?' she said, as it began to grow dark. 'I must have some one to talk to. You won't mind sitting up all night, will you?'

'No, indeed, my love; I will not leave you.'

A long dreary night did both the sisters pass; but when the day dawned, Grace was asleep, and Dora praying by her side.

Week after week did Grace alternately hope and despair. Not one word did she ever speak against her faithless lover. The postman's knock was never heard at the door, that she did not run to see if there was a letter for her from 'poor William,' as she always called him. She never appeared to be able to understand that he had done her any wrong; she had somehow managed to persuade herself that he no less than herself was the victim of unfortunate circumstances.

One day, Dora pointed out a curious advertisement to her sister. Grace took the *Times* listlessly, saying as she did so that it must be something very funny to make her laugh now; but as she was refolding the paper, her manner suddenly changed.

'Dora! Dora!' she exclaimed, 'he was in love with Ellen Purley!'

'Poor girl!' said Dora, as she read the announcement of William Gordon's marriage; 'she has got but a worthless husband, I fear. But his marriage cannot concern us, Grace.'

Without answering her sister, Grace walked up and down the room in angry agitation. 'The little designing hussy! I wish, oh! how I do wish that she may be thoroughly miserable.'

'Hush, Grace! you do not know what you are saying.'

'But I do,' she answered, suddenly standing still, and looking full at her sister. 'I do know what I am saying, and I mean it too. If Andrew were alive, I would make him horsewhip that scoundrel like a dog! I would like to see her a gray-haired old woman at thirty! I hope he'll gamble, and drink, and be faithless! I hope she'll grow ugly and cross, and' —— Dora put her hand before her sister's mouth. 'Let me speak, or I shall go mad!' and she pushed Dora away, and clenched her little fist, and struck it against the air.

Dora trembled as she gazed at her sister. The veins swelling on the smooth white forehead; the angry glances flashing from the usually soft gray eyes; the wild words bursting from the pretty little mouth—seemed to her more awful, than the oaths and curses of a drunkard. Utterly incapable of judging either herself or Grace correctly, she supposed that the passion she witnessed was more in accordance with her own character than with her sister's; and though unable to wish ill either to William or Ellen, she yet sympathised with the anger of her ill-used sister, for whom, now as ever, she felt the tenderest love and compassion.

'It is very easy for me,' she said to herself, 'to preach patience; but I am only a looker-on; I should no doubt feel very differently if I were the actual sufferer.' Suddenly a bright idea appeared to strike Grace; she nodded and ran up stairs. Dora followed her, but found that she had locked the door of her room.

'Go away, Dorry; I wish to be alone.'

'Thank God!' thought Dora. 'I knew little Grace could not be long angry. She is blaming herself for her wicked words; but it is William who ought to answer for them. She is praying; I too will go and pray. May God listen to our prayers, and send her peace.'

But Grace was far otherwise employed than her sister imagined. She opened a locked drawer, and with trembling hands collected all William's letters, tied them together in a parcel, and directed them to Mrs William Gordon. 'I did well not to destroy them,' she muttered. 'You thought, William, that I had no one to revenge me, but I can revenge myself. How will you look, my pretty bride, when you read these letters?' When the parcel was sealed and directed, she put it in her pocket, and then dressed to go out.

Dora heard the street-door shut, and running to the window, saw her sister walking at a rapid pace up the street. Hastily tying on her bonnet, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she followed; but when she reached the top of Beech Street, her sister was already out of sight; and Dora had foolishly neglected to notice which way she had turned. A horrible idea crossed Dora's mind, and she ran, or rather flew in the direction of the canal; but she could see nothing of Grace. 'Careless guardian that I am! How could I leave her alone at such a moment!' A hundred improbabilities appeared to her the most natural occurrences in the world. When she had vainly sought for Grace in every direction, she returned home, and found her sister walking up and down the dining-room.

'O Grace, how could you frighten me so?' she

exclaimed reproachfully, with the hysterical laugh that so often broke from her in moments of unexpected joy. 'Where have you been, child? Why did you not tell me you were going out? I would have come with you.'

'I don't think you would, Dora,' said Grace quietly.

'Then where have you been?' asked Dora, and her heart sank, she knew not why, for was not Grace standing alive before her, and looking far more composed than when last they parted.

'I have been posting William's letters to his wife.'

'You have'—— Dora stopped abruptly, and looked anxiously at her sister.

'I have,' repeated Grace, 'sent William's letters to his wife. He will learn that, though poor and friendless, I am not to be played with, and then flung on one side, like a servant-wench.'

'O Grace, you don't know what you have done.'

'At all events, I have done it, and it can't be undone,' and she smiled triumphantly as she spoke.

'No,' thought Dora, 'it can't be undone. My poor little Grace; she is beside herself. O God, have mercy on her! If wicked men could see all the sin and misery they cause, surely their earth would be as bad as hell.'

Nothing more was said about the letters. Grace fetched her work, and tried to talk on everyday topics, and to appear merry. But Dora watched the little trembling hands, and listened to the forced laugh coming from the white lips, with sinking heart. At length she took her sister's work from her. 'See, my darling, you cannot guide your needle; you have made your fingers bleed.'

'The blood comes from here, Dorry,' she answered, laughing and pointing to her heart as she spoke. Then her arms fell at her sides, and leaning back, she looked up with an expression of such utter despair, as poor Dora had never before seen on any human face.

'My darling, my darling,' was all that she could say, but she kissed her sister's burning forehead and parched lips.

'Don't talk, please,' said Grace very gently; then catching hold of her sister's dress, she added in a more excited tone: 'But you mustn't leave me; you'll not get another sister instead of me, will you?'

'No, my love; we will always be together.'

'Ah, yes, always keep with me, Dorry, for those words you know, those horrid words, won't go out of my head.'

'What words, Gracey?'

'"Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."'

It was Dora's turn to weep now. Grace's eyes were quite dry, and sparkling with a fever-like brightness. Dora stayed with her sister all day, saying little, but soothing her, as best she could, with looks and caresses. Towards evening, she persuaded her to lie down, and, worn out with the excitement of the day, her eyes closed, and she tossed in a restless sleep that was only half unconscious. Dora stole softly out of her sister's room, and making the servant take off her shoes, and promise not to leave the mat by Miss Grace's half-open door until she returned from the chemist's, went out. She was back and sitting by the side of the bed before Grace awoke from her unrefreshing slumber.

Grace had no illness, at least none that required more than a change of scene and Dora's gentle doctoring. The two girls took a cheap lodging at Dartmouth; and the pretty scenery and perfect quiet of the river-banks did far more for Grace than the most skilful physician or the most exciting foreign tour could have done. An old boatman, who had passed his life in the little village, rowed them about, shewed them the most beautiful spots, and pointed out the numerous yachts as they arrived. Yachters are nearly the only travellers who visit Dartmouth; and the residents are so countrified, that they please a Londoner almost as much as the scenery. After living so long in dusty, noisy Subridge, it was very pleasant to Dora and Grace to sit in the meadows, by the side of the river, and watch the boats, often rowed by women, going silently up and down; or to walk through the quiet market, supplied by the wives and daughters of the small farmers in the neighbourhood, who ride in on extraordinarily rough ponies, and after they have sold their goods, walk through the village, and gossip with their friends.

Lazy speculations about the lives and characters of the country people with whom they came in contact, and their own trivial adventures as housekeepers—such as being obliged to wait for their breakfast on a Monday, because a favourable wind having sprung up all the yachts had started early in the morning, and cleared the bakers' shops before doing so—formed the usual subjects of the sisters' conversation. Dora never tried to amuse Grace, except with trifles; she knew by experience that after a great sorrow the mind needs rest, not excitement. And Grace was not ungrateful for her sister's sympathy; she shewed her gratitude by often trying to appear more contented than she really was, and by a thousand acts and words too trivial to be mentioned. There was but one subject on which the sisters could not agree—William's letters. Dora would sometimes ask Grace if she were not sorry that she had sent them, but Grace always denied that she regretted having done so, and then she would turn away, to avoid seeing her sister's look of disappointment. And Dora would think: 'Others might blame Grace, but I know, and God knows, who is the real sinner. It was the very intensity of her love that taught her to hate; and great indeed must be his sin who changed so sweet and gentle a nature as hers.'

One day the old boatman pointed out a newly arrived yacht called the *Ellen*.

'She looks a very handsome one. To whom does she belong?'

The man did not recollect the name of the proprietor; but he had evidently something to tell about him. The girls smiled at each other, and silently agreed to ask no questions. By and by, the old man wondered that he didn't remember the name of the gentleman, as he had more reason to remember it than that of most of the yachters. Still Dora and Grace were silent. The boatman gave a few more hints, in hopes of exciting their curiosity, and then told his piece of scandal without more ado. The yacht was a pretty enough little creature, but he doubted if the gentlefolks she belonged to were as happy as he and his old woman. They had only been married a few months; and last night the husband had slept at the inn, and the wife on board the yacht.

'I daresay,' said Dora smiling, 'the gentleman is only like me, and prefers a bedroom to a cabin.'

But the old man shook his head, and said that the yacht-sailors knew better: they often heard their master and mistress quarrelling, and knew that the lady always got the best of it, because the purse belonged to her, and she took good care to keep it.

'Well,' said Dora, 'tell us something else; we do not care to hear about quarrels.'

'No, very likely not; but if the young lady had not spoken just then, he should have remembered the gentleman's name; for he had heard it, and he thought, to be sure, he could have remembered it by something that belonged to himself, but what, he could not think. He rowed on deep in thought, the girls laughing as they watched him evidently going through the inventory of his belongings, sometimes to himself, and sometimes half-aloud. 'Kittle—tittle—no, it warn't that.' A long silence. 'Dish—pish, lish—no, it warn't that.' Another long silence, followed by a sudden gleam of intelligence. 'Lord-a-mercy me! to think as I should ever ha' been so silly—it war garden—garden, war it. Leastways, my garden

is what I remembers by; but I arn't got the name yet.'

'Look, Grace, what a pretty church! let us be landed here. Put us on shore, James: I 'm tired of sitting.'

The old man obeyed, and as he handed Dora out, exclaimed triumphantly: 'It war Gordon! I knowed I couldn't forget it.'

Dora joined her sister, who had walked slowly on; but neither spoke for a while.

'The yachts never remain long, Gracey; we will stay at home till he is gone.'

Grace walked on in silence.

'Here is a pleasant seat; let us sit down and look about us;' and as they rested, Dora took her sister's hand in hers, and played with it, looking fondly at her the while.

'Do you think it is my doing, Dorry?'

'Would you wish it to be so?'

'Oh, I should not mind anything, if only I had not sent those letters!' She looked up eagerly at the sound of Dora's half-crying laugh.

'They are safe at home in my desk. Whilst you were asleep, I ran to the post-office, and got them back. It was rather a troublesome business; but I scolded, and begged, and threatened, and cried, until I think the man was half-frightened out of his senses; and with many protests that it wasn't right, and that he should lose his situation if he were found out, he gave them to me; and, Gracey, I hardly touched the ground as I ran home, I was so afraid that he would be after me.'

From that time, Grace's health steadily improved, until there was no longer any excuse for remaining at Dartmouth. The noisy, dusty town of Subridge did not strike the girls very favourably after the quiet little seaport of Dartmouth; but the house in which they lived was not easily to be let, and they could not afford to pay rent for another whilst their own stood empty. They both resolved to make the best of what could not be helped, and to be cheerful because it was their duty to be so. But to be happy because it is one's duty to be happy, is very uphill work, and each often found herself breaking her good resolutions, and grieving for Andrew, Prayton Park, and all the castles in the air she had built when there; and the constant exertion which each thought it a point of honour to make to appear in good spirits, did not perhaps make her feel the less depressed. One day, they read Mrs William Gordon's name amongst the deaths, she having died with her first child. 'Poor girl,' said Grace; 'that must be a very hard death to die!' She was silent for a few minutes, and then continued: 'But I doubt if her married life has been at all happy. I was very silly, Dorry, when I would have left you for him. One such sister as mine is worth a hundred such lovers as William Gordon.'

Not long after Mrs Gordon's death, Grace received the following letter from the widower.

'DEAR GRACE—You will wonder at receiving a letter from me. Will you be angry? I think not. I believe I know the sweet, forgiving disposition of her whom I once hoped to call mine—of the only woman I ever loved. Yes, Grace, as I lie on this bed, from which I shall never more rise, my heart turns to my first and last love, and I take this pen in my dying hand to pray for her forgiveness. I have not many more weeks to live, and would fain have passed my few remaining days in my native land, and in the society of the two who are most dear to me. But I was born under an unlucky star, and it is not to be. My friends and physicians tell me that it is my duty to seek a warmer climate on the chance of prolonging my life, for the sake of my son. My son! Yes, I am a father, and it is that alone which makes death bitter. To whom shall I leave my little one? There is one, and one only, to whom I would willingly intrust him. Will you make my few remaining hours happy? Will you, in remembrance of the love you once bore me—will you be a mother to my orphan son? Yes; my own heart answers for yours; you will not be deaf to your William's last prayer. My son is not named after his unhappy father, but after his father's best and dearest friend, Andrew Melford. May he resemble him whose name he bears! Owing to the extravagance of my poor wife—of whose faults, however, I would speak lightly, she being no more—my son will not inherit such a fortune as I could have desired; but he will be a far richer, and, I trust, a far better man than his father. To-morrow I leave England to die amidst strangers, and to be buried in a foreign land. That God may watch over you and my son, will be the last prayer of your broken-hearted

'WILLIAM GORDON.'

Did the writer really believe that he was dying when he wrote the above? Those who knew him best judged that he did not; that he purposed going abroad, and wished to be free of his son. Certainly, he had become more and more selfish and untruthful from the time that he broke his engagement with Grace. Indeed, some said that they doubted if he himself knew when he was speaking truth, and when falsehood; so, perhaps, he had persuaded himself that he really felt what he wrote. His letter reached Grace enclosed in another, which informed her that Mr William Gordon had been for some time delicate, though not seriously ill, but that, in getting out of his carriage, he had fallen, struck his head against a curb-stone, and died almost immediately. The writer wished to know if Miss Grace Melford were willing to take charge of the child.

Grace burned her faithless lover's letter, and granted his last request.

The presence of the little baby, who crowed and kicked because he was happy, and not because it was his duty to do so, effected wonders. He required both Dora's and Grace's constant care, and thus forced them to think of the present instead of the past. Dora's mind has recovered its former vigour, that of Grace its former hopefulness. They are no longer afraid of the future; they trust that when they are old women, little Andy will repay the care they are now taking of him. It would not do, they thought, to let him grow up without the society of other children, and in making friends for him, they have found some for themselves. Beech Street and Beech House are much altered. When Dora had leisure and inclination to look into the little estate, she found that it was capable of great improvement, that if the houses on each side of the street were let to tenants who regularly paid their rent, she and her sister would be much better off than they were. Two thousand pounds judiciously expended have not only brought a good return in money, but in comfort also. The butcher's shop and the blacksmith's forge are altered, and let, the one to a baker, and the other to a chemist, which gives to the street a more respectable appearance. The rest of the houses are repaired, and let to well-conducted though humble tenants. Beech House is still occupied by its landladies, but it is so much admired, that a tenant could easily be found. Grace and Dora, however, have no desire to move; they have become attached to the once dreary house, and the dusty, noisy town. The two cypress-trees are cut down, and many beautiful flowers have taken their place. Roses, red, yellow, and white, creep up the front of the house, and are trained to form blinds over the lower panes of the dining and drawing room windows, which, when the roses are budding, are considered one of the sights of Subridge. Within, the house is no longer dark: windows have been made in the back wall; and the square garden they look over is now a very pretty object, for cabbages, potatoes, and weeds are no longer allowed there. Grace looks as pretty, as ladylike, I had almost said as young, as when first we knew her.

Dora's hair is beginning to turn gray, but she has every appearance of being a very happy woman. The child is a generous, affectionate little boy. Dora and Grace think that he is somewhat like their brother; but as he will probably have a more judicious education, and fewer temptations, it may be hoped that he will be a wiser and a happier man than poor Andrew.

LETTER-OPENING AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

It will be fresh in the memory of most readers that the year 1844 revealed to the public certain usages of the government which went far to destroy the confidence of the nation in respect to the sanctity of its correspondence. In that year, the letters of M. Mazzini, residing at that time at 47 Devonshire Street, Queen's Square, were known to have been opened at the General Post-office, under a warrant from the then Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, and copies of these letters were forwarded, through our Foreign Office, to certain foreign governments. Through the length and breadth of the land, the public indignation was extreme. The Home Secretary especially, but, to some extent, all the other members of the government, came in for a large amount of censure. The practice, when the details of it burst upon the public mind, was considered a national disgrace; the circumstances of the particular occurrence which led to an exposure of the practice was of the very nature to rouse and fire the public mind. Mazzini's letters revealed the plan of operations of certain down-trodden peoples, then struggling for the liberties which they have subsequently obtained; the measures of the government had the effect of turning our English post-office, so lately itself enfranchised, into a Holy Alliance Intelligencer Office for the particular accommodation of certain miserable little Italian despots; and the ultimate consequences of the letter-opening were numerous additions to the martyrs of Italian liberty. Mr Thomas Duncombe presented a petition from M. Mazzini in the early part of the session of 1844, and prayed for an inquiry. So great was the public indignation, that though Sir Robert Peel was in full command of an obedient parliament, it was impossible to refuse the committee. Committees of both Houses were accordingly appointed 'to inquire into the state of the law in respect to opening and detaining of letters at the General Post-office.' Duncombe was excluded from the committee of the Lower House, and Mazzini and his witnesses were not heard.

Of the power of the government to open and examine the correspondence of suspected persons, there can be no question. Though sanctioned by law, it must be condemned, however, except in rare and extreme cases. The fact of its being strictly legal to open M. Mazzini's letters, does not recommend the practice to the English people. As we may infer from the wording of the motion authorising the inquiry, precedents were sought by the committee, and found in great abundance, for opening and detaining letters. During the early periods of the history of the post-office, and when the institution was regarded as exclusively a government monopoly, there can be no wonder that such an arrangement existed; but that such a system of espionage should continue under new and happier auspices, and under an improved *régime*, is strange and repulsive.

During the Commonwealth, of course, letter-opening was to be expected. The very reason which Cromwell gave for establishing the posts was, that 'they would be the best means of discovering and preventing many wicked designs against the Commonwealth.' Foreign and home letters shared an equal fate. On one occasion, the Venetian ambassador remonstrated openly that his letters had been delayed and read, and it was not denied. At the Restoration, under Charles's act, it is made a distinct clause that 'no one, except under the immediate warrant of one of our principal Secretaries of State, shall presume to open any letters or pacquets not directed unto themselves.'

Under the improved act of Queen Anne, 1711, it is again stated that 'no person or persons shall presume to open, detain, or delay any letter or letters, after the same is or shall be delivered into the general or any other post-office, and before delivery to the persons to whom they are addressed, except by an express warrant in writing under the hand of one of the principal Secretaries of State for *every* such opening, detaining, or delaying.' This act remains in force to this day. During the eighteenth century, the practice of granting warrants was exceedingly common. As no record whatever remains of the warrants themselves, we can only guess at their number from the frequent mention made of them in the state trials of the period. In 1723, at Bishop Atterbury's trial, copies of his letters which passed through the post-office were adduced in evidence against him, such copies being sworn to by a clerk from the General Post-office, who had seen the original letters opened and read at the post-office. In 1735, several members of parliament complained that their letters had been opened. The House declared such an act, for whatever purpose it was done, a breach of privilege. From circumstances which came out during the investigation, it seems evident that the Secretary of State at this period often lent himself in this matter to further cases of private tyranny.

Thus Walpole, who doubtless carried his prerogative in these matters beyond any other *two* Secretaries of State we could mention, granted a private warrant in 1741, for what purpose may be judged by the following: 'At the request of A, a warrant was issued to permit A's eldest son to open and inspect any letters which A's youngest son might write to two females, one of which that youngest son had imprudently married.'

In 1806, the government saw the necessity of placing some check on the indiscriminate issue of these warrants. Lord Spencer, the Home Secretary at that time, introduced the custom of recording the dates of the warrants and the purposes for which they were issued. Since the year 1822, the whole of the warrants themselves have been preserved at the Home Office. In comparing the number of warrants issued by different Home Secretaries during the present century, we find that Sir James Graham enjoys the unenviable notoriety of having issued the greatest number, though the fact is partly explained by the commotion which the Chartists made in the north of England, 1842–3. Whilst the whole history of the transactions in question grate unpleasantly on English ears, there can be no doubt that in some cases, such as frauds on the banks or the revenue, forgeries, murders, &c., the power of opening letters was used impartially to the advantage of individuals and the benefit of the state. Whether, however, the discoveries and the benefits were so many and so great as to counterbalance the public crime of violating public confidence and perpetuating an official immorality, or whether the issue of a few warrants annually, in proportion to an average of nearly 40,000 committals which took place yearly about that period, could by any means be called an efficient instrument of police, are vastly different questions.

The committee of inquiry classed the warrants issued during the present century in the following way: for thefts, murders, fraud, 162; for treason and sedition, 77; foreign correspondence, 20; prisoners of war, 13; miscellaneous and uncertain, 100.

Undoubtedly, with the class of letters suspected of

containing treasonable correspondence, the government had good and sufficient grounds for applying the law recognised even so late as the 1 Vict. c. 33. The information obtained by these means to find the *locale* of Chartist disaffection, was regarded as valuable, and gave the government, in the words of the committee, 'better information as to the dangers apprehended in particular districts than would be derived from local observation, or than might be collected from the vague and exaggerated rumours which in periods of disturbance very usually prevail.'

The English public, however, objected less to the *power* which the government possessed in the exercise of their discretion over the letters passing through the post-office, than to the *manner* in which that power was exercised. Had the officers of the government broken open letters in the same way as the law directs the sheriff's officer under certain circumstances to break open houses and writing-desks, there might still have been complainings, but complainings which would neither have been so loud nor so justifiable. There was something in the melting apparatus and the forged plaster of Paris seals utterly repugnant to John Bull. The late secret office in the General Post-office was the place where all this dirty work was done. Let the reader imagine a low, small windowless apartment; it is lighted with gas, and looks altogether very well designed for the business it is meant for. In this room, reached by a secret staircase, the official letter-picker plied his odious calling. Some unfortunate is suspected: a bag arriving from a certain place, or about to be despatched hence, is quietly taken, perhaps along with other bags, as a blind to the hundreds of officers working away in the General Post-office, and ignorant of the den upstairs, to the secret operator. The letters intended for operation are quickly selected; the seals attached to them are narrowly scrutinised; perhaps there are copies of many of them on some of the bunches of seals on hand; if not, a fac-simile is soon taken either in bread or plaster of Paris before the letter is tampered with. A piece of a tobacco-pipe is generally the dignified instrument used, under the authority of the first government of modern times, for the remaining operation. It is made red hot, and the wax of the letter is quickly melted by the operator blowing a hot blast on the letter through the pipe. When opened, the letter is immediately read, copied, if it be the one in which he has been in search, then resealed, and forwarded as addressed, apparently inviolate.

The revelations made with respect to foreign correspondence, especially that of foreign ministers resident at the English court, was still more astounding, and still less excusable. Whole foreign mails were at times detained, and in times of war especially, the letters individually examined. The Lords' Committee even went so far as to report that it was clear 'that it had been for a long period of time, and under successive administrations, up to the present time, an established practice that the foreign correspondence of foreign ministers passing through the General Post-office should be sent to a department of the Foreign Office, before the forwarding of such correspondence according to the address.' We may imagine the feelings of foreign powers at this revelation. Of course, they knew that the English government had not scrupled some few hundred years ago to open their letters if they could get hold of them; for instance, when Wolsey wanted to get possession of the letters of the ambassador of Charles V., he did so openly, and ordered 'a privye watche should be made' in and about London, and all persons going *en route* to the continent to be questioned and searched. 'One riding towards Brayneford, examyned by the watche, answered so closely, that upon suspicion thereof, they searched hym, and found secretly hyd aboutes hym a little pacquet of letters in French.' In the reign of Queen Mary, Gardiner ordered that the messengers of Noailles, the French ambassador, should be taken and searched in much the same manner. Later governments preferred more secret measures, and established, it would seem, a system of espionage hateful to the English public, and dangerous to the peace of Europe. That the arrangement with regard to foreign correspondence was unlawful may be judged by the prompt action which was taken in the matter. 'Since June 1844, the Postmaster-general,' in the words of the report of the Lords' Committee, August of the same year, 'having had his attention called to the fact, that there was no sufficient authority for this practice, has discontinued it altogether.' With regard to the general question of letter-opening, the issue was vague and uncertain. Though the *practical* end of the inquiry was no doubt gained, and warrants are seldom if ever granted now, still the committee recommended parliament to decide that the power and prerogative of opening letters, under certain circumstances, should *not* be abrogated. They argued, that if the *right* of the Secretary of State were denied, it would be equivalent to advertising to every criminal conspirator against the public peace that he might employ the post-office with impunity. The law therefore remains unaltered, but for all essential purposes, it is, and it is to be hoped, will always remain quite inoperative.

The Dead-letter Office, rendered necessary by the carelessness of letter-writers themselves, has to some extent taken the place of the secret office of twenty years ago. It is now a considerable establishment, employing twenty officers more than under the old system of postage. Last year, considerably over two millions of letters were returned to the writers through the Dead-letter Office, from failure in the attempts to deliver them. 'Three-quarters of the non-deliveries,' says the postmaster-general, 'were on account of the letters being insufficiently or incorrectly addressed, nearly eleven thousand letters having been posted without any address at all.'

In every provincial office in the kingdom, a 'dead-letter bag' is now forwarded daily to the metropolitan office of their respective counties, containing the letters in question. No time is lost in opening the bags. By an arrangement of ten years' standing, if the returned letter has the writer's name and address engraved on the seal, or written or printed on the outside, it will *not* be opened at all, but forwarded back according to this address. This arrangement, which is a most satisfactory one, has sometimes led to mistake and confusion, however, and the post-master-general in his last Report appeals to the public on the subject. It would seem that a practice is on the increase of using envelopes bearing another person's name and address than the writer's, embossed on an adhesive seal. When such a letter, according to the arrangement, is forwarded to the supposed writer, it has frequently fallen into the wrong hands, and grievous complaints have been made concerning it. If there are no outward marks of the kind, the letter is of course opened, and if any likely address is found within, it is at once forwarded thereto. If the letter contains anything of value, such as bank-notes, drafts, or postage-stamps, the precaution is taken of having it registered. Money to the value of about £12,000 per annum is found in these returned letters. Of this sum, about £500 falls into the exchequer annually, on account of no address being found inside, and no inquiry being made for the missing letters. A vast number of bank post bills and bills of exchange are likewise found in these 'dead-letters,' amounting on the average to nearly three millions of pounds a year. As in nearly all cases, however, they are duplicates, and of only nominal value, they are destroyed, with the permission of the owners. Forty thousand letters reach the Dead-letter Office each year containing property of different kinds. With

jewellery—such as rings, pins, and brooches—letters are frequently not sent at all, and it is therefore seldom returned, but sold to the jeweller. The mass of miscellaneous articles, principally lace, gloves, and handkerchiefs, are put up and sold by auction in the office.

THE CHEAPEST CAPITAL IN EUROPE.

In the summer of the year 1859, I was staying for a short time at Dresden, partly in order to revisit its magnificent picture-gallery, but principally with a view of making a walking-tour through the so-called Saxon Switzerland, upon the arrival of two of my friends. One exceedingly hot afternoon, after spending some time upon the Brühler Terrace, smoking cigars, gazing dreamily at the beautiful prospect, and silently comparing the clear blue water of the Elbe with that of the Thames at London Bridge, I suddenly discovered that the heat and dust had made me extremely thirsty, so I sauntered slowly off to a café at no great distance, to refresh myself with a glass of the celebrated Waldschlösschen beer, so called from the place at which it is brewed, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dresden.

When I entered the café I found half-a-dozen stout red-faced personages seated at one of the tables, discussing beer, and, as usual at that time, the Italian question; for the war in Italy between the French and Austrians being at its height, it was, wherever one went, the invariable theme of conversation. I sat down near these gentlemen, and took part in the conversation, which presently turned from Italian affairs to Austria in general, and afterwards to Vienna in particular, about which city there seemed to be but one opinion, for all the stout personages declared with one accord that it was, without exception, the dearest place upon the face of the earth. At hearing this, a short, plump, good-natured-looking individual who had entered the café a few minutes before, and was sitting at a table at no great distance from us, suddenly looked out of his beer-glass, and exclaimed: 'I really beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I think that there are just now very few places in which one can live so cheaply as in Vienna, if one only knows how to manage. I spent about a month there very lately, and I assure you that, although I lived very well, my whole expenses did not amount to more than twenty dollars (three pounds). Vienna is the cheapest capital in Europe.'

'Impossible!' said several of us at once.

'Well, then,' said he, as he took up his half-empty glass and moved to our table, 'I must try to convince you that it is possible, by telling you how I managed it myself, and how any of you may easily do so too, if you think fit to make the attempt. In case you should do so, I should recommend you to take as little luggage as possible with you: one suit of clothes, which, however, ought to be a very strong one, will be quite sufficient; but you should be provided with several hats, or, still better, caps, as these particular articles of dress are very liable to get lost or spoiled in Vienna. I arrived at that city about dusk one evening at the beginning of last month, and went straight from the railway station to the White Horse Hotel, which had been recommended to me, and where I got a very good bedroom and sitting-room upon the second floor'——

'My dear sir,' interrupted one of the party, 'excuse me, but I know the hotel of which you speak very well, and I am perfectly certain that your lodgings alone in that hotel would cost you more than twenty dollars a month.'

'Really, sir,' answered the narrator, 'I shall be a very long while before I get to the end of my story, if I am thus interrupted. If you will only be patient, and listen quietly to me for a few minutes, I will shew you that lodgings are not nearly so expensive as you suppose, if one really wishes to live cheaply. As I was saying, I went to the White Horse, which I found to be, as this gentleman says, a very excellent hotel. As I was rather tired, for I had been travelling all day, I did not go out that evening, but after partaking of a capital supper, and smoking a cigar, I went early to bed, and slept very soundly; so soundly, indeed, that it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning before I descended to the *salle-à-manger*, where I was soon occupied with a breakfast in no way inferior to the supper which I had discussed with so much satisfaction on the previous evening. After breakfast, I lighted a cigar, and strolled lazily about the streets, now and then refreshing myself with a glass of beer, which, by the by, is not nearly so good as our Waldschlösschen beer, as I can assure you, gentlemen.—Kellner, bringen Sie mir noch ein Glas Bier.'

He remained silent until the beer was brought, when he took a long draught, and then continued: 'I got rid of the time in this way until about five o'clock, when I directed my steps towards the hotel where I had determined to dine, as I had heard so much of the excellence of its *table-d'hôte* and the purity of its wines. The dinner itself far surpassed my expectation; it was indeed a sumptuous meal, lasting more than two hours, and including all the delicacies of the season. After dinner, most of the guests left the room; only six or seven remained, who appeared to have indulged so freely in the pleasures of the table, that they were not inclined for locomotion, and therefore ordered coffee to be served for them at one of the smaller tables. I noticed this, and immediately determined upon my plan of operations. I quietly laid down the bill, which had just been presented to me by a waiter, by the side of my plate, and ordered coffee for myself also, telling the waiter to serve it at the same table at which the other gentlemen were sitting. As soon as my coffee was served, I joined the other coffee-drinkers at their table, and found, as I expected, that their conversation was upon the subject of the war in Italy. My companions were all Austrians, and they very naturally pronounced the Emperor of the French to be a monster of iniquity, the very incarnation of injustice. I, for my part, took the opposite view of the question, and defended the French policy, at which they got gradually very angry; but their indignation knew no bounds when, after eulogising the French emperor for nearly five minutes, I wound up by asserting that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented, and endowed with a higher sense of justice than any potentate in the world. They were beside themselves with fury; they started up, seized me by the collar, dragged me to the door, and finally threw me right out into the street; whilst I, of course, as soon as I could collect myself, lost no time in making my escape from such a dangerous locality. Who paid my bill, I really cannot tell: I am sorry to say that I did not; but you know, gentlemen, that self-preservation is the first object; and you see that I should only have exposed myself to further ill-treatment, had I ventured into the house again.

'I supped at another hotel in the same luxurious and inexpensive manner, and in this way found that Vienna is by no means so dear a place as is generally thought. My dinner and supper never cost me anything, as the conversation, in which I took care to take a prominent part, was invariably upon the subject of the Italian war, and I always adopted the French side of the question, concluding my remarks with the assertion, that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented, and endowed with a higher sense of justice than any potentate in the world; upon which I was always seized and kicked into the street, without having any time allowed me to pay for what I had consumed.

'Look, gentlemen, at this beautifully carved meer-

schaum cigar-holder—do you know that the value of this is fifteen florins, and that I did not pay one halfpenny for it? Yet this is really true. My attention was attracted one day as I was lounging in the street by a shop-window, in which a great number of meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders of exquisite workmanship were exposed for sale. After examining them for a short time through the window, I looked through the door into the shop, and saw, to my great disgust, that a young lady was seated behind the counter, in readiness to serve any purchaser who might chance to enter. This, of course, would not have suited my purpose, so I reluctantly passed on; but it fortunately occurred to me that I had seen another shop in a different part of the town, where equally beautiful pipes and cigar-holders were to be had, and in which I had remarked a man of gigantic stature and ferocious aspect. I walked to the shop, and looked through the window—yes, there he was again, smoking a huge cigar, and reading a newspaper, with an expression of face which shewed that he was not highly delighted with the news contained therein. I entered the shop, and requested him to shew me some meerschaum cigar-holders, upon which he laid down his newspaper, and very sulkily produced a number for my inspection, muttering something all the while, of which I could only distinguish the words "those cursed Frenchmen." I selected this cigar-holder, stuck my cigar quietly into it, and continued to smoke, taking up his newspaper, as if by accident. I cast my eyes upon it, pretended to start violently, and exclaimed: "Ah, indeed! another Austrian defeat! Dear me, how unlucky your generals seem to be."

'"Unlucky? *Donnerwetter!* yes," said he; "that infamous Emperor of the French has all the luck upon his side."

'"I beg your pardon, my good man," I replied; "infamous he certainly is not; and he is a man of very unusual talent."

'The argument was now fairly engaged in; it went through the usual phases; and, as I expected, upon my final assertion, that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented, and endowed with a higher sense of justice than any potentate in the world, he threw down his cigar, jumped over the counter, seized me by the throat, and after shaking me as a terrier does a rat, pushed me out into the street, when I, as usual, got out of the way as quickly as possible, leaving him no time to cool down, and then perhaps remember that I had omitted to pay for my cigar-holder.

'I went on in this way for more than a fortnight, dining, supping, and occasionally making small purchases at the expense of I really do not know whom, till at last, one evening after supper, just as I had concluded on the usual subject in the usual manner, and had been, as usual, forcibly ejected, two men, whom I remembered having seen in the hotel, seized me by the collar, informed me that they were officers of the royal and imperial police force, and took me off to the station-house. There I passed a very uncomfortable night, upon a wooden bed, in company with three pickpockets, and two men who had been arrested for being drunk and disorderly. The next morning, I was taken before a magistrate, who, after cross-examining me for nearly an hour, ordered me off to prison, where I was kept in durance vile for about ten days, and then forwarded, escorted by two gens d'armes, across the frontier; in a third-class carriage, certainly, but still at the expense of the Austrian government, who, I suppose, paid my bill at the White Horse, for I had no opportunity of doing so myself. As soon as I was out of the hands of the gens d'armes, I made the best of my way home, and arrived here only about twenty dollars poorer than when I left, a month before.

'You are now, I hope, gentlemen, convinced that Vienna is by no means the ruinously expensive place which it is generally supposed to be; and you will also see why I recommended you to take no luggage with you, and to provide yourselves with several hats or caps, as these are very liable to be damaged or lost, if you are in the habit of being kicked out of people's houses.'

We all laughed heartily at our short friend's method of living cheaply; and I, for my own part, returned to my hotel with the pleasant consciousness of having learned something that afternoon, and fully convinced, by the short gentleman's arguments, that Vienna is, when scientifically handled, by no means a dear place, but, to use his own words, 'the cheapest capital in Europe.'

RUSSIAN JOTTINGS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

It is very difficult to analyse the character of the Russians, since the people are a compound of so many races, and it is only at a comparatively recent date that they have become civilised. You will sometimes find Russians of the highest polish having the vices of barbarians; but, on the whole, the national character is estimable. To give our readers an insight into the character of the true Russians, we do not think we can do better than quote from Golovine's work. He is a Russian, an acute observer, and cannot be accused of partiality. He says: 'The Russian is naturally good and mild, more so than other nations. He still retains something of his primitive barbarism, as he has already borrowed some of the defects of modern civilisation. A bad, and, unhappily, too common penchant with him, is that of cheating. Drunkenness is nowhere so common as in Russia. Manual skill is a talent peculiar to him; he possesses in a high degree the faculty of imitation. In point of intelligence, as well as in the general traits of his character, he holds the middle place between the Frenchman and the German. He is less moral than other nations. He has great strength both of body and mind; he readily endures fatigue and privation, and could easily bear all kinds of suffering, if his moral were equal to his physical strength. His equanimity and perseverance often give him an indisputable superiority over other nations, but his nonchalance and his carelessness are perfectly Asiatic. He has zeal and application only by fits and starts, and his idleness is one of the chief obstacles to the development of the powers of the country. He is ambitious, pious, hospitable, and generous; but his piety is closely allied to superstition, and consists almost entirely in the scrupulous observance of religious forms. He is servile.' In conclusion, Golovine infers, and with truth, that the faults in the Russian character are chiefly owing to despotic government. The Russians are as well bred as any people in Europe. They are very kind and hospitable, and the ladies have the character of being very amiable. A very evil custom, however, is the espionage to which a girl is subjected previous to her marriage. She frequently marries solely to escape this espionage, and as soon as she gains her freedom, she naturally abuses it. From what we can learn, marriages of interest are the rule, and those of love quite the exception. The consequences of such a vicious custom can readily be foreseen.

But let us take a glance at the peasantry. The true Russians, though ignorant, are sharp, active, and intelligent, mild and inoffensive, obliging, civil, nay, servile. Like their betters, they are very polite. It is said a man allows his true character to be seen when he is drunk; if that be so, the Russian peasant is the merriest and most affectionate creature in the world. When they are in that state—for which, by the by, they have a great predilection—you may see them kissing and hugging each other, supporting each other arm in arm through the streets, and singing

like anything but nightingales. We have mentioned the nonchalance of the Russians; this may be observed in almost everything they do. Let us instance the post-office at Riga. If you wished to send a letter abroad and prepay it, you had to take it to the office between the hours of four and six, or it would not be received. Then, again, at the commencement and end of winter, when the ice was in a dangerous state, the mail-bags had to remain on the other side of the river perhaps for three or four days, although it would be open water at the mouth of the river—about seven miles distant! The only explanation we could get of such puerile conduct was, that the contractor for bringing the bags * across the river merely contracted to bring them over at one particular spot. It is difficult to believe in such absurdities. On the doors of the post-office, they had written up in chalk—as they do scores at a country public-house—'Open from eight till two, and from four till seven!' And for every letter the postman brought, you had to pay him twopence for his trouble. The newspaper office is closed every day between the hours of twelve and two. Then, again, it is a by no means uncommon custom for people to take a siesta after their dinner; if you happen to make a call at that time, you will generally be told that the person you wish to see is asleep. Perhaps there are no people who patronise public conveyances so much as they do; they never walk if they can possibly ride. If you were to suggest to any one what, to us, would be considered a moderate walk, he would stare at you in surprise, and imagine your mind must be wandering. To watch most of the labourers at work, gives an Englishman the fidgets; they take it so remarkably easy, and seem so afraid of the slightest tendency to over-exertion. Laziness is perceptible in nearly everything they do. Watch Russians building; you will perceive one man lifting two bricks, six men carrying a piece of timber that an English labourer would shoulder by himself with ease. Their carts hold about as much as three of our barrows; and the handles of their barrows are so wide apart as to cause considerable loss of power in wheeling them; their spades are very little larger than those the children use on the Margate sands. Look at their women toiling up the planks (they have no ladders) with mortar and bricks; but you need not pity them, since they are just as strong, and quite as rough as the men.

The labourers earn pretty good wages, and as their diet is very frugal, they are enabled to present a more comfortable and prosperous appearance than the English labourer. But our heart has often ached at the treatment to which some of the servants have to submit; and our cheeks have burned with indignation at hearing them spoken to as if they were worse than dogs. Any hole is good enough for a servant to sleep in, and any plank good enough for his bed. One dark and damp evening last spring, we were walking in a large garden belonging to a friend of ours, and we stumbled over a boy who was sleeping in the open air, on some kind of mattress. On remonstrating with our friend for allowing one of his boys to sleep thus, he exclaimed: 'Ach, he won't hurt—he's used to it!' By the by, there is just the same complaint about the difficulty of obtaining good servants in Russia as there is in England, though it cannot be because they are 'spoilt' in the former country by too good treatment. The Russians have a curious custom when engaging their servants; they do not go after their character, as any sensible person would do, but make them deliver up their passports. This, to a certain extent, is useful, as they cannot run away, and it is to some extent a check to dishonesty.

* They now come by railway.

In the interior, the manners and customs of the people are remarkably primitive. We have sometimes heard of a peculiar class of people in England who are sadly discontented with the present go-ahead age, who would rather retrograde than advance, who sigh most dismally for a return of what they call 'the good old times' and primitive manners. Now, our earnest advice to all these people is, emigrate to the interior of Russia; there you will enjoy primitive manners to your hearts' content. We never saw a fair stand-up fight in Russia; they have no notion of the proper use of their fists, and stand in wholesome dread of those of an Englishman. One day we heard a tremendous uproar in the streets. 'Hollo!' thought we, 'there's murder at least;' so we ran quickly to the spot, and it was two carmen quarrelling and shouting at each other as loud as they could. This went on for some time, till one courageously gave the other a slight push in the chest; this was more efficacious than a knock-down blow here; the quarrel suddenly ceased, and they went on their way, the one, we presume, rejoicing in victory, the other smarting from defeat. It was one of the most curious sights we had then seen; but they are very common.

With regard to personal appearance, the men are mostly fine and good-looking, and the women the reverse. We have frequently been told by travellers that you may go from one end of Russia to the other but very rarely meet with a pretty woman; and they begin to age very early. I should think Russia is the worst country in the world in which to obtain information; you can very rarely get a direct answer to a question. Yet they are abominably inquisitive; and ask the most impertinent questions with the most perfect *sang-froid*. They are very desirous of knowing the amount of your income, how much rent you pay, what wages you give your servants, the price of your boots, and the exact sum you pay your laundress. The Russians are extraordinary people for kissing. It appears a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he kisses a woman or a man, he seems to do both with the same gusto; and it is not a cool, make-believe embrace, but a series of genuine, hearty salutes, like the smacks of a postilion's whip. The servants and lower orders seize hold of your hand and kiss it on the slightest provocation; and if you should happen to foresee their intention, and withdraw your hand, they will fall to at your arm or shoulder. When you are invited to dinner, at the conclusion of the repast all the guests kiss the hand of the hostess. The Russians are a remarkable people for display; they don't care how they live at home, if they can make a good appearance abroad. To see the way in which clerks indulge in champagne when they are out pleasuring is curious indeed. The average price per bottle is about 8s. 6d.; and these young men, with a salary of perhaps 600 rubles a year, will call for champagne with the same degree of confidence as if they had a yearly income of L.600. It is quite the rule for people to live up to their means, and, of course, a vast number go beyond.

The Russians cannot be called a scientific people, but they have a remarkable aptitude for acquiring languages. Their own language is particularly difficult, and they prefer speaking French; but no European tongue seems to come amiss with them. The conversation at table is frequently carried on in Russian, French, German, and English; and to hear the little children conversing in these languages is very surprising; they learn them from infancy, for all the Russians who can afford it engage French, English, and German *bonnes*, governesses, or tutors. A very excellent trait in the character of the Russians is the great kindness and respect they shew these last two classes. They do not pay them, and look upon them as upper servants, as is too frequently the

case in this civilised country; but think their post a most responsible one; they assist, say they, in forming the manners and morals of their children; in order to do which, they must be respected by their charges, which they certainly will not be, if the same see them treated by their parents with vulgar insolence, contumely, and neglect. Those who do not have their children taught at home, can send them to excellent public or private schools; these are both good and cheap. The Russians pay very great attention to education, and have a minister expressly for that department. Most of the shopkeepers and the lower orders speak nothing but Russ; therefore, a slight knowledge of that language is necessary in your dealings with them. A very little knowledge is sufficient for ordinary purposes, for they are very quick at divining your wishes. The Russian is a pretty, soft, and flowing language, but exceedingly difficult to learn, as it presents no conformity with any other language. However, there are many Englishmen in Russia who speak it remarkably well; and when Englishmen do know it, they speak it with a purer accent than the people of any other nation. One peculiarity in the language is, that it contains thirteen vowels. Golovine says: 'The rules of Russian grammar are arbitrary and confused; consequently, there are not, perhaps, in the country a hundred persons who write their language correctly. Authors themselves vary more or less in their orthography.'

Noblemen are so plentiful in Russia, that the prestige attaching to rank is considerably lessened. We should think barons in St Petersburg are about as plentiful as esquires in London. One of the stablemen in the service of a friend of ours was a nobleman, and mighty proud he was of it! The rank of nobility is generally considered very enviable; but when we state that a Russian nobleman cannot leave the country without permission—that he must return to it when ordered to do so—that he may be arrested at the will of the emperor, and then either liberated or detained in prison for an indefinite time without being brought to trial, we think few stout-hearted English mechanics would be desirous to exchange places with him. Some of the nobility are enormously rich, and have much influence; but the majority are miserably poor. One of the privileges in being a nobleman is, that you cannot be flogged, which, to a Russian, must be very desirable.

There is a great variety of costume in Russia. The middle and the higher classes usually dress in the European style; but the old conservative class still cling to the Russian mode, the peculiarity of which is a blue cap, a long caftan or coat, and Wellington boots worn outside the trousers. In the winter, everybody, of course, wears furs. The gentlemen then wear a long overcoat called a *pelz;* it is lined with fur, and has a large fur collar and cuffs. The shape of it is very ungainly, and it has no buttons or fastenings in front, so they lap one side over the other, and keep it thus by pressing their arm against it; and as many of the gentlemen have naturally a very lugubrious countenance, this fashion increases it to such an extent as to cause one to imagine they must have supped the previous night off unripe gooseberries, and were suffering from the unpleasant effects thereof. They have some singular fashions in Riga; for instance, you see young men of fashion walking the streets during the winter wearing lemon-coloured kid gloves, and ladies with white bonnets. But the oddest fashions are those which they adopt with their children. While babies, they are wrapped up just like an Egyptian mummy, so that the poor little things are unable to stir either leg or arm; and as soon as they are able to toddle, the boys have a black velvet, or a blue, red, or yellow silk jacket, and yellow or red silk trousers tucked into Wellington boots that have red leather tops; while they generally have their hair cropped quite close, like little monkeys. The men frequently adopt the same fashion with their hair. That of the *moujik*, or peasant, is worn long, cut straight round the neck, and parted in front like a woman's; he likewise has a fine beard and moustache. We may here state that the beard is considered *infra dig.* by the higher classes. The peasant is apparently remarkably proud of his linen, of which he makes the greatest possible show, for instead of wearing his shirt inside his trousers, he wears it outside, while the ends of his trousers are tucked into Wellington boots; he usually wears a gaudy-coloured sash round his waist, and a narrow-brimmed, chimney-pot shaped, napless hat on his head. If he cannot afford boots, he swathes his legs in bandages, and has shoes made of plaited bass. In winter, he wears a sheepskin coat, the wool being worn inside; and a fine, frank, noble-looking fellow he frequently is. Many a Russian peasant have we seen that a painter or sculptor would like to get hold of for a model. Their wives, however, are, with the exception of the aborigines of Australia, the ugliest women we have ever seen. In the summer-time, they walk about without shoes or stockings; and in winter they wear a sheepskin coat, like the men, and Wellington boots, so that it is difficult to tell them apart, and at all seasons they wear a handkerchief or shawl round their heads instead of a bonnet. The police are dressed almost like the soldiers; and such a rage is there in Russia for anything appertaining to the military, that they even dress the postman in a military uniform, with a sword by his side. The bishops and priests have magnificent beards and moustaches. They wear a low, broad-brimmed hat, a very long black gabardine, and carry a long cane or staff, tipped with silver or ivory.

SUNSET.

I LOOKED upon the sunset,
I looked along the street,
I heard the hum of voices,
And tramp of horses' feet;

But though the heavens were radiant,
And painted every cloud,
I saw no eye look upward
From out that hast'ning crowd.

And as a house close blinded
Looks blank on sky and field,
So to the glory o'er them,
Their hearts and eyes were sealed.

I think the eyes of angels
Upon this earth must rest,
When the bright gates of heaven
Are opened in the west;

Then, too, their magic whispers
Fall through the weird, still light,
Softly as scattered snow-flakes
Drift on a winter's night.

Lift up your eyes, O people!
Be ye not deaf and blind;
Let not this world's great beauty
Lie blank unto your mind.

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FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

THE readers of Cooper's novels, or of modern sporting works, must be well acquainted with the names 'trail' and 'spoor.' Hawk-eye and his two Indian companions were adepts on a trail; each could follow the course of a man or men without any difficulty, could tell the number that had passed over the ground, the time that had elapsed since their passage, and, in fact, nearly every particular concerning them, just as well as though the eyes of these pursuers had actually beheld the men whose traces only they had observed.

Many of the readers of these novels or journals may possibly suppose that the incidents related occurred merely in the imagination of the writers; but from our own experience, we are aware that such events are by no means uncommon amongst races whose whole lives have been devoted to this study, which in their case actually becomes an art.

As in other matters, there are some men who, from their peculiar mental development, excel all others in this one particular branch: they are really professors thereof; but there are certain elementary principles connected with the subject, which all people may understand.

Let us now accompany a Hottentot, Kaffir, or Bushman in search of elephants, and inquire by what means he discovers his game. He will first make for the nearest water, which may be in a pond or river; he does this because he knows that the animal of which he is in search must drink at least once during two or three days; and therefore he will discover the footprints of the creatures, if any elephants happen to have quenched their thirst at those localities. He is from observation aware of the appearance of the footprints of elephants, and he knows that those of a bull-elephant are nearly circular, whilst those of a cow are egg-shaped. Upon reaching one of the ponds, the man at once announces that, during the night, elephants drank at the pool, that they were bull-elephants, and that they stayed some time near the water. It will be evident to all readers how the man knew that the elephants were bulls, but it may not be quite so apparent how it was known that they had stayed some time, or that they drank during the night. Why might they not have drunk on the previous day, or in the morning of the day on which the spoor was seen? The Hottentot or Kaffir observes that whilst there are not very many different kinds of footmarks, yet that impressions of the *same* sort have been made in all directions round and in the water. We have now arrived at a somewhat fine distinction, for a multitude of footmarks might indicate that a multitude of animals had visited the locality, just as well as that a few animals had stayed a long time; but there would be this difference, that whereas, even in a large herd, it is unusual to find two footmarks exactly alike, consequently there would be a multitude of different footmarks if the herd were very large; whilst the same footmarks would be repeated often if a few animals had walked about a long time near the same place. It would be at such a point as this that a careless observer would arrive at an erroneous conclusion, whereas a professor would incur no chance of being misled.

Let us now inquire by what means it was known that the night was the period during which the elephants had visited the pool. In a hot climate, and where the sun is nearly vertical, the ground becomes rapidly dry. Wet mud, even if scattered about, will, in the space of an hour or two, become hard and dry if the sun shines upon it. When, then, the mud deposited by the elephants is found quite wet, and their footprints on the mud are also wet, it is evident that no sun can have shone on either, and hence that the animals must have been on the spot after the previous day's sun, but before that of the day on which the inspection has occurred. But, again, we shall find that an adept will declare that it was early in the night, or just before daybreak in the morning, that the creatures visited the water. By what means could this fact be known? In almost all hot climates, the dew begins to fall heavily immediately the sun sets; and although it continues falling all night, still the greatest amount falls in the first two or three hours after dark. The spoorer, in order to decide this question, would examine the ground beneath some branches of trees, and where grass had been trodden into the ground. If, then, it was found on inspection that there was scarcely a drop of water on any of the footmarks, then it would be evident that the *foot* had been there *after* the greatest amount of dew had fallen; whereas, if there were very many drops on the footmark, then the *dew* must have fallen *after* the animal had left its impression on the ground.

Thus, from the very simplest observation, and the

application of a little reasoning, we could discover what animals had visited a pond, the time of the visit, about the number and size of the animals, that they had stayed during a long or short time, and we could trace the course which they had pursued after drinking. A professor in the art, however, would very soon discover more than this about the creatures, as the following anecdote will shew:

'That,' said a Hottentot one day, 'is the elephant I wounded last week,' pointing as he spoke to the footprints on a patch of sand. 'Yes, it *is him*.'

'*How* do you know?'

'Because he is lame on the near fore-leg; and it was there my bullet struck him.'

'How can you tell he is lame?'

'Look at his spoor. There, see, he takes a long step with his right fore-leg, then a short one with his left, and so on. Now you walk lame, and you will find that that is what you do.'

There is really no difficulty in telling by the footprints when an animal is lame, or in discovering on which leg he is lame.

Again, it will be evident to the senses of a professional trailer that the elephants walked very slowly, and were not consequently alarmed by anything; because he remarks that they stayed to feed in many places, and ate several branches of trees; and here, again, we have an additional means of discovering the time that has elapsed since the animals passed. The broken boughs have in many places been allowed to remain untouched. The spoorers know that the tender young leaves will very soon fade when the branch is broken off from the stem, and yet several of the most delicate have as yet scarcely shewn any indications of drooping; but a few hours can therefore have elapsed since the creatures traversed the forest-path along which we are following them. Considerable judgment and experience are required to enable a person to decide upon the exact number of days that have elapsed since any footprints were made. The causes that make spoor look old are rain, sunshine, wind, and dew. A heavy shower of rain is very damaging, as it entirely washes out those details which enable us to decide upon the peculiar characteristics of an animal; but when a day or so has elapsed, then we derive an advantage from the same cause, for we can tell whether it was before or after the rain that the animals passed over the ground; and the impressions are always more marked and distinct after a shower than when the soil is hard and dry. A very hot sun soon dries up the ground, and often causes spoor to look older than it really is, whilst the wind will either blow small particles of sand over the spoor, and thus take away from it its very new look, if it be on ground disposed to dust, or disturb the grass or vegetation, if it be on more fertile soil. The most difficult ground upon which to follow a trail is very hard, barren soil. This description takes no impression, and there are no vegetable productions by the fracture of which a clue can be obtained to the direction in which any creature has travelled. The smallest amount of grass and some shrubs or trees serve admirably to point to the direction in which any animal may have gone. If amongst bushes, we shall always find that the branches in some places are pushed back behind those which evidently occupy their natural position, and they could only be thus relatively placed by the transit of some animal. It takes a considerable time before a person bred in a city becomes acquainted even with the elements of the science of trailing, or is able at a glance to distinguish the footprint of a deer from that of a goat, sheep, or pig; or to tell a fox's from a dog's footprint; and it takes even a longer time before a town-bred European learns his A B C of the art in India, Africa, or America. It is surprising, however, how much even a slight knowledge of trails and trailing adds to the interest of a walk in a wild country, even though we be not in search of game for the purpose of destroying it. We may observe where some animals have chosen to feed, lie down, or live; and thus to a certain extent we can discover many of their habits and peculiarities, although we have not set eyes on them.

A knowledge of trailing will often enable us to find creatures which otherwise we should have entirely overlooked. For example, some few years ago, a friend was very desirous of seeing a wild otter, and informed us of his wish. We happened to be walking near a very unlikely stream some days afterwards, when we observed on the grass the impression of an animal's foot, which was, however, very imperfectly delineated. With some trouble, we followed this spoor for about a hundred yards, and then came to the distinct footmark of an otter. Having informed our friend that we believed an otter to be near this spot, we from curiosity brought him to the stream, and led him several times over tolerably fresh spoor on the grass. He did not take any notice of the trail, and on the indistinct marks being pointed out to him, he asserted that they were only the accidental effects of wind and rain; and it was not until we led him to wet mud that he could perceive that there was spoor.

One of the finest acts of spooring to which we were ever a witness occurred when in search of buffaloes, on foot, and in a dense bush, in Africa. The footprints of some half-dozen buffaloes were observed on the banks of a pool of water, near which some cattle were grazing. The spoor of a buffalo is very similar to that of an ox or cow, and it therefore required some skill to distinguish the one from the other. My Kaffir, however, declared that there could be no mistake about it, for he said he knew nearly each individual footprint of the cattle, as they belonged to his brother. Placing great confidence in the judgment of this Kaffir, we followed him as he traced the animals over the ground, which was in many places as hard as rock, and where scarcely any impression had been made by their passage. At length, we entered the bush, and there the spoor was even more puzzling. In many cases, we had to remove a mass of dead-leaves before we came to the impression of the footprints of the animal of which we were in search. After following the spoor for about a mile, the Kaffir halted, and declared that the buffalo which appeared the largest was blind of its right eye. This conclusion, he said, he had arrived at in consequence of noticing that the buffalo always took the path to the left hand instead of that to the right, and in many instances the animal had run against trees or branches on the right, but carefully avoided those on the left. When about two miles in the bush, the Kaffir halted, and looked more carefully than ever at the spoor; he then commenced crawling over the ground, looking intently at every leaf. He shortly stood up and said: 'We are behind: my brother is before us. He has happened to cross the footmarks, and is after the buffaloes: it is no good going on.' Although by no means unskilled in spooring at that time, yet we had to walk on upwards of a hundred yards before we found any marks that were plain enough to convince us that our Kaffir had been correct in his statements. Even then, we could only affirm that a man with naked feet was on before us, but the Kaffir said he knew the spoor well; it was his brother's. How he knew it to be so, he could not explain; but, as the sequel shewed, he was correct. It is quite easily to comprehend that there may be a something unexplainable about a footmark which yet enables a man to recognise it, who has long studied the various peculiarities in the spoor of his friends. We are all accustomed to recognise the footstep of a friend, when we *hear* it, although to untrained ears the noise made by one person in walking is as like that made by another as is one footprint to another. Before we had proceeded

many hundred yards beyond the spot on which the Kaffir had seen his brother's spoor, we heard the loud report of a gun; and upon reaching the spot, some half an hour after, we found my Kaffir's brother commencing to skin a buffalo *that was blind of its right eye.*

There were of the party two other Kaffirs, both excellent spoorers, yet they seemed at all times to yield their judgment to the leader, just as a moderate or even good chess-player would waive his opinion if it were in opposition to that of such men as Morphy or Paulson. We have usually found that men who have been much accustomed to follow the spoor are calm, deliberate, and thoughtful. They have been so much accustomed to encounter difficult problems, in which mere rule is of no service, but where reasoning must be brought to bear upon the facts before them, that they rarely form a hasty judgment or conclusion, although probably better qualified to do so than those who would unhesitatingly pronounce a verdict. Among those subjects that come before us in civilisation, there are many in which the art of spooring becomes essential. The detective who, having a certain amount of evidence (often very small), seeks to collect more facts, then draws his conclusions, speculates, and then endeavours *to prove* whether his speculation be correct, is really adopting much the same process that the savage does in tracing his wounded game.

That the science of geology (which is one in which the art of spooring is much employed, and is very useful) should have remained unknown until a modern period, indicates that the minds of individuals and of the mass, even in countries boasting of their science, are not always well qualified either to observe or to reason upon that which has been observed; for even after a vast mass of facts were accumulated in connection with this science, it yet required years before the natural conclusions from them were accepted. The tracing out the antiquity of man is a proceeding very similar to following an old spoor, and much the same type of mind would excel in each science.

When in South Africa, and before we had passed many days in the bush, we frequently felt unpleasantly small, when we found that a naked savage was smiling at our ignorance in regard to the spoor of a buck which we had wounded, or of some larger game, of which we were in search. There is not too much to occupy one in some of the out-stations of that distant country, so that the mind is usually free to devote itself to that amusement to which it is most inclined. To become an adept in spooring, therefore, was not a very uncouth fancy; and to this end we devoted some time.

It is almost impossible for an animal of any size to walk through a dense bush without breaking off some branches, small or large. Here was a fact from which much useful information could be obtained. A number of branches of different sizes being broken from the trees most prevalent in the bush, several of these were placed on the ground, some in the sun, others in the shade. A memorandum was then made of the various fading effects occurring after certain intervals. Some species of leaves would fade much more rapidly than would others, but a number of facts would be here brought to light, which would serve as guides for the future. As a general rule, small branches or twigs fade and look withered before the larger; and those which are entirely broken off, will wither much more rapidly than those attached even by a small piece of bark to the parent tree. If a tolerably large branch be almost broken off a tree, but be allowed to remain fastened even by a small splinter, still the leaves at the extremity of the branch will look fresh and green for several days; whereas, had the separation been complete, they would have faded after a very few hours. The appearance of the actual fracture of a branch is nearly as good a guide to the time that has elapsed since the damage was done, as is the state of the leaves, the sap in some instances continuing to flow much longer than in other cases; but by means of specimens, this fact can be logged with tolerable accuracy; and thus when we have to examine a broken branch, we can, by remembering our experiments, affirm that, perhaps, not more than an hour has elapsed since the damage was done, or that it must have occurred eight or nine hours previous to our investigation.

Again, we may examine the effects on our own or our horse's footprints produced by wind, rain, sunshine, and time; and thus, in a few weeks, we may become tolerably qualified to offer an opinion, when we discover any spoor. There are one or two methods by which we can ascertain the rate at which an animal has travelled. If the ground be of such a nature as to retain distinctly the impression of footmarks, then, by the manner in which these are arranged on the ground, we may know about the pace adopted by the animal. Let us take the horse, for example. At a walk, a horse usually brings his hind-feet to the ground at nearly the same place that his fore-feet occupied, so that the impression of the hind-foot is in part over that of the fore. Some horses that have a long stride in walking, will place the hind-foot at least five or six inches in advance of where the fore-foot was placed, but this is not the usual relative position of the two feet. When trotting, the position of the feet is almost similar, except when the pace is very rapid; then, however, the impression of the hind-feet will come even a greater distance in advance of those of the fore. There will, however, be a marked difference in the actual footprints made by a walking or trotting horse. In trotting, the impression is deeper, the hind-toe is more deeply marked in the ground, whilst earth, leaves, or other matter are generally scattered a little behind the spoor of the foot that has cast them along the ground.

When a horse canters, he makes four distinct marks of his four feet at nearly equal intervals from each other; there is then a greater interval, and again four marks, and so on. When a horse canters slowly, the interval between the four marks is much less than when the same animal is galloping; also, the line formed by the four footmarks diverges slightly from the direction in which the animal is cantering, when the speed is not great; but when the four marks are in the direction that the animal is travelling, then he is going at speed. It not unfrequently happens that the most obtuse-looking individuals possess a considerable amount of observation, especially as regards details, and this we once found to be the case when spooring. It was in the New Forest, that, being desirous to meet a friend who was on horseback, we were examining for spoor, and considered ourselves fortunate when we crossed the fresh track of a horse, as this we at first fancied might be that of our friend; a young, rough-looking forester, however, upon looking at the same spoor, informed us that the horse was not that of our expected visitor, but only a forest-horse running at grass, because, he said, 'he beant got no shoes on;' a tolerably convincing proof that the horse had not been ridden along hard roads, and, in fact, that it was not mounted. A distant view of the animal soon proved that this man's conclusion was correct.

A spoor that once puzzled us for many days was one that we observed on the hard sands at low-water, on the south-eastern coast of Africa. Two large footmarks were visible on the sand; then there was the appearance as though a heavy body had been dragged along, and so that it nearly obliterated the footprints; finally, two arcs of circles were described of a nearly semicircular shape, and these were as accurately traced as though made with a pair of compasses. At first, we supposed that some of the natives had amused

themselves by dragging along the branches of a tree, but a glance obtained here and there at the footprints shewed that they were not human. Taking the matter up in a business point of view, we were led to conclude, first, that the creature, whatever it was, had only two legs, which were in front; that it dragged its body, in a great measure, after it, and thus the wriggle of the hind quarters made the strange arcs of circles observed to be the last marks made. A creature of this description ought to be something like a seal, and the fact of the spoor being found on the sea-beach gave this supposition a strong shade of probability. Time at length solved the mystery, for whilst riding on this beach one afternoon, the creature itself was seen, after we had noticed the fresh spoor for nearly half a mile; and it turned out to be a species of sea-lion or sea-leopard, which had evidently paid a visit to this shore.

Another very curious spoor was that made by a rock-snake of large size. This we first observed on the sand near a river; but after some slight thought, we determined that the traces were due to a snake, although to one of a very great size. In all cases, however, a spoor is to be worked out like a problem, and requires as much brain-work as many equations, and far more original talent and observation. Thus, spooring, when thoroughly taken up and carefully followed, is not only an amusement, and one to which the hunter frequently owes his dinner, but it is also one that calls into active operation some of those reasoning faculties which might otherwise, when in the desert, become weak from disuse.

EPIGRAMS.

PERHAPS the dullest book in the world to read right through is a jest-book; nor is this to be attributed to the incompetency of the compiler: having ordered a dinner entirely composed of sweetmeats, we might just as reasonably blame the cook because we feel cloyed. For the most part, however, editors of works of this sort do *not* perform their task well. The first part of their volume consists of all that most easily occurs to them—that is to say, the best and most sparkling things; the rest is produced with effort, and is of less worth. Now, a second-rate joke after a good one is worse than Marsala after Sherry at a feast.

A little of this must be charged against Mr Booth's late volume of *Epigrams, Ancient and Modern*, the end whereof is somewhat of a bathos, and the contents of which would have been more valuable had half of them been expunged; but still there are plenty of plums for any literary Jack Horner. May we, in selecting the same for their perusal, earn the good opinion of our readers as Master J. H. earned his own praise.*

Literally speaking, an epigram simply means an inscription, and the epigrams of the ancients rather resembled epitaphs, than the sparkling verse in which our fathers so delighted, and in the construction of which they took such elaborate pains. With *us*, again, the one is almost as exploded as the other. Verse is too cumbrous a form in which to express our wit. It has been written:

> An epigram should be, if right,
> Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,
> A lively little thing!
> Like wasp with taper body—bound
> By lines—not many—neat and round,
> All ending in a sting;

but even this does not suit the notions of now a days. We cannot wait to listen for the concluding couplet, let its excellence be what it may; we are impatient of those opening stanzas with nothing in them. We want the actual combat, and not the note of preparation. Here is a fine epigram, according to our fathers' notions:

> Says the earth to the moon: 'You're a pilfering jade;
> What you steal from the sun is beyond all belief.'
> Fair Cynthia replies: 'Madam Earth, hold your prate;
> The receiver is always as bad as the thief.'

The idea is good, but what an immense amount of padding! Yet directly a good idea struck a wit of that date, far from giving vent to it at once, and setting the table in a roar, he retired into seclusion, and dressed it up, as a child does a doll, to fit it, as he thought, to appear in public. He sought out mellifluous lines, with at least one telling rhyme to end with, and then solicited a place for his composition in the columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. 'I've lost my portmanteau,' said a clergyman to a fellow-traveller. 'I am sorry for you,' returned the other. 'And all my sermons are in it,' added the parson. 'Ah, then I pity the thief.' As an actual dialogue, the above would be admirable; but when it is done into verse, and pompously entitled *The Traveller and the Clergyman*, like a moral fable, it becomes to our taste wearisome and artificial. The poor parsons were given up for a prey to epigram-writers of this kind. If one fell asleep at a party, something like this was written upon him, but by no means uttered extempore:

> Still let him sleep, still let us talk, my friends;
> When next he preaches, we'll have full amends.

If another fell off his horse in a fox-hunt, he was, in addition to that misfortune, epigrammatised in six tedious lines and two good ones:

> A clerical prig, who one morn joined the chase,
> For which he had always an itching,
> Was thrown from his horse, and fell flat on his face
> A dangerous, dirty, deep ditch in.
>
> Each Nimrod that passed him for help loud did cry,
> But onward all eagerly panted;
> The whipper-in lustily roars: 'Let him lie!
> Till Sunday he will not be wanted.'

Sometimes the physician came in for a share of this not too good-humoured satire:

> How D.D. swaggers, M.D. rolls!
> I dub them both a brace of noddies;
> Old D.D. takes the cure of souls,
> And M.D. takes the cure of bodies.
>
> Between them both, what treatment rare
> Our souls and bodies must endure;
> One takes the cure without the care;
> T'other, the care without the cure.

The two concluding lines are really perfect; the two that precede them are feeble; the whole of the first verse is beneath contempt. Out of the same mind, it is difficult to imagine how such dulness and such wit could proceed.

The famous epigram on George III.'s physicians is an example, however, of the advantage of rhyme; the wit lying in the metrical form, and in the form only:

> The king employed three doctors daily—
> Willis, Heberden, and Baillie—
> All exceedingly skilful men,
> Baillie, Willis, Heberden;
> But doubtful which most sure to kill is—
> Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.

A very excellent medical joke, of which the physician is *not* the butt, for a wonder, runs as follows:

> One day the surveyor, with a sigh and a groan,
> Said: 'Doctor, I'm dying of gravel and stone.'
> The doctor replied: 'This is true, then, though odd,
> What kills a surveyor's a cure for a road.'

* He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And cried: 'What a good boy am I!'

To object to a good thing upon the ground of its untruth—of the event it describes not having actually occurred—is the part of a malicious dullard; but the stamp of artificiality is so strongly impressed upon some of these things, that it cannot escape notice; it obtrudes itself upon the kindest of critics. It is impossible to imagine, for instance, that a gentleman of eighty, of the suggestive name of Gould, could have had the indiscretion not only to marry a young lady of eighteen, but to write to a friend with a turn for satire in the following terms:

So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould.

Mr G. *must* have known what would come of it; the friend could not fail to reply in some such way as this—it being, as the Scotch say, so 'teed' for him:

A girl of eighteen may love Gold, it is true;
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U.

Those charming volumes, the *Elegant Extracts*, are full of epigrams of this sort, with a title almost as long as the contents.

A singular method was employed by the wits of a certain epoch to eke out their intellectual store; not only did they put their good things into verse, but they cast about for some place to write them in or upon, which should be itself significant, as thus:

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

I change, and so do women too;
But I reflect—which women never do.

To which a lady is said to have replied:

If women reflected, O scribbler, declare
What man—faithless man—would be blessed by the fair?

What wit of to-day would ever dream of writing on a looking-glass; or if such a project entered his head, would have the patience to go through with it—would borrow a diamond ring (for wits seldom possess such things), and deliberately spoil a mirror! Glass was, however, a favourite vehicle for epigrams half a century ago.

WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF GLASS, THE FIFTIETH OF AN INCH IN LENGTH, AND THE TWO-HUNDREDTH OF AN INCH IN WIDTH.

A point within an epigram to find
In vain you often try;
But here an epigram within a point
You plainly may descry.

Conceive the elaboration of design and execution of the above distich! Is it possible that the author could have been a really humorous fellow? Swift tells us that in his time it was quite unusual to find a window-pane without some attempt at epigram upon the face of it, and goes into raptures over virgin glass:

Thanks to my stars! I once can see
A window here from scribbling free;
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
No party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

In Mr Booth's volume, there is more than one epigram in which the whole merit lies, as it seems to us, in the fact that it *was* written upon glass; and it would have been no matter if the window had been broken before the copyist came.

The elaboration of verse does not suit ill with philosophical epigrams, as in the case of this one upon Fortune:

Bad fortune is a fancy; she is just;
Gives the *poor* hope; and sends the *rich* distrust.

The following, upon *Vulgar Natures*, is admirably true, and does not include a line that could well be spared:

Tender-handed, stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with vulgar natures;
Use them kindly, they rebel;
Be as rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Here, again, is an example of more cumbrous wit, written by Rochester, *on a Psalm-singing Clerk:*

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have drove him mad.

A wit of to-day, upon leaving a church where the psalms had been sung in a very wearisome manner, observed to his companion: '*Now* I know why Saul wanted to kill David.' What a contrast in the *form* of wit do these two examples present!

The following is excellent in its simplicity:

A GOOD HEARING.

'I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead;'
'I'm very glad to hear it, too,' cries Ned.

Not less admirable are these two lines upon *Know Thyself:*

'I have not said so to *you*, my friend, and I'm not going,
You may find so many people better worth knowing.'

Mr Booth informs us that for these we are indebted to Confucius, but we can hardly believe it. It is, however, quite as likely that the Chinese sage wrote *them*, as that the Bard of Avon wrote the following:

ON A WOMAN WHO HAD AN ISSUE IN HER LEG.

Here lieth Margaret, otherwise Meg,
Who died without issue, save one in her leg.
Strange woman was she, and exceedingly cunning,
For whilst one leg stood still, the other kept running.
Author supposed to be Shakspeare.

There is a strange couplet *Upon a Wicked Man killed by a Fall from his Horse:*

Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy sought, I mercy found,

to be found, we believe, in Camden's *Remains;* but where we ourselves first saw it, on a desolate spot in a mountainous region, and evidently over a grave, it struck us as especially curious.

There is always one advantage in a book of extracts, such as we are now considering; it impresses the reader with the individual merit of each piece, which, when the author's entire works are before you, loses something of its significance. Thus, in reading Burns, while acknowledging his wonderful powers in other respects, we are not particularly impressed by his talents as an epigrammatist. Yet what a genius for epigram he had, and had he written nothing else, how highly would he have been estimated!

ON ANDREW TURNER.

In se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it *something like* a man,
And ca'ed it Andrew Turner.

Or again:

ON A COXCOMB.

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

Or again:

'Stop thief!' Dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
'You have my choicest model ta'en;
How shall I make a fool again?'

How curiously different, and yet in no respect inferior, sounds this epitaph by Porson, written upon a Fellow of his own College:

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,
Who was a Fellow, too, of Trinity;
He knew as much about Divinity
As other fellows do of Trinity.

In Hatfield churchyard, Herts, there is an epitaph of considerable merit, but which seems, somehow, to come short of its intention; the word 'Death' in the third line appears to us to be a misprint for 'Life:'

The World's a city full of crooked streets;
And Death the market-place where man man meets;
If Death were merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would always live, the poor must die.

In some cases, an antithesis is so alluring, that it is not to be resisted even at the sacrifice of a little legitimacy; the poetic licence is, however, stretched to its uttermost, when 'clothes' is made to rhyme with 'goes,' as thus:

'Attend your church,' the parson cries;
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

We should like to know the churchyard in which, according to Mr Booth, there stands this epitaph, which, if brevity be the soul of wit, is an epigram indeed:

Thorpe's
Corpse.

The friends of Mr Thomas Thorpe had originally intended to engrave upon his tombstone,

This corpse
Is Tommy Thorpe's,

but, upon reflection, it was considered too long.

Political squibs and satires are almost all of the past; there is no despotism now to be 'tempered by epigrams,' and therefore the epigrams themselves have ceased. How strange and cruel would any such rhymes upon our present royal family appear as these, which were composed on the death of Frederic, eldest son of George II.:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather:
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another:
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her:
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There 's no more to be said.

Mr Landor, whose name may well be Savage, penned even a more bitter epitaph upon the family of Georges:

George the First was always reckoned
Vile—but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth *descended*,
Heaven be praised, the Georges ended.

Among Hone's works, there is this capital rhymed advice to the agriculturists of the date 1722:

Man, to the plough;
Wife, to the cow;
Girl, to the sow;
Boy, to the mow;
And your rents will be netted.

These lines were happily travestied in the *Times* newspaper under the title of *The Farmer's Centenary contrasted*, in 1822—in illustration of the causes of agricultural distress:

Man, tally-ho!
Miss, piano;
Wife, silk and satin;
Boy, Greek and Latin;
And you 'll be *Gazetted*.

We never see epigrams in the *Times* now; and even in *Punch* they are growing rare. In the latter paper, there have, however, been some excellent political *jeux-d'esprit*, which we are glad to see rescued from oblivion in the book before us. For instance:

No wonder Tory landlords flout
'Fixed Duty,' for 'tis plain
With them the Anti-corn-law Bill
Must go against the grain.

Again:

'I wonder if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,'
Said a punster, perusing a trial;
'I vow, since his lordship was made Baron Vaux,
He 's been *Vaux et praeterea nihil*.'

One of the best epitaphs and parodies in one, that ever was printed, is *Punch's* pathetic stanza *On a Locomotive:*

Collisions four
Or five she bore;
The signals were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her biler busted,
And smashed the excursion-train.

Yet even this is equalled, if not surpassed, by those lines on the young gentleman at the university who did not succeed in getting his degree:

Pluckings sore
Long time he bore,
Coaches * were in vain;
At last, disgusted,
He took and cussed it,
And didn't try again.

MISS BURKINYOUNG'S COLLEGE.

Everybody recollects the string of questions categorically propounded in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. 'Can you cut the boys' hair?' 'No.' 'Then you 're not fit for a school.' 'Have you had the small-pox?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school.' 'Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you certainly will not do for a school.'

Times have changed since Goldsmith wrote, and Miss Etterly's scholastic venture was in girls; still, so unqualified was she for the enterprise, that the above reiterated answer might have been made to her with substantial advantage. Pity that some friend, when she was about to embark in the undertaking, did not purchase an intelligent parrot, and teaching it this important *refrain*, present it to our heroine. It would have screamed words of wisdom into her pretty little ears. But Lucy Etterly owned no friend sufficiently intimate to advise her. She had been brought up in a lonely parsonage among the Westmoreland hills, and now found herself, at the age of thirty-two, motherless, fatherless, and brotherless, with the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds lying in her name at the Bank of England. A gentlewoman could not

* Private tutors.

live on the scanty interest derivable from this amount, and Lucy had no wish to pass the remainder of her days in inactivity. Since her mother's death, she had managed her father's small household with tolerable success; and now that he also had departed, her ambition prompted her to mix in busier scenes. Though she dearly loved the mist-covered fells and brawling streams of her native county, she had often, during her father's lifetime, sighed for a change. Liverpool had, up to this time, been the Ultima Thule of her travels, for her father's income had been extremely small; and even in these railway-days, the cheapest device poor people can adopt is to stay quietly at home. No wonder, then, that being her own mistress, she burned with a desire to see the world. Less soaring than Madame Ida Pfeiffer, she felt no inclination to penetrate the pestilential forests of Central Africa, or to climb the Peter Botte mountain; her aim was limited to beholding the civilised regions of Europe, the gay boulevards of Paris, the quaint old canal-pierced avenues of Ghent, the picture-galleries of Munich, the churches of Cologne; and she considered that she had hit on an admirable plan for accomplishing her design. A neighbouring farmer's wife had suggested that she should go out as a governess, and had even implied the possibility of her own seven daughters enjoying the advantages of her teaching. But Miss Etterly shrank from the recommendation with horror. To sink at once in her own native district to the position of an ill-paid governess in a rude farmer's family, afforded a frightful prospect.

'No,' soliloquised Miss Etterly courageously; 'I will go up to London, and purchase the good-will of a well-established school. For those branches in which I am deficient, I will engage properly qualified assistants; and oh, how delightful the midsummer holidays will be! I shall take no young ladies whose unnatural parents want to keep them at school all the year round. When breaking-up day comes, everybody shall quit the house, which I shall leave in charge of the cook and housemaid, and then —O pleasure of pleasures!—embark on board the steam-boat for Ostend!'

Let us take a peep at Miss Etterly while she is sitting in the office of Mr and Madame Sharples' Scholastic Agency, Apple Tree Court, Fleet Street, E.C. She does not look nearly thirty-two. A pair of soft gray-blue eyes, a girlishly delicate complexion, and a quantity of golden-brown hair, set off a face of which the remaining features are rather irregular. She is of small stature, but her figure is so trimly proportioned that she does not appear in the least dumpy. Altogether, she looks as unlike a schoolmistress as Apple Tree Court seems unfit to grow apples.

The imaginary spectator pities that dove-like little nature in the nest of those two birds of prey. Mr Sharples is short and stout, with a pair of flaccid cheeks shining through the hair which ornaments the greater portion of his countenance. Madame Sharples is a tall, bony, swarthy Parisian dame, with a moustache that many a youthful volunteer might covet. She speaks English fluently enough, but with a strong foreign accent, and possesses that charmingly insinuating manner for which her compatriots are noted. The biography of this worthy couple may be summed up in a couple of sentences. Mr Sharples had been the drawing-master, Madame the French teacher, in a fashionable school at Notting Hill. They had married, and discovered the agency business so profitable, that Madame had given up hammering irregular verbs into her pupils' heads, while Mr Sharples had ceased putting atmospheric effects and bold bits of foliage into the hard, stiff, mechanical drawings which young ladies take home to admiring parents for the holidays. The colloquy between the respective parties was long and animated; it ended in the transfer of a certain portion of Miss Etterly's bank deposit to the account of Sharples & Co.

A few days after, Miss Etterly took the train at Shoreditch, and was presently conveyed to Palwood, a station on the Great Eastern Railway.

'Where is Tatton-in-the-Willows, please?' she demanded of a porter, who, under the influence of a prospective sixpence, was assiduously attentive.

'Tatton-in-the-Willers? I don't know, miss; I'm a stranger here. Mr Rumsey,' he continued, addressing a very respectable-looking elderly fly-driver, 'where is Tatton-in-the-Willers?'

'Tatton-Mash, that's what the lady means. Fly, miss?'

Lucy Etterly assented, feeling rather shy of her youthful and diminutive appearance.

'Now, whereabouts in the Mash might you wish to go, miss?' asked Mr Rumsey confidentially.

'Oh! Miss Burkinyoung's College.'

The flyman mounted his box, and drove away. It was in the month of January, and the weather was what farmers style open, that is, without frost, but in its place, a charming succession of rain, drizzle, and fog, which converted the rich soil of the Tatton lanes into bottomless quagmires. After floundering along slowly for about three miles, the fly stopped at a decayed lodge-gate, and was then driven up a forlorn-looking avenue of aged elms, underneath which the ground was green with dank moss. Miss Etterly put her anxious little head out of the window, and beheld her future residence, a roomy-looking red-brick mansion, surrounded by tall trees. To her surprise, the flyman stopped in the middle of the avenue, descended from his box, and put his head deliberately in at the window. Had he not been such a respectable-looking man, she might have been alarmed.

'Excuse me, miss,' said he, 'for stopping you here, but I want to say a word in confidence. If I may make so bold, are you coming to the college as a teacher?'

'As proprietor,' answered Miss Etterly with some dignity.

'You've got a sister, miss, of course, or a pardner, to manage it along with you?'

'No; I shall take charge of it myself. But what interest do you take in the matter?'

'Why, miss, I've got two daughters at the school, day-boarders, and I'm only afeard you'll be too young and gentle-looking to tackle 'em. They're a sperrity lot.'

'Oh!' was all Miss Etterly could reply, for she felt rather aghast at the style of pupils she was likely to encounter.

The flyman read her thoughts in her face, and continued: 'You see, miss, I ain't a mere fly-driver. I rent fifty or sixty acres of land, and do a good stroke in the milk-trade with London. This,' said he, pointing rather contemptuously at the vehicle, 'is only for a bit of pleasure, like.'

Miss Etterly bit her lip, and made no reply. Perhaps she thought that people's notions of pleasure differed, and that she should not choose driving a rickety fly, on a dismal winter's day, through the mud and rain, as her own species of diversion.

The fly-proprietor mounted the box, and drove to the door, which was opened by a decent-looking maid-servant. Miss Etterly handed her a card.

'Can I speak to Miss Burkinyoung for a minute?' asked Mr Rumsey mysteriously.

'I'll see,' replied the maid. She returned with the curt message, 'Not to-day,' upon which Mr Rumsey retired, muttering indistinctly to himself.

Miss Etterly was ushered into a small but comfortable-looking apartment, in which a bright fire was blazing. By the fire sat a stout, florid, elderly lady, engaged in sipping a cup of tea.

'Miss Burkinyoung, I believe?' began Miss Etterly timidly.

'Yes, my dear,' answered that lady, in a rich husky voice. 'Come and *set* by the fire, and warm your poor feet; they must be perished with cold.'

Here was a discovery! a lady who kept a flourishing school (we beg her pardon, college) in the second half of the nineteenth century, actually said 'set' instead of 'sit;' a grammatical solecism which would have caused the hair of Lindley Murray to lift his wig from his head.

'So,' said Miss Burkinyoung, after a few preliminary politenesses, and the offer of a cup of tea, 'you 've took the school off them Sharpleses?'

'Yes,' replied Miss Etterly.

'And paid 'em?'

'I have.'

'Well, that's like business; and I'm sure you won't regret it, my dear. You see me and my poor sister Bessie worked the thing nicely together. She was a most accomplished woman, knew everything from Greek down to plain stitch. As for me, I never had much education. When I was a girl, my father was a poor man, and couldn't afford it. Bessie was born after he got rich, and she had masters for everything. But one day he went into the *Gazette*, and died, leaving us girls without a penny. Then we began school-keeping. I could do what Bessie couldn't; I could manage the house. She was a child among the trades-people. But when she died, poor darling, last August, I found I wasn't equal to carrying it on by myself, so I put the property into the *Daily Telegraph*.'

'How many young ladies are there?'

From twenty to thirty: counting the day-scholars, you may say thirty.'

'Mr Rumsey's daughters attend here, I understand?' said Miss Etterly.

'Mister Rumsey, indeed!' exclaimed Miss Burkinyoung in great wrath. 'He's a very pushing, disagreeable person. Why, what do you think he wanted to see me for just now?'

'I have no idea.'

'To get a balance that he says I owe him. You see, my dear, I took his two girls (and they're the worst-behaved girls in the college) against his milk account, and a drive in the fly now and then, when I want an airing; and he has the impettinence to make out that I owe him money. Why, those girls had extrey German lessons from Dr Krapp, and'——

We will not pursue the worthy lady's catalogue of grievances, which appeared to be interminable. Having finished the detail, she rose and shewed Miss Etterly over the house, concluding by saying that in ten days she would give up possession.

'That, my dear, will allow you time to get yourself straight afore the young ladies arrive: the quarter begins on the 24th.'

'Miss Burkinyoung,' said Miss Etterly timidly, 'would you mind staying a few days longer? You know I—I am quite unaccustomed to keeping a'——

'My child, I should be most happy, but my brother, who's a licensed victualler at the west end of London, is plaguing my life out to go and keep house for him. Everything's going to rack and ruin since he lost his wife—pots stolen daily, potboys tipsy, barmaids borrowing from the till'——

Miss Burkinyoung paused, and rubbed her hands with silent ecstasy at the delightful prospect of cleansing this Augean stable.

The clock on the chimney-piece struck three; there was a ring at the bell, and Mr Rumsey reappeared to convey Miss Etterly back to the station.

Miss Burkinyoung came into the hall to bid her visitor good-bye. She was quite motherly in her affection, and kissed and embraced the little creature with great fervour. Suddenly, the apparition of Rumsey presented itself before her.

'Now, mum,' said he, in a beseeching tone of voice, 'how about that milk-score?'

'Drat the man!' answered the mistress of the house. 'Why, haven't I told you over and over again that your girls have had it out in German, cream and all.'

'Well, all I can say is,' replied the flyman, 'they haven't got much good by it. Why, I had a friend of mine, a German sugar-boiler from Whitechapel, down the other night, and when he come to talk to the girls, he couldn't make head nor tail of what they said.'

'That,' rejoined Miss Burkinyoung reflectively, 'must have been because he was a Low German. I've heard my poor sister Bessie say there 's two sorts of German, High and Low.'

'There's two sorts of English, high and low,' said Rumsey sarcastically—'them as pays their debts, and them as doesn't, Miss B. Low German, indeed! He 's as good a man as Dr Krapp any day!'

'Now, Rumsey, no impudence,' replied Miss Burkinyoung. 'Call to-morrow, and I 'll go over the accounts.'

'She ain't a bad sort of old lady,' said Rumsey, in confidence to Miss Etterly, when they got into the avenue; 'but she don't recollect all them drives she had with Dr Krapp, keeping one on the box in the cold, while he was picking a parcel of dead leaves and nonsense out of the hedges.'

Miss Etterly was oppressed with anxiety as the eventful time for taking possession drew nigh. She was somewhat relieved at receiving a letter from Miss Burkinyoung, saying that Jennings the cook and housekeeper, who had purposed leaving to better herself, was willing to stay, and that she would find her of great use. Another letter arrived the same day, which put Jennings and Miss Burkinyoung completely out of her head. It was on thin paper, bore the Calcutta postmark, and was deeply edged with black. The perusal of this epistle caused her cheek to glow, her bosom to heave, and tears to gather in her eyes. Surprise, sorrow, pleasure, and hope chased one another like the shadows of an April day across her face. There was surprise at the suddenness of the news, sorrow for her cousin's death, pleasure at the prospect of seeing little Nelly, hope at the thought that he whom she had secretly worshipped fifteen years ago was again a free man.

Poor little Lucy! she has enough to think of. Within a few days, she will have the burden of thirty young ladies on her tiny shoulders; still, for the time, she is oblivious of scholastic anxieties; she stands at the window of her private sitting-room in dingy Great Portland Street, with the Calcutta letter open in her hand; her eyes are fixed on vacancy, and her memory wanders to the past, as she thinks of Major Bridgman.

What about Major Bridgman? Why, fifteen years ago, before he got his company, this young gentleman came home from India on his first furlough, and, like many subs. at that epoch of life, fell in love. Miss Etterly's cousin, whose family lived on the Yorkshire borders, was the lady chosen; and, in consequence of his attachment to her, he obtained an introduction to Mr Etterly's family, and was invited to stay at the parsonage. Mrs Etterly had then been dead some years, and Lucy acted as mistress of the house. The weather was dismal and wet; the worthy parson was immersed in his essay on Roman Remains, which, alas! was never published, and now lies yellowing with age among his daughter's cherished treasures; in short, the gallant officer would have been supremely dull but for Lucy. Sweet, innocent maid of seventeen, she exerted all her powers of amusement, and was only too successful for her own peace of mind. Mr Bridgman flirted with her prodigiously, and almost began to think he had selected the wrong cousin. His conduct was very thoughtless and very selfish; but then, all ladies know how selfish men are when they want to amuse themselves.

At last, the young man went away, and in due course of time married Lucy's cousin, little knowing what a barbed dart he had left rankling in that susceptible little bosom at the parsonage. The newly-married pair sailed for India, a happy and attached couple. They had only one child, the aforesaid Nelly, whom they loved with such affection that they could not bear to send her home. As she grew older, her health began to suffer from the climate; and Major Bridgman, who was by this time well able to afford the expense, took a house on the Neilgherry Hills for his wife and child. The letter which Lucy held in her hand informed her that Mrs Bridgman was just dead; that Nelly would arrive shortly after the receipt of the letter by one of the Cape ships; and that Major Bridgman himself, as soon as he had settled his affairs, purposed returning, to remain in England for the rest of his days. He entreated Lucy to take charge of Nelly on her arrival. 'There is no one,' wrote the major, 'to whose care I would so willingly intrust her.'

'How fortunately this has happened,' thought Lucy. 'Walter has evidently not heard of poor papa's death, and thinks I am still in Westmoreland. How pleased he will be to find Nelly's education—which has, I daresay, been sadly neglected—being carefully attended to at school, and that school kept by me!' The little woman's heart swelled with satisfaction.

The important day arrived at last, and Miss Etterly quitted Great Portland Street for Tatton-in-the-Willows. Aided by Jennings, who threw herself heart and soul into the work, she caused the house to be thoroughly cleansed from top to bottom, and ordered in her supplies for the bodily sustenance of thirty young ladies.

On the 22d January—two days earlier than the pupils—the teachers began to drop in. First came Mademoiselle Verneuil. She was a smart, vivacious young lady, with bright black eyes and crisp curls, who made herself at home at once. Miss Etterly felt very shy of talking to her. She had read the *Travels of Anacharsis*, but did not feel competent to converse in French with a real native of Paris. However, Mademoiselle Verneuil set her completely at her ease by talking English with perfect fluency, and with an accent that partook more of Regent Street than the Rue Rivoli. Indeed, Mr Rumsey, who has studied these matters, avers that her real name is Fumell, that her father was a compositor in Galignani's newspaper, and that she was born and bred in Hoxton. 'Mind,' he says, 'I don't say she can't speak the language like a good un; but she's no more French than my bay mare.'

Next came Dr Krapp, who had been spending the Christmas holidays in his native Hanover. He was a tall, thin, fair man, wearing spectacles. Dr Krapp had merely walked over to pay his respects; he lodged at Palwood, near the railway station, where he had several pupils. He not only taught German, but gave instruction in botany, mineralogy, calisthenic exercises, and singing on the Hullah system.

Lastly, Miss Bunting, the English teacher, arrived. Miss Burkinyoung had been forced to engage her upon her sister's death, to cover her own grammatical deficiencies; but Miss Etterly had intended to dispense with her services. Miss Bunting had, however, written such a powerful account of all her struggles and difficulties, that the soft-hearted little woman resolved to keep her, at least for a time. Poor Miss Bunting was tall and ungainly in appearance, with a large plain flat face, scanty sandy hair, and invisible eyebrows. She was the daughter of a man who had been an extensive bookbinder, but had sunk under the pressure of competition, and now, in his old age, was forced to work as a journeyman, though his failing eyesight scarcely permitted him to earn a subsistence.

Dr Krapp and Mademoiselle Verneuil were fast friends. As they strolled together down the avenue, Mademoiselle observed: 'There's that nasty old Bunting back again. I should hope this new mistress won't keep her. She was all very well for Miss Burk' (this was the familiar rendering of the late respected proprietress's name), 'who scarcely knew B from a bull's foot; but Miss Etterly looks like a lady.'

'A very nice little lady,' said Dr Krapp.

'Don't you get too fond of her, doctor,' replied Mademoiselle, tapping his arm sharply with the handle of her umbrella, 'or I shall become jealous. But I do wish this old Bunting would go.'

'Why, poor wretch, what will she do? She will starve.'

'I can't help that; I detest her—she is such a spy. Don't you recollect, when Miss Burk was up in London, and my friends came down to see me, how she told of us, and Miss B. stopped all the expenses out of my salary?'

'Aha!' laughed the German; 'I remember. But then your friends ate up a whole ham; and that funny cousin of yours—bah! what a noisy fellow, with his song, *Bow, wow, wow*. Besides, you know, most amiable Mamzelle, that somebody filled poor Miss Bunting's boots with treacle.'

On the 24th, the young ladies began to arrive, and four days later, lessons commenced. Poor little Miss Etterly's heart palpitated as she sat in the schoolroom, elevated on a chair of state, with Mrs Markham's *History of England* in her hand, while the class was ranged around her.

'What were the causes,' asked Miss Etterly gravely, 'that led to the Great Civil War?'

There was no reply. She put the question to each girl of the division: they all remained silent.

'Please, miss,' said one young lady, 'that's not the way Miss Burkinyoung used to do it, miss. She gave us Mangnall's *Questions*, miss: we each learned an answer by heart, and then she began regularly at the top, miss.'

Miss Etterly did not approve of her predecessor's system. 'I don't want you to answer like parrots,' she said, 'but like sensible girls.'

'Please, miss, I know,' exclaimed Matilda Rumsey eagerly.

'Well?' asked Miss Etterly.

'The shop-money.' The class tittered.

'She is right,' said Miss Etterly, 'excepting for a single letter. The levying of the ship-money was one of the causes'——

Here one of the young ladies uttered a loud cry, 'Oh! Miss ——! Matilda Rumsey has pinched my arm.'

'And I'll do it again,' answered Matilda. 'Why did you poke me with your book?'

'Miss Rumsey,' said Miss Etterly, 'I am astonished'——

'Miss Etterly, I can bear this no longer,' exclaimed Mademoiselle Verneuil, her eyes flashing with indignation, as she rose from her seat. 'Miss Bunting has publicly insulted me.'

The class separated to allow Mademoiselle to pass through their ranks, and stood staring with open mouths.

'What is the matter?' said Miss Etterly rising, and advancing towards the desk where Miss Bunting sat, her face bathed with tears.

'She called me an impostor,' exclaimed Mademoiselle.

'What is this disturbance about, Miss Bunting?' repeated Miss Etterly. Miss Bunting continued to sob, but made no reply. 'If you do not answer, I shall think you are in the wrong,' argued the mistress.

'It is no matter, madam,' at length murmured Miss Bunting. 'I have suffered too long: I had better leave.' And she gathered up her books, and quitted the room.

Kind-hearted little Miss Etterly was grieved at her

distress, and, regardless of Charles I., followed her from the apartment. She overtook her on the staircase. 'Come into my bedroom, Miss Bunting,' she said. Miss Bunting obeyed. 'Now, then, tell me the truth,' began Miss Etterly, 'and I shall not be angry with you.'

The little woman's appearance was at no time formidable, and now she was trembling with emotion, while the tears stood in her eyes. 'Come, my dear,' she said coaxingly, 'tell me.' Miss Bunting still remained silent. There was a knock at the door, and Rosa, the elder Miss Rumsey, burst into the room. She was a fine, handsome, rosy-cheeked girl of fourteen, but her eyes were now swollen with tears.

'Miss Etterly,' she began impetuously, 'do you allow Mamzelle to box my ears?'

The schoolmistress hesitated. To say 'yes,' seemed so unfeeling; to say 'no,' might be utterly subversive of discipline. 'For what reason has she boxed your ears?'

'Because I said I should tell the truth about Miss Bunting. All the rest of the girls are such a set of cowards, they're afraid to say a word. Now, miss, I'll tell *you*. Mamzelle was giving us a French lesson, but instead of reading out *Télémaque*, she began to repeat a story all about a bookbinder who had a hideous ugly daughter. We knew she meant Miss Bunting, and all the girls were laughing and enjoying it. At last, Miss Bunting started up, and said: "Mamzelle, if you wish to insult me, please do it in your native language." You know, Miss Etterly, she's no more French than I am. Then Mamzelle fired up, and came and told you.'

'Is this true, Miss Bunting?' asked the mistress.

'It is,' said Miss Bunting, still weeping.

Miss Etterly's blue eyes sparkled with anger. 'Mademoiselle shall quit my house at once.'

'O no. Pray, don't send her away,' exclaimed Miss Bunting. 'It will ruin your school. All the girls are so fond of Mamzelle, and she is an excellent teacher. I will go. I shall get a situation elsewhere —where, perhaps,' she added with a sob, 'they will not mind my plain face.'

'You shall not go, Miss Bunting,' said the little schoolmistress; 'you are a good, kind creature.'

But the English teacher was inflexible. She ascended to her room, packed and corded her humble trunk, received the few days' wages due to her (Miss Etterly insisted on paying her journey to and from London), and departed in Rumsey's fly.

'Yes,' exclaimed Rosa Rumsey to the other girls, 'you may call me and Matty "Milk below," if you like, but we've got kinder hearts than any of you. My father won't charge that poor thing for her drive, as most of you would.'

Miss Etterly was in sore distress.

'Don't you go for to make yourself unhappy, miss,' said Jennings the cook; 'she's an artful creetur that Miss Bunting; she wouldn't leave you in the lurch like this, if she hadn't a better place to go to.'

Mademoiselle then came forward, and related her version of the story. 'Miss Bunting,' she said, 'is well enough, but she has a dreadful temper. She overheard a real story I was telling the young ladies, and imagined I was talking about her. She then used language to me such as no lady can endure.'

Miss Etterly did not know what to believe, but she held her peace. She dreaded strife and contention, and feared that if she spoke she would only excite Mademoiselle Verneuil to a fresh burst of anger. Poor Miss Bunting has gone, she reflected; perhaps now Mademoiselle will conduct herself properly.

She retired to rest that night with a heavy heart, buoyed up only by the thoughts of the far-distant midsummer holidays, and the advent of Nelly.

Three weeks later, Miss Nelly arrived, accompanied by a native nurse, and escorted by a smart boy of small stature, who introduced himself as Mr Culthorpe, clerk to the ship-brokers to whom the vessel had been consigned.

'In accordance with the letter left by you, madam, at our office,' said this young gentleman, addressing Miss Etterly, 'Captain Greig wished me to bring the young lady safe to her destination, for this darkey,' he continued, pointing to the ayah, 'is good for nothing.'

In fact, the unfortunate creature sat huddled up, shivering like an animated *blanc-mange*. 'Pray, madam,' pursued the dapper youth, 'might I be permitted to see Miss Tufnell? Her family and ours are very old friends.'

Miss Etterly was so taken up with caressing Nelly, and interrogating her concerning her father, that she did not hear the question until it was repeated.

She reflected—Clarissa is one of the best behaved girls in the school. 'Certainly, Master Culthorpe,' she replied, 'if Mademoiselle Verneuil is present at the interview.'

Master Culthorpe was accordingly shewn into the visiting-chamber, where he found Mademoiselle Verneuil, who received him with great suavity. A blush of pleasure tinged the youth's cheek as the door opened and admitted Clarissa Tufnell.

She was a very tall, pretty girl of thirteen, with pensive blue eyes, and light auburn hair. She looked, as Mr Rumsey might have remarked, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

The young couple shook hands, and conversed with the utmost propriety for some minutes. Suddenly Miss Clarissa knelt down before Mademoiselle, and taking one of her hands, respectfully kissed it.

'My sweet Mademoiselle,' she said in French, 'Alfred and I are lovers of a fidelity unparalleled. Would it desolate you to quit the apartment for a few seconds?'

'It is impossible, my angel,' replied Mademoiselle in the same language. 'What would you say, that you cannot say in my presence?'

'This is the festival of St Valentine, and we wish to exchange photographs.'

'That is not forbidden,' said Mademoiselle sentimentally. 'Exchange your likenesses, my children; I will look on approvingly.'

After some minutes had been employed in this deeply interesting operation, Master Culthorpe took his departure in high spirits.

That night, after the pupils had retired to bed, Miss Etterly sat puzzling her head over something far more formidable to a schoolmistress than history or geography—namely, the volume of household expenditure.

There was a knock at the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Etterly.

'Please, miss,' began Jennings, 'whatever are we to do with that heathenish woman? I cooked her a chop—she wouldn't eat it; I offered her a slice of roast-beef—she wouldn't eat it; and now she's laying like a dog in front of Miss Nelly's door.'

'It's the custom with these people,' said Miss Etterly quietly. 'And, Jennings, speaking of meat, I wish every one was as abstemious as that poor creature. Do you know that last week we consumed upwards of three hundredweight of meat?'

'Unpossible, miss.'

'Here it is in the bills. At that rate, every young lady eats more than a pound of meat a day.'

'Growing girls has hearty appetites,' remarked Jennings; 'and then there's that range, miss: that oven wasteys a deal of meat.'

'It must be looked to.'

'Very well, miss, I'll send for the bricklayer in the morning.'

Miss Etterly soon discovered that the coming of Nelly was not a source of unmixed pleasure. Her lengthened sojourn in India among a slavish, subservient race had spoiled her temper. She possessed

rather pretty features, but was pale and delicate. Although nearly thirteen, she read very imperfectly, and could not write at all. She disliked going out, complaining that the cold made her shiver, and preferred sitting on the floor, in front of the fire, in company with the ayah, playing with a box of Bengalee toys. She informed Miss Etterly that her papa was coming home very soon, and that then he would buy her a fine carriage to ride in. 'Why, in India,' said she, 'only black people ride in a carriage as shabby as Mr Rumsey's.'

Miss Etterly was delighted to hear that Major Bridgman was shortly expected—she scarcely knew why. It was not merely that she would be glad to see him; she longed for a friend whom she could consult, and on whose advice she could rely, for the poor little lady was growing sadly depressed. Money was flowing out with alarming rapidity, and none would be coming in until midsummer. The kitchen-range had been altered, yet the meat vanished as fast as ever. Can it be the marshy climate? thought Miss Etterly; and yet the girls don't seem to have enormous appetites. 'O dear!' sighed she, as she gazed from the window on the flat, uninteresting landscape, 'how ungrateful I was to my beloved old mountains, and silvery lakes, and foaming streams leaping from rock to rock. How could I ever tire of them! Here the water creeps along as if it were treacle, and the only quadrupeds that possess any vivacity are the frogs.—My trip to Paris,' she reflected, as she pored over that inevitable red book of household expenditure, 'must be deferred until another midsummer. But let me not despair; Walter will soon be here to advise, and'—added the little woman, dropping a big round tear on the milk account—'to console me.'

That tear was ominous. There was a knock at the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Etterly.

The author and publisher of the milk account entered; in other words, Mr Rumsey.

'Good-day, miss,' said he. 'Would you object, miss, to my giving the key a turn in the door?'

'Why?' exclaimed Lucy, rising with some uneasiness.

'You needn't be afeared of me, miss; I've been a freeholder and ratepayer in the parish for the last thirty years.'

What was coming next? Miss Etterly's thoughts had been running on sentimental subjects. Mr Rumsey was a widower; perhaps he was going to propose.

'I want to speak to you in confidence, Miss' (Lucy's heart died within her as Mr Rumsey deliberately locked the door. O for an hour of Major Bridgman!)—'about your butcher's bill,' said the dairyman. The anti-climax came so unexpectedly, that Miss Etterly burst into a fit of semi-hysterical laughter. 'Well, miss, you may think it a joke, but I shouldn't, if I was in your place.'

'Indeed, Mr Rumsey,' pleaded Lucy, 'I do not. I was only just now looking over the account, and wondering where all the meat went to.'

'It don't go down them thirty throats,' replied Mr Rumsey in an awful voice, pointing his finger to his own gullet.

'Where, then?' asked Lucy in dread of some terrific disclosure.

'There 's thieving in the case,' said the milkman. 'Better nor half your meat goes up to Whitechapel Market. It 's passed out of the parlour-window at twelve o'clock every Thursday night.'

'Who does it?' faltered Miss Etterly.

'Mississ Jennings.'

Poor Lucy clasped her hands in despair. The only person in the house whom she felt she could thoroughly trust had turned traitor!

'It goes to my heart, miss, to see an innocent young lady like you robbed right and left. I only found it out yesterday. Now, I'll hide myself in the garden to-night. Do you, Miss Etterly, keep watch inside; and when her accomplish comes out, I 'll nail him.'

Little Miss Lucy had none of the spy element in her composition, and she felt quite ashamed of herself that night as she sat shivering in the dark parlour behind the pianoforte; but she determined to ascertain the truth; and presently, as the novelists say, her worst fears were realised.

A hand softly opened the door, and a stealthy step crossed the apartment. Alas! it was with a sigh of misplaced confidence that Lucy recognised through the gloom the outlines of Mrs Jennings's robust figure. There was a tap at the window. Mrs Jennings raised the sash, and a hoarse voice whispered: 'Have you got it?'

'All right,' replied the culinary traitress: 'hold up the basket.'

'Thieves! thieves!' shouted the stentorian voice of Mr Rumsey. 'Open the front door, Miss Etterly; I 've got him.'

In spite of her gentleness, the little woman carried a stout Westmoreland heart in her bosom, and although Jennings, in her precipitate flight from the room, had nearly knocked her down, she boldly unfastened the hall-door. On looking out, she beheld a person of somewhat diminutive appearance struggling vainly in the grasp of the powerful dairyman, who presently dragged him into the hall. Miss Etterly calmly locked the door, and lighted a candle.

'Why, lawks!' exclaimed Mr Rumsey, relaxing his hold, 'this ain't Red Mullins.'

'Master Culthorpe!' cried Miss Etterly in utter astonishment. 'What do you do here, sir?'

That youth, who was by this time seated in the hall-chair, smoothing down his rumpled locks, looked very sheepish, and remained silent.

'Well, it 's strange, miss, isn't it?' mused Mr Rumsey. 'I see that Red Mullins come in at the gate with the meat-basket over his arm as plain as I see you; then I pops down under a laurel-bush, and the next minute I nabs this whipper-snapper, who looks like a young gentleman.'

'So I am,' murmured Master Culthorpe in a voice of dolorous treble.

Miss Etterly looked at him for a moment, and a gleam of intelligence passed over her face. 'Detain him, Mr Rumsey,' said she sternly, and mounted the stairs.

She presently returned, carrying a small carpet-bag in her hand, and accompanied by Miss Clarissa Tufnell, who was in full walking-costume.

Clarissa hung her pretty head, and blushed like the rosy dawn.

'Now, Master Culthorpe,' began Miss Etterly authoritatively, 'I insist on knowing what you were doing in my garden?'

Clarissa began to weep; Master Culthorpe, with laudable magnanimity, followed her example. At last he stammered out: 'The governor wouldn't hear of our engagement, so Clary and I determined'——

'Why, child,' said Miss Etterly, 'you are not thirteen!'

'I 'm fourteen, ma'am!' replied the youth with offended dignity.

'O dear, dear, dear!' exclaimed the schoolmistress; 'what a pair of naughty creatures! Why, how were you going to do it?' she added, softening rapidly, as she regarded the extreme juvenility of the culprits.

'The ladder,' murmured the boy, 'that leans up against your hen-house.'

'This here 's the cause of it all!' exclaimed Mr Rumsey, diving into Master Culthorpe's coat-pocket, and extracting a gaudily-bound book. 'One of these nasty silly romances. I 'll be bound, Miss Etterly, you 'll find the fellow to this among that young lady's luggage.'

'Now, Mr Rumsey, what are we to do?' asked Miss Etterly.

'This young gentleman must be kep,' replied the milkman decisively. 'We shall have his friends inquiring arter him.'

'Oh, I say, please don't!' began Master Culthorpe piteously.

'Come, my lad,' returned Rumsey, 'I know what's best for your good; moreover, I don't know,' continued he, winking at Miss Etterly, 'but what you won't be indicted for burglary. Anyhow, you shall have a bit of supper and a bed at my house. Now, you can wish yon young lady good-bye.'

Master Culthorpe shook Clarissa's hand somewhat apathetically, when Miss Etterly interfered in her severest voice. 'Miss Tufnell, retire to your room at once. I shall decide what punishment to inflict on you in the morning.'

Poor Clarissa departed, sobbing bitterly; she wept less for herself than for her lover and for his disappointment; while Master Culthorpe, now that the perils of a horsewhip, with which he had expected his shoulders to be environed, were removed, felt—such is the elastic selfishness of the male creation—rather pleased that the affair had terminated thus. In spite of gasconading confidences to boyish friends, he had always doubted in his inner heart the possibility of his passing the Rubicon of marriage; his last idea had been a volunteer uniform, and a pair of gummed moustaches; while, as for parents, he understood that outside the register-office there were persons of both sexes willing to act as father and mother, with any amount of affectionate display included, for the sum of eighteenpence a head. Still, he had begun to shrink, and was not sorry that Mr Rumsey had swooped down upon him, and torn him from the arms of the beloved object.

'As for that other affair,' said Mr Rumsey in a lowered tone of voice, 'that's more serious. You'd better prosecute both her and Mullins, miss.'

'O no,' said Miss Etterly beseechingly; 'I shall be quite satisfied to have stopped the pilfering for the future. Of course, I must discharge Jennings. Well, Mr Rumsey, I'm extremely obliged to you. You have saved me by your conduct to-night both in pocket and reputation.'

'Always happy to serve you, miss, I'm sure,' replied Rumsey calmly, as if addressing a new customer in the dairy-line. 'Good-night, miss.'

Next morning, Miss Etterly was called up at half-past six by the kitchen-maid. 'Please, 'm, Jennings ain't to be found. Her bed haven't been slep in.'

The house was searched: it was too true; Jennings had disappeared. Pursued by the furies of a guilty conscience, or else allured by that male Circe, Red Mullins, Jennings had departed without even asking for her quarter's wages. Miss Etterly, while expressing surprise, was secretly pleased to have got rid of a domestic viper so quietly, and bustled about preparing breakfast for the thirty hungry girls, who were dressing and discussing why Clarissa Tufnell was locked up in a room by herself.

While they are thus engaged, let us in spirit enter one of the first-class carriages in the early down-train from Shoreditch.

Two gentlemen are seated in the compartment, one a dapper, clean-shaven, brisk little man, who looks like a thriving city tradesman; the other, a tall, thin, yellow-visaged personage, wearing a large beard, who, although the month is May, and the birds are chirping merrily in the hedgerows, wraps himself in his cloak, and begs to have 'that window closed.'

'Yes, sir,' said the little man, 'ran away from home last evening, and frightened his mother terribly. I said: "Don't be alarmed, my dear. I can give a pretty shrewd guess where the young rogue is."'

'And where do you think he is?' inquired his tall fellow-traveller.

'Why, at Miss Burkinyoung's College.'

'Dear me, that 's where I am going.'

'Then we 'll walk over together, if you 're agreeable. A brisk walk this lovely morning will freshen one up. You see the fact is, sir, it's a boyish love-affair. A very pretty little girl she is, a Miss'——

'Not Bridgman, I trust!' exclaimed the tall gentleman almost fiercely.

'No, no; Tufnell. Daughter of an old family friend. I noticed the boy had been very curious in his manner lately, and as I 've gone through the fever once myself, I know something about it.'

The yellow-visaged man coloured slightly, and said: 'The schoolmistress's name, I think, is not Burkinyoung?'

'No; Etterly. The old lady sold out when her sister died. She was no more fit to teach than that telegraph-post. As for the present lady, I don't think much of her. I hear she is a very sweet person, and all that, but totally inexperienced.'

When the train reached Palwood station, Mr Rumsey was waiting on the platform.

'My good man,' began the little gentleman anxiously, 'can you tell us the way to Tatton—Miss Burkinyoung's College?'

'I can, sir,' replied Rumsey respectfully. 'Be your name Culthorpe, sir?'

'Yes,' cried Mr Culthorpe excitedly. 'Bless me!' he said, turning pale, 'has anything happened to my beloved boy?'

'He have eaten,' replied Rumsey, 'as good a breakfast as any boy of that age can eat. He's at my house, sir.'

Mr Rumsey then entered into a detailed statement of the occurrences of the previous night, and led Mr Culthorpe in the direction of his abode.

Meanwhile the other traveller pursued his way pensively through the lanes that led to Tatton-in-the-Willows.

'Fifteen years ago!' he soliloquised. 'It seems like a dream. She was a sweet, pretty girl then. I remember I used to fancy I liked her better than my poor dear Emily. I wonder what I shall think of her now. Keeping a school too! From what that talkative man in the train said, she can't be fitted for it. Well, well, we shall see.'

He reached the college, and knocked with a tremulous hand at the door.

'I will play a trick on her, and give the name of Culthorpe,' thought Major Bridgman with a smile. 'I wonder whether she will recognise me.'

Miss Etterly entered the room in fear and trembling, blushing deeply. She dreaded the interview.

'Oh, Mr Culthorpe,' she began, 'I trust you do not think it is owing to any laxity of discipline on my part'—— She paused. Her visitor had fixed his eyes steadily on her face, while a smile was perceptible through his beard.

'Do you really think I am Mr Culthorpe?' he asked.

She recognised the voice instantly. 'O Walter,' she exclaimed—'Major Bridgman, I mean—I am so flurried this morning, that I scarcely know what I am saying.'

He took both her hands in his own.

'Oh, Major Bridgman, how delighted I am to see you! Let me run and bring Nelly.'

'Lucy,' he answered, 'don't address me by that formal name: remember, we are cousins; call me, as you did at first—call me Walter. So you did not recognise me?'

'Not at first,' replied Lucy hesitatingly. It was no wonder; old Time, aided by fifteen burning Indian summers, had used his scythe remorselessly. He had mown down all the major's curly locks, and had sown numerous grizzly tufts among his whiskers. He had set crows-feet in the corners of the major's eyes. In short, to speak plainly, the major was two-and-forty.

Nelly was summoned, and the trio were at the height of happiness when Mr Culthorpe arrived with his son safely tucked under his arm.

'So, Miss Etterly,' he began, 'I've recovered my boy again. But I fear your discipline is not very strict. I find these foolish children have been carrying on a romantic correspondence for weeks; and they would actually have contrived to elope, but for the lucky accident of your cook's delinquencies.'

Miss Etterly blushed scarlet, but made no reply.

'I shall feel it my duty, madam,' continued Mr Culthorpe, 'to acquaint my friend Mr Tufnell with this affair, and I am sure he'——

Poor Lucy burst into tears, and sobbed out: 'O dear me! I am not fit to keep a school.'

'My dear madam,' said Mr Culthorpe kindly, for he was a good-tempered fellow, though rather inclined to be crusty, now that he found his boy was all safe and sound—'my dear madam, on no account would I hurt your feelings, but I really think that is the case. You are too gentle, too easy-going, too confiding.'

'I am rejoiced,' interposed the major, 'to hear you give her such a character, sir. No,' he continued enthusiastically, 'this lady is not fit to keep a school. —Lucy,' he whispered, pressing her hand, 'by and by, we will talk over these matters.'

The midsummer holidays arrived, and Lucy made her long-cherished trip to Paris. She did not go alone; she was accompanied by a gentleman—her husband. As she stands in the Place de la Concorde, and gazes with all the fresh delight of a child on the architectural glories around her, how fondly she looks up to that weather-worn face, tracing in its lineaments the well-remembered handsome youth of fifteen years ago.

Miss Burkinyoung's College was once more in the market, and Mr and Madame Sharples pocketed another commission. How devoutly they must have wished for a succession of Lucy Etterlies; but such phenomena are rare.

Poor Miss Bunting has been appointed governess to Nelly. At Lucy's suggestion, the major called upon her, and found her living with her purblind father in the deepest penury. Mr Rumsey has withdrawn Rosa and Matilda from school; he considers their education completed. 'Too complete by half,' he has been heard to say. 'What with novels and German lessons, and the general boarding-school hatmosphere, I expect one of them will be going off with Dr Krapp!'

SORTES BIBLICÆ.

In every man there exists a certain amount of indecision of purpose. Even after a careful and judicious attempt has been made to weigh all circumstances, the balance of advantage towards any one side often remains so undetermined, that it is extremely difficult to choose between a variety of things, measures, or persons. Hence, in part, arises the appeal to some species of sortilege. Add to this, man's restless desire to see into the mysteries of the future, and his constant anxiety to obtain knowledge by some means shorter and less laborious than the ordinary way of experience, and we can in some sort account for the strange systems of divination which have existed in all ages.

In sortilege, there can be no deception. The lot itself clearly cannot deceive, however unhappy may be the cast. It is an incorruptible oracle, one that can neither *Medise* nor *Philippise;* and this fact, together with a general, vague sort of belief that Divine Providence orders the result, has always formed the chief impulse to its use. In the lesser solemnities of the old Israelitish theocracy, and also in the early Christian Church, without doubt it was so ordered. Take, for examples, the conviction of Achan the son of Carmi, and the election of St Matthias to the apostleship. The mysterious Urim and Thummim, the twelve-jewelled oracle of the high-priest's breastplate, gave its answer directly from God; but with the death of Malachi, four hundred years before Christ, the jewels grew dim, and the oracle ceased; the 'mother-voice' was silent. But, say the Jewish rabbis, she has left her less perfect daughter behind her, whose voice is heard in the words, especially words from the holy books, which may first strike upon the ear in the time of anxiety. This is the *Bath-col*, or 'daughter-voice.' Here is an example. 'Rabbi Samuel Aben-Ezar went up to Jerusalem with his child Jonah; but afterwards, when he would depart, his son, tarrying behind, was lost. He sought him all day through the city and among his acquaintances, and as the evening came on, weary and anxious, he entered into a synagogue. The *Hrason* was reading from the Book of Jonah, and the words which Rabbi Samuel heard were these: *And Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city.* The Bath-col had spoken. The rabbi, too, went out to the "east side of the city," and with his son returned rejoicing.'

In past ages, there has existed among Christians, and pagans too—and, even up to the present time, Christians continue to practise it—a mode of sortilege essentially similar to the Jewish Bath-col, and, possibly, in part derived from it. This has received the generic name of *Bibliomancy*, and, in a general way, may be said to consist in opening at random some particular book, and appropriating as a guiding oracle that passage on which the eye has first chanced to light. Among the Greeks, the book most commonly used was Homer; in like manner, the Romans used Virgil. Christians employed the Bible; hence the name *Sortes Biblicæ* or *Sacrorum;* and it was probably rather in imitation of the heathen *Sortes Homericæ*, or *Sortes Virgilianæ*, than with any first-hand reference to the Hebrew belief, that Christians made use of the Holy Scriptures in this way.

The consulters of this Christian Bath-col were early disapproved. The practice seems to have been alternately supported and condemned in the church. At the consecration of the great Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, in 327 A. D., Caracalla, archbishop of Nicomedia, opened the New Testament at Matt. xxv. 41—*The devil and his angels;* but the bishop of Nice contrived to quickly turn back a few pages, and words were read from the thirty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter—*The birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.* The relevancy of this latter text, however, not being quite apparent to every one, it by and by became known that the former had been first seen; and the agitation and mistrust consequent thereupon hardly ceased throughout the remaining forty-six years of the patriarch's life.

In the Western Church, the *Sortes* were forbidden by more than one pope, and in 465, the provincial council of Vannes condemned all persons guilty of the practice to be excommunicated. But in the twelfth century it was publicly resorted to as a means of detecting heretics. In the Gallican Church it was practised at the election of bishops, children being employed to act for the candidates; and the candidate for whom the most favourable text was obtained, was chosen to be bishop. Up to nearly the middle of the last century, a similar custom was extant in the same church at the installation of abbots and canons. It seems to have been last in use at Boulogne, and to have been discontinued about

1745. At one period, probably on account of the prohibitions above alluded to, the Bible was very much less employed for purposes of sortilege, and Virgil came greatly into use. Our Charles I. consulted it at Oxford, and it is well known what an ominous reply he received. It is evident, however, that upon the whole Virgil is very far from being well adapted to such a use; hence the Bible, on account of its vastly superior scope and application, has maintained, and must continue to maintain, its ground against any other book. Accordingly, in 1729, we find Dr Doddridge, the eminent dissenting divine, then settled in Leicestershire, allowing himself to be influenced by the *Sortes Biblicæ* in his acceptance of an official call to Northamptonshire.* It is remarkable that Doddridge was one of the class most vehemently and exaggeratedly opposed to what is currently called superstition. So strong is the desire to see into the future, and so indestructible the latent belief that a prospective knowledge for guidance may be obtained. 'The records of conversion amongst felons and other ignorant persons,' says De Quincey, 'might be cited by hundreds upon hundreds to prove that no practice is more common than that of trying the spiritual fate, and abiding by the import of any passage in the Scriptures which may first present itself to the eye.'

That even in later times the practice is widespread, is testified to in the foregoing; that up to about the middle of the last century at least, it was not confined to either the very ignorant or the very superstitious, is sufficiently evident from the case of Dr Doddridge. The writer of this paper is able to give many further instances within his own personal knowledge, dating up to the present year. Here are a few of them:

Some years ago, A, having nearly concluded the ordinary four years' course of study at one of the Scottish universities, was about to take his degree. He had always considered himself rather uncertain in the matter of mathematics; and as the time for his examinations, seven in number, approached, he became very nervously apprehensive as to the result. I, with some others, happened to be with him one evening when the conversation turned upon the subject of the coming examinations. It was proposed and agreed upon to make trial of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, with regard to A's success or failure. Several passages were hit upon; but no amount of liberty or twisting could bring the point in question within the scope of any one of them. Ultimately the Virgil was exchanged for a Bible; A shut his eyes, opened the book, placed the point of a pencil on the page, and requested me to read the passage. It was the nineteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Job, and I read the words following: *He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.* A opened his eyes wide enough now, but he only remarked that he feared it was rather irreverent work, closed the book, and changed the subject of conversation. A fortnight afterwards, he passed his seven examinations, and took his degree with honours.

The following is not less remarkable. In the autumn of 1859, B started on a tour through Wales; he was unaccompanied. After an absence of three weeks, his friends became somewhat anxious about him, not having heard anything of him since his departure; but no very serious apprehensions were entertained as to his ultimate safety, except by his eldest sister, who seems to have had a conviction that something was wrong. However, she kept her fears to herself; but in her anxiety, she privately had recourse to the *Sortes Biblicæ*. From a feeling that it might not be altogether right to employ the canonical Scriptures in this way, she used the Apocrypha. She opened the book, and at once placed her finger on these words: *But it came to pass that he fell down from his chariot, carried violently; so that having a sore fall, all the members of his body were much pained.*† Such an unfavourable turn naturally tended not to subside her fears; she formed an excuse for leaving home, saying that she wished to go and see some friends at a distance. In reality, she followed her brother into Wales; and after a good deal of travelling, found him lying in a dangerous condition. He had been pitched violently from a dog-cart, and had received injuries from which he recovered only after many weeks of careful and anxious nursing from his sister.

Another instance is somewhat different in form. At a recent parliamentary election, C was in great doubt as to which of two candidates he should give his vote for. The Radical candidate was his personal friend, and expected his vote. But, on the other hand, C's theories were strongly opposed to Radical principles. One morning, still in doubt, and earnestly thinking on the subject, he entered the breakfast-room; his son, quite a little boy, was having a reading-lesson out of the Bible, and as C entered the room, the following passage forced itself upon his attention: *My son, fear thou the Lord and the king: and meddle not with them that are given to change.*† This was precisely the Hebrew Bath-col. C acted according to the utterance of the voice, and gave his vote for the other candidate, who was not 'given to change.' Nevertheless, the Radical gained the election.

Of course it frequently happens that the passage turned up is hopelessly irrelevant to the matter in question; but it can be but seldom that the oracle refuses in such plain terms to give an answer, as in a very remarkable instance which occurred in the present year: the words were from St Matthew, xii. 39; they are these: *There shall no sign be given.*

The following rather ludicrous instance is remarkable for what may be called the highly applicable nature of its irrelevancy. D determined to consult the *Sortes Virgilianæ* concerning a certain very trivial matter. It may be remarked in passing that D certainly could not have construed a line of Virgil to save his life; however, he marked a passage in the dark, and left it for the morning light to reveal the answer; and what did it reveal? A small edition of Johnson's Dictionary (which my fine gentleman keeps to assist him in his spelling), with the following highly interesting passage underlined: '*Fool*, verb, *to trifle, deceive, disappoint.*' If that foolish young man here designated by the fourth letter of the alphabet should chance to read this in *Chambers's Journal*, he will not fail to recollect how he played the fool, and was fooled for his pains, and got laughed at into the bargain.

These cases will suffice. The reader can form his own judgment on the matter in hand. Whatever that judgment may be, the following facts remain: That sortilege of some sort has been practised from the earliest ages; that in the early Israelitish Church, and in the early Christian Church, the whole disposing of the lot was undoubtedly ordered by Divine Providence; that when the divinely ruled oracle in the high-priest's breastplate ceased to give an answer, it was, and is still, believed by the Jews that another or 'daughter-voice' was given in its stead; that the belief in, and practice of, the *Sortes Biblicæ* (which is at least fifteen hundred years old) is exactly analogous to the Jewish belief; that it still exists; that it has not been confined to either the very ignorant or the very superstitious; and, finally, that many very remarkable cases can be cited in connection with it.

It may be said, on the other hand, that most irrelevant passages are frequently turned up, and that these remarkable cases are really no more than remarkable coincidences.

* The case is circumstantially recorded in Orton's *Life of Doddridge*.

† 2 Maccabees, xix. 7. † Proverbs xxiv. 21.

At all events, you had better not try the *Sortes*—it may be done irreverently; and, besides, it is apt to become a foolish weakness.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The anniversary meeting of the Geographical Society was a triumph for the President and Council of that popular corporation, for news had come from Captains Speke and Grant, these adventurous African travellers, that, in the words of their own telegram, 'the Nile was settled.' Yes, the mystery of the great river that flows through 'old, hushed Egypt' is a mystery no longer. It has awed and puzzled historians, travellers, and geographers, ever since mankind had a written history, and now two British explorers have reduced it to a topographical fact. Bruce did the same for the branch, known as the Blue Nile; but that is a short river compared with the White Nile, the principal branch, which has its source to the south of the equator. Even at its starting-place, the Nile is a great river, for it flows out of Lake Nyanza, in a stream one hundred and fifty yards wide, and plunges at once over a fall of twelve feet. The lake, situate among the mountains, has a length and breadth of about one hundred and fifty miles, fed by several streams, and these, when swollen by the equatorial rains, fill the great basin to overflowing; the flood rushes down the valley of the Nile, and occasions the periodical inundations which fertilise the land of Egypt. It is a simple explanation of a grand natural phenomenon, which dates from times more remote than the building of the pyramids.

Messrs Grant and Speke worked their way up from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast, in nearly two years of travel, detained in some places by native chiefs, but meeting in others with tribes whose manners and customs were in agreeable contrast with those of neighbouring tribes. Among the Uganda, this was especially the case. From the lake to Gondokoro, the highest trading-station on the Nile, the distance is about four hundred miles, across a territory never before travelled by white men. This was a painful part of the travellers' route; but they were rewarded on arrival by meeting Consul Petherick, whose death had been reported in the newspapers, and Mr Samuel Baker, by whom their voyage down to Khartoum was facilitated. Mr Baker is a private gentleman, travelling on his own account. He is now, as Sir Roderick Murchison informs us, exploring another large lake which lies to the east of Speke's track, and is supposed to contribute to the waters of the Nile. We may anticipate, as a result of all this enterprise, that in the course of a few years, Khartoum, which stands at the confluence of the Blue and the White Nile, will become an important station for steam-boats and trading caravans. Already there is a project, sanctioned by the Pasha, for extending the railway and telegraph thither, and opening communications between that far-away city and Suakin, a port on the Red Sea.

Papers have been read before the Royal Dublin Society on the Salmon-fisheries of Ireland, interesting alike from the economical and natural-history point of view. One of the authors, Mr Andrews, describes from actual observation the process by which the fish deposit their ova in the shallows, and cover them with gravel to await maturity; and it is gratifying to know that of late salmon have been much more abundant in the rivers of Ireland than formerly. In 1834, there were sent to the London market 350 boxes of Irish salmon, each box weighing 112 pounds. In 1862, the number was 7841. The total number of boxes received in London in that same year was 31,746, of which, besides the Irish instalment, 22,796 came from the rivers of Scotland, 568 from the Netherlands, 454 from Wales, and 87 from Norway. More than three million and a half of pounds!

However true it be that astronomy is one of the exact sciences, it is also true that astronomers have at times to modify their conclusions or calculations. This is what might naturally be expected from increasing knowledge of cosmical phenomena and improved methods of observation. A new instance has occurred: M. Le Verrier, while studying some of the phenomena of gravitation, found certain difficulties which he could explain only on the supposition, that the sun is not so heavy by one-tenth as has been estimated, or that the earth is one-tenth heavier. His own opinion was in favour of the latter conclusion. But in the meantime, M. Foucault had discovered that the velocity usually assigned to light in its passage from the sun to the earth had been over-estimated: the sun is consequently one-thirtieth less distant from the earth than had been supposed; and thus M. Le Verrier's inference as to the lesser weight of the sun turns out to be the right one. M. Foucault's conclusions have been confirmed by observations of another kind made at Greenwich Observatory; so that henceforth it will have to be printed in school-books and astronomical treatises that the sun is ninety-two million miles distant, not ninety-five million, as hitherto stated. Another fact—a small one—has also to be put on record: the number of little planets now discovered is seventy-eight; the last is named Diana. At this rate, we shall soon hear that a hundred of these tiny worlds are revolving between Mars and Jupiter. What sort of inhabitants can they have?

A curious phenomenon has been observed near Moscow, which is the more remarkable as Russia is not a mountainous country, and the phenomenon in question is one of those which the presence of mountains might occasion, by the action of gravity. In the course of a survey in which triangulations were taken with the usual instruments, a deviation was noticed at all or nearly all the observing stations, tending, however, towards one central point. A notion of what is meant may be formed by supposing a plumb-line suspended at places miles apart around a great plain, and in each instance inclining a little from the perpendicular. This would imply some disturbance of the law of gravity, such as might be produced by a great hollow below the surface of the earth within the range of observation. But the true explanation is yet to be ascertained; and it is so important to science to clear up the problem, that a fresh series of observations and pendulum experiments are to be made under the direction of Mr Otto Struve, one of the leading astronomers of Russia, which perhaps will lead to a discovery of the cause of a phenomenon unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of science.

In the *Proceedings of the British Meteorological Society*, Mr Bloxam discusses a subject interesting to all Her Majesty's subjects—namely, the winter which occurs in the spring of the year, and the summer which occurs in autumn. We all know what a 'blackthorn winter' is, having been set shivering thereby at the end of April. Having studied and compared tables of the temperature of all the months for many years, Mr Bloxam finds that a low degree of humidity, by favouring radiation, is the cause of the sensation of cold that prevails at the period in question. 'On the 21st April,' he says, 'the humidity is at its minimum value for the year—namely, 71·7. This is the essential fact, which solves the problem: the 21st of April differs from every other day in the year in this respect; the blackthorn winter reaches its culminating point on this day; and the evaporation produced by this low degree of humidity gives rise to that peculiar feeling of cold which characterises the season. . . . . The heat received from the sun's rays at this period of the year is great, owing to the transparency of the atmosphere and the clearness of

the sky. This perhaps renders the sense of coldness the more conspicuous and distressing.'

The blackthorn winter is thus shewn to be due rather to diminished moisture in the air than to low temperature. Reverse the conditions, and we have an explanation of the 'St Martin's summer,' which occurs commonly after the middle of October. 'The 9th November,' continues Mr Bloxam, 'may be regarded as the day on which the equinoctial summer culminates; because the humidity attains a high and maximum value on that day. Excessive humidity, and consequent defective evaporation, are the cause of the sensible warmth which attracts attention. . . . . May the low temperature of the atmosphere, and the comparatively high temperature of the dew-point, be explained by the facts, that the atmosphere proceeds from higher latitudes than it does during our summer, and from cold land-districts; but, while crossing the Atlantic, it takes up a large quantity of vapour?' Mr Bloxam writes in an inquiring and suggestive, not a dogmatic spirit, and we recommend perusal of his article to all meteorologists.

Within the past few months, the agricultural mind has been somewhat agitated by rumours that the land was wearing out. We observe that Dr Daubeny is giving lectures at Oxford 'on the supposed deterioration of the soil of Great Britain through the exhaustion of vegetable mould.' Should these lectures be published, farmers will have an opportunity to get trustworthy information on an important subject. Some whom we know are of opinion that if the sewage-question were settled as it ought to be—namely, by pouring the sewage of towns over the fields and meadows, instead of into the rivers—we should never hear anything further about exhaustion of the soil.

In printing our article 'As to the Jawbone,' last week, we did not expect so soon to have to report further particulars on that exciting question. At a meeting of the Geological Society on the 3d of June, Dr Falconer professed a further modification of his opinions, in as far as the class of fresh-looking flints found at Moulin-Quignon are concerned: these, which he had recently admitted to be authentic, he now does not believe in. He thinks the workmen practise arts which impose upon even onlooking savans, causing flints which they have themselves manufactured to appear as if they dropped out of the undisturbed section of gravel. Of course, he now still more disputes the antiquity of the jawbone. On the other hand, Mr Prestwich reported on a new examination of the gravel at Moulin-Quignon, and unhesitatingly pronounces it the high-level or ancient gravel. Against the opinion of Mr Elie de Beaumont that it is modern, and the result of torrential action, our English expert places himself in full opposition. It is also to be kept in mind, amidst all these unfortunate dubieties and disputings of our savans, that, whatever comes of the jawbone and the fresh-looking flints, no shade of doubt rests on the old-looking, semi-rolled, tinctured flints, found during many years past in the valley of the Somme, from which has been drawn the conclusion that man existed there before the last great geologic changes, and contemporaneously with the extinct mammalia.

Mr Beresford Hope has delivered a lecture in the Potteries, entitled *The World's Debt to Art*, in which he shews that art is not a subject merely for holiday use, but for all times and seasons, and for all the circumstances of life. Those persons best discharge their debt who best develop art on true principles, a proposition which, as there is so much of mere pretence and false principle, furnishes occasion for a vigorous argument against the blunders perpetrated every day in dress, painting, and building. All our large cities and towns contain miles of dead, dreary streets of 'soulless houses,' as Mr Hope calls them, which at but a small advance on the cost might have been made to look picturesque, and exhibit individuality of character. Perhaps, if building and architecture were what they ought to be, dress would not be so devoid of real taste as it is. Mr Hope is severe upon the chimney-pot hat, the swallow-tail dress-coat, the coal-scoop bonnet, and crinoline.

The medical journals record a most important fact concerning vaccination. Mr Henry Lee states that proper vaccine lymph is amorphous and transparent. Any lymph which, under the microscope, shews the presence of blood- or pus- corpuscles, is unfitted for use.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a lock of hair, tied with a silken string,
Carefully kept for years, like a miser's pile of gold:
Little to prize in the keeping of such a simple thing,
But for a darling head long lost in the days of old.

Only a lock of hair. Ah, well, it were better to have
Even one little tress safe from the Spoiler's hand,
Than, with the light of her love down in the darkling grave,
Lonely to wander around a desolate, weary land.

Only a lock of hair. Yet something to look at, and kiss:
Something to keep in mind what never can be again:
Something to tell of days unshadowed by anguish like this:
Something to bring soft thoughts to a saddened and dreary brain.

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full*.

The present number of the Journal completes the Nineteenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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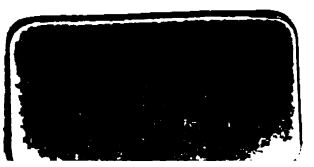
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